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THE
ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

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JULY, 1901

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KING ALFRED.

WE cannot, as Americans, be expected to agree with King James I., that "*the state of Monarchie is the surest thing on earth*," although, being children of the twentieth century, we are almost equally startled to hear from our own John Eliot, in his Christian Commonwealth, that for a Christian people to take the pattern of their government from the nations of the world — that is, to have a mortal king — would be "an offence to Christ, who intends to rule them himself." Assailed by Scylla on the one side, as represented by the self-complacent King James, and pressed by Charybdis on the other, in the shape of our insistently dogmatizing Apostle to the Indians, we might do far worse than take refuge with quaint old Sir John Fortescue, who, in his time of exile, — twenty odd years before America was discovered, — showed how and why it was "*the office and duty of a king to fight the battailes of his people, and also rightly to judge them*."

Whatever our theoretical views may be as to the availability of kings in modern political circumstances, there is something that appeals to us in the chastened mood underlying the exiled chief justice's account of kingship. His utterance, moreover, fits the case of King Alfred, whose leadership shone out most conspicuously when he was at Athelney, — an exile in his own land of Wessex. After all, Fortescue's definition of kingly duty is but paraphrased from that which was on the lips of Israel when they re-

fused to obey the voice of Samuel, and clamored for Saul to rule over them. Who would not prefer to take his chances under Alfred in the marsh lands of Athelney rather than to live openly in the subjection of Eliot's Christian Commonwealth?

Of course, such a simple and straightforward account of kingship as Fortescue's was better suited alike to the circumstances of Israel in the days of the Judges, and of Britons and Anglo-Saxons at the time of the Danish invasion, than to the situation of the English during the wars of the Roses, when Sir John wrote his Praises of English Laws. For this reason, therefore, it is startling to find in Alfred's practice a parallel and precedent for the further dictum of Sir John Fortescue, that "*the King of England cannot change the laws at his pleasure*." Indeed, we might almost say that Alfred gave the reason for Sir John's dictum five hundred years beforehand, when he explained, in the preamble to his laws, that he had added no new enactments to take the place of those of his predecessors omitted, with the advice and consent of his wise men, because he "could not know whether those who came after us would approve." It looks, then, as if Alfred and Sir John Fortescue were of one mind with Pym as to the relation of an English king to the laws of the realm. "The laws of this kingdom," said Pym in his arraignment of Strafford, "have invested the Royall Crowne with power sufficient for the

manifestation of his goodness and of his greatness."

It was accordingly a pardonable twisting of the actual facts of history in which the Puritans indulged themselves, when they pressed Alfred into their service against the arbitrary usurpations of the Stuarts. Our own William Penn, not a very noteworthy opponent, in later life, of the royal Stuarts, when he defended his good right to hold a meeting in the London streets, associated the goodness and greatness of Alfred with the liberties of Magna Charta and the immemorial immunity of Englishmen from arbitrary rule; and we also read of a similar incident in the early annals of the Anne Arundel County colonists. Indeed, the roll is a long one of those who, at moments of intense political feeling, dwelt fondly on the dim records of Alfred and Old English rule. Inevitably, these far-off worthies gathered around them all the perfections which were looked for, and not found, in contemporary sovereigns.

This habit of retrospection can be traced back, in one form or another, to the time of the Norman Conquest; and the glorification of Old English rule began under William the Conqueror's youngest son, King Henry I., who by his marriage and administration of affairs conciliated the vanquished Anglo-Saxons. But, curiously enough, Alfred had at the outset little or no part in this Saxon revival. Under the guidance of the Church, praises and retrospective glories clustered around that insignificant descendant of Alfred, one of the feeblest of Old English kings, St. Edward the Confessor. Lives of this saint appeared which glorified in him the good old days before the Conquest, and paid little or no heed to historical facts. As time went on, and the mediæval ideals of saintliness which were bound up with the popular picture of St. Edward lost their hold, the Confessor bulked less, and Alfred more, while the dictates of piety yielded to those of patriotism in these

unhistorical retrospections. The like of them have always been dear to the English-speaking race, as we know by the popular vogue of the well-invented tale of Alfred burning the cakes, and the no less admirably devised story of Washington and the cherry tree. The very surname of "the Great" habitually attached to King Alfred dates, apparently, from the discussions on government so vigorously maintained in England during the seventeenth century, an epoch proverbially devoid of the critical sense in dealing with history. Alfred's praises were not sung by assailants of the royal prerogative alone; he was also held up by the champions of Charles I. as the typically perfect king, "God's vicegerent, and the head of the Commonwealth."

The historian Freeman, whose account of Alfred in the Dictionary of National Biography is one of his most memorable works, rejects for his hero this surname of "the Great," — which he would have to share with a Napoleon, — and deems him more suitably designated by his Christian name unqualified. Doubtless this point is well taken, and we may accordingly agree to abstain from calling Alfred "the Great," because he so utterly deserves the title. Indeed, the chief reason for being very critical as to the facts of our king's history — for being at some pains in rejecting the fables and inventions that swarm about him — is that his record requires no embellishment. None of all the unhistorical and enthusiastic improvisations about Alfred make him out better or greater than the unvarnished facts will warrant. "Even his legendary reputation," says Freeman, "is hardly too great for his merits."

Alfred himself took the matter of his own good fame very much to heart, as we know from an interpolation, for which he alone is responsible, which occurs in the thirteenth chapter of his translation of Boethius. He there speaks of a

man's good fame as of dearer worth than any wealth; "nor can any man with sword slay it," he adds, "nor with rope bind, nor does it ever perish." Again, later on in the same work, Alfred breaks away from his Latin original to make what we may call his plea for fair and serious treatment at the bar of posterity, as follows: "It behooves me in all truth to say that my resolve has been to live worthily, and to leave to men who should come after I have lived a remembrance of me in good works."

That being Alfred's own express mind, those who admire him must be doubly cautious how they accept as history the tales and legends that cluster about his name. They may note the fact that many glorious institutions of which he never dreamt — such as trial by jury, the British navy, the subdivision of England into shires — have had Alfred thrust upon them as their founder; but they must not suffer controversies as to these facts to obscure his genuine quality. His character was straightforward, uncomplicated, and his really great achievements are enough to assure him lasting fame.

To begin with, Alfred literally and ideally performed the whole duty of a king: he fought the battles of his people, and also rightly judged them. But over and above all this, he devoted himself, late in life, and for the sake of his people, to a strenuous course of book-learning, in which he persisted under incredibly adverse circumstances. Indeed, in this regard his high conception of the duties of kingship, along with the remarkable abilities which it called into play, forces us to place him side by side with Marcus Aurelius. But there is a difference, all in favor of Alfred's shrewder and more utterly self-devoted practical mind. Marcus Aurelius strove to realize in his own person the Platonic dream of a philosopher-king. Alfred did not think of himself or of philosophy. He thought only of the pity it

was to live in a time when barbarian hordes had destroyed schools, churches, and libraries. And this thought nerved him, even in the midst of alarms and affrays which had made of the first half of his reign a veritable Dance of Death, to think of writing, and causing to be multiplied for his people, such books as were most indispensable to ransom them from ignorance and barbarism. In short, Alfred was resolved to give to his people the means of self-improvement.

Charlemagne — a friend of Alfred's grandfather, King Egbert of Wessex — would certainly have sympathized with this determination to provide the people with means of self-improvement. Indeed, so far as Alfred merely preoccupied himself with securing learned bishops and encouraging sound schools, he was but doing in Wessex, and on a smaller scale, what Charlemagne had done, on a larger scale, for his far wider realm. But when Alfred undertook the task of himself preparing an Old English version of Orosius by way of providing his unlettered subjects with an encyclopædia of useful knowledge, and when he prepared his version of Boethius on Consolation and of Gregory's Pastoral Care for the spiritual edification of his Anglo-Saxons, then he went where the unlettered Charlemagne could not have followed him. Alfred showed, in fact, both in this and in other particulars, a certain suppleness and resourcefulness of mind which seems to indicate in him some strain of Celtic ancestry mingling with the robuster vigor of his Teutonic nature.

How hard to deal with, in the matter of book-learning, Alfred believed the best of his Anglo-Saxons to be is shown by a well-known passage in the preface to his translation of Gregory's Pastoral Care. Alfred begins by lamenting the havoc wrought by the Danes, and proposes to his bishops that they should join him in translating certain books "which are most useful for all to know into the language which we can all un-

derstand." These translations can be made most easily, he urges, "if we have tranquillity enough." Here we note how the fear of more pillaging and marauding Danes is always lurking behind every plan and mocking every hope. Given the necessary "tranquillity," Alfred proceeds to unfold the crowning hope of all, and proposes that "all the youth now in England, freemen who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn, as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until they are well able to read English writing." Alfred had no illusions. He knew his Saxons well, and did not dream of elaborate schooling for them. This proposal, so carefully led up to, does not so much as hint at their learning to write.

It would doubtless be absurd to read too much between the lines of these prefatory suggestions made by Alfred to his bishops. And yet, such as they are, these suggestions form the chief basis of fact for that educational marvel of the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James, — the story of Oxford University, and more particularly of University College, Oxford, founded by Alfred the Great in the ninth century A. D. The neighborhood of Oxford was at that time far too favorite a haunt of the Danes to make the myth of Alfred's foundation there at all plausible. Alfred founded no Oxford Colleges; University College has as little connection with him as the King's Hall, now Brasenose College, Oxford. Those, however, who know modern Oxford best can see there something of Alfred's mind; his intense conviction, for instance, that national life without national education cuts a people off from the enlightened service of God and the Commonwealth. Alike at Oxford and at Cambridge, so much is patriotically sacrificed to the needs of the nation at large, so much is done in order to "man" the British Empire, that we may claim for both in equal measure that they are

regulated in the spirit of him who was "the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper." And yet, when we put the fullness and the complications of modern English life and education alongside of the utter and semi-savage poverty of life in Alfred's day, parallels and comparisons seem far-fetched and strained. But Alfred's prophetic appreciation of the need of learning shines out all the more vividly, like a beacon in the night of primitive ignorance. When contemporaneous surroundings are taken into account, we are constrained, in order to match in any way Alfred's proposals, just quoted, and the laborious steadfastness with which he did his part in carrying them out, to turn from the mother country to the colonies, and to those fears and tumults in the midst of which Harvard College, or rather the grammar school which so soon became Harvard College, came into being. "Not Marina herself," said Lowell, "had a more blustering birth or a more chiding nativity." The same may be said of Alfred's educational essays. Indeed, it is from Alfred himself that we learn of the ghastly shipwreck of learning and holy living in England for which he strove so hard to find some remedy. "I saw," he says to his bishops, — "I saw, before it had all been ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books." Alfred's remedial efforts were certainly not in vain, since, thanks to them, English prose literature had far earlier beginnings than the prose of any other European nation or literature of modern times.

For those who may be moved to scan more closely the career of Alfred, his life by Freeman, already alluded to, is ready to hand; and with it may most profitably be read an exceedingly careful and serviceable little book, just published, by Mr. Warwick H. Draper, M. A., late scholar of University College,

Oxford, and entitled *Alfred the Great. A Sketch and Seven Studies*.¹ Careful study must lead us all to conclude that Alfred is by no means the hazy, mythological personage which uncritical enthusiasm once threatened to make of him. He has escaped the fate of his descendant, St. Edward the Confessor, and we can form a clearly defined outline, if not a complete picture, of his life and character. Superstitions he had with which we cannot sympathize, such as the notion that the fires of Etna were infernal, and had therefore been perceptibly less fierce since the birth of Christ. But are we not learning in America — almost with a sense of relief — that the moral perfections of George Washington were not incompatible with his well-authenticated employment, upon occasion, of exceedingly strong language?

If this be our case with Washington, shall we not put up with a dash of superstition in one who has achieved the dangerous preëminence of being called "the most perfect character in history," and of being not infrequently coupled with Washington?

It will indeed be a healthy result of this year's celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of Alfred's death, fixed to take place at Winchester in July, if we learn to prize with discrimination the lessons conveyed by the life of Alfred, who was the father and founder of a great race. Indeed, he was himself the first exemplar of the virtues held in highest esteem by that race the world over, but nowhere more highly rated than in England and America, whose political and social institutions still embody so much of Alfred's spirit.

Louis Dyer.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TRUSTS.

NEITHER the trust nor the dread of trusts is essentially a new thing. That vast industrial expansion which marks the transition to what we call modern times brought with it instantly, four centuries ago, corners and combinations of capital much like those of to-day; proceeding by like methods to the same purpose; evoking expressions of complaint and denunciation which Mr. Lloyd or Mr. Bryan might mistake for their own, and restrictive legislation framed like that of our own time; and exhibiting much the same degree of sincerity and effectiveness.

But the early combinations, in contrast with those which we know, have this fact of added interest: they ran their course. The phenomenon may there be observed with tolerable completeness from its rise to its culmination,

¹ London, Eliot Stock, 1901.

and then to its end, when it died by a sort of half suicide, as a huge accident hastened in their action the elements of death contained within the thing itself.

The whole process may be studied most conveniently in Germany. Frankfort was the greatest trading city of the earth, and Germany was the "chief central market for the commerce of the world." Her traders reached out through the Rhine to the British Isles, through the Hanse to the whole north, westward into France, and, by a long chain of cities from Basel to Vienna, over the passes of the Alps to Italy and the Orient. The Venetian government gathered a considerable share of its revenue from the taxation of German merchants, who carried in or out of the port of Venice wares of a value which at that day seemed incredible. Fortunes grew with something like twentieth-century swiftness. The

house of Fugger increased its capital, between 1511 and 1527, from 196,761 gulden to 2,021,202, and Count Anton Fugger possessed at his death, in 1548, 6,000,000 gulden in specie and paper, besides great possessions in real estate. This house was more wealthy by five times than the Florentine Medici, who had been the chief capitalists of the preceding century. It is said that the profit on mercantile capital for a trading season of only one hundred days in a year was not unfrequently 430 to 450 per cent.

Germany, which had been barbarous, now awakened the admiration of foreigners, who declared that she "exceeded all other nations in greatness and power," and that "no other country had received in equal measure the favor of God." The power of the great merchants and the great capitalist families was likened to that of princes. A writer of the times says of one of these men that "the Pope saluted him as his son; the cardinals stood in his presence; emperors, kings, princes, and lords send ambassadors to him; all the merchants of the world declare his magnificence, and even the heathen regard him with wonder."

A good understanding united the capitalists of Germany with those of other countries, especially Italy, so that they were enabled to call on one another for aid in emergencies. The world-wide "money power" of those days, with its compactness and organization, thus had at its disposal a force which no potentate could defy. These men held a mortgage on the revenues of the Church; their agents traveled with the sellers of indulgences in the days of Luther, and half the receipts from this source throughout a third of Germany were theirs. We well know the results of those excesses to which their demands urged on this traffic. They overthrew the democracy of Augsburg, and replaced it with an oligarchy. They decided the imperial election of 1519, by withdrawing credit

from one candidate, and purchasing electoral votes for another, so that Charles V., the greatest ruler of a thousand years, was their appointee.

A new swiftness and eagerness of movement and action in the townspeople was matter of common remark. That was the age, as Professor Lamprecht observes, when men began to entertain "the modern conception of time." The conscious need for a more careful account of the flying hours called forth from a Nuremberg youth of twenty the invention of pocket clocks, impelled by springs, and in the city of Nuremberg four clocks on towers struck the quarter hours; giving notice a hundred times daily that the age of leisurely, half-indolent labor was ended, — a hundred times repeating the admonition to hasten, for the day was passing, or the warning that a new day of activity was approaching. Then, also, Sebastian Franck, the scholar, announced that "time is a precious commodity, which we should employ with the sharpest economy."

In this age of strenuous activity, intensified competition, and swelling wealth, the power conferred by combination in business could not be overlooked, and the discipline of lengthening business experience soon gave aptitude for combination. Peasants, nobles, clergy, and smaller tradespeople united in protest against the great companies. "Who is so stupid," wrote Luther, "as not to see that the companies are nothing but down-right monopolies, which even the worldly, heathen laws forbid? For they have brought all kinds of wares under their control, and do with them as they will, and boldly make these things rise or fall, according to their fancy, and oppress and destroy all the small merchants, as the pike devours the little fish in the water." A complaint of the Knights in 1523 declared that the companies "without doubt rob the German nation more within a year, under cover, than the other robbers of the highway

in ten years; yet they are not called to account, but are held in honor." Representatives of the hereditary Hapsburg dominions complained at Innsbruck, in 1518, that the trading companies were so powerful as to "make prices at will," and the peasants of the Inn valley repeatedly petitioned for help against the destruction of all small artisans and merchants by the monopolies of the great.

Attempts at monopoly were sometimes local; sometimes they extended to wider areas, especially to foreign trade. In some instances, wealthy merchants or companies bought up commodities of all sorts by outbidding in the market place, or even intercepting goods before they had passed into the town. These were the "forestallers" or "engrossers" of English industrial history, "cheats, who flayed the people, taking not only unnecessary foreign rubbish, but also what is indispensable to life, as corn, flesh, and wine; screwing up prices according to their greed and covetousness, and fattening themselves on the cruel labor of the poor." Sometimes the producers of one kind of goods in a town entered into an agreement to fix prices; most frequently, of course, in trades where considerable capital was needed for implements or materials. There were many such instances among the fishermen, bakers, and butchers, and at Nuremberg the city established municipal breweries to check the extortion of the brewers' trust.

The combinations which, in their magnitude and methods, most nearly resembled the trusts of the present day were corners in foreign trade, or in domestic commodities like the metals, which had a limited area of production. They were made possible by two facts then new in business life: capital had accumulated so that a few persons were enabled to undertake large enterprises, and the habit of faithful coöperation had reached a certain rough perfection without which it would have been impossible for even a few men to act concertedly.

In the foreign trade, especially, great wealth was necessary, not only for making large purchases, but also to defray traveling expenses and provide depots *en route*. As early as the first half of the fifteenth century, merchants sometimes purchased, particularly at Venice, quantities of Oriental wares, — spices, silks, gold brocade, ginger, cinnamon, pepper, etc., — and, after consulting the chief merchants of the empire, fixed a price for each commodity. This method was later applied also to domestic commodities, such as hardware, leather, tallow, and agricultural products. Tradesmen who refused to enter into this arrangement were crushed out by a sudden lowering of prices. When competition had been stifled, prices rose again.

Attempts to repress the monopolists were frequent. The city council of Cologne, in 1505, commanded all the agents of the great south German trading company to leave the city, "because they brought no benefit or advantage to the common man or the city, but only great damage." If any of these persons wished to remain, he must become a citizen, and take oath not to carry on trade with any capital but his own. This enactment was evaded, and after a time another order forbade all persons to deal with the offenders. No better success attended similar legislation by the diets of states or the empire. In 1512, the imperial diet, in session at Cologne, made its first attack on the trading companies. It was "ordained and established that their pernicious business [of monopoly] be forbidden and cease, and that no one carry on or practice the same. Yet whoever shall do so in future, his property and chattels shall be confiscated and forfeited to the government having jurisdiction." The several states were commanded to proceed vigorously against the offenders, and were themselves made liable to the imperial authority for remissness in this duty. This prohibition was not enforced, in spite of querulous repetition at fre-

quent intervals during the remainder of the century. The failure of all such legislation is, however, in no wise mysterious. One who has even a superficial acquaintance with our own economic society must understand how the influence of great wealth in that day could make itself felt, through fear or favor, by every class, with a pressure as penetrating as that of the atmosphere. Many of the monopolists held places in the councils of cities or of princes; other officials were induced to make advantageous investments with the companies, or were purchased outright.

Of all these great trading combinations, the most famous was an attempt in 1498 at cornering copper. It united the resources of the Fuggers, the Herwarts, the Gossenbrots, and the Paumgartens, — a proportion of the world's capital which few syndicates of the present day have been able to command. Yet it failed. By the terms of the agreement, which is still extant, each of the associates was bound to procure a certain weight of Hungarian and Tyrolese copper, and bring it to the great market in Venice, where the metal was to be sold for the profit of the partners, at prices between an agreed maximum and minimum, expenses being shared in proportion to the several holdings. Ulrich Fugger and his brothers were to act alone as "trustees" in managing the sale of the common stock. The Fuggers were soon eager to abandon the enterprise. In little more than a year from the first agreement they sold out to their partners, receiving for their copper only thirty-six and one third ducats per unit of weight, although the lowest price allowed under the original contract was forty-three ducats. They agreed to abstain from hampering their former associates by entering the Venetian market before the syndicate had disposed of its stock, but promptly offered a quantity of copper for sale in Venice, through their associates, the Thurzi, and justified them-

selves by asserting that they were not forbidden to sell copper, and could not prevent its then going to Venice. The enterprise as a whole was defeated by the abundant production of copper in Hungary, which made it impossible to maintain prices. Dr. Conrad Peutinger, of Augsburg, was appealed to for a decision between the parties in their quarrel. He condemned the Fuggers for their treachery, but affirmed the legitimacy of the pool by use of the distinction so familiar to-day between reasonable and unreasonable prices. The copper was to be sold quickly at a moderate price (a maximum having been fixed upon as well as a minimum), and the agreement was therefore not injurious to the public. The permanent significance of the whole enterprise was expressed by Peutinger, a few years later, in the conclusion that a monopoly of copper is impossible, because the source of supply is indefinitely great.

Disaster more dreadful befell the Hoechstetters in an attempt at cornering quicksilver, — a seemingly light task, as the metal came chiefly from a single small district in the Austrian dominions. A monopoly at this source was in fact secured, but the discovery of new deposits in Spain and Hungary entailed not merely the failure of that enterprise, but the utter ruin of the Hoechstetter house. Similarly, the Meyers of Augsburg are said to have expiated, by the loss of twenty casks of gold, their indiscretion in attempting a corner in tin. The family of the Welsers, which had been famous in war and peace for nearly seven glorious centuries, yielded to the baleful fascination of similar projects, and history has had no further concern with the broken house of Welser. The Elector August of Saxony entered into an association for monopolizing pepper as well as a great variety of drugs and spices. In the wreck which followed, two of his partners took refuge in suicide, while the elector himself gained

prudence, which he exhibited in later years by resisting like temptation from other venturesome spirits.

The monopolies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries probably caused occasional hardship, when articles for sale in local markets were bought up and held at advanced prices; but the commodities most commonly dealt in were not those of indispensable use. Luxuries of foreign origin were most frequently chosen for attempts at monopoly; and with regard to these, it is not difficult to argue in justification of agreements to secure high prices. The commerce of that time was beset with dangers by land and sea, and its losses occasionally fell with terrible force upon the trader. High prices were needed to compensate for these losses, by way of insurance.

The points of resemblance between the industrial combinations of that time and this are sufficiently obvious, and the points of unlikeness are no less easy to indicate. Not only were the grounds of complaint against them the same then as now, but the division between those who fiercely condemned and those who partially or quite condoned the action of the companies followed then, as it does in America to-day, a sectional line. The "populism" of that generation had its home in Germany, which was still new in its industrial greatness. There lay the European "wild west;" there the rural population still contributed powerfully to public opinion, and there the denunciation of monopolies was the loudest; while in Italy — industrially more mature — the urban influence was predominant, and the capitalistic régime was regarded with entire complacency.

What we call trusts — combinations of manufacturers, like the Nuremberg beer combine — were merely local in the earlier period; capital had not accumulated in sufficient amount, and there was too little communication between towns to allow a wide consolidation. The monopolies of spectacular size were commer-

cial monopolies, "corners." Yet the one great generalization deducible from one period holds also of the other. Corners in a world market rarely, if ever, succeed; the relatively successful combinations are the trusts in which protection against competition is, in some degree, secured by the control of highly specialized and costly appliances for production, as in the sugar trust, or (what is essentially the same thing) of appliances for transportation, like the pipe lines of the great oil company.

About the close of the sixteenth century, the opinion was pretty generally accepted that attempts at commercial monopoly were unprofitable. The great capitalists abandoned a form of enterprise which had been discredited by continued failure, and turned their attention to banking operations. It is possible, however, that the monopolies of the sixteenth century might have been more successful if the experiment had been allowed to work itself out unhampered. The ventures of this class which are best known to us failed not wholly because of any necessary impracticability of their own. In the later instances, at least, their ruin was part of a vast tragedy, the death of a nation.

The commerce of Europe, in antiquity, had moved chiefly along the southern periphery of the continent. In the "mediæval" period it had penetrated to the interior, as travel became safer and towns arose. That was the age of great capitalists and great commercial enterprises in central Europe. But after some generations there came another gradual revolution, bringing incalculable blessings to nine tenths of the world, but to the heart of Europe incalculable disaster. Its cause was the improvement of shipbuilding and the rise of the new science of navigation. For thousands of years preceding the age of Columbus there had been no improvement in the methods by which the sailor guided his course. The Venetian mariners, whom Petrarch pitied for

their hazardous life ("How right was that poet who called sailors wretched!"), had no better devices for determining their own position or directing their pathway in the water than those of the fabulous ages when Ulysses wandered blindly on his raft, "gazing on the Pleiads, on Boötes which sets late, and on the Bear which men also call Wagon," and from these guessing helplessly, without knowledge for exact calculation, without compass or chart, "some god our guide." When the fourteenth century ended, to pass far from familiar landmarks was still as then to lose one's self. Shipbuilding lagged in less degree. Ships were so small and fragile that merchants went in small numbers, and fearfully, beyond Gibraltar and up into the rough northern waters, which were fit only for Scandinavian pirates, who attached no value to human life.

In the fifteenth century, almost at a stroke navigation became a science: the compass came into common use; charts were made to exhibit sea routes; and, with the invention of new instruments and new methods for calculation, the determination of a ship's position by means of the sun and stars changed from guesswork to certainty. Vessels were enlarged, their models given new and stronger lines; masts were lengthened and sail space was increased. The danger of losing one's way on the sea was removed, and the chances of shipwreck on an ocean voyage were greatly diminished. The ocean became part of man's

dominion; Madeira, the Azores, America, and the Cape were discovered or rediscovered.

As a highway, the ocean was now not only possible, but preferable; for it is a simple fact of physics that a vehicle moves with less friction, and thus less expenditure of effort, on water than over the best roadways. The ancient roads through Germany and over the Alps were now hardly more than superfluous; their service of communication between north and south, Europe and the Orient, was usurped by the ocean water ways, and the invigorating stream of the world's trade once again swept along the circumference of Europe, fertilizing with its deposits, like another Nile, France, England, and the Netherlands. Grass grew in the streets of German towns, where once the morning and evening tramp of workmen had been compared to the march of great armies. The beggar replaced the merchant prince. Even the country districts declined, and in some places money went out of use, and the primitive method of barter reappeared, while a moderate serfdom gave way to downright slavery. Germany, as one of her own historians says, became the "Cinderella of nations." Germany was a "swamp," said Goethe. The Fugger dwindled; the Welser could no longer withstand the shocks of trade. Capital in abundance and highly perfected business organization, which had made great corporations and combinations possible, disappeared in the general ruin.

Ambrose Paré Winston.

AUDREY.¹VII.²THE RETURN OF MONSIEUR JEAN
HUGON.

To the north the glebe was bounded by a thick wood, a rank and dense "second growth" springing from earth where had once stood, decorously apart, the monster trees of the primeval forest; a wild maze of young trees, saplings and undergrowth, overrun from the tops of the slender, bending pines to the bushes of dogwood and sassafras, and the rotting, ancient stumps and fallen logs, by the uncontrollable, all-spreading vine. It was such a fantastic thicket as one might look to find in fairyland, thorny and impenetrable: here as tall as a ten years' pine, there sunken away to the height of the wild honeysuckles; everywhere backed by blue sky, heavy with odors, filled with the flash of wings and the songs of birds. To the east the thicket fell away to low and marshy grounds, where tall cypresses grew, and myriads of myrtle bushes. Later in the year women and children would venture in upon the unstable earth for the sake of the myrtle berries and their yield of fragrant wax, and once and again an outlying slave had been tracked by men and dogs to the dark recesses of the place; but for the most part it was given over to its immemorial silence. To the south and the west the tobacco fields of Fair View closed in upon the glebe, taking the fertile river bank, and pressing down to the crooked, slow-moving, deeply shadowed creek, upon whose further bank stood the house of the Rev. Gideon Darden.

A more retired spot, a completer se-

questration from the world of mart and highway, it would have been hard to find. In the quiet of the early morning, when the shadows of the trees lay across the dewy grass, and the shadows of the clouds dappled the limpid water, it was an angle of the earth as cloistral and withdrawn as heart of scholar or of anchorite could wish. On one side of the house lay a tiny orchard, and the windows of the living room looked out upon a mist of pink and white apple blooms. The fragrance of the blossoms had been in the room, but could not prevail against the odor of tobacco and rum lately introduced by the master of the house and minister of the parish. Audrey, sitting beside a table which had been drawn in front of the window, turned her face aside, and was away, sense and soul, out of the meanly furnished room into the midst of the great bouquets of bloom, with the blue between and above. Darden, walking up and down, with his pipe in his mouth, and the tobacco smoke curling like an aureole around his bullet head, glanced toward the window and the girl's averted head and idle hands.

"When you have written that which I have told you to write, say so, Audrey," he commanded. "Don't sit there staring at nothing!"

Audrey came back to the present with a start, took up a pen, and drew the standish nearer. "'Answer of Gideon Darden, Minister of Fair View Parish, in Virginia, to the several Queries contained in my Lord Bishop of London's Circular Letter to the Clergy in Virginia,'" she read, and poised her pen in air.

"Read out the questions," ordered Darden, "and write my answer to each in the space beneath. No blots, mind

¹ Copyright, 1901, by MARY JOHNSTON.

² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page in the front of the magazine.

you, and spell not after the promptings of your woman's nature."

Going to a side table, he mixed for himself, in an old battered silver cup, a generous draught of bombo; then, with the drink in his hand, walked heavily across the uncarpeted floor to his arm-chair, which creaked under his weight as he sank into its leathern lap. He put down the rum and water with so unsteady a hand that the liquor spilled, and when he refilled his pipe half the contents of his tobacco box showered down upon his frayed and ancient and unclean coat and breeches. From the pocket of the latter he now drew forth a silver coin, which he balanced for a moment upon his fat forefinger, and finally sent spinning across the table to Audrey.

"'Tis the dregs of thy guinea, child, that Paris and Hugon and I drank at the crossroads last night. 'Burn me,' says I to them, 'if that long-legged lass of mine shan't have a drop in the cup!' And says Hugon"—

What Hugon said did not appear, or was confided to the depths of the tankard which the minister raised to his lips. Audrey looked at the splendid shilling gleaming upon the table beside her, but made no motion toward taking it into closer possession. A little red had come into the clear brown of her cheeks. She was a young girl, with her dreams and fancies, and the golden guinea would have made a dream or two come true.

"Query the first," she read slowly. "'How long since you went to the plantations as missionary?'"

Darden, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes uplifted through the smoke clouds to the ceiling, took his pipe from his mouth, for the better answering of his diocesan. "'My Lord, thirteen years come St. Swithin's day,'" he dictated. "'Signed, Gideon Darden.' Audrey, do not forget thy capitals. Thirteen years! Lord, Lord, the years, how they fly! Hast it down, Audrey?"

Audrey, writing in a slow, fair, clerkly hand, made her period, and turned to the Bishop's second question: "'Had you any other church before you came to that which you now possess?'"

"'No, my Lord,'" said the minister to the Bishop; then to the ceiling: "I came raw from the devil to this parish. Audrey, hast ever heard children say that Satan comes and walks behind me when I go through the forest?"

"Yes," said Audrey, "but their eyes are not good. You go hand in hand."

Darden paused in the lifting of his tankard. "Thy wits are brightening, Audrey; but keep such observations to thyself. It is only the schoolmaster with whom I walk. Go on to the next question."

The Bishop desired to know how long the minister addressed had been inducted into his living. The minister addressed, leaning forward, laid it off to his Lordship how that the vestries in Virginia did not incline to have ministers inducted, and, being very powerful, kept the poor servants of the Church upon uneasy seats; but that he, Gideon Darden, had the love of his flock, rich and poor, gentle and simple, and that in the first year of his ministry the gentlemen of his vestry had been pleased to present his name to the Governor for induction. Which explanation made, the minister drank more rum, and looked out of the window at the orchard and at his neighbor's tobacco.

"You are only a woman, and can hold no office, Audrey," he said, "but I will impart to you words of wisdom whose price is above rubies. Always agree with your vestry. Go, hat in hand, to each of its members in turn, craving advice as to the management of your own affairs. Thunder from the pulpit against Popery, which does not exist in this colony, and the Pretender, who is at present in Italy. Wrap a dozen black sheep of inferior breed in white sheets and set them arow at the church door,

but make it stuff of the conscience to see no blemish in the wealthier and more honorable portion of your flock. So you will thrive, and come to be inducted into your living, whether in Virginia or some other quarter of the globe. What's the worthy Bishop's next demand? Hasten, for Hugon is coming this morning, and there's settlement to be made of a small bet, and a hand at cards."

By the circular letter and the lips of Audrey the Bishop proceeded to propound a series of questions, which the minister answered with portentous glibness. In the midst of an estimate of the value of a living in a sweet-scented parish a face looked in at the window, and a dark and sinewy hand laid before Audrey a bunch of scarlet columbine.

"The rock was high," said a voice, "and the pool beneath was deep and dark. Here are the flowers that waved from the rock and threw colored shadows upon the pool."

The girl shrank as from a sudden and mortal danger. Her lips trembled, her eyes half closed, and with a hurried and passionate gesture she rose from her chair, thrust from her the scarlet blooms, and with one lithe movement of her body put between her and the window the heavy writing table. The minister laid by his sum in arithmetic.

"Ha, Hugon, dog of a trader!" he cried. "Come in, man. Hast brought the skins? There's fire water upon the table, and Audrey will be kind. Stay to dinner, and tell us what lading you brought down river, and of your kindred in the forest and your kindred in Monacan-Town."

The man at the window shrugged his shoulders, lifted his brows, and spread his hands. So a captain of Mousquetaires might have done; but the face was dark-skinned, the cheek bones were high, the black eyes large, fierce, and restless. A great bushy peruke, of an ancient fashion, and a coarse, much-laced cravat gave setting and lent a touch of gro-

tesqueness and of terror to a countenance wherein the blood of the red man warred with that of the white.

"I will not come in now," said the voice again. "I am going in my boat to the big creek to take twelve doeskins to an old man named Taberer. I will come back to dinner. May I not, ma'm'selle?"

The corners of the lips went up, and the thicket of false hair swept the window sill, so low did the white man bow; but the Indian eyes were watchful. Audrey made no answer; she stood with her face turned away and her eyes upon the door, measuring her chances. If Darden would let her pass, she might reach the stairway and her own room before the trader could enter the house. There were bolts to its heavy door, and Hugon might do as he had done before, and talk his heart out upon the wrong side of the wood. Thanks be! lying upon her bed and pressing the pillow over her ears, she did not have to hear.

At the trader's announcement that his present path led past the house, she ceased her stealthy progress toward her own demesne, and waited, with her back to the window, and her eyes upon one long ray of sunshine that struck high against the wall.

"I will come again," said the voice without, and the apparition was gone from the window. Once more blue sky and rosy bloom spanned the opening, and the sunshine lay in a square upon the floor. The girl drew a long breath, and turning to the table began to arrange the papers upon it with trembling hands.

"Sixteen thousand pounds of sweet-scented, at ten shillings the hundred-weight; for marriage by banns, five shillings; for the preaching of a funeral sermon, forty shillings; for christening"—began Darden for the Bishop's information. Audrey took her pen and wrote; but before the list of the minister's perquisites had come to an end the door flew open, and a woman with the face of a

vixen came hurriedly into the room. With her entered the breeze from the river, driving before it the smoke wreaths, and blowing the papers from the table to the floor.

Darden stamped his foot. "Woman, I have business, I tell ye, — business with the Bishop of London! I've kept his Lordship at the door this se'nnight, and if I give him not audience Blair will presently be down upon me with tooth and nail and his ancient threat of a visitation. Begone and keep the house! Audrey, where are you, child?"

"Audrey, leave the room!" commanded the woman. "I have something to say that's not for your ears. Let her go, Darden. There's news, I tell you."

The minister glanced at his wife; then knocked the ashes from his pipe and nodded dismissal to Audrey. His late secretary slipped from her seat and left the room, not without alacrity.

"Well?" demanded Darden, when the sound of the quick young feet had died away. "Open your budget, Deborah. There's naught in it, I'll swear, but some fal-lal about your flowered gown or an old woman's black cat and corner broomstick."

Mistress Deborah Darden pressed her thin lips together, and eyed her lord and master with scant measure of conjugal fondness. "It's about some one nearer home than your bishops and commissaries," she said. "Hide passed by this morning, going to the river field. I was in the garden, and he stopped to speak to me. Mr. Haward is home from England. He came to the great house last night, and he ordered his horse for ten o'clock this morning, and asked the nearest way through the fields to the parsonage."

Darden whistled, and put down his drink untasted.

"Enter the most powerful gentleman of my vestry!" he exclaimed. "He'll be that in a month's time. A member of the Council, too, no doubt, and with

the Governor's ear. He's a scholar and fine gentleman. Deborah, clear away this trash. Lay out my books, fetch a bottle of Canary, and give me my Sunday coat. Put flowers on the table, and a dish of bonchrétiens, and get on your tabby gown. Make your curtsy at the door; then leave him to me."

"And Audrey?" said his wife.

Darden, about to rise, sank back again and sat still, a hand upon either arm of his chair. "Eh!" he said; then, in a meditative tone, "That is so, — there is Audrey."

"If he has eyes, he'll see that for himself," retorted Mistress Deborah tartly. "'More to the purpose,' he'll say, 'where is the money that I gave you for her?'"

"Why, it's gone," answered Darden. "Gone in maintenance, — gone in meat and drink and raiment. He did n't want it buried. Pshaw, Deborah, he has quite forgot his fine-lady plan! He forgot it years ago, I'll swear."

"I'll send her now on an errand to the Widow Constance's," said the mistress of the house. "Then before he comes again I'll get her a gown" —

The minister brought his hand down upon the table. "You'll do no such thing!" he thundered. "The girl's got to be here when he comes. As for her dress, can't she borrow from you? The Lord knows that though only the wife of a poor parson, you might throw for gewgaws with a bona roba! Go trick her out, and bring her here. I'll attend to the wine and the books."

When the door opened again, and Audrey, alarmed and wondering, slipped with the wind into the room, and stood in the sunshine before the minister, that worthy first frowned, then laughed, and finally swore.

"Swounds, Deborah, your hand is out! If I had n't taken you from service, I'd swear that you were never inside a fine lady's chamber. What's the matter with the girl's skirt?"

"She's too tall!" cried the sometime waiting maid angrily. "As for that great stain upon the silk, the wine made it when you threw your tankard at me, last Sunday but one."

"That manteau pins her arms to her sides," interrupted the minister calmly, "and the lace is dirty. You've hidden all her hair under that mazarine, and too many patches become not a brown skin. Turn around, child!"

While Audrey slowly revolved, the guardian of her fortunes, leaning back in his chair, bent his bushy brows and gazed, not at the circling figure in its tawdry apparel, but into the distance. When she stood still and looked at him with a half - angry, half - frightened face, he brought his bleared eyes to bear upon her, studied her for a minute, then motioned to his wife.

"She must take off this paltry finery, Deborah," he announced. "I'll have none of it. Go, child, and don your Cinderella gown."

"What does it all mean?" cried Audrey, with heaving bosom. "Why did she put these things upon me, and why will she tell me nothing? If Hugon has hand in it" —

The minister made a gesture of contempt. "Hugon! Hugon, half Monacan and half Frenchman, is bartering skins with a Quaker. Begone, child, and when you are transformed return to us."

When the door had closed he turned upon his wife. "The girl has been cared for," he said. "She has been fed, — if not with cates and dainties, then with bread and meat; she has been clothed, — if not in silk and lace, then in good blue linen and penistone. She is young and of the springtime, hath more learning than had many a princess of old times, is innocent and good to look at. Thou and the rest of thy sex are fools, Deborah, but wise men died not with Solomon. It matters not about her dress."

Rising, he went to a shelf of battered,

dog-eared books, and taking down an armful proceeded to strew the volumes upon the table. The red blooms of the columbine being in the way, he took up the bunch and tossed it out of the window. With the light thud of the mass upon the ground eyes of husband and wife met.

"Hugon would marry the girl," said the latter, twisting the hem of her apron with restless fingers.

Without change of countenance, Darden leaned forward, seized her by the shoulder and shook her violently. "You are too given to idle and meaningless words, Deborah," he declared, releasing her. "By the Lord, one of these days I'll break you of the habit for good and all! Hugon, and scarlet flowers, and who will marry Audrey, that is yet but a child and useful about the house, — what has all this to do with the matter in hand, which is simply to make ourselves and our house presentable in the eyes of my chief parishioner? A man would think that thirteen years in Virginia would teach any fool the necessity of standing well with a powerful gentleman such as this. I'm no coward. Damn sanctimonious parsons and my Lord Bishop's Scotch hireling! If they yelp much longer at my heels, I'll scandalize them in good earnest! It's thin ice, though, — it's thin ice; but I like this house and glebe, and I'm going to live and die in them, — and die drunk, if I choose, Mr. Commissary to the contrary! It's of import, Deborah, that my parishioners, being easy folk, willing to live and let live, should like me still, and that a majority of my vestry should not be able to get on without me. With this in mind, get out the wine, dust the best chair, and be ready with thy curtsy. It will be time enough to cry Audrey's banns when she is asked in marriage."

Audrey, in her brown dress, with the color yet in her cheeks, entering at the moment, Mistress Deborah attempted no response to her husband's adjuration.

Darden turned to the girl. "I've done with the writing for the nonce, child," he said, "and need you no longer. I'll smoke a pipe and think of my sermon. You're tired; out with you into the sunshine! Go to the wood or down by the creek, but not beyond call, d'ye mind."

Audrey looked from one to the other, but said nothing. There were many things in the world of other people which she did not understand; one thing more or less made no great difference. But she did understand the sunlit roof, the twilight halls, the patterned floor, of the forest. Blossoms drifting down, fleeing shadows, voices of wind and water, and all murmurous elfin life spoke to her. They spoke the language of her land; when she stepped out of the door into the air and faced the portals of her world, they called to her to come. Lithe and slight and light of foot, she answered to their piping. The orchard through which she ran was fair with its rosy trees, like gayly dressed, curtsying dames; the slow, clear creek that held the double of the sky enticed, but she passed it by. Straight as an arrow she pierced to the heart of the wood that lay to the north. Thorn and bramble, branch of bloom and entangling vine, stayed her not; long since she had found or had made for herself a path to the centre of the labyrinth. Here was a beech tree, older by many a year than the young wood, — a solitary tree spared by the axe what time its mates had fallen. Tall and silver-gray the column of the trunk rose to meet wide branches and the green lacework of tender leaves. The earth beneath was clean swept, and carpeted with the leaves of last year; a wide, dry, pale brown enchanted ring, against whose borders pressed the riot of the forest. Vine and bush, flower and fern, could not enter; but Audrey came and laid herself down upon a cool and shady bed.

By human measurement the house that she had left was hard by; even from under the beech tree Mistress Deb-

orah's thin call could draw her back to the walls which sheltered her, which she had been taught to call her home. But it was not her soul's home, and now the veil of the kindly woods withdrew it league on league, shut it out, made it as if it had never been. From the charmed ring beneath the beech tree she took possession of her world; for her the wind murmured, the birds sang, insects hummed or shrilled, the green saplings nodded their heads. Flowers, and the bedded moss, and the little stream that leaped from a precipice of three feet into the calm of a hand-deep pool spoke to her. She was happy. Gone was the house and its inmates; gone Paris the schoolmaster, who had taught her to write, and whose hand touching hers in guidance made her sick and cold; gone Hugon the trader, whom she feared and hated. Here were no toil, no annoy, no frightened flutterings of the heart; she had passed the frontier, and was safe in her own land.

She pressed her cheek against the dead leaves, and, with the smell of the earth in her nostrils, looked sideways with half-closed eyes and made a radiant mist of the forest round about. A drowsy warmth was in the air; the birds sang far away; through a rift in the foliage a sunbeam came and rested beside her like a gilded snake.

For a time, wrapped in the warmth and the green and gold mist, she lay as quiet as the sunbeam; of the earth earthy, in pact with the mould beneath the leaves, with the slowly crescent trunks, brown or silver-gray, with moss and lichened rock, and with all life that basked or crept or flew. At last, however, the mind aroused, and she opened her eyes, saw, and thought of what she saw. It was pleasant in the forest. She watched the flash of a bird, as blue as the sky, from limb to limb; she listened to the elfin waterfall; she drew herself with hand and arm across the leaves to the edge of the pale brown ring, plucked

a honeysuckle bough and brought it back to the silver column of the beech; and lastly, glancing up from the rosy sprig within her hand, she saw a man coming toward her, down the path that she had thought hidden, holding his arm before him for shield against brier and branch, and looking curiously about him as for a thing which he had come out to seek.

VIII.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

In the moment in which she sprang to her feet she saw that it was not Hugon, and her heart grew calm again. In her torn gown, with her brown hair loosed from its fastenings, and falling over her shoulders in heavy waves whose crests caught the sunlight, she stood against the tree beneath which she had lain, gazed with wide-open eyes at the intruder, and guessed from his fine coat and the sparkling toy looping his hat that he was a gentleman. She knew gentlemen when she saw them: on a time one had cursed her for scurrying like a partridge across the road before his horse, making the beast come nigh to unseating him; another, coming upon her and the Widow Constance's Barbara gathering fagots in the November woods, had tossed to each a sixpence; a third, on vestry business with the minister, had touched her beneath the chin, and sworn that an she were not so brown she were fair; a fourth, lying hidden upon the bank of the creek, had caught her boat head as she pushed it into the reeds, and had tried to kiss her. They had certain ways, had gentlemen, but she knew no great harm of them. There was one, now — but he would be like a prince. When at eventide the sky was piled with pale towering clouds, and she looked, as she often looked, down the river, toward the bay and the sea beyond, she always saw this prince that she had woven — warp of

memory, woof of dreams — stand erect in the pearly light. There was a gentleman indeed!

As to the possessor of the title now slowly and steadily making his way toward her she was in a mere state of wonder. It was not possible that he had lost his way; but if so, she was sorry that, in losing it, he had found the slender zigzag of her path. A trustful child, — save where Hugon was concerned, — she was not in the least afraid, and being of a friendly mind looked at the approaching figure with shy kindliness, and thought that he must have come from a distant part of the country. She thought that had she ever seen him before she would have remembered it.

Upon the outskirts of the ring, clear of the close embrace of flowering bush and spreading vine, Haward paused, and looked with smiling eyes at this girl of the woods, — this forest creature that, springing from the earth, had set its back against the tree.

"Tarry awhile," he said. "Slip not yet within the bark. Had I known, I should have brought oblation of milk and honey."

"This is the thicket between Fair View and the glebe lands," said Audrey, who knew not what bark of tree and milk and honey had to do with the case. "Over yonder, sir, is the road to the great house. This path ends here; you must go back to the edge of the wood, then turn to the south" —

"I have not lost my way," answered Haward, still smiling. "It is pleasant here in the shade, after the warmth of the open. May I not sit down upon the leaves and talk to you for a while? I came out to find you, you know."

As he spoke, and without waiting for the permission which he asked, he crossed the rustling leaves, and threw himself down upon the earth between two branching roots. Her skirt brushed his knee; with a movement quick and shy she put more distance between them, then stood

and looked at him with wide, grave eyes. "Why do you say that you came here to find me?" she asked. "I do not know you."

Haward laughed, nursing his knee and looking about him. "Let that pass for a moment. You have the prettiest woodland parlor, child! Tell me, do they treat you well over there?" with a jerk of his thumb toward the glebe house. "Madam the shrew and his reverence the bully, are they kind to you? Though they let you go like a beggar maid," — he glanced kindly enough at her bare feet and torn gown, — "yet they starve you not, nor beat you, nor deny you aught in reason?"

Audrey drew herself up. She had a proper pride, and she chose to forget for this occasion a bruise upon her arm and the thrusting upon her of Hugon's company. "I do not know who you are, sir, that ask me such questions," she said sedately. "I have food and shelter and — and — kindness. And I go barefoot only of week days" —

It was a brave beginning, but of a sudden she found it hard to go on. She felt his eyes upon her and knew that he was unconvinced, and into her own eyes came the large tears. They did not fall, but through them she saw the forest swim in green and gold. "I have no father or mother," she said, "and no brother or sister. In all the world there is no one that is kin to me."

Her voice, that was low and full and apt to fall into minor cadences, died away, and she stood with her face raised and slightly turned from the gentleman who lay at her feet, stretched out upon the sere beech leaves. He did not seem inclined to speech, and for a time the little brook and the birds and the wind in the trees sang undisturbed.

"These woods are very beautiful," said Haward at last, with his gaze upon her, "but if the land were less level it were more to my taste. Now, if this plain were a little valley couched among

the hills, if to the westward rose dark blue mountains like a rampart, if the runlet yonder were broad and clear, if this beech were a sugar tree" —

He broke off, content to see her eyes dilate, her bosom rise and fall, her hand go trembling for support to the column of the beech.

"Oh, the mountains!" she cried. "When the mist lifted, when the cloud rested, when the sky was red behind them! Oh, the clear stream, and the sugar tree, and the cabin! Who are you? How did you know about these things? Were you — were you there?"

She turned upon him, with her soul in her eyes. As for him, lying at length upon the ground, he locked his hands beneath his head and began to sing, though scarce above his breath. He sang the song of Amiens: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me."

When he had come to the end of the stanza he half rose, and turned toward the mute and breathless figure leaning against the beech tree. For her the years had rolled back: one moment she stood upon the doorstep of the cabin, and the air was filled with the trampling of horses, with quick laughter, whistling, singing, and the call of a trumpet; the next she ran, in night-time and in terror, between rows of rustling corn, felt again the clasp of her pursuer, heard at her ear the comfort of his voice. A film came between her eyes and the man at whom she stared, and her heart grew cold.

"Audrey," said Haward, "come here, child."

The blood returned to her heart, her vision cleared, and her arm fell from its clasp upon the tree. The bark opened not; the hamadryad had lost the spell. When at his repeated command she crossed to him, she went as the trusting, dumbly loving, dumbly grateful child whose life he had saved, and whose comforter, protector, and guardian he had been. When he took her hands in his

she was glad to feel them there again, and she had no blushes ready when he kissed her upon the forehead. It was sweet to her who hungered for affection, who long ago had set his image up, loving him purely as a sovereign spirit or as a dear and great elder brother, to hear him call her again "little maid;" tell her that she had not changed save in height; ask her if she remembered this or that adventure, what time they had strayed in the woods together. Remember! When at last, beneath his admirable management, the wonder and the shyness melted away, and she found her tongue, memories came in a torrent. The hilltop, the deep woods and the giant trees, the house he had built for her out of stones and moss, the grapes they had gathered, the fish they had caught, the thunderstorm when he had snatched her out of the path of a stricken and fallen pine, an alarm of Indians, an alarm of wolves, finally the first faint sounds of the returning expedition, the distant trumpet note, the nearer approach, the bursting again into the valley of the Governor and his party, the journey from that loved spot to Williamsburgh, — all sights and sounds, thoughts and emotions, of that time, fast held through lonely years, came at her call, and passed again in procession before them. Haward, first amazed, then touched, reached at length the conclusion that the years of her residence beneath the minister's roof could not have been happy; that she must always have put from her with shuddering and horror the memory of the night which orphaned her; but that she had passionately nursed, cherished, and loved all that she had of sweet and dear, and that this all was the memory of her childhood in the valley, and of that brief season when he had been her savior, protector, friend, and playmate. He learned also — for she was too simple and too glad either to withhold the information or to know that she had given it — that in her girlish and innocent imaginings she

had made of him a fairy knight, clothing him in a panoply of power, mercy, and tenderness, and setting him on high, so high that his very heel was above the heads of the mortals within her ken.

Keen enough in his perceptions, he was able to recognize that here was a pure and imaginative spirit, strongly yearning after ideal strength, beauty, and goodness. Given such a spirit, it was not unnatural that, turning from sordid or unhappy surroundings as a flower turns from shadow to the full face of the sun, she should have taken a memory of valiant deeds, kind words, and a protecting arm, and have created out of these a man after her own heart, endowing him with all heroic attributes; at one and the same time sending him out into the world, a knight errant without fear and without reproach, and keeping him by her side — the side of a child — in her own private wonderland. He saw that she had done this, and he was ashamed. He did not tell her that that eleven-years-distant fortnight was to him but a half-remembered incident of a crowded life, and that to all intents and purposes she herself had been forgotten. For one thing, it would have hurt her; for another, he saw no reason why he should tell her. Upon occasion he could be as ruthless as a stone; if he were so now he knew it not, but in deceiving her deceived himself. Man of a world that was corrupt enough, he was of course quietly assured that he could bend this woodland creature — half child, half dryad — to the form of his bidding. To do so was in his power, but not his pleasure. He meant to leave her as she was; to accept the adoration of the child, but to attempt no awakening of the woman. The girl was of the mountains, and their higher, colder, purer air; though he had brought her body thence, he would not have her spirit leave the climbing earth, the dreamlike summits, for the hot and dusty plain. The plain, God knew, had dwellers enough.

She was a thing of wild and sylvan grace, and there was fulfillment in a dark beauty all her own of the promise she had given as a child. About her was a pathos, too, — the pathos of the flower taken from its proper soil, and drooping in earth which nourished it not. Howard, looking at her, watching the sensitive, mobile lips, reading in the dark eyes, beneath the felicity of the present, a hint and prophecy of woe, felt for her a pity so real and great that for the moment his heart ached as for some sorrow of his own. She was only a young girl, poor and helpless, born of poor and helpless parents dead long ago. There was in her veins no gentle blood; she had none of the world's goods; her gown was torn, her feet went bare. She had youth, but not its heritage of gladness; beauty, but none to see it; a nature that reached toward light and height, and for its home the house which he had lately left. He was a man older by many years than the girl beside him, knowing good and evil; by instinct preferring the former, but at times stooping, open-eyed, to that degree of the latter which a lax and gay world held to be not incompatible with a convention somewhat misnamed "the honor of a gentleman." Now, beneath the beech tree in the forest which touched upon one side of the glebe, upon the other his own lands, he chose at this time the good; said to himself, and believed the thing he said, that in word and in deed he would prove himself her friend.

Putting out his hand he drew her down upon the leaves; and she sat beside him, still and happy, ready to answer him when he asked her this or that, readier yet to sit in blissful, dreamy silence. She was as pure as the flower which she held in her hand, and most innocent in her imaginings. This was a very perfect knight, a great gentleman, good and pitiful, that had saved her from the Indians when she was a little girl, and had been kind to her, —

ah, so kind! In that dreadful night when she had lost father and mother and brother and sister, when in the darkness her childish heart was a stone for terror, he had come, like God, from the mountains, and straightway she was safe. Now into her woods, from over the sea, he had come again, and at once the load upon her heart, the dull longing and misery, the fear of Hugon, were lifted. The chaplet which she laid at his feet was not loosely woven of gay-colored flowers, but was compact of austerer blooms of gratitude, reverence, and that love which is only a longing to serve. The glamour was at hand, the enchanted light which breaks not from the east or the west or the north or the south was upon its way; but she knew it not, and she was happy in her ignorance.

"I am tired of the city," he said. "Now I shall stay in Virginia. A longing for the river and the marshes and the house where I was born came upon me" —

"I know," she answered. "When I shut my eyes I see the cabin in the valley, and when I dream it is of things which happen in a mountainous country."

"I am alone in the great house," he continued, "and the floors echo somewhat loudly. The garden, too; beside myself there is no one to smell the roses or to walk in the moonlight. I had forgotten the isolation of these great plantations. Each is a province and a despotism. If the despot has neither kith nor kin, has not yet made friends, and cares not to draw company from the quarters, he is lonely. They say that there are ladies in Virginia whose charms well-nigh outweigh their dowries of sweet-scented and Orenoko. I will wed such an one, and have laughter in my garden, and other footsteps than my own in my house."

"There are beautiful ladies in these parts," said Audrey. "There is the one that gave me the guinea for my running yesterday. She was so very fair.

I wished with all my heart that I were like her."

"She is my friend," said Haward slowly, "and her mind is as fair as her face. I will tell her your story."

The gilded streak upon the earth beneath the beech had crept away, but over the ferns and weeds and flowering bushes between the slight trees without the ring the sunshine gloated. The blue of the sky was wonderful, and in the silence Haward and Audrey heard the wind whisper in the treetops. A dove moaned, and a hare ran past.

"It was I who brought you from the mountains and placed you here," said Haward at last. "I thought it for the best, and that when I sailed away I left you to a safe and happy girlhood. It seems that I was mistaken. But now that I am at home again, child, I wish you to look upon me, who am so much your elder, as your guardian and protector still. If there is anything which you lack, if you are misused, are in need of help, why, think that thy troubles are Indians after thee again, little maid, and turn to me once more for help."

Having spoken honestly and well and very unwisely, he looked at his watch and said that it was late. When he rose to his feet Audrey did not move, and when he looked down upon her he saw that her eyes, that had been wet, were overflowing. He put out his hand, and she took it and touched it with her lips; then, because he said that he had not meant to set her crying, she smiled, and with her own hand dashed away the tears.

"When I ride this way I shall always stop at the minister's house," said Haward, "when, if there is aught which you need or wish, you must tell me of it. Think of me as your friend, child."

He laid his hand lightly and caressingly upon her head. The ruffles at his wrist, soft, fine, and perfumed, brushed her forehead and her eyes. "The path through your labyrinth to its beechen

heart was hard to find," he continued, "but I can easily retrace it. No, trouble not yourself, child. Stay for a time where you are. I wish to speak to the minister alone."

His hand was lifted. Audrey felt rather than saw him go. Only a few feet, and the dogwood stars, the purple mist of the Judas tree, the white fragrance of a wild cherry, came like a painted arras between them. For a time she could hear the movement of the branches as he put them aside; but presently this too ceased, and the place was left to her and to all the life that called it home.

It was the same wood, surely, into which she had run two hours before, and yet—and yet—When her tears were spent, and she stood up, leaning, with her loosened hair and her gown that was the color of oak bark, against the beech tree, she looked about her and wondered. The wonder did not last, for she found an explanation.

"It has been blessed," said Audrey, with all reverence and simplicity, "and that is why the light is so different."

IX.

MACLEAN TO THE RESCUE.

Saunderson, the overseer, having laboriously written and signed a pass, laid down the quill, wiped his inky forefinger upon his sleeve, and gave the paper to the storekeeper, who sat idly by.

"Ye'll remember that the store chiefly lacks in broadcloth of Witney, frieze and camlet, and in women's shoes, both silk and callimanco. And dinna forget to trade with Alick Ker for three small swords, a chafing dish, and a dozen mourning and hand-and-heart rings. See that you have the skins' worth. Alick's an awfu' man to get the upper hand of."

"I'm thinking a MacLean should have small difficulty with a Ker," said the storekeeper dryly. "What I'm

wanting to know is why I am saddled with the company of Monsieur Jean Hugon." He jerked his thumb toward the figure of the trader standing within the doorway. "I do not like the gentleman, and I'd rather trudge it to Williamsburgh alone."

"Ye ken not the value of the skins, nor how to show them off," answered the other. "Wherefore, for the consideration of a measure of rum, he's engaged to help you in the trading. As for his being half Indian, Gude guide us! It's been told me that no so many centuries ago the Highlandmen painted their bodies and went into battle without taking advantage even of feathers and silk grass. One half of him is of the French nobility; he told me as much himself. And the best of ye — sic as the Campbells — are no better than that."

He looked at MacLean with a caustic smile. The latter shrugged his shoulders. "So long as you tie him neck and heels with a Campbell I am content," he answered. "Are you going? I'll just bar the windows and lock the door, and then I'll be off with yonder copper cadet of a French house. Good-day to you. I'll be back to-night."

"Ye'd better," said the overseer, with another widening of his thin lips. "For myself, I bear ye no ill will; for my grandmither — rest her soul! — came frae the north, and I aye thought a Stewart better became the throne than a foreign-speaking body frae Hanover. But if the store is not open the morn I'll raise hue and cry, and that without wasting time. I've been told ye're great huntsmen in the Highlands; if ye choose to turn red deer yourself, I'll give ye a chase, *and track ye down, man, and track ye down.*"

MacLean half turned from the window. "I have hunted the red deer," he said, "in the land where I was born, and which I shall see no more, and I have been myself hunted in the land

where I shall die. I have run until I have fallen, and I have felt the teeth of the dogs. Were God to send a miracle — which he will not do — and I were to go back to the glen and the crag and the deep birch woods, I suppose that I would hunt again, would drive the stag to bay, holloing to my hounds, and thinking the sound of the horns sweet music in my ears. It is the way of the earth. Hunter and hunted, we make the world and the pity of it."

Setting to work again, he pushed to the heavy shutters. "You'll find them open in the morning," he said, "and find me selling, — selling clothing that I may not wear, wine that I may not drink, powder and shot that I may not spend, swords that I may not use; and giving, — giving pride, manhood, honor, heart's blood" —

He broke off, shot to the bar across the shutters, and betook himself in silence to the other window, where presently he burst into a fit of laughter. The sound was harsh even to savagery. "Go your ways, Saunderson," he said. "I've tried the bars of the cage; they're too strong. Stop on your morning round, and I'll give account of my trading."

The overseer gone, the windows barred, and the heavy door shut and locked behind him, MacLean paused upon the doorstep to look down upon his appointed companion. The trader, half sitting, half reclining upon a log, was striking at something with the point of his hunting knife, lightly, delicately, and often. The something was a lizard, about which, as it lay in the sunshine upon the log, he had wrought a pen of leafy twigs. The creature, darting for liberty this way and that, was met at every turn by the steel, and at every turn suffered a new wound. MacLean looked; then bent over and with a heavy stick struck the thing out of its pen.

"There's a time to work and a time to play, Hugon," he said coolly. "Play-time's over now. The sun is high, and

Isaac and the oxen must have the skins well-nigh to Williamsburgh. Up with you ! ”

Hugon rose to his feet, slid his knife into its sheath, and announced in good enough English that he was ready. He had youth, the slender, hardy, perfectly moulded figure of the Indian, a coloring and a countenance that were not of the white and not of the brown. When he went a-trading up the river, past the thickly settled country, past the falls, past the French town which his Huguenot father had helped to build, into the deep woods and to the Indian village whence had strayed his mother, he wore the clothing that became the woods, — beaded moccasins, fringed leggings, hunting shirt of deerskin, cap of fur, — looked his part and played it well. When he came back to an English country, to wharves and stores, to halls and porches of great houses and parlors of lesser ones, to the streets and ordinaries of Williamsburgh, he pulled on jack boots, shrugged himself into a coat with silver buttons, stuck lace of a so-so quality at neck and wrists, wore a cocked hat and a Blenheim wig, and became a figure alike grotesque and terrible. Two thirds of the time his business caused him to be in the forests that were far away ; but when he returned to civilization, to stare it in the face and brag within himself, “ I am lot and part of what I see ! ” he dwelt at the crossroads tavern, drank and gamed with Paris the schoolmaster and Darden the minister, and dreamed (at times) of Darden’s Audrey.

The miles to Williamsburgh were long and sunny, with the dust thick beneath the feet. Warm and heavy, the scented spring possessed the land. It was a day for drowsing in the shade ; for them who must needs walk in the sunshine, languor of thought overtook them, and sparsity of speech. They walked rapidly, step with step, their two lean and sinewy bodies casting the same length of shadow ; but they kept

their eyes upon the long glare of white dust, and told not their dreams. At a point in the road where the storekeeper saw only confused marks and a powdering of dust upon the roadside bushes, the half-breed announced that there had been that morning a scuffle in a gang of negroes ; that a small man had been thrown heavily to the earth, and a large man had made off across a low ditch into the woods ; that the overseer had parted the combatants, and that some one’s back had bled. No sooner was this piece of clairvoyance aired than he was vexed that he had shown a hallmark of the savage, and hastily explained that life in the woods, such as a trader must live, would teach any man — an Englishman, now, as well as a Frenchman — how to read what was written on the earth. Farther on, when they came to a miniature glen between the semblance of two hills, down which, in mockery of a torrent, brabbled a slim brown stream, MacLean stood still, gazed for a minute, then, whistling, caught up with his companion, and spoke at length upon the subject of the skins awaiting them at Williamsburgh.

The road had other travelers than themselves. At intervals a cloud of dust would meet or overtake them, and out of the windows of coach or chariot or lighter chaise faces would glance at them. In the thick dust wheels and horses’ hoofs made no noise, the black coachmen sat still upon the boxes, the faces were languid with the springtime. A moment and all were gone. Oftener there passed a horseman. If he were riding the planter’s pace, he went by like a whirlwind, troubling only to curse them out of his path ; if he had more leisure, he threw them a good-morning, or perhaps drew rein to ask Hugon this or that. The trader was well known, and was an authority upon all matters pertaining to hunting or trapping. The foot passengers were few, for in Virginia no man walked that could ride, and on a morn of early May they that walked were like

to be busy in the fields. An ancient seaman, however, lame and vagabond, lurched beside them for a while, then lagged behind; a witch, old and bowed and bleared of eye, crossed their path; and a Sapony hunter, with three wolves' heads slung across his shoulder, slipped by them on his way to claim the reward decreed by the Assembly. At a turn of the road they came upon a small ordinary, with horses fastened before it, and with laughter, oaths, and the rattling of dice issuing from the open windows. The trader had money; the storekeeper had none. The latter, though he was thirsty, would have passed on; but Hugon twitched him by the sleeve, and producing from the depths of his great flapped pocket a handful of crusadoes, écués, and pieces of eight, indicated with a flourish that he was prepared to share with his less fortunate companion.

They drank standing, kissed the girl who served them, and took to the road again. There were no more thick woods, the road running in a blaze of sunshine, past clumps of cedars and wayside tangles of blackberry, sumac, and elder. Presently, beyond a group of elms, came into sight the goodly college of William and Mary, and, dazzling white against the blue, the spire of Bruton church.

Within a wide pasture pertaining to the college, close to the roadside and under the boughs of a vast poplar, half a score of students were at play. Their lithe young bodies were dark of hue and were not overburdened with clothing; their countenances remained unmoved, without laughter or grimacing; and no excitement breathed in the voices with which they called one to another. In deep gravity they tossed a ball, or pitched a quoit, or engaged in wrestling. A white man, with a singularly pure and gentle face, sat upon the grass at the foot of the tree, and watched the studious efforts of his pupils with an approving smile.

"Wildcats to purr upon the hearth,

and Indians to go to school!" quoth MacLean. "Were you taught here, Hugon, and did you play so sadly?"

The trader, his head held very high, drew out a large and bedizened snuff-box, and took snuff with ostentation. "My father was of a great tribe—I would say a great house—in the country called France," he explained, with dignity. "Oh, he was of a very great name indeed! His blood was—what do you call it?—*blue*. I am the son of my father: I am a Frenchman. *Bien!* My father dies, having always kept me with him at Monacan-Town; and when they have laid him full length in the ground, Monsieur le Marquis calls me to him. 'Jean,' says he, and his voice is like the ice in the stream, 'Jean, you have ten years, and your father—may *le bon Dieu* pardon his sins!—has left his wishes regarding you and money for your maintenance. To-morrow Messieurs de Sailly and de Breuil go down the river to talk of affairs with the English Governor. You will go with them, and they will leave you at the Indian school which the English have built near to the great college in their town of Williamsburgh. There you will stay, learning all that Englishmen can teach you, until you have eighteen years. Come back to me then, and with the money left by your father you shall be fitted out as a trader. Go!' . . . Yes, I went to school here; but I learned fast, and did not forget the things I learned, and I played with the English boys—there being no scholars from France—on the other side of the pasture."

He waved his hand toward an irruption of laughing, shouting figures from the north wing of the college. The white man under the tree had been quietly observant of the two wayfarers, and he now rose to his feet, and came over to the rail fence against which they leaned.

"Ha, Jean Hugon!" he said pleasantly, touching with his thin white hand the brown one of the trader. "I thought it

had been my old scholar! Canst say the belief and the Commandments yet, Jean? Yonder great fellow with the ball is Meshawa, — Meshawa that was a little, little fellow when you went away. All your other playmates are gone, — though you did not play much, Jean, but gloomed and gloomed because you must stay this side of the meadow with your own color. Will you not cross the fence and sit awhile with your old master?"

As he spoke he regarded with a humorous smile the dusty glories of his sometime pupil, and when he had come to an end he turned and made as if to beckon to the Indian with the ball. But Hugon drew his hand away, straightened himself, and set his face like a flint toward the town. "I am sorry, I have no time to-day," he said stiffly. "My friend and I have business in town with men of my own color. My color is white. I do not want to see Meshawa or the others. I have forgotten them."

He turned away, but a thought striking him his face brightened, and plunging his hand into his pocket he again brought forth his glittering store. "Nowadays I have money," he said grandly. "It used to be that Indian braves brought Meshawa and the others presents, because they were the sons of their great men. I was the son of a great man, too; but he was not Indian, and he was lying in his grave, and no one brought me gifts. Now I wish to give presents. Here are ten coins, master. Give one to each Indian boy, the largest to Meshawa."

The Indian teacher, Charles Griffin by name, looked with a whimsical face at the silver pieces laid arow upon the top rail. "Very well, Jean," he said. "It is good to give of thy substance. Meshawa and the others will have a feast. Yes, I will remember to tell them to whom they owe it. Good-day to you both."

The meadow, the solemnly playing Indians, and their gentle teacher were left behind, and the two men, passing the

long college all astare with windows, the Indian school, and an expanse of grass starred with buttercups, came into Duke of Gloucester Street. Broad, unpaved, deep in dust, shaded upon its ragged edges by mulberries and poplars, it ran without shadow of turning from the gates of William and Mary to the wide sweep before the Capitol. Houses bordered it, flush with the street or set back in fragrant gardens; other and narrower ways opened from it; halfway down its length wide greens, where the buttercups were thick in the grass, stretched north and south. Beyond these greens were more houses, more mulberries and poplars, and finally, closing the vista, the brick façade of the Capitol.

The two from Fair View plantation kept their forest gait; for the trader was in a hurry to fulfill his part of the bargain, which was merely to exhibit and value the skins. There was an ordinary in Nicholson Street that was to his liking. Sailors gamed there, and other traders, and half a dozen younger sons of broken gentlemen. It was as cleanly dining in its chief room as in the woods, and the aqua vitæ, if bad, was cheap. In good humor with himself, and by nature lavish with his earnings, he offered to make the storekeeper his guest for the day. The latter curtly declined the invitation. He had bread and meat in his wallet, and wanted no drink but water. He would dine beneath the trees on the market green, would finish his business in town, and be halfway back to the plantation while the trader — being his own man, with no fear of hue and cry if he were missed — was still at hazard.

This question settled, the two kept each other company for several hours longer, at the end of which time they issued from the store at which the greater part of their business had been transacted, and went their several ways, — Hugon to the ordinary in Nicholson Street, and MacLean to his dinner beneath the sycamores on the green. When the fru-

gal meal had been eaten, the latter recrossed the sward to the street, and took up again the round of his commissions.

It was after three by the great clock in the cupola of the Capitol when he stood before the door of Alexander Ker, the silversmith, and found entrance made difficult by the serried shoulders of half a dozen young men standing within the store, laughing, and making bantering speeches to some one hidden from the Highlander's vision. Presently an appealing voice, followed by a low cry, proclaimed that the some one was a woman.

MacLean had a lean and wiry strength which had stood him in good stead upon more than one occasion in his checkered career. He now drove an arm like a bar of iron between two broadcloth coats, sent the wearers thereof to right and left, and found himself one of an inner ring and facing Mistress Truelove Taber, who stood at bay against the silversmith's long table. One arm was around the boy who had rowed her to the Fair View store a week ago; with the other she was defending her face from the attack of a beribboned gallant desirous of a kiss. The boy, a slender, delicate lad of fourteen, struggled to free himself from his sister's restraining arm, his face white with passion and his breath coming in gasps. "Let me go, Truelove!" he commanded. "If I am a Friend, I am a man as well! Thou fellow with the shoulder knots, thee shall pay dearly for thy insolence!"

Truelove tightened her hold. "Ephraim, Ephraim! If a man compel thee to go with him a mile, thee is to go with him twain; if he take thy cloak, thee is to give him thy coat also; if he — Ah!" She buried her profaned cheek in her arm and began to cry, but very softly.

Her tormentors, flushed with wine and sworn to obtain each one a kiss, laughed more loudly, and one young rake, with wig and ruffles awry, lurched forward to take the place of the coxcomb who had scored. Ephraim wrenched himself free,

and making for this gentleman might have given or received bodily injury, had not a heavy hand falling upon his shoulder stopped him in mid-career.

"Stand aside, boy," said MacLean. "This quarrel's mine by virtue of my making it so. Mistress Truelove, you shall have no further annoyance. Now, you Lowland cowards that cannot see a flower bloom but you wish to trample it in the mire, come taste the ground yourself, and be taught that the flower is out of reach!"

As he spoke he stepped before the Quakeress, weaponless, but with his eyes like steel. The half dozen spendthrifts and ne'er-do-weels whom he faced paused but long enough to see that this newly arrived champion had only his bare hands, and was, by token of his dress, undoubtedly their inferior, before setting upon him with drunken laughter and the loudly avowed purpose of administering a drubbing. The one that came first he sent rolling to the floor. "Another for Hector!" he said coolly.

The silversmith, ensconced in safety behind the table, wrung his hands. "Sirs, sirs! Take your quarrel into the street! I'll no have fighting in my store. What did ye rin in here for, ye Quaker baggage? Losh! did ye ever see the like of that! Here, boy, ye can get through the window. Rin for the constable! Rin, I tell ye, or there'll be murder done!"

A gentleman who had entered the store unobserved drew his rapier, and with it struck up a heavy cane which was in the act of descending for the second time upon the head of the unlucky Scot. "What is all this?" he asked quietly. "Five men against one, — that is hardly fair play. Ah, I see there were six; I had overlooked the gentleman on the floor, who, I hope, is only stunned. Five to one, — the odds are heavy. Perhaps I can make them less so." With a smile upon his lips, he stepped backward a foot or two until he stood with the weaker side.

Now, had it been the constable who so suddenly appeared upon the scene, the probabilities are that the fight, both sides having warmed to it, would, despite the terrors of the law, have been carried to a finish. But it was not the constable; it was a gentleman recently returned from England, and become in the eyes of the youth of Williamsburgh the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The youngster with the shoulder knots had copied color and width of ribbon from a suit which this gentleman had worn at the Palace; the rake with the wig awry, who passed for a wit, had done him the honor to learn by heart portions of his play, and to repeat (without quotation marks) a number of his epigrams; while the pretty fellow whose cane he had struck up practiced night and morning before a mirror his bow and manner of presenting his snuffbox. A fourth ruffler desired office, and cared not to offend a prospective Councillor. There was rumor, too, of a grand entertainment to be given at Fair View; it was good to stand well with the law, but it was imperative to do so with Mr. Marmaduke Haward. Their hands fell; they drew back a pace, and the wit made himself spokesman. Roses were rare so early in the year; for him and his companions, they had but wished to compliment those that bloomed in the cheeks of the pretty Quakeress. This servant

fellow, breathing fire like a dragon, had taken it upon himself to defend the roses, — which likely enough were grown for him, — and so had been about to bring upon himself merited chastisement. However, since it was Mr. Marmaduke Haward who pleaded for him — A full stop, a low bow, and a flourish. "Will Mr. Haward honor me? 'Tis right Macouba, and the box — if the author of The Puppet Show would deign to accept it" —

"Rather to change with you, sir," said the other urbanely, and drew out his own chased and medallioned box.

The gentleman upon the floor had now gotten unsteadily to his feet. Mr. Haward took snuff with each of the six; asked after the father of one, the brother of another; delicately intimated his pleasure in finding the noble order of Mohocks, that had lately died in London, resurrected in Virginia; and fairly bowed the flattered youths out of the store. He stood for a moment upon the threshold watching them go triumphantly, if unsteadily, up the street; then turned to the interior of the store to find MacLean seated upon a stool, with his head against the table, submitting with a smile of pure content to the ministrations of the dove-like mover of the late turmoil, who with trembling fingers was striving to bind her kerchief about a great cut in his forehead.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

I.

THE wandering American finds it difficult to think of Italy as a modern state, a member of the club of European nations, which, after the method of fash-

ionable clubs, has an impolite contempt for all who do not belong to it, and also allows little acts of rudeness among its members. All the mechanism of the Italian kingdom looks like stage furniture, hurriedly got; it seems as far from

modern American life as her castled hills or the angels fluttering in Perugino's pictures. What have the Po, hurrying "to seek peace," the Arno, and the Tiber to do with winter wheat, Federal Steel Companies, or Edison's discoveries? Italian politics and ours have nothing in common. The sea of Italians is the Mediterranean, waters of the past, while we splash in the Atlantic and Pacific. They concern themselves with France, Austria, and Spain, whereas we challenge England, Germany, and Russia. They seem like schoolboys in the form below us, with bigness and littleness measured by a smaller scale, their muscles less vigorous, their sinews feebler, than ours. Modern Italy is almost as far away from us as Italy of the Renaissance. A land where the people are so polite that they will take great trouble for you and add their thanks, where all the coal is imported, where the churches are shut during the middle of Sunday because the day is a *fiesta*, where D'Annunzio is acclaimed as a glory to his country, where to save is esteemed as respectable as to spend, where senators are appointed for their literary achievements, where the main industry is to provide food and lodging for temporary immigrants, — such a land, with its cathedrals, loggias, and pictures, seems the fiction of a story-teller.

To themselves the Italians are intensely modern. They have a young kingdom; the unity of Italy is their era; the great actors have left the stage, but many men remember those glorious days, the beginnings of a new Italy, and so they deem themselves the youngest of nations. Fogazzaro named his novel, where the plot is laid not long before Magenta and Solferino, *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*, The Little World of Old. The murder of Umberto Primo has given them a young king, who sits upon his throne very gallantly. Not much was known about him till last August, except that he had a strong will and was a learned collector of coins. It is not

easy to judge a king in the blaze of that fierce light of falsehood that beats upon a throne, but a short speech which he then made to the senators and deputies gives a clue to his character. He said: "Trembling, but confident, I mount the throne, with a consciousness of my rights and duties as king. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human power shall have strength to destroy that which our fathers have wrought with such great self-denial. It is necessary to be vigilant and to use all our might to preserve inviolate the great conquests of unity and freedom. I shall never fail in serene confidence in our free institutions, and I shall never fail in effort and energy of action vigorously to defend our country's glorious constitution, the priceless heritage from our forefathers."

The young king and his ministers have a hard time before them; there are many knotty problems to be thought out. In the first place, there is the miserable question of livelihood. Italy paces to and fro, like an ambitious poor man with a large family, not knowing what to do. In her alliance with Germany and Austria, Italy has bargained to keep many thousands of soldiers ready to take the field: that army costs a great deal of money, though less for each soldier than in the other European armies, and not more than half as much as in the French army. Such expense means heavy taxes: many people are not able, and many are not willing, to pay them. In the south of Italy there has been great distress; insects and bad weather have made fearful ravages in the vineyards and among the olive trees. Some districts have been compelled by distress to petition the government for remission of taxes and for help of various kinds. The bread which the peasants eat in the country south of Naples is food for horses. The Socialists, a small party, scattered about in the big cities, demand that the Triple Alliance, military establishment, battleships

and cruisers, be given up, and taxes lessened: many poor people, some land-owners and professors of political economy, think with them on this question. Moreover, the commercial treaties which Italy has with Germany and Austria will have run their course in a year or two, and this anti-military party demands that Italy refuse to renew the Triple Alliance, unless the other two countries will agree not to lay heavy duties upon Italian agricultural products. But north of the Alps there are contrary ideas on this matter. German farmers wish to have German markets to themselves, and the Kaiser wishes to keep the farmers obedient; and therefore, in Italy, a noisy murmur is abroad that Italy will not join Germany and Austria, but will make an alliance with France and Russia. The majority, however, if one can be sure in the storm of ayes and noes, are resolute that Italy shall renew the Triple Alliance, that the great sacrifices which she has made shall not be rendered vain. They say that France is very hostile, and would seek any pretext to dismember Italy, and that an alliance with France and Russia would cost quite as much as the Triple Alliance. They argue that Germany will not put a high tariff upon Italian agricultural products, because she would be afraid of a retaliatory tariff; for her manufacturers export \$20,000,000 worth of goods into Italy annually, and would cry as loud as her farmers do now.

Out of these difficulties Socialists, Republicans, and politicians try to obtain advantage; the poor express their opinions of taxation by an occasional riot or strike, but the laboring classes have little political influence. An American is constantly surprised by the imperfect organization of workingmen into labor unions, and by the slight public sympathy they receive. As the Germans say, with some little exaggeration, the Italians are one hundred years behind-hand. This attitude of the Italian pub-

lic is due to the division into classes. With us there are social divisions into rich and poor, and we are not surprised that the descendants of a rich man become day laborers, or that the grandson of a laborer becomes rich and respected; but in Italy the incapable grandson of a noble is noble still, and the descendants of a peasant are pressed down and kept peasants by the whole force of society. Peasants are expected to remain poor, uneducated, and dirty; education and opportunity are given to them, if at all, as charity, not as rights. The progress of democracy, in the sense of equal education and equality of opportunity, is hindered also by the differences between the north and south of Italy. The men of Piedmont and Lombardy are of a different race from the men of the south: they have different ideas, different conceptions of law, labor, and religion; they are wider apart than the puritans of Maine and the cotton planters of South Carolina, and therefore there cannot be a general united movement throughout the peninsula, whether democratic, socialist, educational, or whatever else it may be. The north acts alone; the middle of Italy, with its indifferent Romans, acts alone; and the south acts fitfully by itself. Thus privileges are able to maintain themselves in greater permanence than with us; even a strong and unselfish central government could not get a united public opinion throughout the country to support reforms.

Another difficulty, not so immediate as revenue, but more persistent, is the Church. It astonishes an outsider to see how the Church clings to its claim for temporal power; the claim is so childish, so stupid, so unspiritual. Question a good Catholic, and he will say: "Since the reign of Constantine, when Christianity became the state religion of the empire, temporal power has been the means by which the Church has been free and independent of secular domination. Maybe this means has had its day, and that,

in the divine scheme for the maintenance of the Church, some other method will now be adopted; we cannot tell. We see a means over fifteen hundred years old: it is our duty, it is the Pope's sworn duty, not to abandon that means. Moreover, to-day, members of the universal Church, Frenchmen, Germans, Irish, Spaniards, must have some certain guarantee that the Italian government will not interfere in the affairs of the Church; how can they be sure that an ecclesiastical edict does not express the will of a Cavour or a Crispi?" The question of papal sovereignty has undoubtedly been settled not so much by the union of Italy as by the opinion of enlightened Catholic laymen all over the world, which acknowledges that temporal and spiritual matters must be kept separate.

II.

The station master at Pæstum explained to me that Italy suffered from three evils, — the government, the gentry, and the Church. He said that the deputies squabbled and struggled for private gain, careless of Italy; that the gentry squeezed rack-rents from the peasants, and squandered the money in idleness and dissipation; and that the priests took no heed save to fill their bellies and keep their feet warm. I had heard similar opinions concerning the Chamber of Deputies and the aristocracy, and I had been told many things about the priests, and I wished to talk further on these matters; but as the train was due, I contented myself with expressing the high respect which I entertained for the Pope. He replied that he had none; his reason was that he had been acolyte in the cathedral at Perugia when "Papa Pecci" was bishop there, long before his election to the papacy. I judged that the station master was inclined to pessimism; he held a mean opinion of the people of Pæstum, and deemed himself degraded by his southern post. Perhaps the ruins of the temple of Neptune

made all things else look petty by comparison. At the time I thought him an atheist, but perhaps he was a pagan, and found nothing good in Christian doctrines.

The Church is a political entity here, and it is hard to judge it as a religious body. No two men seem fully to agree. There are few Protestants in Italy, and educated men who have become agnostics or infidels are inclined to observe the ceremonies of the Church; the population therefore appears to be all Catholic, divided into adherents of the papacy and adherents of the government. The staunch supporters of the latter proclaim themselves good Catholics, but they add that the Church must concern itself with spiritual matters only. Opinions about the Church are as plentiful as blackberries. There is the devout papist, who speaks of the terrible trials of the Church to-day, and of the wicked robberies by the government. Then there is the intelligent Catholic, who thinks that the Church should say as little as possible on matters of science, and the young bourgeois Catholic, who suspects that men do not confess all their doings to the priest. There is the liberal Catholic, who thinks that the Church is a living thing, and, though it needs purging, will continue to be a good and great body; or maybe he despairs of the Church unless help shall come from America; for America is the bright spot on the Catholic horizon, and the best Catholics in Italy hope that that brightness may mean dawn.

In Rome itself, the impressions of the Church that crowd in upon a foreigner, as he wanders about, are very confusing. He goes into church after church: there is an old beggar at every door; within masses are mumbled, like "aina, maina, mona, mike;" be-Baedekered strangers are moving wearily about; and if there be a famous image of the Madonna, it is surrounded by a kneeling crowd, a mass of votive offerings, and children running to catch toddling babies. The Protes-

tant residents of Rome, who attend the English and American churches, assure the visitor that the Roman Curia is a corrupting, Cardinal Rampolla a double-dealing politician, the Pope an old man who winks at far too much, and that all Catholics hate all Protestants, and deliver other compliments after the fashion of the expatriated. The next day the American perhaps will receive a visit from a man in long black dress, edged maybe with a little purple braid; his stature short, his body of a certain infantile rotundity, and his smooth-shaven face also of an infantile quality; but there is, too, a firmness in the chin, and a touch of resolution about the lips. This gentleman speaks in tolerable French, with a charming politeness which is oddly different from the politeness of the world. He declines an invitation to dinner, — the rules of his order do not permit, — but he is most willing to take a cup of tea without cream or sugar. He is not much interested in general subjects of conversation; he does not read the news. But if, in an endeavor to draw him out, mention is made of St. Francis or of St. Gregory, or in some way the right chord is struck, his eyes brighten, his cheeks color, and the round infantile face becomes transparent to the enthusiasm within; his whole being suddenly pours forth thanks for the great benefits that he has received from the dead saint. This man gets up at four o'clock in the summer, at five in the winter, and spends all day, with short intervals for prayer, in devotion to his routine interests, — a monastery in the Abruzzi, a nunnery in Palermo, a poor family in Via Coronari, a new sacristan, choristers, schoolboys and schoolgirls, besides a home for old women and a hospital for the blind. He detests Roman society, disapproves of Zola, has never heard of D'Annunzio, admires America, likes a free country, and thinks that Protestants have their own way of finding the road to heaven.

Perplexed whether to think this man

an exception to the general, the foreigner goes to St. Peter's on one of the last days of the Anno Santo. The basilica is crowded with pilgrims: there are troops of Bavarians, companies of Irish, bands of peasants from Lombardy and Tuscany, husbandmen from Umbria, shepherds from the Campagna, young priests from Belgium, France, and Portugal, travelers from everywhere, dignified English clergymen and their brethren of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, careful not to overstep the line that fences off the polite and enlightened on-looker. The hour fixed for the Pope to come is long past, and every one is weary. Suddenly from the doors comes a noise; then a slow procession winds up the passageway of ropes, and a storm of "Viva! Viva! Il Papa Re! Pa-pa Re!" keeps pace with the march. There the Pope sits, carried above the heads of the people, his aged face looking serene, as if he had lived through shrewdness into wisdom, and through policy into charity, — a kind old man, not unmindful of the true meaning of his title, Vicar of Christ.

In the Roman streets there are troops of theological students — come from all over Christendom, to be kept for five years in absolute ignorance of the world, and educated on Thomas Aquinas — marching in squads, never less than eight together, from the Propaganda to their dormitory, or perhaps to the Pincio for fresh air. Then there is the fat, unhealthy-looking priest, not well shaven, and unwilling to look you in the eye; the preacher who warns women to keep themselves to household affairs, shunning education, literature, and more than all politics; and a thousand others who fill the mind with a confused notion of what the Church is. One thing comes out clear: that it is the duty of every man to judge it justly, and then to work either for or against it. It is too tremendous a machine for us to sit indifferent.

The American is puzzled by the parental and pedagogical attitude of the

Pope; he cannot understand how one man feels it his duty to prescribe to other men what they shall think on matters not directly connected with religion. For example, the Pope, in January last, wrote an encyclical letter on Social Democracy, a form of Socialism in Italy, in which he begins by referring to the troubles between rich and poor, and then says: "From the beginning of Our pontificate We have been aware of the gravity of the peril which hung over society from this cause, and We have believed that it belonged to Our office solemnly to warn Catholics against the grave errors contained in the theories of Socialism, and against the ruin that follows in their train, — ruin not less disastrous to the prosperity of life than to good behavior and to religion." He then speaks of prior letters on similar subjects and of a dispute arisen between good Catholics, and says: "Now, considering that here and there this dispute is carried on even to acrimony, We feel that it is Our duty to put a limit to the present controversy, and to regulate the thought of Catholics on such a question; We intend besides to lay down certain rules that shall render their action larger and much more salutary to society." He then describes Social Democracy: "It wishes the government to come into the hands of the *plebs*, so that by leveling all classes the step to economic equality shall be easy; it aims in that way to suppress all rights of property and to put everything in common, the patrimony of private individuals, and even the instruments of production." To this Social Democracy he opposes "Christian Democracy," which wishes to maintain inviolate the rights of acquisition and of possession, and to preserve the difference between classes; "in a word, it demands that human society shall bear that form and disposition which God, its Creator, gave to it." He then argues that, as these questions are necessarily connected with religion, it is the duty of all Catholics to obey

the Church: "He is most unchristian who refuses to submit to those who are clothed with authority in the Church. First (excepting the universal authority of the Roman pontiff) the bishops. . . . The man who does not submit in thought and act shows that he has forgotten the solemn precept of the apostle in Hebrews xiii. 17: 'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls.' These are words which all the faithful ought to print deep in their hearts, and seek to put in practice in their conduct; more than ever, priests, considering these words diligently, should not fail to impress them on others, not only in preaching, but more by example."

This process of reasoning, by which, from the right of direction in morals, the Pope deduces the right to ordain one kind of social structure, as established by God, and to condemn another, shows how far the Church has fallen from her position as universal; for if she cleaves to one form of society only, she must forsake all others. The time just ahead of her is critical; one might guess that this year of Jubilee marks a turning point in her history. Leo XIII. cannot live long; the selection of his successor is a matter of profoundest consequence. This mighty Church, with her immense possibilities for good, needs a young man of genius to direct her helm, and a college of cardinals that shall be a great council representing the Catholic world. Strong churches in strong countries will not submit to be dictated to by a handful of Italian priests. The cry of "Los von Rom!" will not be confined to Germans. It is hard to read the signs of the times; there are rumors of this cardinal and of that as *papabile*, but the fogs round the Vatican are too thick to let the face of the next pontiff shine through.

III.

The drama in Italy is not very successful, — it is not what it should be; it

lacks the very qualities that a foreigner expects, — conciseness, lightness, and dramatic force. The Italy which a traveler comes to see, the Italy of the Renaissance, both in art and personality, is so romantic that it seems to have been chiefly created to hold up a mirror to the stage; we expect to find Italian dramatists reveling in this heritage of opportunity. The Italian nature, quick in action, violent in passion, ready in sympathy, grave and gay, looks the personification of the Tragic and the Comic Muse. But the stage has never appealed to Italian men of genius. Students, men of letters, gather themselves together and force their way through the early comedies; for, like everything else, modern comedy seems to have begun in Italy, and to have been transplanted to other countries. There are certain literary reputations, — Alfieri, Metastasio, Carlo Gozzi; there is also one Pietro Cossa, to whom the Romans have put up a statue and a marble tablet to tell the passer-by that his plays are immortal.

In truth, there has never been but one Italian playwright, Carlo Goldoni. He is a marvel of dexterity: he takes the most trivial episodes, conversations, characters, light as froth, mixes them, flavors them, arranges them, and presto! rolls up the curtain, as a magician rolls up his sleeves, to display a wonderful little comedy. Men and women touched by the weariness of life like their drama more highly flavored, plots freighted with greater seriousness, laughter more partisan, tears more bitter; but they who like to get warm in the sunshine of life, simple folk, fond of mirth, sparkling if shallow, of situations which cannot unravel into unhappiness, of a world all grace and carelessness, find their recreation in Goldoni. The brilliant Duse sometimes plays *La Locandiera* or *Pamela*, but Goldoni has found a more passionate admirer in *Ermete Novelli*. This actor has taken a theatre on a little street

off the *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele*, in Rome, and has devoted his rare talents to the creation of a *Casa di Goldoni* on the model of the *Maison de Molière*. He has finished the first season of his experiment; he has played for five months, acting half the time in Italian plays, and the other half in foreign plays, commonly translations from the French. One charm of his theatre is that the bill is changed almost every evening; a theatre lover can go night after night, each time to a new play. The theatre is very pretty, resplendent with red plush and electric lights; the prices are most comfortable, — a seat in the front of the pit costs four francs. Except for Goldoni, the best plays are from the French. The dullness of Italian plays, even those of Ferrari, a name well known in Italy, is wonderful: no plot, no humor, no character; an insipid medley of personages, talking as if to hold the floor for the requisite three hours. But no dullness daunts Novelli; this mobile face looks mean, intelligent, noble, pathetic, or petulant, out of the worst play as well as out of the best. It must be his confidence in his own ability to lug on his back the forlornest of plays that makes him so blind in his selection; or it may be that, with a new bill every night, there are not enough good plays to go round. A nobler and a juster explanation for bringing out Italian plays is his passionate desire to uplift the Italian drama. He is inspired with the feelings of the *Risorgimento*, and headstrong for a national Italian drama. He is as gallant with his countrymen's comedies as Garibaldi at Aspromonte. He spares no look, attitude, or motion, to retrieve the most disastrous evening. I like him best when he depicts some feeble character. Oh, the irresolution in his legs and the vocabulary of his shoulders! They show forth hope, doubt, despair, expectation, benevolence, sympathy, incompetence, stupidity, irritation, alarm, timidity, effrontery, and forty meanings more. No-

velli plays tragedy, too. In Tourgeniev's story of *The Bread of Others*, he enacts the tragic part of a poor old country gentleman, who is made tipsy by some fellows from St. Petersburg; the fumes of wine pass off, and, in his anger at the insult put upon him, he bursts forth with a terrible secret. Novelli's changes from the awkward, shy old rustic into the tipsy reveler, and then into the gentleman hot with anger, make a memorable scene.

On the opening night of the Casa di Goldoni the theatre was crowded. Novelli played *Il Burbero Benefico*. After the curtain fell he was called out amid a storm of applause. He spoke of the inferiority of the Italian stage in comparison with that of other countries, and attributed the inferiority to the fact that in Italy a theatrical company had no settled home, but wandered a vagrant from theatre to theatre; he thought that the best he could do for the drama would be to form a stock company, and establish a theatre in Rome for the common good of the stage and of the public. Then he spoke of Goldoni, and said: "The immortal Babbo [Papa] of our comedy died hungry in a garret, far from his native land; and for that reason the idea came to me of taking the name 'Casa di Goldoni,' that it might be of good augury to me, and that at least after his death he might have a home in his own country." The words were sincere. Carlo Goldoni may rejoice that his plays have a worthy interpreter; it may be that his pleasant soul, weary of Elysian fields, has migrated and become incarnate in the delightful actor, and that his speech was another bit of comedy.

Excepting Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the only plays of note in recent years are those written by D'Annunzio, *La Gioconda* and *La Città Morta*. Duse and the famous tragic actor Zacconi act these plays to patchwork audiences, — people of fashion, dissipated young gentlemen, dissipated old gentlemen, curious

foreigners, innocent American girls ignorant of the language, and a *claque*. *The Dead City* begins at half past eight, and ends at one. There are five, six, or seven acts, maybe more, with long monologues and dialogues, and but four characters, — four pennyworth of personages to this intolerable deal of talk. The great actress goes from city to city, arousing enthusiasm for the brilliant talents that can achieve a triumph in the most undramatic of plays. Her face in itself is a tragedy, and could carry an audience through forty thousand of D'Annunzio's lines. D'Annunzio himself says of the play: "I am sure that some melodies in my tragedy, independent of the literal signification, will ring in men's souls whether they be cultivated or crude. I am sure that the greater part of the spectators from the beginning will recognize the unusual breadth of treatment in my work, and of its own accord will place itself in a position for forming a judgment that I may call uncommon. The first words that will resound in the silence of the theatre are words of Sophocles. I have faith in the potency of this introduction. The spectators will see, not a representation, but a transfiguration of life. When I compose a drama, I am in the way of truth, I believe, because I follow the teaching of the greatest masters. Some one will say, 'But in daily life men do not talk after this manner.' Such an one shows that he does not understand what tragic art really is, nor what art is. It is time to make a breach in the mass of prejudice that walls us in on every side. It is time to reestablish the privileges of poetry. *The Dead City*, which seems a work of attentive reflection, is the most spontaneous of my works, as it is undoubtedly the most original of my creations. I have written it in forty days, with an ease unusual to me, for I work laboriously. For this reason I am fond of it, and it seems to me that it ought to live."

Nevertheless, The Dead City was not a success in Paris, Milan, or Bologna; it is three years old, and holds the stage through the genius of the great actress. D' Annunzio himself is writing poems, — an ode to Verdi, a poem to Garibaldi. Of the latter the poet says: "This *canzone*, in which an attempt has been made to combine two kinds of poetry, the epic and the lyric, is not so much intended to be read from the silent pages as to be listened to by an untrammelled multitude. It needs, in order to fulfill its full musical life, to come forth from the sonorous mouth of the speaker. At Turin, at Milan, at Florence, the assembled people gathered it in from the voice of the poet; and the great clamor of the people filled the intervals between the stanzas." In view of the poet's explanation, it was to be expected that, reading the poem in the silent pages, I did not find it very interesting.

It is hard to tell what Italians think of D' Annunzio. His last novel, *Fire*, has caused very much talk. The story, as a whole and in its parts, is forbidden by every rule that affects the conduct of an American gentleman, and shuts us out from the right of criticism. Many people hate D' Annunzio, and are greatly ashamed to have foreigners think that he represents Italy; some say that his much-praised style is mere tinsel; others admit that there is an element of poetry in his work, but think that he has exhausted it; his admirers are a band of young men who cry him up as a great poet. I tried to explain to a young Italian a Yankee opinion of D' Annunzio, and that in our country he would not be allowed to land; that he would be smothered in the hold, or thrown overboard, or whitewashed and returned. He looked at me, and said: "You Americans don't care for poetry. We Italians love it; we love the stars, flowers, music, and poetry."

The two most interesting men of letters are Carducci and Fogazzaro. The great poet is old and broken, and Fogaz-

zaro has disappointed the public with his last novel, *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*, The Little World of To-Day. Its predecessor, *The Little World of Old*, was so charming, so skillfully composed, — barring a long antechamber, as it were, in which the reader had to pick his way through a north dialect, — and so interesting, that expectation was very curious for this novel, which is a kind of continuation of the first. The story concerns the son of the hero and heroine of *The Little World of Old*; but who that is interested in a mother takes as keen an interest in her son?

IV.

An American is always impressed by the way in which the past keeps its hand heavy upon Italy. Here, more than in Germany, England, or France, the present is governed by preceding centuries. In Rome the Church still sits like "the ghost of the Roman Empire." Italy, in spite of her young kingdom and her hopes, is always struggling, not how best to do this thing or that, but to extricate herself from the yoke of the past. As one travels through Tuscany and Umbria, or between Rome and Naples, and watches from the train the little towns, walled and turreted, perching on the hilltops, the farmhouses, built for strongholds, the peasants pruning the olive trees, the friars tramping bareheaded along the road, everything looks as if it might step back four hundred years without the slightest inconvenience. Monk and peasant would not know the difference, and the towns would be cheered to have their citizens safe within the gates by nightfall. The bricks and stones of the fifteenth century are despots; they trammel and subdue the energy of the young generations. Sons live in their fathers' houses, as their fathers had lived before them; they cook in the same kitchens, climb the same stairs, sleep in the same beds, and enjoy the same lack of linen; they keep the same habits, they celebrate the same festivals;

with a happy resignation — “*Che vuole? Dio è padrone*” — they must submit to the divine decree. It is touching to read by the street names how fresh the breath of the *Risorgimento* swept over these little towns. Young men and boys left their homes to join Garibaldi’s army; the promised land of United Italy looked so bounteous and beautiful. After fighting was over, every municipality, shouting “*Evviva!*” gave its old streets the new heroic names, *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele*, *Piazza Garibaldi*, *Via Cavour*, *Via Venti Settembre*. Then the passion of the time died down; the young soldiers turned back into peasants, like their fathers, and found it as hard as ever to make enough for both bread and taxes. But the material parts of the past — the little old houses, the ancient walls, the steep and crooked streets, the churches and monasteries — are not the greatest hindrance to the Italy of to-day; rather the social ills, especially in the south, handed down from a misgoverned, uneducated, selfish past. In Naples, the largest city in Italy, where according to the saying all men are rascals or saints, there remains the *Camorra*. How to root it out is one of the chief moral problems before Italy. The *Camorra* is a social scurvy, caused by lack of fresh food. The ignorant classes of the Neapolitans belong to it, or entertain for it the friendly feeling for familiar things; their fathers belonged to it or were accustomed to it, and their grandfathers likewise. The *Camorra* is to them an organ of society, like the law or the Church. It spreads here and there underground, reaching from the lowest strata of society up, some say, to the highest. The great interest for Americans is the light it throws upon similar social phenomena in New York city.

Nobody knows when the *Camorra* began, but it appears to have taken its present shape as a definite organization in the beginning of the last century. At that time it had grades, officers, laws, — all the machinery of a social body.

Among the police archives there is the written report of a trial held in 1820, where a member of the *Camorra* was tried before a recognized tribunal of the society. This court was known as the “*Gran Mamma*.” One Giovanni Esposito had murdered a chief of the *Camorra*; he was caught by his fellow members, kept in confinement, brought before his judges and examined. The prisoner admitted the killing, but pleaded drunkenness as a defense. At the close of the examination one of the judges (using some slang) said: “For me as well as for my companions, further questions are useless; the accused here present is confessedly guilty; but if we wish to deliberate seriously, it is well to take him farther away. [The assassin was removed to a distance.] The statute, Mr. Superior and dear companions, if I am not mistaken, speaks plainly: it says, he who kills a superior must be killed; the secretary can verify this article. If we don’t give an example of justice, this Society may call itself done for, and the respect for the Greater and Less Society [the higher and lower grades of the *Camorra*] becomes a dead letter.” After some discussion (for one of the judges held that intoxication was a good excuse) the prisoner was condemned. “As the will of the Society, represented by us, except one judge against all the others, is for the condemnation to death of Heart-and-Dog [secret name of Giovanni Esposito], because on the evening of —, without cause, he killed our superior, therefore we order and command the two young men who arrested him to kill him with two knife thrusts in the breast.” In this document, for the sake of secrecy, all names are represented by pictured signs. A young woman, however, in love with Heart-and-Dog, notified the police, and saved her lover.

The purpose of the society is livelihood by blackmail. The system of organized blackmail is said to have originated in the prisons. The habitués used

to levy tribute upon newcomers, compelling them to give money to buy oil for the Virgin, and for various pious and other uses. This practice grew; and when the convicts had served their terms, they continued the same system, only to better advantage, outside the walls. Out of such beginnings a society was evolved, and became by degrees highly organized: there was a novitiate and one or two preliminary grades before a youth could become a *camorrista*; there were officers of different ranks, and the districts of the city were assigned to local branches of the society. The conditions of Naples made the way easy for this organized system of blackmail. Idleness is put upon the people by the soil and climate; for four cents a man can breakfast on macaroni, bread, and fruit. The government had been bad for hundreds of years, and under the Jesuit-ridden Bourbons it became worse than ever, with no purpose except to root out liberal thought and to maintain itself in comfortable power; it made no attempt to suppress the Camorra. So the Camorra developed and flourished, and, with some change in its methods, enjoys vigorous life to-day.

A *Camorrista*, a full-fledged member of the society in good standing, is a kind of bully, who makes a livelihood from the labor of others; he levies tribute on all the people he can, especially on the most degraded class of women. In return, he refrains from robbing his clients, and protects them. For instance, in the days of the Bourbons (old instances are good to-day), not long after Napoleon's overthrow, one of the streets of the city was notoriously bad; various police regulations had been made in vain, and the decent people of the neighborhood petitioned the municipal officers to wall up the street in such a way that it might be shut off and its inhabitants locked in at night. The officer with whom the final decision rested received the following anonymous letter: —

NAPLES, September, 1829.

SIR, — Are you not aware that in confining these poor girls in walls you act as if they were condemned to the lowest depth of hell? The prefect of police and the intendant who order this brutal act have no heart; but you who have to decide, whom nobody can oppose, ought to do justice to these poor girls, and prevent their being walled up like wild beasts. For years there has been a plan like that which is taken up again to-day, but no one of your predecessors thought best to execute it; because if those poor unfortunates have no relations to get justice for them, we are here who have much heart and are always ready to shed our own blood for them, and to cut the throats of those who shall do anything toward walling up that street.

With all humility I kiss your hands.

N. N.

The official decided not to build the wall. Many years afterwards such a wall was built, and in course of time fell into disrepair. The work of rebuilding was begun, but at night whatever had been built by day was pulled down. This happened several times. The head of the police summoned the *Camorrista* within whose jurisdiction the street lay, and threatened him with exile if the work should be interfered with again. There was no further trouble.

As things were then they are to-day. Round the prostitutes gathers a gang of ruffians: these ruffians have a large circle of acquaintances, who, for peace and a quiet life, and from admiration, endure and befriend them. The ignorant Neapolitans sympathize with them against the police, and vote as they direct. The control of votes is political power. The Camorra, naturally, is ready to support candidates for office who will not interfere with its habits of life, and officials are also ready to accept its support, winking and blinking in return.

The whole system was revealed in the

famous trial held at Naples last autumn. A Socialist newspaper, *La Propaganda*, accused Casale, a famous politician, one of the deputies from Naples, of political corruption, in that he had used his influence and place for the advantage of his henchmen and for private gain. The accusation was such as the *New York Evening Post* has made a hundred times against the leaders of Tammany Hall. Casale brought suit for libel. For defense the newspaper pleaded the truth of its accusations. The case was tried after the Latin fashion, before judges, without a jury. Casale brought various witnesses to testify to his good character: the mayor of Casale's native town said that Casale bore a good reputation there; a senator and several commendatores declared that Casale's conduct had been correct in all the offices he had held. Then the defense produced its evidence. One by one, various witnesses, many of them connected with the city government, testified that Casale had recommended for employment by the city men who had been charged with crime; that places in the city departments had to be found for Casale's friends; that offices were said to be bought and sold; that creditors of the city were not paid promptly by the cashier unless they presented a recommendation from Casale; that Casale, going to represent the city at a celebration held in honor of Garibaldi, took with him two ladies, a secretary, a journalist, and two young men, and charged the whole bill to the city; that justice found many impediments and hindrances in seeking to lay hold of Casale's friends; that, when commissioner of the Octroi, for a bribe of 2000 francs he approved one tariff rather than another; that, for his assistance in getting a subsidy, he had received from a steamship company 30,000 francs, and from a street railway company, in return for a favorable contract, he and two friends had received 60,000 francs; and finally, that Casale was the city gov-

ernment, for the mayor did whatever Casale bade him do. All the witnesses were asked if in their opinion Casale was a *galantuomo*, and one portrayed his "moral physiognomy." This evidence against Casale, sounding so dull and stale in New York ears, produced great excitement. The judges retired, and in a short time brought in their judgment that the facts alleged by the newspaper were proved. Casale immediately resigned his seat in the Chamber of Deputies and the other official positions that he held.

The great effect of this judgment shows that, though the Neapolitan system of political favoritism and corruption has been well constructed by the ability of one man, who has made skillful use of the spirit of the Camorra, that system is inferior in efficiency, boldness, and money-making capacity to the great political organization established in New York city.

V.

The Camorra belongs to the mainland, the Mafia to Sicily. It is hard for a foreigner to understand the differences between these famous bodies: the Camorra is a society founded on blackmail; the Mafia is a series of societies, the outgrowth of ignorance and impotent government. As the lawsuit between Casale and *La Propaganda* has brought the Camorra freshly before the public, so the legal investigations to unearth evidence against Notarbartolo's murderer have made Italy aware that she has another great social problem in the Mafia. Some ten years ago the government banks "got into politics," as we say; and among others the Bank of Sicily was made use of for private ends. It was enough to be a friend of a friend of a politician, for a man to get a loan on insufficient security or at a very low rate of interest; and a great many scamps profited thereby. Public moneys were wasted, and the penal code set at naught. At

last public sentiment was aroused, and an investigation was threatened. Signor Notarbartolo, an incorruptible, capable, energetic man, who, for unexplained reasons, had been removed from the direction of the bank just before this criminal misuse of its funds, was, by character and knowledge, the very man to ferret out the guilty and bring them to punishment. The public turned impetuously to him as the instrument of justice.

In January, 1893, investigation was ready to begin. On the afternoon of February 1 Notarbartolo was traveling to Palermo in the first-class carriage of an express train. About six o'clock the train passed the little town Ponte Cureri. A few minutes later, an officer of customs, going home at the end of his day's work, crossed the tracks: there he saw a body lying outstretched on the ground. He ran back, calling for help. The body was Notarbartolo's. Not far away, in a peasant's house, the police discovered a bloody handkerchief and a pair of shoes splashed with blood. Some witnesses now say, a man's boots rather long; others say, a man's boots short; and others, a woman's shoes. Handkerchief and shoes soon disappeared; nobody knew what became of them. One official said this, another that, a third something different. Two of the trainmen were arrested soon after the murder, but they were released by the officials in Palermo, for want of evidence. One Fontana was arrested; he proved that he was in Tunis at the time of the crime, and was also released by the officials in Palermo. It is said that a Sicilian's first step toward crime is to prepare an alibi. Fontana was well known to the police. He had been tried on many charges, — stealing cattle with incidental murder, threatening death in anonymous letters, assassination, a second assassination, stealing cattle and attempting to kidnap, extortion, complicity with felons, — but each time he had escaped, from lack of testimony. These three men

have been rearrested, and the government has thought it well to hold the criminal proceedings in Milan. They are all members of the Mafia, and were obviously instruments in the hands of some powerful man.

One Palizzolo, an old politician, deputy from Palermo, rumor said, had had many dealings with the bank, by which he had been no loser. His reputation was not good; it was charged that as far back as 1873 he was indebted to the municipality of Palermo in the sum of 1500 francs, for taxes which he, as commissioner, had collected and converted to his own use, and in the sum of 1550 francs, the price of a pump sold by the city to a neighboring town. This man was well known to be a bitter opponent of Notarbartolo, and suspicion pointed to him; but for all these years, on account of the immense power of the Mafia, it has been impossible to collect enough evidence to put him on trial. Thanks to the testimony secured in Milan, he is now under arrest and awaiting trial.

Palizzolo may be regarded as bearing a relation to the Mafia similar to that which Casale bore to the Camorra. Of the Mafia there are different opinions: one man has defined it as a union of individuals of all classes, who like to live, not by work, but by violence, fraud, and intimidation; another, as the union of men of every rank, profession, and kind, without any permanent bond apparent, always united to further each other's interest in disregard of law. It is, as I have said, a collection of societies existing throughout Sicily, but more common in some parts than in others, without any definite connection between them, except that the chiefs in the same neighborhood know one another, and are always ready to coöperate to their common advantage. A typical society is controlled by three or four leaders, men of force and resolution, who carry out their plans by the agency of some dozen young men, — part vigorous young ruffians, part lads lack-

ing character and education, — who obey the leaders from want, fear, fashion, or love of excitement. These societies are not deliberately formed to earn a livelihood by stealing; on the contrary, they seem to act more like savage tribes in difficult surroundings, thriving in the absence of civilization; they are the product of a curious public opinion, which begets them, and on which they feed. When a man has received injury at the hands of another, by violence or some insolent act which implies that the wrongdoer has a mean opinion of his victim, the latter must avenge himself personally as best he can, — by hamstringing a mule, burning a barn, or by a knife in the back; if he appeal to the police, he is deemed a poor-spirited fellow, and becomes an outcast from public sympathy. Only in cases of theft on the sly, or such offenses as show that the perpetrator has a wholesome respect for the other, will public opinion justify recourse to the law. It is natural, where public opinion is against recourse to criminal law, that professional criminals should take advantage of this opinion and unite to act together. Criminals and rustic bullies form clubs for the purpose of good-fellowship and of bettering their fortunes. The actual club is ready enough to commit crimes, but there are many persons, not members, by no means criminals, who are on friendly terms with the club, — some from fear, some to secure themselves from harm, some for political support; so that, in one way or another, the criminal members of the Mafia have many friends, who shield and rescue them from justice. Even men of position, landowners, public officials, are among the allies of the Mafia. Thus very few are punished. It is most difficult to get evidence against the guilty, for even among honest folk is a strong feeling that recourse to the police, the sheriff, and the judge is contemptible. This sentiment comes down from an unjust past, when the poor man, with too good reason, thought

law a means of tyranny devised by the rich; it is fostered by ignorance and poverty. In the interior of the island many a peasant lives like the beasts. His hut is twenty-five feet square, with no flooring, no plaster. In one corner is the hearth; in another, the family bed, made of straw; in another, the ass, the pig, and the chickens: all live together in smoke and filth. His food consists of a little bread, soup made of vegetables or herbs, with little or no salt and pepper, and a small cup of wine. He is given the meat of animals that have died a natural death. He can neither read nor write. It is not strange that his notions of law and order are simple.

These institutions, the Mafia and the Camorra, serve to show how different the south of the kingdom is from the north. The south is agricultural, ignorant and poor; the north is manufacturing, educated and well-to-do. This great difference between the ends of the kingdom is due, no doubt, first, to difference in race and climate; secondly, to the difference in government during centuries; but there are other causes, impossible to discover. Why should some dozen square miles by the Arno produce a harvest of the world's great artists, and the whole kingdom of the two Sicilies exhaust itself with the birth of Bernini and one or two others? The look of the two peoples is different, — the short, untidy, fitful people of the south, and the robust, long-limbed, steady men of the north. It is a fine sight to see a northern regiment swinging along: the soldiers look like great squads of Harvard football players, fresh, vigorous, well-behaving young men, as if in time of need they would do their duty (to quote the military phrase for shooting and bayoneting other fresh, well-behaving young men); but people say that the Italian officers are not equal to the officers in the German army in education, dash, endurance, or courage.

Let us hope that Italy will make a vir-

tue of necessity, disband her soldiery, and create a precedent for disarmament that other nations may follow. In her poverty Italy may set an example that

the United States might have set in its strength, and help abolish the spirit of Mafia and Camorra from international dealings.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE LIMITS OF THE STELLAR UNIVERSE.

WHAT is the number of the stars, and their distribution in space? The extent and probable arrangement of the luminous bodies which compose the stellar universe?

Astronomers have been studying these questions since the days of Galileo; and the general conclusions which some of the greatest observers and thinkers have deduced from data gathered during the past century may not be devoid of interest to the readers of popular scientific literature.

To grasp the problem satisfactorily, we should recall that the exploration of the heavens to date represents three historical stages: (1.) The naked-eye study of the sky, which comprises the observations and speculations of the Greeks and Romans, and of modern philosophers who lived prior to the year 1610. (2.) The telescopic study of the heavens since the days of Galileo, especially augmented during the nineteenth century. (3.) The photography of the celestial sphere, developed wholly within the last fifty years.

Great telescopes and the applications of photography have recently given the astronomer enormous power in gathering observational data; and if the entire sky were surveyed, it is estimated that he might now perceive with the eye or on the photographic plate about 100,000,000 stars. Accordingly, we shall briefly trace the steps involved in this unparalleled development, and in the end point out some of the most remarkable discoveries yet wrought by the human mind.

When we look at the heavens on a cloudless and moonless night, we get the impression that the stars visible to the naked eye are numbered by tens of thousands. The fact is that the number of points of light actually noted by direct vision is much smaller than most persons suppose. For oblique vision, such as we obtain by a mere motion of the eye, enables us to see stars as faint as the seventh magnitude; and thus we glimpse more objects than we can locate by direct searching. Unless the atmosphere is rare and very clear, it is difficult for the average person to see stars fainter than the sixth magnitude.

This view of the case is confirmed by several circumstances. In the first place, the catalogues of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Al Sûfi, and Ulugh Beigh, all formed before the invention of the telescope, contained objects as faint as the sixth magnitude, and therefore, presumably, the greater part of the stars which can be easily located without a telescope; and none of these catalogues contained much over 1000 stars. Moreover, Argelander, who made a critical study of the brightness of all the stars north of 36° south declination, concluded that there are in this region 3256 stars visible to the naked eye. Allowing 844 stars for the remaining canopy near the south pole, we see that in the whole celestial sphere the total number of stars recognizable by normal vision is about 4100. Of this number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire heavens, probably not more than 2000 could be observed at one time,

except perhaps by indirect vision, in a dry climate, where the atmosphere is excessively clear and transparent. For only half of the starry sphere is visible at any given instant, and the regions near the horizon are obscured by the density of the atmosphere, and the fainter stars are thus cut off. Nevertheless, it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that if a person be endowed with extraordinary power of vision (such a person usually has an alert mind and other senses as keen as his sight) he might see at one time as many as 4000 stars, so that to him 8000 such lucid points would appear in the entire heavens.

Prior to the invention of the telescope, opinion relative to the constitution of the heavens was necessarily of an indefinite character. The brightest portion of the starry sphere, known as the Milky Way, has always borne a name similar to that which we use to-day. The Greeks called the stupendous arch of light which spans the heavens the *Galaxias*, while the Romans named it the *Via Lactea*; and we may infer that all civilized nations have understood it to be due to uncounted multitudes of stars, too small and too dense to be seen individually. This opinion, indeed, was expressed by several ancient philosophers, but the doctrine first became established through the discovery of the telescope by Galileo in 1610. We can hardly realize what a revolution of opinion these early telescopic discoveries wrought; their effect was like lifting a curtain from things which had been hidden from mortal eye for thousands of years. Galileo's announcement of his discoveries is not devoid of interest; the wording of his message shows how these revelations impressed that great philosopher. He says: "It is truly a wonderful fact that to the vast number of fixed stars which the eye perceives, an innumerable multitude, before unseen, and exceeding more than tenfold those hitherto known, have been rendered discernible. Nor can it be regarded as a matter of

small moment that all disputes respecting the nature of the Milky Way have been brought to a close, and the nature of the zone made manifest not to the intellect only, but to the senses." After Galileo and his successors had dissolved the cloud forms of the Milky Way, and shown them to consist of uncounted thousands of stars, speculation relative to the distribution of the stars in space naturally began to develop. We can here mention only a few of the more prominent of these speculations.

Kepler, who was a contemporary of Galileo, followed Copernicus in placing the sun in the centre of the universe, and assumed that an equal number of stars are distributed in successive equidistant spheres; the first sphere he assumed to contain twelve stars, the next twelve more, and so on. By this arrangement, the body of stars would soon become so remote that they would cease to shine from mere faintness of their light. And as Kepler foresaw that in some regions of the heavens stars of equal brightness are denser than this theory required, he surmised that they are in reality much closer to one another than they are to the sun. This line of thought was of course largely arbitrary, and could not well stand thorough analysis.

Numbers like 12, used by Kepler, were obviously fixed upon from mystical considerations, which so frequently appear in the writings of this extraordinary man. In spite of this mysticism, however, he saw the significance of the arrangement of the Milky Way, and suggested that our sun is near the centre of the great band which encircles the sky. Nor did he fail to place the stars at an immense distance, where they would appear as points, and exhibit no measurable parallax. Yet he was inclined to reconcile his novel conceptions with the old theories of crystalline spheres, and even to find beyond these spheres the firmament and waters of the Pentateuch. It is supposed that these last views were accommodations

which he thought to be in the interest of science, at a time when most astronomers rejected the Copernican system as subversive of ancient doctrines.

The views of Huyghens, given in his *Cosmotheoros*, indicate a full realization that our sun is an ordinary fixed star, and the opinion is put forward that other stars are centres of planetary systems similar to our own. Despairing of ever measuring the distance of the fixed stars by direct processes, this acute philosopher proposed an indirect photometric process, by which the light of the stars may be compared to that of our sun experimentally, and their distances deduced on certain hypotheses. Applying his method to Sirius, he found that this brilliant object is 28,000 times the distance of the sun, which is now known to be about one eighteenth part of the actual distance. Huyghens assumed that Sirius and the sun give the same amount of light; but as modern research shows that Sirius is some sixty times the more brilliant of the two objects, his substitution of a body having the same luminosity as the sun, at one eighteenth of the distance of the more brilliant body, is equivalent to placing Sirius at one eighth of its actual distance, which must be considered a very remarkable approximation for a Dutch philosopher of the seventeenth century.

When we come down to Kant, we meet with a philosopher who outlined many of the grand theories held to-day. In the introduction to his *Natural History and Theory of the Heavens*, published in 1755, he proposes "to discover the arrangement which connects the grand parts of creation, in all their infinite extent, and to deduce by the aid of mechanical laws the formation of the celestial bodies, and the origin of their motions, from the primitive condition of nature."

As Kant beheld the stupendous arch of the Milky Way, and noticed how dense the stars appear to be near its cen-

tre, and how they fade away with increasing distance from its fundamental plane, he rightly concluded that the stars extend much farther in that direction than in the direction perpendicular to the plane of the Galactic circle. He attributed this interpretation of the universe to Thomas Wright, of Durham, England, whose view is sometimes called the "grindstone theory." Our sun is supposed to be near the centre, and when we look edgewise along the stratum we see the immense number of stars in the plane of the Milky Way; but when we examine the regions remote from this plane we find very few stars. This thin stratum into which the stars are crowded suggested to Kant a resemblance to the solar system, in which all the planets are confined near a fundamental plane.

In our time, the resemblance is made still more striking on account of the swarm of nearly 500 Asteroids discovered during the nineteenth century. Led on by this analogy, the immortal philosopher concluded that the stars too are confined to the fundamental plane of the Milky Way, and are moving in orbits under the attraction of some great central body, which he conjectured may be the dog star Sirius. As the distance of the stars was known to be immense, it was held that motion about a centre would necessarily be very slow, and hence he concluded that, though previously undetected, such motion must eventually come to light. Halley's recent researches had established the existence of proper motion for only a few of the brighter stars, and to dispute on observational grounds the truth of these grand schemes of creation was then impossible. At the present day, when hundreds and even thousands of proper motions are known, from researches made during the nineteenth century, and the stars are found, not to be tracing orbits along the Milky Way, but darting indiscriminately in all directions, except that a tendency to widen out appears in the region of Hercules, and a closing up at

the opposite point, which is attributed to the secular motion of the whole solar system, we may unhesitatingly affirm that Kant's grand system is not in accord with actual nature. In order to insure stability of his system, he assumed that the stars are controlled by a central mass; but as not even the planetary system, in its admirable symmetry and harmony, can claim such a quality, it has long been conceded by astronomers that the sidereal system is not eternal.

With the flight of ages the majestic arch constituting the Milky Way will gradually undergo permanent changes, owing to the continued action of the clustering power first noticed by the elder Herschel. This curdling tendency has already given the Milky Way the appearance of a vast aggregation of clusters rather than that of a continuous band of uniform light, and in time it must entirely alter the aspect of the Galaxy, and leave nothing but individual groups of stars, with little of the continuous appearance now observed.

Though Kant supposed all the stars which compose the Galaxy and stud our heavens to belong to one gigantic system dominated by the mutual gravitation of its parts, he did not suppose this to be the whole universe, but saw in the nebulae other systems, so immensely remote that the combined light of their millions of stars merely made the impression of a faint cloud even when viewed with the telescope. This somewhat grandiose view has been little credited since the time of Laplace and Sir William Herschel; and since the invention of the spectroscope, about forty years ago, has been directly disproved, as many of the nebulae were thus shown by the bright lines in their spectra to be masses of self-luminous gas, though it is not yet quite clear how their light is maintained at the low temperature of the celestial spaces.

The speculations of Lambert, published a few years after those of Kant,

supposed the universe to be arranged in systems of different orders. Satellites moving about planets constitute the most elementary of these systems; the planets revolving round the sun and the similar bodies attending the fixed stars, the next in order; and as the planetary system carries with it sub-systems of satellites, so the planetary system itself is a sub-system to a star cluster, and a grand arrangement of star clusters makes up the Galaxy.

The central bodies in the solar system have masses which are predominant, and a like supremacy is ascribed to the central bodies elsewhere; but as these bodies cannot be seen among the stars, Lambert is careful to suppose them to be opaque and dark. All the systems are held to obey the law of gravitation. Unfortunately for this theory, there is no evidence that obscure bodies of immense mass, such as Lambert assumes, really exist; and hence, while this grand scheme is not positively disproved by known facts, it has never been seriously debated by men of science. It is conceded that in all probability the heavens are literally filled with dark bodies of various sizes; but they are assumed to be stars like our sun, and smaller bodies like the planets and comets. However numerous such dark stars may be, there is no reason to consider them larger than those stellar bodies which are still luminous; on the contrary, being already burnt out, there is some reason to think that these dark masses may be smaller than average stars.

The speculations of the English philosopher John Michell are chiefly important for the applications which he makes of the theory of probability. In this way he is led to conclude that groups of closely packed stars are connected into physical systems of binary, triple, quadruple, or multiple stars and clusters. These conjectures, advanced in 1767, have been amply confirmed by the experience of the past century, and now

we have a large number of such known binary, or physical, systems in all parts of the sky.

None of the great astronomers who studied the structure of the universe left so profound an impression on human thought as did Sir William Herschel, to whom it was given to penetrate into remoter regions of creation than had ever before been unveiled to mortal eye. By many years of arduous labor he had gradually developed the powers of the reflecting telescope, and, after attaining this unprecedented instrumental means, set for himself the problem of exploring the structure of the heavens. By the plan of star-gauging he hoped to fathom the depths of the universe. He had a twenty-inch reflector, on which he used a magnifying power of 120, and this gave him a field of view one fourth as large as the disk of the moon; such a region, extending from the observer's eye to in-

finiteness, includes all the stars within a solid conical space, increasing in volume as the cube of the distance of the observer from the base of the cone. Thus, if the stars are uniformly distributed in space, and his telescope penetrated twice as far as former instruments, he would see eight times as many stars as were known in that region before.

Now Herschel could not count all of the stars visible in the entire sky, and hence he contented himself with surveying a wide belt extending more than half-way round the celestial sphere, and counting the number of stars seen in some 3400 fields of view. This belt, chosen in the equatorial regions, was perpendicular to the Galaxy, and Herschel discussed the results of his gauges with respect to that plane. He found that the average number of stars in a gauge rapidly increased as he approached the Milky Way. His numbers are: —

The first zone,	from 90° to 75° from Galaxy, averaged	4 stars per field.
The second zone,	from 75° to 60° from Galaxy, averaged	5 stars per field.
The third zone,	from 60° to 45° from Galaxy, averaged	8 stars per field.
The fourth zone,	from 45° to 30° from Galaxy, averaged	14 stars per field.
The fifth zone,	from 30° to 15° from Galaxy, averaged	24 stars per field.
The sixth zone,	from 15° to 0° from Galaxy, averaged	53 stars per field.

From his survey in the southern hemisphere, Sir John Herschel found the star numbers in the corresponding zones to be 6, 7, 9, 13, 26, 59.

From these results we see that the elder Herschel easily satisfied himself that the universe is greatly extended in the direction of the Galaxy. If the doctrine of equal distribution were adhered to, one might be led to think that some regions — as, for example, the Pleiades, Præsepe, Coma Berenices, and other clusters — represent protuberances on the general body of the universe. This manifest absurdity was probably never entertained by Herschel; but as the stars increase steadily in approaching the Galactic plane, he believed the method of gauging to give a good representation of the actual universe.

The only rational explanation of a group of stars projected into a comparatively void region is that we have a

genuine group or cluster of some kind. In the Milky Way we have a great number of such clusters or "cloud forms," as Professor Barnard calls them, with comparatively dark spaces between them. In this case, the conclusion is obvious that we have to deal with real aggregations of stars, and not merely with a region in which the bounds of the universe are more widely extended. In treating of the actual universe, we can assume neither that the stars have equal density in different regions, nor that they are of equal intrinsic lustre. Manifestly, they are very unequally distributed, and of all shades of brightness, from intense brilliancy to dull luminosity or actual obscurity.

Herschel's ideas of the extent of the

universe, like those of Kant, were much too grandiose. They represented what might be called the transcendental stage of astronomical science. He naturally reached the conclusion that the depths of space are unfathomable, even with such a sounding instrument as his forty-foot reflector, which, however, did not materially alter the results at which he had arrived with his smaller telescopes.

Since the time of Herschel, one of the chief cultivators of the branch of science which treats of the structure of the heavens is William Struve, the illustrious observer of double stars. His conclusions relative to the distribution of the stars in space are founded mainly on the number of stars of the several magnitudes observed by Bessel in a zone extending fifteen degrees on either side of the equator. Struve proceeded by methods similar to those of Herschel, but reached some results of a materially different character. He found that if account be taken only of stars brighter than the fifth magnitude, they are no thicker in the Milky Way than elsewhere. Those of the sixth magnitude are relatively a little thicker, and those of the seventh yet thicker, and so on; and as a result, very small stars are extremely dense in the Milky Way. But while the density of stars is great near the central plane, and a gradual thinning out occurs in receding from it, there is no definite limit to the stratum, but merely a gradual fading away. Nor are the stars in the central parts by any means equally distributed; in some regions they are many times denser than in others. On account of probable diversity in intrinsic brightness, it is still quite impossible to say whether certain small stars which crowd the Milky Way in great numbers are in reality very remote, or whether they are fainter and smaller than average stars, and confined accordingly within the limits of the sidereal system.

The late astronomer Richard A. Proctor, who devoted considerable study to

this question, found it necessary to abandon or greatly modify the highly artificial hypotheses underlying the speculations of Herschel. In general, he held that the structure of the Galaxy is that of a series of streams or spiral wisps of stars, many of which are distorted by projection; and that our solar system is not directly connected with the Milky Way, as an observer may infer by the well-defined edges repeatedly found in different parts of the Galaxy. In 1886 Proctor said: "The naked-eye appearance of the Milky Way is sufficient evidence on which to ground the belief that there is a distinct ring of matter out yonder in space, and that this ring is not flattened, as Sir John Herschel thought, but is (roughly speaking) of nearly circular section throughout its length."

The most important recent investigation of the distribution of the stars relative to the Milky Way is that of Professor Seeliger, director of the Royal Observatory at Munich. This distinguished mathematician, whose labors have included almost every field of astronomy, has discussed nearly all the observations accumulated during the past century. He divides the whole celestial sphere into nine zones of twenty degrees each, all parallel to the medial plane of the Galaxy, thus making four zones on either side; those near the pole being of course much contracted in area, while the one central zone includes the circuit of the Milky Way. Then, examining the hundreds of thousands of stars which have been catalogued, he deduces numbers representing their density in the several regions, which are as follows: 278, 303, 354, 532, 817, 607, 371, 321, 314. The density of 817 in the medial zone, 532 and 607 in the two zones next adjacent to the Milky Way, with the sensible uniformity in the zones nearer the poles of the Galaxy, shows conclusively that the universe is much more extended in the direction of the Milky Way than in the direction of its poles, as had in

fact been long ago inferred by the researches of Herschel and Struve.

Professor Celoria, who recently succeeded the illustrious Schiaparelli as director of the Royal Observatory at Milan, has also confirmed, independently, the conclusions of Seeliger by a somewhat different process, based partly upon the density of stars catalogued, and partly upon counts of great multitudes of these objects still uncatalogued. Without dwelling longer upon these investigations, it may be asserted that the stellar universe is much flattened and relatively extended in the direction of the Galaxy.

Dr. B. A. Gould and Sir John Herschel inclined to the belief that the great canopy of brilliant stars in the southern hemisphere, with a centre in Lupus or the Southern Cross, represents one or more galaxies or groups of stars superposed upon a more remote galaxy. The only other way of accounting for this brilliant southern cluster, which Proctor explains essentially in accord with Gould's views, is to suppose our sun very eccentrically situated in the Galactic circle. Gould seems inclined to the belief that the cluster of bright stars might include the sun; and that our eccentric situation in this group of bright stars causes us to see some of them in all directions, but a far greater number than usual in the regions of the Cross, Lupus, Centaurus, and the Ship Argo. This view of the arrangement of the universe in relation to this group of bright stars corresponds entirely with the writer's impression. It accounts for all the facts, and is inherently probable, both on geometrical principles and on the obvious naked-eye aspect of the lucid stars of the southern hemisphere.

It is not probable that any one of these theories represents the phenomena of nature perfectly; but before we can make a distinct advance over existing theories we must extend our photographic impressions over the entire Galaxy, and study the material thus furnished. Such re-

search on the nature and extent of the Milky Way is well worthy of the attention of our great observatories, and until carried out with exhaustive care will remain an ultimate desideratum of science. As the problems to be dealt with are among the most stupendous which present themselves to the philosopher, so are they, on that account, all the more worthy of the most supreme effort of which the human mind is capable.

While connected with the Lick Observatory, from 1887 to 1895, Professor E. E. Barnard, now of the Yerkes Observatory, was led to attempt the photography of the Milky Way, with a portrait lens of short focus and wide angular aperture. The lens employed bore the name of Willard, and had been used many years before in a portrait gallery in San Francisco. The exquisite pictures of the Milky Way secured with this lens at Mount Hamilton have rendered it the most famous photographic lens in the world, and added a permanent lustre to the photographic art of America.

With an assiduity and a perseverance scarcely equaled by Herschel himself, Professor Barnard applied this lens to all parts of the Milky Way visible in this latitude, and obtained views of the Galaxy as much superior to those previously known as those of Herschel's great telescope had been to the views of the older telescopes of the eighteenth century. But while Herschel's improvements in telescopic power had been achieved by increasing the size of his mirrors, Barnard's extraordinary achievements in celestial photography were the result of diminishing the size of his instrument and widening its field of view, so that the structure of the Milky Way might be depicted in the images of hundreds of thousands of stars registered on the photographic plates. The duration of exposure varied from one to four hours, according to the object photographed. It need hardly be pointed out that almost infinite labor and patience had to be expended in watching

the telescope during these long sittings with the stars, to secure a sharp picture, unblemished by any accident to the diurnal motion of the telescope on which the Willard lens was mounted. The slightest hitch in the motion of the driving clock, the least jar of the telescope, even by a gust of wind, would ruin the picture. We can more easily imagine than describe the enthusiasm of the astronomer on finding a beautiful view of the structure of creation, after a tiresome vigil extending half through the night, and unrelieved by moving the eye from the sight wire of the finder during the whole exposure.

As a result of such indefatigable labor, Barnard depicted for the first time, on a splendid scale, the wonderful cloud forms of the Milky Way in Scorpius, Ophiuchus, Scutum Sobieski, Aquila, Cygnus, Cepheus, Andromeda, Perseus, and Monoceros. Millions upon millions of stars in diverse branches and streams, all intertwined with nebulosity, and the whole arranged in the form of an immense tree or branching cloud, with occasional dense clusters and some dark lanes exhibiting almost a total absence of stars, are the characteristic appearance of these pictures, which give us without doubt the most sublime views of creation ever yet witnessed by mortal eye. Impressive, luminous, majestic masses and streams of stars in uncounted millions set in the depths of immensity are unfolded to the mind, — a spectacle grand beyond conceiving!

The stupendous arch of light which spans the heavens is thus revealed in its true nature, — a multitude of clusters, streams, wisps, and swarms of stars, which confirm only too fully the suggestion of Herschel that the Milky Way is already breaking up under the continued action of a clustering power, and will some day shine as distinct clusters rather than as a continuous band of milky light. The photographs of Barnard show to the eye at a glance how immensely the

bounds of the stellar universe must be extended in the direction of the Galaxy. Through them the mind obtains an insight into the arrangement of the stars such as the naked eye would afford if it had the sensitiveness of the photographic plate under a portrait lens, exposed for three continuous hours, or a full watch of the night. Few achievements of science in the century which has just closed may be considered more wonderful than that of celestial photography in affording a revelation of the real nature of the stellar universe.

With this insight into the arrangement of the universe, let us consider the distances of the fixed stars.

It is well known that the nearest of the fixed stars is Alpha Centauri, the brilliant southern binary, which is removed from us 275,000 times farther than the sun. One of the next nearest stars is Sirius, which is about 500,000 times the sun's distance. These distances correspond to the spaces traversed by a ray of light in four and eight years, and hence we see these two brilliant stars as they shone four and eight years ago respectively. The smallest angular magnitude which can be certainly measured in the greatest modern telescope is five one-hundredths of a second of arc, and this corresponds to the parallax of a star at a distance of sixty light-years, or the angle subtended by a human hair, assumed to have a diameter of one thousandth of an inch, at a distance of 350 feet. Hence it follows that all stars removed from us by more than sixty light-years have parallaxes too small to be detected even by the most refined methods of modern research, and we can at best merely guess at their distances. As the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is only four light-years distant, while some of the known stars are fifteen times as remote, it seems probable that all those stars which have a measurable parallax are very close to us, compared with the distances of the more

remote objects. If we suppose the average star to be fifteen times as remote as those objects having the smallest measurable parallax, the average distance would be about 900 light-years. As this estimated distance is probably too small, it seems certain that the multitude of stars are removed from us by more than 1000 light-years, or 250 times the distance of Alpha Centauri. We may reckon that in all probability the most remote regions are ten times more distant from us than the nearest portions of the Galaxy, and hence that our telescopes probably penetrate regions lying so remote that light from the most distant objects visible would not reach us in less than 10,000 years. What we see in these border regions of the universe is, not the events now transpiring there, but phenomena as they were 10,000 years ago, or before the beginning of human history!

The rays that reach our eye from different portions of the sky thus started in different ages, and may be said to disclose different phases of the development of the universe; those from the more remote regions representing ancient, those from the nearer portions more modern cosmical history. Even if all the creation began at the same time and progressed uniformly, our view of it would be altered by the time required for the propagation of light across the immense spaces by which we are removed from other portions of the universe. And as all the stars probably did not begin to develop at the same time, it is natural that we should see all stages of world development now going on in the heavens.

In this connection, mention may perhaps be made of a method proposed by the writer of these lines for measuring the distance of the Milky Way. It is founded upon the use of the major axis of the orbit of a double star for a base line, instead of the major axis of the earth's orbit, which is too small for use in mea-

suring stellar distances greater than sixty light-years. The length of the axis of the stellar orbit in question is determined with the spectroscope, in miles or kilometers; and as the astronomer knows by micrometer measurement how large this space looks in the telescope, he can compute how far away the system is. It is thought that some day the distances of stars may be determined by this process, when removed from us by at least 1000 light-years. And when orbits for the double stars in the Milky Way have been determined, the method can be applied to find the distances of the clusters which compose that stupendous arch, so remote as to be forever immeasurable by every other process.

It is worthy of remark that if we imagine a sufficiently powerful, sensitive, and perfect set of eyes placed in a cluster of the Milky Way, at the distance of 5000 light-years, and directed toward the earth, the ethereal throbs falling upon them would reveal history as it was 5000 years ago; and if these eyes should move toward the earth, they would witness all human history as it was enacted through the successive centuries. Thus the nature of terrestrial events is forever preserved and transmitted on through the ether of infinite space.

In this connection one naturally asks, Is the universe infinite? To answer this question, we must first examine the nature of the problem which science has to deal with. Our only means of exploring the heavens is the combination of the eye and the photograph with the telescope and spectroscope. The rays of light which reach us from distant regions can alone inform us what is there, and a study of the phenomena revealed by the waves of ether can alone make known to us the nature of the universe. Compared to cosmical ages, the life of the individual, and even of the race, is very short, and wholly confined to the small space traversed by the earth during a few years or a few centuries. Thus the

available sources of information are limited, and the difficulty of the problem is tremendous. In spite of this impediment, much study has been given to the subject, and results of no inconsiderable interest have been reached.

After Sir William Herschel had attempted to sound the depths of creation by his mighty telescopes, and found nothing but world on world, with no sign of an end of space, the first man to examine the problem more critically was the illustrious William Struve. The ether of the celestial spaces had been a subject of speculation from the earliest ages of science, and Struve asked the question whether this fluid might not absorb the light of stars in the most distant regions, and thus render them forever invisible to the inhabitants of the terrestrial globe. He first showed, by an investigation based upon the theory of probability, and following the same lines of inquiry which Chéseaux and Olbers had pursued in 1744 and 1823 respectively, that if the ether be a perfect fluid, so that no light is lost in propagation, and the universe be of infinite dimensions, the stars being scattered promiscuously throughout immensity, the face of the heavens would necessarily glow like the disk of the sun; the whole heavens would be bright like the points now occupied by the stars. As the vault of the celestial sphere is in reality comparatively dark, even in the regions occupied by the densest masses of stars, it follows either that the universe is not infinite, or that the ether is not a perfect fluid. The light of the more distant stars fails to reach us, and we thus miss the empyrean of which the poets have written.

If now we ask which of these two alternatives is indicated, we are reduced to the following answer: in the first place, it is not probable that a fluid like the ether, which transmits waves of light and electricity with a finite velocity, is a perfect fluid; and therefore the unfathomable depths of it which fill the

heavens would perhaps absorb the light of the more distant stars. Even if the universe were infinite, we could never discover this fact. Besides, we know that all space is abundantly strewn with diffused particles of gaseous or meteoric matter, cosmic dust, which here and there, agglomerated into masses, shines as nebulae; and hence this dark matter, scattered throughout immensity, and often wholly invisible, must absorb a small part of the light of distant stars. The more distant the stars, the greater the number of dark masses in our line of vision, and hence the greater the absorption of their light. This cosmic dust alone would finally cut off our vision of objects beyond a certain finite distance. Thus the observed absence of Struve's empyrean may be explained by three hypotheses:

- (1.) The universe is finite.
- (2.) The universe is infinite, and the imperfectly elastic ether absorbs uniformly (that is, without producing coloration in) the light, and cuts down the magnitude of the more distant stars, so that the vault of the heavens appears comparatively dark even where the stars are densest.
- (3.) The light of remote stars is obscured by dark cosmic matter diffused more or less abundantly throughout space.

Which of these hypotheses represents nature, if any of them does, we have no present means of determining. It is a well-known fact that the sky in many directions is not perfectly black, but somewhat brown, as if faintly illuminated by excessively tenuous nebulosity.

The constellation Microscopium, in the southern heavens, offers regions which are very striking on account of the hazy background; other regions, in various constellations and in the Milky Way, appear perfectly black, without a trace of illumination. In view of these facts, the writer inclines strongly to the belief that hypotheses 2 and 3 offer an adequate explanation of all known phenomena;

for the elasticity of the ether does not seem to be perfect, and cosmic dust is evidently widely diffused throughout the immensity of space.

About twelve years ago, Professor D. B. Brace, of the University of Nebraska, examined the transparency of the ether from a physical point of view, and in the light of the most important modern researches into the nature of this medium. Considering the effects of absorption or imperfect elasticity in frittering down ether waves of various lengths, emitted by distant bodies, he found that the more distant parts of the universe, from this cause, ought to exhibit marked coloration, in contrast to the whiter appearance presented by neighboring masses of stars. As there seems to be a total absence of increase of coloration even in the most distant clusters of the Galaxy, it follows that the percentage of light lost through the imperfect elasticity of the ether is infinitesimal. The observational evidence, therefore, gives little support to the theory of absorption by the ether proper, and would rather point to the existence of a veil of dark matter, cosmical dust, which would affect all wave lengths alike, and thus give no relative coloration in the different parts of the universe. Neglecting absorption of light by dark matter, Professor Brace concludes "that the universe must be finite, or, if infinite in extent, the average density of distribution of self-luminous bodies outside our own system must be exceedingly small, as otherwise the sky would appear of a uniform brightness approximating that of the sun."

As the existence of dark matter in the form of extensive nebulosity diffused generally over the background of the sky must appreciably diminish the light of distant stars, these conclusions, when all causes are considered, are valid only within the premises upon which they rest.

It may occur to some persons that we cannot conceive of an end of space, and

it is hardly likely that infinite space would exist without matter; and hence that the universe necessarily is infinite. This argument proceeds upon the supposition that we can conceive all things which exist, — an admission hardly warranted by experience. For as we can conceive of many things which do not exist, so also there may exist many things of which we can have no clear conception; as, for example, a fourth dimension to space, or a boundary to the universe.

To make this suggestion more obvious, we shall draw on an analogy sometimes used in transcendental mathematics. The surface of a sphere or an ellipsoid has no end, and yet is finite in dimensions; and if a being be conceived as moving in the surfaces of either of these mathematical figures, it is clear that he would find no end, and yet he might start from a place and return to it by circumnavigating his universe. The space returns to itself. In like manner, though we cannot conceive of an end to our tridimensional universe, and it may have no end so far as we are concerned, it may in reality be finite, and return to itself by some process to us forever unknowable.

Thus, while our senses conceive space to be endless, it does not follow that the universe is in reality of infinite extent; much less can the absence of an empyrean prove that the cosmos is finite, even to our experience; for this effect may be due to dust in space, or to the uniform absorption of light by the ether. In the exploration of the sidereal heavens, it is found that the more powerful the telescope, the more stars are disclosed; and hence the practical indications are that in most directions the sidereal system extends on indefinitely. But the possible uniform extinction of light due to the imperfect elasticity of the luminiferous ether, and the undoubted absorption of light by dark bodies widely diffused in space, seem to preclude forever a definite answer to the question of the bounds of creation.

T. J. J. See.

THE WORKS ON THE SCHOONER HARVESTER.

ON those rare occasions when a neighbor brought old Skipper Rufus Condon to the store in his sleigh, the latter took precedence over all others, and one of the three armchairs by the fire was at once vacated for him.

The stove door would then be closed and the draughts turned on for a few moments; or likely enough Simeon would make a sudden blast with old paper and pine box covers, which latter he broke up underfoot so energetically that the crockery ware and bottles of medicine rattled again on their shelves.

It was on one of these visits that Cap'n Job Gaskett was present with a long-bearded stranger, whom he introduced as his "woman's cousin from up back here a piece," and by way of entertainment to his guest soon urged Skipper Rufus to relate again his memorable experience on board the schooner *Harvester*, — a story always eagerly listened to by all, but which the old man could not often be induced to enter upon in so public a place.

Between him and Job Gaskett, however, there existed a strong bond of sympathy through their unwavering belief in the supernatural, and, moreover, Job had the knack of drawing out the old man.

"It's seldom ever I come down past them pore ole wracks up to the head o' the Cove there," said he, "without it puts me in mind o' the set-fired works you see aboard the ole *Harvester* that time, Skip' Rufe. An' speakin' o' her, it doos beat the ole Boy hisself the way that creetur makes out to hold her sheer all these years sence she died. Why, there's a number o' them hookers up there pretty much all flattened out now, that was counted tol'ble good vessels the time you folks give up the *Harvester*, an' now she's by all odds the bes'-lookin' wrack o' the whole kit of 'em!"

"Bedide ef you ain't got 'bout the rights on't!" cried Skipper Rufus, evidently pleased at this tribute to his old craft. "The ole *Harvester* was built for keeps. She wa'n't jes' merely hove together same's a good many on 'em is, now I tell ye what! Wood an' iron could n't never be sot up stouter 'n what she was; an' time we hauled her up there, I cal'late three hunnerd dollars'd made a better vess'l outen her 'n we could went to work an' built."

"Wal, you folks *was* cal'latin' to repair, wa'n't ye?" asked Job.

"Course we was!" answered the old man. "Never had no idee o' givin' of her up. Cal'lated to give her a new deck an' wales, mebbe; but you see the thing of it was, there was sich an everlastin' string o' owners to her, we could n't git 'em to pull together noways. There was Elder Pike, he had a little piece into her; an' them two ole maid sisters o' hisn, they had their little piece into her; an' then there was one or two widder women up there to the Harbor, they'd got into her, too.

"I can't tell ye now jes' who they all was, but that's the way the creetur had got to be cut up into thirty-secon's an' sixty-fourths, chock to her timber heads; so's't soon 's ever we commenced to talk repairin', you never see sich another pull-in' an' haulin'. Me an' brother Ephe we held nigh onto a half on her betwixt us, an' we knowed fast 'nough her top was gittin' kind o' tender, but you could n't git them women folks an' that there ole sky-pilot so's't they'd talk reas'nable nohow. One day they'd agree to repair, mebbe, an' nex' day they'd be possessed to sell the wusst way, but you could n't git no price sot to save ye; an' so it kep' workin', till bimeby the creetur died right there to Uncle 'Siah's shore, an' a dod-blasted shame it was, too!"

"Jes' merely heavin' away the ables' little hooker ever went out o' this Cove," remarked Cap'n Ormsby. "I never 'll forgit the time we come out by Halibut P'int in comp'ny 'long o' you, into the ole Mirandy. 'T was gittin' 'long late in the fall o' the year, an' screechin' here from the nor'wes' right out en'ways, so's't Ipswidge Bay was all feather white as fur's you could see. I know we was kind o' shakin' her along through them flaws under single-reefed mains'l an' jib, but blow my shirt ef you did n't come walkin' down past us in that there ole Harvester with a rap full, an' wearin' a stays'l at that!"

"Yas, yas!" chuckled Skipper Rufus. "I rec'lec' the time. Oh, she'd lug sail 'long o' the best of 'em, the old Harvester would. Me an' brother Ephe had knowed her for a dretful able, smart-goin' little packet ever sence she was launched, but 'twas jes' by way of a slant we come to hear she was for sale at sich a trade down there to Burnt Coat. There was an ole rich feller by the name o' McClintock that owned her an' half a dozen sail besides down there to the islant, an' fin'ly he went to work an' died. Seems's though his widder was possessed to get red on all the ole feller's vess'l prop'ty quick's ever she could. Seems's though the Harvester had allus been a pertikler pet o' hisn, bein' 's he'd turned to an' had her built out o' jes' sich stock, an' jes' to suit hisself every ways, so's't everybody there to Burnt Coat 'lowed the ole feller sot a master store by her.

"Wal, me an' Ephe turned to an' grafted onto her some quick soon's ever we found what a trade she was, but we thought then it was ter'ble queer them folks should stan' by an' see that craf' go out o' town at sich a figger. Vess'ls was good-payin' prop'ty in them days, ye know, an' she was all took up here to the Cove inside o' twenty-four hours; everybody that see her wanted to git holt on a piece.

"'Bout the middle o' September, that nex' fall, nigh's I rec'lec', we up an' give it to her for the Bay Shelore, a-mack-erelin'. I know we made the run from Mount Desert Rock chock to Canse in less'n thirty-six hours, an' the creetur wa'n't in no trim to travel, neither; but you take an' give her half a chance any time, an' she was off same's a scalt hog! But come to git down through the Gut o' Canso, an' the wind kep' peterin' out on us, so's't by night-time we was jes' up off the no'thern p'int o' Prince Edward's Islant there, with a mere air o' wind out here to the east'ard, so's't I cal'lated to see it shet in thick o' fog 'mos' any minute, an' that kind o' kep' me dodgin' on deck by spells all the fust o' the night."

"I want you should twig every blame' word o' this here, Amos!" interrupted Job Gaskett, speaking to his "woman's cousin." "There never was nothin' truer 'n what this makes out to be sence Adam was a yearlin'!"

"'Long 'bout midnight 'twas," continued Skipper Rufus, "I took a turn forrard, an' then I come aft ag'in, an' stopped abreast o' the main riggin' to light up my pipe. Now 'twa'n't very dark that night; one o' them whitish, hazy kind o' nights, ye know, so's't you could see everythin' tol'ble clear the length o' the vessel easy 'nough. I know I see brother Ephe stannin' aft there astraddle o' the tiller, an' cal'lated for sure he was all the one there was on deck besides me. Bimeby I sot out to walk aft ag'in, but I could n't took a couple o' steps afore Ephe up an' says, 's'e, 'Who's that turned out forrard there?' 's'e to me.

"Wal, I s'posed o' course it wa'n't nobody, without it was some one of our own crowd had come on deck outen the fo'e's'le for sumpin or other, so I turned round mod'rit's you please, an' bedide ef there wa'n't a ter'ble short, chunky-built feller stannin' chock forrard there, leanin' ag'in' the win'lass-bitt.

Did n't 'pear to be doin' nothin' in pertikler; only jes' stannin' there lookin' dead away to loo'ard.

"Wal,' 's I to brother Ephe, 's I, 'I dunno who 'tis we've got aboard sawed off short's that feller makes out to be. How long's he been there?' 's I.

"'I only jes' this very minute see him,' says Ephe. 'I can't seem to place him, neither,' 's 'e. 'What's that he's got his head wropped up into?'

"Bedide, now, thinks I to myself, thinks I, this here 's a little grain sing-lar, too, so I jes' up an' hailed the feller. 'Hi! There forrard! What ye doin' of there?' 's I. Never a yip come outen him, though, nor we could n't see as he moved han' or foot, nary one.

"Wal, that air kind o' riled my blood, that did, an' I started forrard myself to sort o' look into the thing a mite; for I commenced to think whether or no it wa'n't one o' them sleep-walkin' scrapes, same 's we hear tell on; but 'fore ever I got 's fur 's the scuttle I see blame' well it wa'n't none o' our crowd, not by no means. He was a dretful little short chunk of a feller, reg'lar lumpfish build he was; pooty nigh 's beamy's he was long overall. There was a longish gray beard onto him, an' he had one o' them knit jumpers onto him, same 's we allus used to wear a sight 'board a vess'l in them days. The thing onto his head was a blame' big fur cap, nigh 's ever I could tell, an' I commenced a-b'ilin' inside right off, to think some strange feller had made out to stow hisself aboard on us so fashion.

"'Dod-blast your dirty pelt!' 's I, without no more ifs nor an's about it. 'What the devil be you doin' of here, you?' 's I.

"But he never opened his face, nor stirred in no way, shape, nor manner.

"'We'll damn quick see ef you've got ary tongue into your gullet!' 's I, an' I fetched a leap for him, cal'latin' to ketch a holt on his throat; but true 's you're settin' where you be, 'twa'n't only air

't I grabbed, an' I fetched up ag'in' that win'llass so's't to knock the win' clean outen me! S' help me, that feller was gone quick 's ever you'd snuff a candle; an' of all the tarnation ole feelin's ever I had, them that come across't me that minute was the cussedes'! Bedide ef I can't feel 'em yit! The buckram was all took out o' me for a spell, an' I hed to sed down on the kile o' cable there forrard. Brother Ephe, soon 's ever he see me close in with the feller, he lef' the tiller, an' come runnin' forrard hell-bent, so's't the vess'l come to into what little air there was goin'.

"Them mainsheet blocks fetched a couple o' slats across't the traveler, an' woke one o' the b'ys below, so's't he stuck his head outen the scuttle to see what was up, an' Ephe he turned to an' rigged up a yarn right off 'bout how I was took sick; for 't would been 's much 's the trip was wuth ef them fellers into the fo'c's'le had got wind o' there bein' sich works aboard. They'd took their dunnage an' quit same 's so many rats, the very fust time we harbored anywheres. So Ephe an' me we dassent say boo to nobody, without 't was between ourselves.

"Us two was consid'ble nerved up over the blame' bus'niss; but brother Ephe he was allus called a cool star, anyways, an' it took a master sight to jar him any great, so fin'ly he come roun' to 'low how, ef the ole feller showed hisself ag'in, he cal'lated to have a hack at him on his own hook, ef it took a leg."

"Reg'lar built daredevil, Ephe allus was, anyways," explained Cap'n Gaskett to his guest.

"Wal," the skipper went on, "we never see nothin' outen the common run for much 's a fortui't, till we was to anchor one night down to Bay Shelore there. 'T was jes' pooty a night as ever growed, too: moon all out full tilt, shinin' away for every mite she was wuth, an' jes' a little mod'rit air o' wind draw-rin' offn the lan', so's't you could smell

them junipers ashore there good an' plain. Yes, sir, an' the smell o' them woods has allus give me a start from that day to this.

"Wal, 'long about daybreak, or jes' afore, the fust thing I knowed, brother Ephe he was a-pokin' an' rollin' of me in my bunk to git me woke up. Me an' him an' 'Lish Perkins up the crik here, we three was all there was slep' aft there, ye un'stan'; all the res' was for-rard.

"'He's out there on deck ag'in!' 's 'e in a whisper, so's't not to roust up 'Lish. 'I'm goin' to tackle the cuss jes' once more, ef it shims the trip!' 's 'e.

"Wal, fur 's I was consarned, I sh'd a blame' sight sooner stopped jes' where I was. That air bunk was plenty good for me; I'd had all the truck I was lookin' for 'long o' the ole fur-cap feller; but Ephe he would have it I mus' turn out, whether or no. I rec'lec', though, my legs felt consid'ble wobbly und'neath o' me when I was follerin' him up that companion-way larder. Jes' we was goin' up, Ephe he reached an' grabbed holt on a hard-wood stick 'bout two foot long we had for barrin' to the scuttle slide with; he took that air billet o' wood an' slipped her inside his pants leg.

"Wal, sir, we got on deck, an' I'll be jiggered ef there didn't set that same ole sawed-off feller ag'in; settin' chock aft on the taff'r'l he was, this time, jes' beaft the house. The moon drewed right plumb onto him, so's't you could see the glint of his ole beard an' the whole look o' his face plain 's daytimes, 'mos'.

"Brother Ephe he did n't lose no time backin' an' fillin', but jes' edged 'long up pooty nigh him, an' says, 's 'e, 'Mod'rit kind o' night, neighbor,' 's 'e.

"The ole feller never give him so much 's a look, an' Ephe he up an' says ag'in, louder, 'What ails ye, cap'n, anyways?' 's 'e. 'Be ye stone deaf or lunny, or what in blazes is it's the matter on ye?' 's 'e.

"Never a yip nor a move come outen

the feller; you might jes' soon spoke to the mainmas', eggsac'ly.

"'Now, then, squire,' 's Ephe, 'I cal'late to know who an' what you be 'fore ever I git through with ye, an' you better a damn sight put that in your pipe an' smoke it, fust as las'! Ef you ain't cal'latin' to ac' kind o' half decent when you're spoke to civil, blame' ef I don't try an' club a grain o' manners into ye!'

"An' quicker 'n scat he up an' fetched a lingin' ole clip at the feller's head with that air hard-wood billet.

"Wal, sir, that stick o' wood never brought up ag'in nothin', — jes' nothin'. She flipped outen brother Ephe's han', an' went spinnin' off toward Novy Sco-shy, the las' we see on't, but there wa'n't nothin' to that feller with the fur cap no more 'n there was the time I run foul on him; an' Ephe he says kind o' choky-like, 'That settles it!' 's 'e, an' down below we tumbled, an' turned in blame' lively without another word spoke; but I took notice brother Ephe he wa'n't never sighted on deck ag'in till past noontime nex' day."

"Wa'n't there a mess on 't!" cried Cap'n Job. "How'd ye like to been shipmates 'long o' that ole feller, Amos?" said he, turning to his friend. "Sooner stay up home there, with both feet good an' solid on the turf, would n't ye?"

"Gracious Evers!" exclaimed the man "from up back here." "I never see the salt water but once afore to-day, an' guess I'll stop ashore a spell longer yit. It's no wonder you give up that schooner, captin'."

"'T wa'n't on that 'count we give her up, you!" said Skipper Rufus, somewhat indignantly. "We made out to run her twenty odd seasons after this here, an' fin'ly come to reckon the ole feller good 's an insurance onto her. You jes' wait a spell an' see how the thing worked!

"After this last scrape, seems 's ef he

sort o' took the hint that he wa'n't want-ed roun' no great" —

"Damn good reason he had, too, for feelin' a grain sideways toward ye!" interrupted the sheriff. "Ef 't been some folks, they 'd owed ye a gredge after a chokin' an' clubbin'."

"Wal, seems 's though he did n't bear us no great gredge," said Skipper Rufe, "for he turned to an' done us the big-ges' kind o' good turn that same trip. Things got simmered down into the ole rut in a few days, but we could n't seem to strike no fish into Shelore Bay there, an' fin'ly I poked her across to the Magdaleens; but there wa'n't no sight there, neither, so I let her go down into the bight o' Prince Edward's Islant, an' there we struck 'em solid. Had much 's we could jump to a-savin' them number one mack'rel fast 's we ketched 'em, so's't 't wa'n't long 'fore we was countin' up the days 't would be 'fore we'd have her nose p'inted to the west'ard ag'in; that is, 'lowin' the weather held good, same 's she was. One mornin', though, when we didn't lack but a couple o' days' fishin' to wet down all our salt, she commenced a-hermin' up thick an' nasty here to loo'ard, an' my camphire bottle she commenced a-rilin' up ter'ble sudden. I rec'lec' by night-time that bottle she was chock-a-block full o' blame' big feathers, an' streamers, an' burgees like. Oh, ye never see sich another lookin' mess on 't as that air bottle was into, come sundown, so's't we did n't feel over an' above easy at bein' 'way down to loo'ard into that air bight.

"By good rights, we had n't no bus'niss into the bay 't all so late in the year. The cal'lation allus was to git outen the place all clear by the last o' October, anyways, an' here 't was goin' on the secon' week o' November. Ye rec'lec' this bight 's the wusst corner o' the whole bay to git ketched into with the win' anyways to the east'ard, for there 's narry decent harbor to run for to loo'ard, ye see; so allst a man kin do, ef

so be it he gits penned in there with a heavy eas'ly gale, is to crack on the muslin without no mercy, an' drag his vess'l out by the land ef it 's a poss'ble thing. Jes' a plain question o' luggin' sail or goin' to hell, — that 's all.

"Ef a feller feels anyways sartin he 's in for an eas'ly breeze o' win' down there into that bight, it stan's him in han' to git up an' git outen it quick 's ever he kin roun' to it; but the gran' trouble is, vess'ls gits doin' well fishin', same 's we done, an' they keep a-hangin' on, an' hangin' on, waitin' to see what 's goin' to amount to, till fus' thing they know, they 're ketched into a reg'lar ole twister of a breeze, like 's not.

"Now, this time we was there we had three other 'Merican mack'rel ketchers in comp'ny 'long on us: one vess'l from down Plymouth ways, one Marblehead-er, an' a feller I was some acquainted with in an ole trap called the Light o' Home, — b'longed up here to Castine. He laid jes' a good fair berth to loo'ard on us, an' 'bout sundown I up an' hailed him; asked him what he cal'lated we was goin' to git for weather.

"'Oh,' 's 'e, 'guess this here won't amount to nothin' without 's a fog mull or a spatter o' rain, mebbe;' 'lowed how he was goin' to stop right there, anyhow.

"Wal, things was lookin' kind o' dubious like, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin', an' I did n't make no bones 'bout sayin' so, neither, though I was jes' loath 's the nex' man to clear out an' leave them big mack'rel. We chawed it over for a spell amongst us, an' fin'ly agreed to let her hang where she was till mornin', anyways, kind o' hopin' we sh'd be able to have another try at them big number ones.

"There was jes' a decen' air o' wind goin' then from 'bout eas'-no'theas'; but she kep' breezenin' on stiddy all the time, I took notice, an' 'fore long she shet in thick o' fog an' rain. I was on deck, you un'stan'; for I run away 'long

o' the idee the weather was up to some blame' caper or other, an' I did n't feel jes' easy down below playin' keerds same 's the res' part was doin' of. Fin'ly, thinks I, I'll take an' oil up 'fore I git wet; an' jes' I shoved the scuttle back to go below, brother Ephe he poked his head up to have a look at the weather. The very minute he done so, there was a v'ice up an' says as loud an' plain 's could be, 'Make sail on her to-night, an' quick!' It was dark 's a pocket, so's't we could n't see the fust thing, but both on us heerd the v'ice right close aboard on us, an' knowed blame' well who 't was back on her, too!

"We took an' give it out to the res' how I'd seed a forerunner, for o' course it would n't do to tell 'em jes' the state o' the case; an' ef ever you see quick work gittin' a vess'l under way, that was the time.

"The Castine feller into the ole Light o' Home, he heerd our blocks a-talkin' when we was makin' sail, an' sung out to know what in the name o' reason ailed us.

"I tol' him we was in for a gale o' win', sure, an' I cal'lated to make a lee somewheres, ef I had to go chock roun' to loo'ard o' the islant to find it; tol' him how he bes' up anchor an' foller suit, ef he knowed when he was well off. But the pore devil only got off some slang 'bout bein' skeered of a little fog; so we filled away, an' lef' him an' them two others to anchor.

"Wal, sir, that breeze had kep' prickin' on an' prickin' on stiddy, so's't there was nigh a whole-sail breeze a'ready. Them flaws kep' strikin' nigher an' nigher together, an' ev'ry one had more heft into her 'n the las' one. It could n't been more 'n half an hour after our anchor was broke out 'fore that packet had all she could stivver to under her three lower sails. Now, I was dretful well acquainted down that way in them days, an' did n't cal'late to take a back seat for no livin' man when it come to pokin' roun' in the fog by day or by

night-times, ary one; but allst that fretted me the mos' was for fear 't would overblow 'fore ever we could work out clear o' the bight. We'd got to claw to wind'ard, out past Eas' P'int or the No'the Cape, one of the two, or else there'd be hell to pay an' no pitch hot, sure 'nough; so I jes' socked it to her the wusst way till she commenced bailin' the water over her by hockshead; but I would n't show her no favors, an' kep' them three lower sails onto her till I dassent resk the gear another minute. Fin'ly, though, it come on so blame' tough, Lord, thinks I, this won't never do no longer!

"She was washin' herself clean fore an' aft in them seas a'ready, every dog-gone clip, so we turned to an' stuck single reefs into the mains'l fust. That eased her a grain for a spell, but we soon foun' that air breeze was only jes' commencin' to take a holt. 'T wa'n't half an hour more 'fore we was stickin' reefs into the fores'l, an', to cut it short, by midnight we was tied down to balance-reefed mains'l, cluss-reefed fores'l, an' the bunnet outen the jib! That's how much sail the ole Harvester was wearin' 'bout that time, an' by spells 't was more 'n what she could wag to then; but our only squeak was to cart it onto her for all she was wuth, ef ever we cal'lated to drag her out by Eas' P'int that night.

"I was consid'ble in hopes she'd do it, though them wall-sided seas right in the face was a ter'ble setback to her; but still I was in hopes she'd make out to do it, when all of a suddin, bang! rip! slat! away blowed that balance-reefed mains'l clean outen the boltropes, an' I guess then there was our fat into the fire, an' no mistake! We had n't nothin' fittin' to bend in room o' the mains'l, an' here she was with every mite o' after-sail stripped offn her, so's't she would n't p'int up nowheres, let alone clawin' to wind'ard out clear o' the lan'!"

"That air," interrupted Cap'n Job

again, "that air was jes' clear hell, I'll be jiggered ef 't wa'n't! Bate your ole jaw dropped some quick when you see that sail go!"

"I would n't wonder a mite," admitted the skipper. "I know, thinks I right off, Guess this means a fresh crop o' widders there to home, fas' 'nough; but still I knowed ef we could only once make out to git the creetur roun' on t' other tack, we'd have sea room for a spell, anyways, an' p'intin' the way she was then meant the name o' every blame' soul aboard was mud, sure's death an' taxes!"

"Gin'ral Jackson! Yas!" exclaimed Simeon, hastily pulling off his spectacles. "Tracadie would ha' fetched ye up all stannin', spite o' fate!"

"She'd laid her bones to the west'ard o' Tracadie, 'cordin' to the way we was headin'," said the old man. "I knowed that well 'nough, an' so we took chances o' wearin' roun' on the other tack; a nasty, resky job's ever was, too, but the ole Harvester was a hard one to drown, now I tell ye! Some on 'em made out to git the jib offn her, an' there we was hove to under cluss-reefed fores'l; not much bigger 'n a tablecloth, anyways, but come to talk 'bout carryin' sail! In ten minutes' time after we'd wore ship she would n't carry *nothin'*! I never see the like o' that for blowin' right out en'ways, not in the whole o' my goin'! Why, she would n't even so much's look at it, but jes' laid ri' down on her broad-side mos' hatches to, an' trembled all over!"

"An' God knows that ole vess'l was able, too, — jes' able's they make 'em! When that creetur would n't stan' up to it an' take her med'cine like a major, them that would was some scatt'rin', now I tell ye! But this here breeze o' wind was sumpin clean away outen the common run; she was a proper harricane, that's what she was, an' there wa'n't no livin' man could stan' up an' face her for a secon'!"

"We don't 'pear to git many o' them kind o' reg'lar ole-fashioned combustibles now'days," observed Cap'n Job, as the skipper paused to refresh himself with a new quid of tobacco.

"That's a fac'!" assented Cap'n Ormsby. "It's seldom ever we git a breeze 't all, now'days, let alone one o' them ole hell-rippers, same's we used to git!"

"We dunno what a breeze o' win' 's like, now'days," resumed Skipper Rufus decisively. "Wal, though, 's I was sayin', our fores'l was 'mos' bran' noo, an' the res' part o' the gear was good, without 't was the mains'l; but we was all lookin' every minute for sumpin to carry away an' disenable her so's't she'd fall off to loo'ard an' dump the whole bus'niss down on them san' bars Cascumpeque ways there; for when them wusst flaws'd jump on her, swan to man ef did n't seem more 'n what wood an' iron could stan'! She'd kind o' lay down an' scrouch under 'em, till she'd 'pear to git breath 'nough so's't to stan' up a grain an' buck into it ag'in. Blowed ef I did n't fairly feel sorry for the creetur, seemed though she was tryin' so hard to keep atop o' water!"

"H'ever, the way it turned out, she wa'n't spoke for, — not that breeze o' win'. It eased up on us a bit in a couple o' hours, an' 'long toward mornin' canted a p'int or two more to the east'ard, an' that, o' course, favored us more 'n a little; so's't the amount o' the story was, when that gale o' win' fin'ly leg-go, we was all o' ten mile to wind'ard o' Miscoe! Yes, sir, that's a fac', an' you kin turn to an' figger out for yourselves 'bout how much leeway that creetur could ha' made! Why, good gorry, man, she must ha' eat to wind'ard ef anythin' that night, when there wa'n't one craf' in a hunnerd but what would ha' slid off to loo'ard same's a blame' crab!"

"Oh, she was a proper long-legged, offshore style o' vess'l, she was!" said

Cap'n Job. "But that was a weeked ole breeze o' win', 'eordin' to all tell. That was when they los' the Bueny Visty, wa'n't it?"

"Yas," replied Skipper Rufus. "Ole man Gardner piled her up on the Magdaleens that night, an' los' her whole crowd; every soul on 'em belongin' here to this Cove, too. Come to that, there was eight more o' our 'Merican vess'ls went ashore betwixt Bay Shelore an' Eas' P'int, that time, not countin' them three we lef' to anchor there in the bight. Seems 's ef them three mus' cal'lated to ride her out where they was, for I heern tell afterward how the wrackage from 'em was hove up in win'rows on shore dead to loo'ard."

"Them pore devils hung it out too long, an' paid dear for it, too; but I'm thinkin' the ole feller did n't start you out o' that none too soon yourself, neither," said Job. "But now turn to an' give us the res' part o' the yarn, Skip' Rufe. I would n't have Amos here miss hearin' this kind o' afterclap, not for a farm down Eas'!"

"Wal, then," began the old man again, "quick 's ever that breeze o' win' give up, we kep' her off, an' let her go a-flukin' down through Northum'lan' Strait into Shediack, so's't to git things kind o' tintrivated into shape ag'in 'fore we give it to her to the west'ard. There was half a dozen sail o' vess'ls dragged ashore right there to that harbor, an' comin' down 'long we see more wracks everywheres 'n you could shake a stick to."

"Wal, when we was fin'ly makin' the run home, we'd got up 'long so's't to sight Isle o' Holt all good an' plain, an' we took one o' these here smoky sou'-westers right plumb in the teeth. I let her slam into it en'ways for a spell, but fin'ly thinks I, Bedide, thinks I, what sense is they, anyways? I jes' took an' down hellum, an' made a harbor 'fore noontime there to Burnt Coat, Swan's Islant; the very same place we'd

bought the vess'l to that spring, ye rec'-lee'?"

"Wal, soon 's ever we'd got things all snugged up in good shape aboard, me an' brother Ephe we took a dory an' rowed ashore to the settlemint, by way o' killin' time like. There was an ole feller kep' the store an' pos' office there to the w'arft, an' seems 's though he knowed our vess'l quick 's ever she poked her nose in past the light. We set there talkin' 'long o' him a spell, an' seems 's ef he was ter'ble anxious to hear what about her, how we'd made it into her so fur; an' a sight o' questions he put to us, that ole feller did, till all to once he up an' says right out, 'Cap'n, 's'e to me, 'I know 't ain't the fus' damn mite o' my bus'niss, 's'e, 'but, 's'e, 'I should r'ally like to ask ef ever ye see ary works outen the gin'ral run sence you've been goin' into that there schooner?'"

"Whew!" whistled the man "from up back here," softly. Cap'n Job delivered a resounding slap upon his thigh, and removed the pipe from his mouth to speak; but Skip' Rufe continued:—

"Yas, siree! Them 's his very words! Wal, quick 's ever he up an' says that air, why, Ephe an' me commenced to git the loom o' the lan' right away, an' fin'ly we turned to an' give the ole feller the whole blame' hist'ry o' the bus'niss, so fur 's we knowed it; an' come to take an' pump him a grain, he give us to un'stan' how there was any gris' o' folks right there to Burnt Coat that swore they see ole 'Shorty' McClintock, — seems 's ef that was a nickname like o' hisn, — them folks swore how that they see him a-stannin' anchor watch all soul 'lone aboard the Harvester, by night-times, while she was layin' there into the harbor, inside a fortu'it after he'd been planted six foot un'neath the sod up back o' the meetin' house there; an' 't was jes' sich works sp'iled the sale on her all down through them parts."

"Now," the skipper went on, raising his voice as one or two of his hearers

again threatened to interrupt, "now, 'cordin' to all tell down there to Burnt Coat, 't was ole man McClintock we see ourselves twice aboard the vess'l that trip, an' 't was ole man McClintock that

up an' give us warnin' to git out o' the bight o' the islant that night!

"Ef 't wa'n't him, who 'n the name o' Sam Hyde was it? You jes' turn to an' tell, some o' you knowin' ones!"

George S. Wasson.

THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

IN our country there has been long familiar, in actual life and in tradition, a corporate woman known as "the New England woman." Doubtless, when she landed upon our shores, some two hundred and fifty years ago, she was a hearty, even-minded, rosy-cheeked, full-fleshed English lass. Once here, in her physical and mental make-up, under pioneer conditions and influenced by our electric climate, a differentiation began, an unconscious individualizing of herself: this was far, far back in the time of the Pilgrim mothers. In this process she developed certain characteristics which are weakly human, intensely feminine, and again passing the fabled heroism of saints in self-devotion. Just what these qualities were, and why they grew, is worth considering before — in the bustle of another century and its elements entirely foreign to her primitive and elevated spirit — she has passed from view and is quite forgotten.

In the cities of to-day she is an exotic. In the small towns she is hardly indigenous. Of her many homes, from the close-knit forests of Maine to the hot sands of Monterey, that community of villages which was formerly New England is her habitat. She has always been most at home in the narrow village of her forbears, where the church and school were in simpler days, and still at times are, — even to us measuring only with Pactolian sands in our hourglasses, — the powers oftenest quoted and most revered. From these sources the larger

part of herself, the part that does not live by bread alone, was nourished.

It was in the quiet seclusion of the white homes of these villages that in past generations she gained her ideals of life. Such a home imposed what to women of the world at large might be inanity. But, with a self-limitation almost Greek, she saw within those clapboard walls things dearest to a woman's soul: a pure and sober family life, a husband's protective spirit, the birth and growth of children, neighborly service — keenly dear to her — for all whose lives should come within touch of her active hands, and an old age guarded by the devotion of those to whom she had given her activities. To this should be added another gift of the gods which this woman ever bore in mind with calmness: a secluded ground, shaded by hemlocks or willows, where should stand the headstone marking her dust, over which violets should blossom to freshening winds, and robin call to mate in the resurrection time of spring, and in the dim corners of which ghostly Indian pipes should rise from velvet mould to meet the summer's fervency.

Under such conditions and in such homes she had her growth. The tasks that engaged her hands were many, for at all times she was indefatigable in what Plato calls women's work, τὰ ἐνδον. She rose while it was yet night; she looked well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness. In housekeeping — which in her conser-

vative neighborhood and among her primary values meant, almost up to this hour, not directing nor helping hired people in heaviest labors, but rather all that the phrase implied in pioneer days — her energies were spent: herself cooking; herself spinning the thread and weaving, cutting out and sewing all family garments and household linen; herself preserving flesh, fish, and fruits. To this she added the making of yeast, candles, and soap for her household, their butter and cheese, — perhaps also these foods for market sale, — at times their cider, and even elderberry wine for their company, of as fine a color and distinguished a flavor as the gooseberry which the wife of immortal Dr. Primrose offered her guests. Abigail Adams herself testifies that she made her own soap, in her early days at Braintree, and chopped the wood with which she kindled her fires. In such accomplishments she was one of a great sisterhood, thousands of whom served before and thousands after her. These women rarely told such activities in their letters, and rarely, too, I think, to their diaries; for their fingers fitted a quill but awkwardly after a day with distaff or butter-moulding.

These duties were of the external world, mainly mechanical and routine, and they would have permitted her — an untiring materialist in all things workable by hands — to go many ways in the wanderings of thought, if grace, flexibility, and warmth had consorted with the Puritan idea of beauty. She had come to be an idealist in all things having to do with the spirit. Nevertheless, as things stood, she had but one mental path.

The powers about her were theocratic. They held in their hands her life and death in all physical things, and her life and death *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*. They held the right to whisper approval or to publish condemnation. Her eager, active spirit was fed by sermons and ex-

hortations to self-examination. Nothing else was offered. On Sundays and in midweek she was warned by these teachers, to whom everybody yielded, to whom in her childhood she had been taught to drop a wayside curtsy, that she should ever be examining head and heart to escape everlasting fire, and that she should endure so to conduct her devoted life as to appease the anger of a God as vindictive as the very ecclesiasts themselves. No escape or reaction was possible. The effect of all this upon a spirit so active, pliant, and sensitive is evident. The sole way open to her was the road to introspection.

Even those of the community whose life duties took them out in their world, and who were naturally more objective than women, — even the men, under such conditions, grew self-examining to the degree of a proverb: "The bother with the Yankee is that he rubs badly at the juncture of the soul and body."

In such a life as this first arose the subjective characteristics at which so many gibes have been written, so many flings spoken; at which so many burly sides have shaken with laughter, ἄβυσσος. Like almost every dwarfed or distorted thing in the active practical world, "New England subjectivity" is a result of the shortsightedness of men, and the wrongs they have done one another. Nowadays, in a more objective life, this accent of the ego is pronounced irritating. But God's sequence is apt to be irritating.

The New England woman's subjectivity is a result of what has been, — the enslaving by chance, the control by circumstance, of a thing flexible, pliant, ductile (in this case a hypersensitive soul), and its endeavor to shape itself to certain lines and forms. Cut off from the larger world, she was forced into the smaller. Her mind must have field and exercise for its natural activity and constructiveness. Its native field was the macrocosm; deprived of that, it

turned and fed upon itself in the microcosm.

But scattered far and wide over the granitic soil of New England there have been the women unmarried. Through the seafaring life of the men, through the adventures of the pioneer enchanting the hot-blooded and daring, through the coaxing away of sturdy youthful muscle by the limitless fat lands lying to the west, through the siren voice of the cities, and also through the unutterable loss of men in war, these less fortunate women — the unmarried — have in all New England life been many. All the rounding and relaxing grace and charm which lie between maid and man they knew only in their fancy. Love might spring, but its growth was rudimentary. Their life was not fulfilled. There were many such spinners.

These women, pertinacious at their tasks, dreamed dreams of what could never be realized. They came to talk much of moods and sensations; naturally they would have moods. Human nature will have its confidant, and naturally they talked to one another more freely than to their married sisters. Introspection plus introspection again. A life vacuous in external events and interrupted by no masculine practicality — where fluttering nerves were never counterpoised by steady muscle — afforded its every development.

And expression of their religious life granted no outlet to these natures, — no goodly work direct upon humankind. The Reformation, whatever else it did for the freedom of the intellect, denied liberty and individual choice to women. Puritanism was the child of the Reformation. Like all religions reacting from the degradations and abuses of the Middle Ages, for women it discountenanced community life. Not for active ends, nor of a certainty for contemplative, were women to live. In her simple home, and by making the best of spare moments, the undirected impulse of the spin-

ster produced penwipers for the heathen and slippers for the dominie. But there was, we may say, no dignified, constructive human expression for the childless and husbandless woman. Because of this a dynamo force for good was wasted through centuries, and many thousands of lives were blighted.

In New England this theology ruled, as we have said, with an iron and tyrannous hand. It published the axiom, and soon put it in men's mouths, that the only outlet for women's activities was marriage. No matter if truth to the loftiest ideals kept her single, a woman unmarried, from a Garden of Eden point of view and the pronouncement of the average citizen, was not fulfilling the end for which women were made, — *she* was not child-bearing.

In this great spinster class, dominated by such a voice, we may physiologically expect to find an excess of the neurotic, altruistic type, women sickened and extremists, because their nature was unbalanced and astray. They found a positive joy in self-negation and self-sacrifice, and evidenced in the perturbations and struggles of family life a patience, a dumb endurance, which the humanity about them, and even that of a later day, could not comprehend, and commonly translated into apathy or unsensitiveness. The legendary fervor and devotion of the saints of other days pale before their self-denying discipline. But instead of gaining, as in the mediæval faith, the applause of contemporaries, and, as in those earlier days, inciting veneration and enthusiasm as a "holy person," the modern sister, who lived in her small world very generally an upper servant in a married brother's or sister's family, heard reference to herself in many phrases turning upon her chastity. Her very classification in the current vernacular turned upon her condition of sex. And at last she witnessed for her class an economic designation, the essence of vulgarity and the consummation of insolence, — "super-

fluous women;" that is, "unnecessary from being in excess of what is needed," women who had not taken husbands, or had lived apart from men. The phrase recalls the use of the word "female," — meaning, "for thy more sweet understanding," a woman, — which grew in use with the Squire Westerns of the eighteenth century, and persisted in decent mouths until Charles Lamb wrapped it in the cloth of gold of his essay on Modern Gallantry, and buried it forever from polite usage.

In another respect, also, this New England spinster grew into a being such as the world had not seen. It is difficult of explanation. Perhaps most easily said, it is this: she never by any motion or phrase suggested to a man her variation from him. All over the world women do this, unconsciously nearly always; in New England never. It has there been condemned as immodest, unwomanly, and with fierce invective. Das Ewig-Weibliche must persist without confession of its existence. In the common conception, when among masculine comrades she should bear herself as a sexless sort of half-being, an hermaphroditic comrade, a weaker, unsexed creature, not markedly masculine, like her brother or the present golfing woman, and far from positively feminine. All her ideals were masculine; that is, all concrete and human expression of an ideal life set before her was masculine. Her religion was wholly masculine, and God was always "He." Her art in its later phases was at its height in the Spectator and Tatler, where the smirking belles who matched the bewigged beaus of Anne's London are jeered at, and conviction is carried the woman reader that all her sex are foolish and foul.

In this non-recognition of a woman's sex, its needs and expression in home and family life, and the domination of masculine ideals, has been a loss of grace, facile touch in manner, vivacity, *légèreté*; in short, a want of clarity, delicacy, and

feminine strength. It emphasized spinster life, — and increased it. It is this that has led the world to say that the New England woman is masculine, when the truth is she is most femininely feminine in everything but sex, where she is most femininely and self-effacingly *it*.

It is in this narrowness, this purity, simplicity, and sanctity, in this circumspection and misdirection, that we have the origin of the New England woman's subjectivity, her unconscious self-consciousness, and that seeming hermaphroditic attitude that has attracted the attention of the world, caused its wonder, and led to its false judgment of her merit.

Social changes — a result of the Zeitgeist — within the last two generations have brought a broadening of the conception of the "sphere" of women. Puritan instincts have been dying. Rationalism has to a degree been taking their place. While, on the other hand (one may say this quite apart from construing the galvanic twitchings of a revived mediævalism in ecclesiastic and other social affairs as real life), there have also come conceptions of the liberty and dignity of womanhood, independent or self-dependent, equal to those which prevailed in the mediæval world. A popular feeling has been growing that a woman's sphere is whatever she can do excellently. What effect this will have on social relations at large we cannot foresee. From such conditions another chivalry may spring! And on New England soil!! Possibly, the custom that now pertains of paying women less than men for the same work, the habit in the business world of giving women all drudging details, — necessary work, indeed, but that to which no reputation is affixed, — and giving to men the broader tasks in which there are reputation and growth, may ultimately react, just as out of injustice and brutalities centuries ago arose a chivalrous ideal and a knightly redresser.

The sparseness of wealth, the meagreness of material ideals, and the frugal-

ity, simplicity, and rusticity of the New England life have never allowed a development of popular manners. Grace among the people has been interpreted theologically, never socially. Their geniality, like their sunshine, has always had a trace of the northeast wind, — chilled by the Labrador current of their theology. Native wit has been put out by narrow duties. The conscience of their theology has been instinctively for segregation, never for social amalgamation. They are more solitary than gregarious.

We should expect, then, an abruptness of manner among those left to develop social genius, — the women, — even among those traveled and most generously educated. We should expect a degree of baldness and uncoveredness in their social processes, which possibly might be expressed by the polysyllable which her instructor wrote at the end of an Annex girl's theme to express its literary quality, "unbuttoned," — unconsciously.

When you meet the New England woman, you see her placing you in her social scale. That in tailor-making you God may have used a yardstick different from the New England measure has not yet reached her consciousness; nor that the system of weights and measures of what Mr. Leslie Stephen calls "the half-baked civilization of New England" may not prevail in all towns and countries. Should you chance not to fit any notch she has cut in her scale, she is apt to tell you this in a raucous, strident voice, with a schoolma'am air in delivery of her opinion. If she is untraveled and purely of New England surroundings, these qualities may be accented. She is undeniably frank and unquestionably truthful. At all times, in centuries past and to-day, she would scorn such lies as many women tell for amusement or petty self-defense.

It is evident that she is a good deal of a fatalist. This digression will illustrate: If you protest your belief that so

far as this world's estimate goes some great abilities have no fair expression, that in our streets we jostle mute inglorious Miltons; if you say you have known most profound and learned natures housed on a Kansas farm or in a New Mexico cañon; nay, if you aver your faith that here in New England men and women of genius are unnoticed because Messrs. Hue and Cry, voicing the windier, have not appreciated larger capacities, she will pityingly tell you that this larger talent is supposititious. If it were real, she continues, it must have risen to sight and attracted the eye of men. Her human knowledge is not usually deep nor her insight subtle, and she does not know that in saying this she is contradicting the law of literary history, that the producers of permanent intellectual wares are often not recognized by their contemporaries, nor run after by mammonish publishers. And at last, when you answer that the commonest question with our humankind is nourishment for the body, that ease and freedom from exhausting labor must forerun education, literature, art, she retorts that here is proof she is right: if these unrecognized worthies you instance had the gifts you name, they would be superior to mere physical wants. If you have longanimity, you do not drive the generality closer; you drown your reflections in Sir Thomas Browne: "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. . . . Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"

A narrow fatalism, united with the conservatism and aristocratic instincts common to women from their life, gives the New England woman a hedged sympathy with the proletarian struggle for freer life. It may be lack of comprehension rather than lack of sympathy.

She would cure by palliations, a leprosy by healing divers sores. At times you find her extolling the changes wrought in the condition of women during the last sixty years. She argues for the extension of education; her conservatism admits that. She may not draw the line of her radicalism even before enfranchisement. But the vaster field of the education of the human race by easier social conditions, by lifting out of money worship and egoism, — this has never been, she argues, and therefore strenuously insists it never will be.

Speculations upon any new philosophy she is inclined to fear as vicious. In dialectics she rests upon the glories of the innocuous transcendentalism of the forties. Exceptions to the above rule are perhaps those veraciously called "occult;" for she will run to listen to the juggling logic and boasting rhetoric of Swamis Alphanadananda and Betadananda and Gammanadananda, and cluster about the audience room of those dusky fakirs much as a swarm of bees gathers in May. And like the bees, she deserts cells filled with honey for comb machine-made and wholly empty.

Illuminated by some factitious light, she will again go to unheard-of lengths in extenuating Shelley's relations to his wives, and in explaining George Eliot's marriage to her first husband. Here, and for at least once in her life, she reasons upon natural grounds and combating convention. "I don't see the wickedness of Rudolph," said one spinster, referring to a prince of Austria and a lady of the Vetchera family. "I don't see why he should n't have followed his heart. But I should n't dare say that to any one else in Boston. Most of them think as I do, but they would all be shocked to have it said." "Consider the broad meaning of what you say. Let this instance become a universal law." "Still I believe every sensible man and woman applauds Rudolph's independence."

With whatsoever or whomsoever she

is in sympathy she is apt to be a partisan. To husband, parents, and children there could be no more devoted adherent. Her conscience, developed by introspective and subjective pondering, has for her own actions abnormal size and activity. It is always alert, always busy, always prodding, and not infrequently sickened by its congested activity. Duty to those about her, and industry for the same beneficiaries, are watchwords of its strength; and to fail in a mote's weight is to gain condemnation of two severest sorts, — her own and the community's. The opinion of the community in which she lives is her second almighty power.

In marriage she often exemplifies that saying of Euripides which Stobæus has preserved among the lavender leaves of his *Florilegium*: "A sympathetic wife is a man's best possession." She has mental sympathy, — a result of her tense nervous organization, her altruism in domestic life, her strong love, and her sense of duty, justice, and right.

In body she belongs to a people which has spent its physical force and wants vitality. She is slight. There is lack of adipose tissue, reserve force, throughout her frame. Her lungs are apt to be weak, waist normal, and hips undersized.

She is awkward in movement. Her climate has not allowed her relaxation, and the ease and curve of motion that more enervating air imparts. This is seen even in public. In walking she holds her elbows set in an angle, and sometimes she steps out in the tilt of the Cantabrigian man. In this is perhaps an unconscious imitation, a sympathetic copying, of an admirable norm, but it is graceless in petticoats. As she steps she knocks her skirt with her knees, and gives you the impression that her leg is crooked, that she does not lock her knee-joint. More often she toes in than out.

She has a marvelously delicate, brilliant, fine-grained skin. It is innocent of powder and purely natural. No beer in past generations has entered its mak-

ing, and no port; also, little flesh. In New England it could not be said, as a London writer has coarsely put it, that a woman may be looked upon as an aggregate of so many beefsteaks.

Her eyes are pure and preternaturally bright, the γλαυκῶπις of Athena, whose child she is, rather than the βοῶπις of Hera, Pronuba, and mistress to women of more luxuriant flesh. The brown of her hair inclines to the ash shades.

Her features would in passport wording be called "regular." Her facial expression, when she lives in more prosperous communities, where salaries are and an assured future, is a stereotyped smile. In more uncertain life and less fortunate surroundings, her face shows a weariness of spirit and a homesickness for heaven that make your soul ache.

Her mind is too self-conscious on the one hand, and too set on lofty duties on the other, to allow much of *coquetterie*, or flirting, or a femininely accented *camaraderie* with men, such as the more elemental women of Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and New York enjoy. She is farthest possible from the luxuriant beauty of St. Louis who declared, "You bet! black-jack-diamond kind of a time!" when asked if she had enjoyed her social dash in Newport. This New England woman would, forsooth, take no

dash in Aurovulgus. But falling into such iniquities, she guards against the defilement of her lips, for she loves a pure and clean usage of our subtle English speech.

The old phase of the New England woman is passing. It is the hour for some poet to voice her threnody. Social conditions under which she developed are almost obliterated. She is already outnumbered in her own home by women of foreign blood, an ampler physique, a totally different religious conception, a far different conduct, and a less exalted ideal of life. Intermixtures will follow and racial lines will gradually fade, and in the end she will not persist. Her passing is due to the unnumbered husbandless and the physical attenuation of the married, — attenuation resulting from their spare and meagre diet, and, it is also claimed, from the excessive household labor of the mothers. More profoundly causative — in fact, inciting the above conditions — was the debilitating religion impressed upon her sensitive spirit. Mayhap in this present decay some Moira is punishing that awful crime of self-sufficing ecclesiasticism. Her unproductivity — no matter from what reason, whether from physical necessity or a spirit-searching flight from the wrath of God — has been her death.

Kate Stephens.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

XXXV.²

THE next morning Miss Hamilton came down dressed in her riding gear, to find her host already in the saddle and armed with a stout hunting crop, which he flourished emphatically as he gave

some directions to his groom. The day was fine and clear after a rainy night, with a hearty fragrance of the showery summer fields blowing through the Bristol streets.

They were quick outside the town on the road to Bath. Mary found herself

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fourth advertising page.

well mounted, though a little too safely for her liking. Her horse was heavy of build, being used to the burden of a somewhat ponderous master ; but the lighter weight and easy prompting hand of a young girl soon made him like a brave colt again.

The old merchant looked on with approval at such pretty skill and acquaintance with horsemanship as his companion showed at the outset of their journey ; and presently, when both the good horses had finished their discreet frolic and settled to sober travel, he fell into easy discourse, and showed the fair rider all the varied interests of the way. It was a busy thoroughfare, and this honored citizen was smiled at and handsomely saluted by many acquaintances, noble and humble. Mr. Davis was stingy of holidays, even in these dull times, but all the gallantry he had ever possessed was glowing in his heart as he rode soberly along in such pleasant company.

The dreary suspense and anxiety of six long weeks at sea were like a half-forgotten dream in the girl's own mind ; at last she could set forth about her business. The sorrows of seafaring were now at an end ; she was in England at last, and the very heart of the mother country seemed to welcome her ; yet a young heart like Mary Hamilton's must needs feel a twinge of pain at the height of her morning's happiness. The fields and hedges, the bright foxglove and green ivy, the larks and blackbirds and quiet robins, the soft air against her cheeks, — each called up some far-inherited memory, some instinct of old relationship. All her elders in Berwick still called England home, and her thrilled heart had come to know the reason why.

Roger Wallingford had been in England. She suddenly understood this new reason why he could find it so hard to go to sea in the *Ranger* to attack these shores, and why he had always protested against taking part in the war. England was no longer an angry, contemptuous

enemy, tyrannous and exacting, and determined to withhold the right of liberty from her own growing colonies. All those sad, unwelcome prejudices faded away, and Mary could only see white clouds in a soft sky above the hazy distance, and hear the English birds singing, and meet the honest English faces, like old friends, as she rode along the road. There was some witchery that bewildered her ; 't was like some angry quarrel sprung up between mother and child while they were at a distance from each other, that must be quick forgotten when they came face to face. There was indeed some magic touch upon her : the girl's heart was beating fast ; she was half afraid that she had misunderstood everything in blaming old England so much, and even stole a quick glance at her companion to see if he could have guessed her strange thoughts.

"'T is a pretty morning," said Mr. Davis kindly, seeing that she looked his way. "We shall reach Bath in proper season," and he let his horse come to a slow walk.

Whether it was the fresh air of the summer day, very strengthening to one who had been long at sea, or whether it was the justice of their errand itself, the weakness of this happy moment quickly passed, and Miss Hamilton's hand eagerly sought for a packet in the bosom of her gown, to see if it were safe. The reason for being on this side the sea was the hope that an anxious errand could be well done. She thought now of Master Sullivan on his bleak New England hillside ; of the far blue mountains of the north country, and the outlook that was clearer and wider than this hazy landscape along the Avon ; she looked down at the tame English river, and only remembered the wide stream at home that ran from the mountains straight to sea, — how it roared and droned over the great rocky fall near the master's own house, and sounded like the calling sea itself in his ears.

"You may see Bath now, there in the valley," said Mr. Davis, pointing with his big hand and the hunting crop. "'T is as fine a ride from Bristol to Bath as any you may have in England." They stopped their horses, a little short of breath, and looked down the rich wooded country to the bright town below.

"'T is a fine ride indeed," said Mary, patting her horse's neck, and thinking, with uncontrollable wistfulness, of the slenderer and less discreet young Duke at home, and of the old coachman and his black helpers as they always stood by the stable, eager to watch her, with loud cautions, as she rode away. 'T was a sharp touch of homesickness, and she turned her head so that she could hide her face from sight.

"I'll change with you, my dear, as we ride toward home; I see you are so competent a rider," offered Mr. Davis heartily. "Lightfoot is a steady beast, though I must own you found him otherwise this morning; this chestnut is younger and freer-gaited." He had a strange sense, as he spoke, that Mary was no longer in good spirits. Perhaps the heavy horse had tired her strength, though Lightfoot was as good a creature as any in Bristol, and much admired for his noble appearance.

Mary eagerly protested, and patted the old horse with still greater friendliness and approval as they went riding on toward the town. The alderman sighed at the very sight of her youth and freshness; 't would be pleasant to have such a daughter for his own. A man likes young company as he grows older; though the alderman might be growing clumsy on his own legs, the good horse under him made him feel like a lad of twenty. 'T was a fine day to ride out from Bristol, and the weather of the best. Mr. Davis began to mind him of an errand of business to Westbury on Trym, beyond the Clifton Downs, where, on the morrow, he could show Miss Hamilton still finer prospects than these.

They stopped at last before a handsome lodging in the middle of the town of Bath. Mr. George Fairfax was a Virginian, of old Lord Bryan Fairfax's near kindred, a man of great wealth, and a hearty Loyalist; his mother, a Carey of Hampton, had been well known to Madam Wallingford in their early years. He was at home this day, and came out at once to receive his guests with fine hospitality, being on excellent terms of friendship with the old merchant. They greeted each other with great respect before Miss Hamilton's presence was explained; and then Mr. Fairfax's smiling face was at once clouded. He had been the hope and stay of so many distressed persons, in these anxious days of war, that he could only sigh as he listened. It was evident enough that, however charming this new sufferer and applicant might be, their host could but regret her errand. Yet one might well take pleasure in her lovely face, even if she must be disappointed, as most ladies were, in the hope of receiving an instant and ample pension from the ministers of his Majesty George the Third.

Mr. Fairfax, with great courtesy, began to say something of his regrets and fears.

"But we do not ask for these kind favors," Mary interrupted him, with gentle dignity. "You mistake our present errand, sir. Madam Wallingford is in no need of such assistance. We are provided with what money we are like to need, as our good friend here must already know. The people at home" — and she faltered for a moment before she could go on. "It was indeed thought best that Madam Wallingford should be absent for a time; but she was glad to come hither for her son's sake, who is in prison. We have come but to find him and to set him free, and we ask for your advice and help. Here is her letter," and Miss Hamilton hesitated and blushed with what seemed to both the gentlemen a most pretty confu-

sion. "I ought to tell you, Mr. Fairfax — I think you should know, sir, that I am of the Patriots. My brother was with General Washington, with his own regiment, when I left home."

Mr. George Fairfax bowed ceremoniously, but his eyes twinkled a little, and he took refuge in reading the letter. This was evidently an interesting case, but not without its difficulties.

"The young gentleman in question also appears to be a Patriot," he said seriously, as he looked up at Mr. Davis. "In Miss Hamilton's presence I may drop our usual term of 'rebel.' Madam Wallingford professes herself unshaken in her hereditary allegiance to the Crown; but as for this young officer, her son, I am astonished to find that he has been on board the *Ranger* with that Paul Jones who is the terror of our ports now, and the chief pest and scourge of our commerce here in England. 'T is a distressed parent indeed!"

"You have the right of it," said the old British merchant, with great eagerness and reproach. Mr. Davis was not a man who found it easy to take the humorous point of view. "It seems that he was left ashore, that night of the attack upon Whitehaven, in the north, which you will well remember. He was caught by the town guard. You know we captured one of the *Ranger's* men? 'T was this same young officer, and, though badly wounded, he was ordered to the Mill Prison, and is said to have arrived in a dying state. For his mother's sake (and her face would distress any man's heart), I try to believe that he is yet alive and lies there in the jail; but 't is a sorry place of correction that he has come to through his own foolishness. They say he is like to have been hanged already."

"Good God! what a melancholy story, and all England thinking that he deserves his fate!" exclaimed Fairfax. "I cannot see how anything can be done."

"There is but one gleam of hope,"

said Mr. Davis, who had not sat among the Bristol magistrates in vain. He spoke pompously, but with some kindness for Miss Hamilton, who was listening sadly enough, the eager bravery of her face all gone; their last words had been very hard to bear. "There is one thing to add. The story reached America, before these good friends left, that young Mr. Wallingford was suspected by many persons on board the *Ranger* of still holding to his early Loyalist principles. They openly accused him of an effort to betray the ship into our hands. If this is true" —

"It is not true!" interrupted Miss Hamilton, and both the gentlemen looked a little startled. "No, it is not true," she repeated, more calmly. "It is not a proper plea to make, if he should never be set free."

"We must think of his mother; we are only reviewing the situation in our own fashion," said the elder man, frowning a stern rebuke at her. But she would have her way.

"Mr. Davis has been very kind in the matter," she continued. "When we were speaking together, last night, he told me that Lord Mount Edgecumbe was now in Bath, and would have great influence about the American prisoners."

"That is true," said Mr. Fairfax politely; "but I do not possess the honor of his lordship's acquaintance, and I fear that I have no means of reaching him. He is in bad health, and but lately arrived in Bath to take the waters."

"Miss Hamilton has brought letters" —

"I have some letters, given me by an old friend at home," acknowledged Mary. "He was very sure that they would be of use to us. Do you happen to know anything of Lord Newburgh, sir, and where he may be found?"

"Lord Newburgh?" repeated the Virginian eagerly, with a quick shake of his head and a sudden frown, though there was again a twinkle of merriment

in his eyes. Mary's best hopes suddenly fell to the ground. She was aware as she had not been before upon how slight a foundation these best hopes might have been built. She had always looked up to Master Sullivan with veneration; the mystery of his presence was like an enchantment to those who knew him best. But he had been a long lifetime in America; he might have written his letters to dead men only; they might be worth no more than those withered oak leaves of last year that were fluttering on the hedges, pierced by a new growth.

There was a pause. Mr. Fairfax's face seemed full of pity. Miss Hamilton began to resent his open show of sympathy.

"I am strangely inhospitable!" he exclaimed. "We were so quick at our business that I forgot to offer you anything, sir, and you, Miss Hamilton, after your morning's ride! No, no, it is no trouble. You will excuse me for a moment? I am like to forget my good bringing up in Virginia, and my lady is just now absent from home."

Mr. Fairfax quickly left the room. The alderman sat there speechless, but looking satisfied and complacent. It certainly did make a man thirsty to ride abroad on a sunshiny morning, and his ears were sharp-set for the comfortable clink of glasses. The heavy tray presently arrived, and was put near him on a card table, and the old butler, with his pleasant Virginian speech, was eager in the discharge of hospitality; Mr. Fairfax being still absent, and Mary quite at the end of her courage. She could not take the cool draught which old Peter offered her with respectful entreaties, as if he were Cæsar, their own old slave; she tried to look at the hunting pictures on the wall, but they blurred strangely, — there was something the matter with her eyes.

"What noble Jamaica spirits!" said Mr. John Davis, looking at the ceiling as his glass was being replenished. "Did

your master grow these lemons on his own plantations in Virginia? They are of a wondrous freshness," he added politely, to repeat his approval of such an entertainment. "Miss Hamilton, my dear, you forget we must take the long ride back again to Bristol. I fear you make a great mistake to refuse any refreshment at our good Peter's hands."

The door was opened wide, and Mr. Fairfax made a handsome, middle-aged gentleman precede him into the room.

"I was afraid that I should miss this noble friend," he said gayly; "he might have been taking advantage of so fine a morning, like yourselves. Here is my Lord Newburgh, Miss Hamilton; this is Lord Newburgh himself for you! You may have heard of Mr. Alderman Davis, of Bristol, my lord? I have told you already that Miss Hamilton brings you a letter, and that she hopes for your interest with my Lord Mount Edgecombe. My dear Miss Hamilton, this gives me great pleasure! When you said that you had such a letter, I was sure at last that there was one thing I could do for you."

Lord Newburgh gravely saluted these new acquaintances, taking quick notice of the lady's charm, and smiling over his shoulder at Mr. Fairfax's excited manner. He waved his hand in kind protest to check Peter's officious approach with the tray of glasses.

"So you have a letter for me, from America, Miss Hamilton?" he asked bluntly; and she put it into his hand.

Lord Newburgh gave a curious look at the carefully written address, and turned the folded sheet to see the seal. Then he flushed like a man in anger and bit his lip as he looked at the seal again, and started back as he stood close by the window, so that they all saw him. Then he tore open Master Sullivan's letter.

"It is dated this very last month!" he cried. "My God! do you mean to tell me that this man is still alive?"

XXXVI.

"What man?" asked Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Davis, with eager curiosity, seeing such astonishment upon his face; but Lord Newburgh made them no answer until he had read the letter and carefully folded it again. They saw his hands tremble. He stood looking blankly at the two men and Miss Hamilton, as if he were in doubt what to say.

"T is like one risen from the dead," he told them presently, "but what is written here is proof enough for me. There are some things which cannot be spoken of even after all these years, but I can say this: 't was a friend of my poor father, Charles Ratcliffe, and of his brother, Darwentwater, — one of their unlucky company sixty years ago. There are high reasons, and of state too, why beyond this I must still keep silence. Great heavens, what a page of history is here!" and he opened the letter to look at it once more.

"Mount Edgecumbe will not believe me," he said, as if to himself. "Well, at least he knows something of those old days, too; he will be ready to do what he can for such a petitioner as this, but we must be careful. I should like to speak with Miss Hamilton alone, if you will leave us here together, gentlemen," said Lord Newburgh, with quiet authority; and Mr. Fairfax and the alderman, disappointed, but with ready courtesy, left them alone in the room.

"Do you know the writer of this letter, madam?" demanded Lord Newburgh; and he was so well aware of the girl's beauty that, while he spoke, his eyes scarcely left her face. "T is true he speaks your name here and with affection, but I cannot think his history is well known."

Mary smiled then, and answered gently to her lifelong acquaintance with the master and her deep love for him, but that his early life was a matter of con-
 jecture to those who had longest been his neighbors. Lord Newburgh saw with approval that she herself knew something more than she was ready to confess.

"He has followed the great Example, — he has given his life for his friend," said Lord Newburgh, who showed himself much moved, when she had finished speaking. "They should know of this among our friends in France; by God's truth, the King himself should know but for his present advisers! I must say no more; you can see how this strange news has shaken me. He asks a thing difficult enough; he has broken his long silence for no light reason. But Mount Edgecumbe will feel as I do, — whatever he asks should be promised him; and Mount Edgecumbe has power in Plymouth; even with Barrington reigning in the War Office he is not likely to be refused, though 't is a narrow soul, and we can give no reasons such as make our own way plain. Your man shan't stay in the Mill Prison, I can promise you that, Ranger or no Ranger!"

Lord Newburgh smiled now at Miss Hamilton, as if to bring a look of pleasure to so sweet a face, and she could not but smile back at him.

"I shall do my part of this business at once," he said, rising. "I passed Mount Edgecumbe on my way here; he'll swear roundly at such a request. He fears that his great oaks must go down, and his temper is none of the best. The earl is an old sailor, my dear Miss Hamilton, and has a sailor's good heart, but this will stagger him well. You say that Madam Wallingford, the young man's mother, is now in Bristol?" and again he looked at the letter. "Stay; before I speak with the earl I should like to hear more of these interesting circumstances. I must say that my own sympathies are mainly with your party in the colonies. I believe that the King has been made a tool of by some of his ministers. But I should not say this if you are one of the Loyalist refugees. Why, no, my dear!" He

checked himself, laughing. "'Tis a strange confusion. I cannot think you are for both hound and hare!"

It was near an hour later when Mr. Fairfax fumbled at the latch to see if he might be of service, and was politely though not too warmly requested to enter. Mr. John Davis had grown fretful at their long delay, but Miss Hamilton and Lord Newburgh were still deep in their conversation. The young lady herself had been close to her brother's confidence, and was not ignorant of causes in this matter of the war. Lord Newburgh struck his fist to the table with emphatic disapproval, as he rose, and told the two gentlemen who entered that he had learned at last what all England ought to know, — the true state of affairs in America.

The Virginia Loyalist looked disturbed, and showed some indifference to this bold announcement.

"Come, Fairfax," cried the guest gayly, "I shall have arguments enough for ye now! I can take the Patriot side with intelligence, instead of what you have persisted in calling my ignorant prejudice."

"'Tis your new teacher, then, and not your reasoning powers," retorted Fairfax; and they both fell to laughing, while Mary fell to blushing and looking more charming than before.

"Well, Miss Hamilton, and is your business forwarded? Then we must be off; the day is well squandered already," said John Davis.

"I shall first take Miss Hamilton to our good housekeeper for a dish of tea before she rides home," protested the host kindly. "I am grieved that my lady is not here; but our housekeeper, Mrs. Mullet, can offer the dish of tea, if so stern a Boston Patriot does not forbid. You will try the Jamaica spirits again yourself, sir? A second glass is always better than the first, Mr. Alderman!"

"I shall speak with my friends as to

these Plymouth affairs, and do my best for you," Lord Newburgh kindly assured Miss Hamilton, as they parted. "You shall see me in Bristol to-morrow. Ah, this letter!" and he spoke in a low voice. "It touches my heart to think that you know so well our sad inheritance. My poor father and poor Darwentwater! Every one here knows their melancholy fate, their 'sad honors of the axe and block;' but there were things covered in those days that are secrets still in England. *He speaks of the Newgate supper to me! . . . 'Twas he himself who saved . . . and only a lad'* . . . But Mary could not hear the rest.

"I must see you again," he continued, aloud. "I shall have a thousand questions to put to you, and many messages for your old Master Sullivan (God bless him!) when you return. I offer you my friendship for his sake," and Lord Newburgh stood with bared head beside the horse when Miss Hamilton was mounted. "We have pleasant Dilston Hall to our home no more these many years; we Ratcliffes are all done; but at Slindon you shall be very welcome. I shall wait upon Madam Wallingford to-morrow, and bring her what good comfort I can."

The alderman was warmed by Mr. Fairfax's hospitalities, and rode beside his young guest as proudly as if he were the lord mayor on high holiday. The streets of Bath were crowded with idle gentlefolk; 't was a lovely day, and many people of fashion were taking the air as well as the famous waters. 'T was a fine sight for a New England girl, and Mary herself was beheld with an admiration that was by no means silent. Their horses' feet clacked sharply on the cobblestones, as if eager to shorten the homeward road, and the young rider sat as light as her heart was, now the errand was done. 'T was a pretty thing, her unconsciousness of all admiration; she might have been flitting along a

shady road under the pines at home, startling the brown rabbits, and keeping a steady hand on the black Duke's rein to be ready for sudden freaks. She did not see that all along by the pump room they were watching her as she passed. She was taking good news to Bristol, that Lord Newburgh had given his word of honor that Roger Wallingford should be pardoned and set free. Was not his mother a great lady, and heartily loyal to the Crown? Was there not talk of his having been suspected of the same principles on board the American privateer? It must be confessed that Lord Newburgh's face had taken on a look of amused assurance when these facts were somewhat unwillingly disclosed; they were the last points in the lieutenant's history which Mary herself would have willingly consented to use, even as a means of deliverance from captivity, but they had won an easy promise of freedom.

"She's a rebel indeed, but God bless me, I don't blame her!" laughed the noble lord, as he reflected upon their conversation. It was not in his loyal heart to forget his heritage. Whatever might fall out in the matter of those distressed seamen who now suffered in the Mill Prison, no man could fail of pleasure in doing service for such sweet eyes as Miss Mary Hamilton's. There were some private reasons why he could go boldly to ask this great favor, and Lord Mount Edgecumbe was as good as master of the town of Plymouth, both by land and sea, and responsible for her concerns.

"I'll make him ride with me to Bristol to-morrow to see these ladies," said Lord Newburgh from a generous heart. "'T will be a sweet reward, he may take my word for it!"

XXXVII.

The order for Lieutenant Wallingford's release was soon in hand, but the

long journey across country from Bristol to Plymouth seemed almost as long as all the time spent in crossing the sea. From the morning hour when the two elder ladies had watched Miss Hamilton and her kind old cavalier ride away down the narrow Bristol street, with a stout man servant well mounted behind them, until the day they were in sight of Plymouth Hoe, each minute seemed slower than the last. It was a pretty journey from inn to inn, and the alderman lent himself gayly to such unwonted holidays, while Mary's heart grew lighter on the way, and a bright, impatient happiness began to bloom afresh in her cheeks and to shine in her eyes.

They reached Plymouth town at nightfall, and Mary was for taking fresh horses and riding on to the Mill Prison. For once her face was dark with anger when the landlord argued against such haste. He was for their taking supper, and assured the travelers that not even the mayor of Plymouth himself could knock at the jail gate by night and think to have it opened.

Miss Hamilton turned from such officious speech with proud indifference, and looked expectantly at her companion.

"It is not every night they will have a pardon to consider," she said in a low voice to Mr. Davis. "We carry a letter from my Lord Mount Edgecumbe to the governor of the prison. We must first get speech with the guard, and then I have no fear."

The innkeeper looked provoked and wagged his head; he had already given orders for a bountiful supper, and was not going to let a rich Bristol merchant and two persons beside ride away without paying for it.

"We shall not be long away," said Mary, pleading. If she had known of the supper, she would have added that they might bring back another and a hungrier guest than they to sit at table.

The alderman was irresolute; he was

ready to succor a distressed prisoner, being a good Christian ; but he was hungry now, and they had been riding all day at a quicker pace than he might have followed if alone. His man servant, just come into the inn parlor to wait for orders, stole a meaning glance at him ; and they were two against one.

"No, no, my dear ; 't is a good bit further, and most likely we should have our ride in vain. I know the rules of such places, from our Bristol laws at home. The governor will most likely be here in the town. Rest you now, and let us make a good supper, and start again betimes in the morning." Then, seeing how disappointed and even determined her face grew, and that she looked very tired, "I am an old man, you must remember," he added kindly. "I believe that I am well spent to-night, and can do no more without resting."

She was silent then, and crossed the room to stand by the window. There was a voice in her heart that begged her to persist, to go on alone, if need be, and not let herself be hindered in her quest. It was still light out of doors ; the long twilight of the English summer was making this last step of her great adventure a possibility. She sighed ; the voice within still warned and pleaded with her. "Who are you ?" the girl said wonderingly. "Who are you that comes and helps me ? You are not my own thought, but some one wiser than I, who would be my friend !" It was as if some unseen ministering spirit were face to face with her, bringing this insistent thought that she hardly dared refuse to take for guidance.

She gazed out of the window. Sunset clouds were brightening the whole sky ; an afterglow was on the moorland hills eastward above the town. She could hear the roar of the ocean not far away ; there were cheerful voices coming up the street, and the citizens were all abroad with their comfortable pipes and chatter.

"Get me a fresh horse and a man

to follow," said Miss Hamilton, turning again to face the room.

The landlord himself was laying the white cloth for supper. Matthew, their old groom, was stiffly kneeling and pulling off his master's riding boots, and they all three looked at her in dismay.

"Our own horses are done, miss," said Matthew, with decision.

"I have none I can let you to-night from my stable," the landlord seconded. "There was a review to-day of our raw recruits for America, and I had to empty every stall. The three best are returned with saddle galls from their clumsy ignorance," he protested boldly.

Mary glanced at Mr. Davis, and was still unconvinced ; but all her determination was lost when she saw that the old man was really fatigued. Well, it was only one night more, and she must not insist. Perhaps they were right, and her ride would be in vain. At least she could send a messenger ; and to this proposal the landlord readily acceded, since, useless or not, it would be a shilling in his pocket, and a slow boy could carry the letter which the young lady made such haste to write.

She stopped more than once, with trembling fingers and trembling heart. "Dearest Roger," and the written words made her blush crimson and hold her face closer to the paper. "Dearest Roger, I would that I might come to you to-night ; but they say it is impossible. Your mother is in Bristol, and awaits you there. Mr. John Davis has brought me hither to the Crown Inn. In the morning we shall open the prison door for you. Oh, my dear Roger, to think that I shall see you at last !"

"When can we have the answer back ?" she asked ; and the landlord told her, smiling, that it would be very late, if indeed there were any answer at all, and reminded her, with insolent patience, that he had told her they would not open their prison gates, for Lords or Commons, to any one who came by night.

"You may send the answer by one of your maids to the lady's room," commanded the Bristol magnate, in a tone that chased the servile smile from the innkeeper's face.

When Mary waked, the morning sun was pouring in at her window, and there was no word of any answer. Old Matthew had spoken with the young messenger, and brought word that he had given the letter to one of the watch by the gate, who had taken the money, and promised to do his best to put the message into Mr. Wallingford's hands that night when they changed guard.

"We might have been here last night; why, 't is but a step!" said John Davis, as they drew near the dismal prison next morning; but his young companion made no answer. He could not guess what happy fear mingled with her glad anticipation now, nor how her certainties and apprehensions were battling with each other.

Matthew's own horse and another that he led for Mr. Wallingford were weighted with provisions, so that he trudged afoot alongside. It was easy to hear in Plymouth town how the American prisoners lacked such things, and yet Mary could hardly wait now to make the generous purchase which she had earlier planned. She could not know all that Matthew had learned, and told his master in whispers in the stable yard.

As they rode nearer to the prison a flaw of wind brought toward them all the horrible odors of the crowded place, like a warning of the distress and misery within. Though it was so early, there were many persons standing outside the gates: some of them were jeering at the sad spectacle, and some talking in a friendly way with the men who stood within. Happily, it was not only a few compassionate Americans who had posted themselves here to give what they could of food and succor, but among

the Plymouth folk themselves many a heart was wrung with pity, and one poor old body had toiled out of the town with a basket of food to smuggle through the bars; cakes and biscuit of a humble sort enough, but well flavored with love. Mary saw her take thread and needles out of her pocket, and sit down on the ground to mend some poor rags of clothing. "My own lad went for a sailor," she said, when they thanked her and called her "mother."

There was long delay; the guards pushed back the crowd again and again; one must stand close to see the sights within. All at once there was a cry and scuffling among the idlers, as some soldiers came riding up, one of them bringing an old horse with a man thrown across the saddle and tied down. As they loosed him he slid heavily to the ground, as if he were dead, and the spectators closed about him.

Mary Hamilton could only look on in horror and apprehension. Her companion was in the midst of the pushing crowd.

"'T was a prisoner who escaped last night and has been retaken," he said hastily, as he returned to her side. "You may stay here with Matthew, my dear, while I take our letters and go in. I see that it is no place for you; they are like wild beasts."

"I must go, too," said Mary; "you will not forbid me now. Good heavens!" she cried aloud. "Now that they are away from the gate I can see within. Oh, the poor prisoners! Oh, I cannot bear their sick faces! They are starving, sir! These must be the men who had the fever you told me of. Let us go in at once. I wish we had brought more wine and food to these poor fellows!" she cried again, and was in a passion of pity and terror at the sight.

"Let us go in! Let us go in!" she begged. "Oh, you forget that they are my own countrymen! I cannot wait!"

The guard now returned with a mes-

sage, and the alderman gave his bridle to the groom. Mary was afoot sooner than he, and had run to the gate, pushing her way among the idle sightseers to the heavy grating. They were calling from both sides of the gate to old Matthew, who was standing with the horses, to come up and give them what he had brought. Mary Hamilton felt as if she were among wolves: they did not listen; they did not wait to find what she had to say. "For love of God, give me a shilling for a little 'baccy, my lady," said one voice in her ear. "I'll fetch them the 'baccy from the town, poor boys; they lack it most of anything, and he'll drink the money!" protested an old beggar woman at her side. "Go in? They'll let no ladies in!" and she gave a queer laugh. "And if you're in, all you'll pray for is to be out again and forget the sight."

The governor was in his room, which had a small grated window toward the prison yard; but there was a curtain before it, and he looked up anxiously to see if this were close drawn as his early guests came in. This task of jailer was a terrible duty for any man, and he swore under his breath at Lord Mount Edgecumbe for interfering with what at best was an impossible piece of business. If he had seen to it that they had decent supplies, and hanged a score of their purveyors and contractors, now, or had blown the whole rotten place into the air with his fleet guns, 't were a better kindness!

The clerk stood waiting for orders.

"Show them in, then, these people," he grumbled, and made a feint of being busy with some papers as Miss Hamilton and her escort entered. The governor saw at once that the honorable Mr. Davis was a man of consequence.

"My Lord Mount Edgecumbe writes me that you would make inquiries for a prisoner here," said the old soldier, less roughly because the second guest proved

to be a lady and most fair to see. She looked very pale, and was watching him with angry eyes. As she had crossed the prison yard, she had seen fewer miseries because her tears had blinded her. There had been one imploring voice calling her by her own name. "Stop, Miss Hamilton, stop, for God's sake!" some one had cried; but the guard had kept the poor prisoners off, and an attendant hurried her along by force when she would gladly have lingered. The horror of it all was too much for her; it was the first time she had ever been in a jail.

"I am afraid of your sad disappointment, madam," said the governor of the prison. "You wished to see Lieutenant Roger Wallingford. I grieve to say" — He spoke kindly, but looked toward Mary and stopped, and then, sighing heavily, turned his eyes toward Mr. Davis with a kind of relief.

"He is not dead, I hope, sir?" asked the old man, for Mary could not speak. "We have the order for his release."

"No, he is not dead to any certain knowledge," explained the governor, more slowly than before, "but he was one of a party that made their escape from this prison last night; 't was through one of their silly tunnels that they dig. They have some of them been shot down, and one, I hear, has just been taken and brought in alive; but Wallingford's name is not among any of these." He turned to some papers, and then went to the grated window and looked out, but pulled the curtain across it impatiently as he came away.

"You brought his pardon?" the governor asked brusquely. "I should think he would be the last man for a pardon. Why, he was with Paul Jones, sir; but a very decent fellow, a gentleman, they tell me. I did not see him; I am not long here. This young lady had best go back to the inn," and he stole a look at Mary, who sat in despairing silence. A strange flush had replaced her first pallor.

She had thought but a moment before that she should soon look into Roger Wallingford's face and tell him that he was free. On the end of the governor's writing table lay the note she had written with such a happy heart only the night before

XXXVIII.

The town of Bristol was crowded with Loyalist refugees: some who had fled the colonies for honest love of their King, and some who believed that when the King's troops had put down the rebellion they should be well rewarded for holding to his cause. They were most of them cut off from what estates they may have had, and were begging for pensions from a government that seemed cruelly indifferent. Their sad faces fairly shadowed the Bristol streets, while many of them idled the day through, discussing their prospects with one another, and killing time that might have been lived to some profit. The disappointment of their hope was unexpected, and an England that showed them neither sympathy nor honor when they landed on her shores, glowing with self-sacrifice, was but a sad astonishment. England, their own mother country, seemed fallen into a querulous dotage, with her King's ministers so pompous in their stupid ignorance and self-consequence, and her best statesmen fighting hard to be heard. It was an age of gamester heroes and of reckless living; a poor page of English history was unfolded before their wistful eyes. These honest Loyalists were made to know the mortified feelings of country gentlefolk come unheralded to a city house that was busy with its splendors on a feast day, and impatient of what was inopportune. Worse than this, though Judge Curwen and other loyal Americans of his company were still hopeful of consideration, and of being warmly received by England as her own

true children, they were oftener held guilty of the vexing behavior of their brothers, those rebels against English authority whom they had left behind.

Something to Mary's wonder, Madam Wallingford would have few of them to friend. She was too great a person at home to consent even now to any social familiarity on the score of political sympathies. She was known to have brought much money, and it was made easy for her to share this with one and another distressed acquaintance or friend's friend; but while this was done with generosity, she showed herself more and more impatient of their arguments, even of those complaints which were always ready, and the story of such grievances as had led them into exile.

"I am too ill and sad to listen to these things," she said often, even to her friends the Pepperrells, who came from London to visit her. "I only know my country's troubles through my own sorrow." She begged them at last to find poor Roger's grave, so she might go there to pray for him: 't was all that she could do. "Oh no," she would say mournfully to those who looked for her assent to their own views of the great situation, "do not expect me to understand you. I am only a mother, and all my life is done!"

The Bristol streets were busy as Miss Hamilton came walking through the town, and the bells were ringing for a holiday. She was deep in anxious thought, and kept steadily on her way toward the abbey church, without even a glance at a tradesman's window or a look at the people she met. Life was filled with new anxieties. Since the day when they had left Plymouth they could find no trace of Roger Wallingford, beyond the certainty that he had made his escape with some fellow prisoners through a tunnel which they had been for many days digging under the prison wall. There had been a light near the

opening in the field outside, and a guard set, but six men had gone out of the narrow hole and crawled away. It was a windy night, and the lantern light and shadows wavered on the ground to hide them. Two were shot and killed, but two were captured and brought back at once, while another was shot and got away, stumbling and falling often, and bleeding like a slaughtered creature, as the watch could see next morning by daylight. This poor fellow had escaped to the moors; there was a pool of blood in a place where he must have hidden for some hours among the furze bushes. There was so large a bounty paid for any escaped traitors and felons like these, who might be brought back alive to the Mill Prison, that the poor moorland folk back of Plymouth were ever on the quest. Roger Wallingford might have been that bleeding man. They would not dare to keep together; his companion might have left him dying or dead somewhere in the lonely waste country that stretched miles away above the prison. His fate was sure if he should be captured; he was not a man to yield his life too easily. There were some carefully worded notices posted, — broadsides which might easily reach the eyes of such fugitives if they ventured into any of the Devon towns near by; but they might well have starved to death by this time in the deserts of Dartmoor. One sailor beside the lieutenant had succeeded in making his escape.

Mary Hamilton had left her lady pale and in tears that morning, and all her affectionate solicitude had been in vain.

There was some relief in finding herself afoot in the fresh air. For the first time she wondered if they must yield all their hopes and think of going home. It must be so if they should come to know that Roger was really dead, and her heart stopped as if with a sudden shock. Alas, next moment she remembered that for poor Madam Wallingford

there was no safe return; her son was not yet disproven of Tory crimes. If there were any chance of sailing, the poor lady was far too ill and feeble in these last days. The summer, the little that was left of it, looked long and dreary; the days were already growing short. There had not come a word from home since they sailed.

There was no longer much use in riding abroad on futile quests, and in these last days most persons had ceased to ask if there were any news of the lieutenant. Week after week had gone by, and his mother's proud courage was gone, while her bodily strength was fast failing. Lord Newburgh and Mr. Fairfax, even the great Lord Mount Edgumbe himself, had shown very great kindness in so difficult a matter, and Mary never let them go away unthanked for any favors which it could only be a happiness for any man to bestow. The gift and spell of beauty were always hers, and a heart that was always ready to show both gratitude and affection. She might not speak these things, but she was instant in giving the sweetest recognition to the smallest service that she might discover.

The abbey church of Augustine was cool and dim as Mary Hamilton went in, with a drooping head and a heavy heart. Her courage had never before seemed so utterly to fail. She had passed two forlorn Royalists at the gatehouse who were talking of their pensions, and heard one of them say, "If I were safe home again I'd never leave it, principles or no principles!" and the words rang dull and heavy in her ears. She sat down on an old stone bench in the side aisle; the light came sifting down to the worn stone pavement, but she was in shadow, behind a great pillar that stood like a monstrous tree to hold the lofty roof.

There was no one in sight. The lonely girl looked up at a familiar old Jacobean monument on the wall, with the

primly ruffed father and mother kneeling side by side with clasped hands, and their children kneeling in a row behind them down to the very least, in a pious little succession. They were all together there in comfortable safety, and many ancient mural tablets covered the walls about them with the names and virtues of soldiers and sailors, priests and noblemen, and gallant gentlemen of old England with their children and their good wives.

"They have all won through," whispered Mary to herself. "They have all fought the long battle and have carried care like me, and they have all won through. I shall not be a coward, either," and her young heart rose; but still the tears kept coming, and she sat bowed in the shadow and could not lift her head, which until lately had faced the sun like a flower. She sat there, at last, not thinking of her present troubles, but of home: of old Peggy, and the young maids who often sang at their pleasant work; the great river at full tide, with its wooded shores and all its points and bays; the fishing weirs in the distance; the slow, swaying flight of the eagles and the straight course of the herons overhead. She thought of the large, quiet house facing southward, and its rows of elms, and the slender poplars going down the garden terraces; she even heard the drone of the river falls; she saw the house standing empty, the wide doors all shut to their old hospitality. A sense of awful distance fell upon her heart. The responsibility and hopelessness of her errand were too heavy on her young heart. She covered her face and bent still lower, but she could not stop her tears.

There came the sound of footsteps up the nave of the abbey: it might be the old verger in his rusty gown, or some sightseer stopping here and there to read an inscription. Poor Mary's tears would have their way: to one of her deep na-

ture weeping was sad enough in itself; to cry for sorrow's sake was no common sorrow. She was safe in her dim corner, and thought little of being seen; she was only a poor girl in sore trouble, with her head sunk in her hands, who could not in any way concern a stranger. The wandering footsteps stopped near by, instead of going on and entering the choir. She noticed then, in a dull way, the light echo of their sound among the arches overhead.

"My God!" said a man's voice, as if in great dismay.

The speaker stepped quickly to Mary's side, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She looked up into the face of Captain Paul Jones of the Ranger.

XXXIX.

The captain's eyes were full of tears; 't was no sign that he lacked manliness. To find Miss Hamilton in England, to find her alone and in piteous despair, was the opportunity of his own heart. He could not but be startled into wondering silence; the event was too astonishing even for one so equal to emergencies; but he at once stood ready, with beating heart and sure sense of a man's abundant strength, to shelter her and to fight against the thing that troubled her, whatever it might be. Presently he seated himself by Mary's side, and took her hand in his and held it fast, still without speaking. She was the better for such friendliness, and yet wept the more for his very sympathy.

The captain waited until her passion of tears had spent itself. It was a pity she could not watch his compassionate face; all that was best and kindest in the man was there to see, with a grave look born of conflict and many grievous disappointments. To see Paul Jones now, one could not but believe him capable of the sternest self-command; he had at least the unassuming and quiet

pride of a man who knows no master save himself. His eyes were full of womanly tenderness as he looked down at the pathetic bowed head beside him. Next moment they had a keen brightness as he caught sight of a tablet on the abbey wall to some Bristol hero long dead, — the gallant servant, through many perils by sea and land, of Anne his Queen : 't was a record that the captain's heart could perfectly understand.

"Calm yourself now, my dearest girl," he said at last, with gentle authority. "I must not stay long beside you ; I am always in danger here. I was not unknown in Bristol as a young man."

Mary lifted her head ; for a moment the sight of his face helped to put her own miseries quite out of mind. Her ready sympathy was quickly enough roused when she saw how Paul Jones had changed. He had grown much older ; years might have passed instead of months since that last evening he had spent in America, when she had seen him go away with his men by moonlight down the river. More than ever now he might easily win the admiration of a woman's heart ! She had half forgotten the charm of his voice, the simple directness of his eyes and their strange light, with something in his behavior that men called arrogance and willful rivalry, and women recognized as a natural royalty and irresistible, compelling power. To men he was too imperious, to women all gentleness and courtesy.

"You are in disguise !" she exclaimed, amazed at his courage. "How do you dare, even you, to be here in Bristol in broad day ?" and she found herself smiling, in spite of her unchecked tears. The captain held a rough woolen cap in his hand ; he was dressed in that poor garb of the hungry Spanish sailor of Quiberon, which had so often done him good service.

"Tell me what has brought you here," he answered her. "That is by far the greatest wonder. I am no fit figure to sit

beside you, but 't is the hand of God that has brought us here together. Heaven forbid that you should ever shed such bitter tears again !" he said devoutly, and sat gazing at her like a man in a daydream.

"Sometimes God wills that we shall be sorry-hearted ; but when he sends the comfort of a friend, God himself can do no more," answered the girl, and there fell a silence between them. There was a sparrow flying to and fro among the pillars, and chirping gayly under the high roof, — a tiny far-fallen note, and full of busy cheer. The late summer sunshine lay along the floor of that ancient house of God where Mary and the captain sat alone together, and there seemed to be no other soul in the place.

Her face was shining brighter and brighter ; at last, at last she could know the truth, and hear what had happened at Whitehaven, and ask for help where help could be surely given.

"But why are you here ? You must indeed be bold, my lord captain !" she ventured again, in something very like the old gay manner that he knew ; yet she still looked very white, except for her tear-stained eyes. "There were new tales of your seafaring told in the town only yesterday. I believe they are expecting you in every corner of England at once, and every flock of their shipping is dreading a sight of the Sea Wolf."

"I do my own errands, — that is all," replied the captain soberly. "My poor Ranger is lying now in the port of Brest. I am much hampered by enemies, but I shall presently break their nets. . . . I was for a look at their shipping here, and how well they can defend it. There is an able, well-manned fish boat out of Roscoff, on the Breton coast, which serves me well on these expeditions. I have a plan, later, for doing great mischief to their Baltic fleet. I had to bring with me the worst of my ship's company ; 't is my only discomfort," said Paul Jones,

with bitterness. "I have suffered far too much," and he sighed heavily and changed his tone. "I believe now that God's providence has brought me to your side; such happiness as this makes up for everything. You remember that I have been a sailor all my life," he continued, as if he could not trust himself to speak with true feeling. "I have been acquainted since childhood with these English poets."

"You did not know that I had come to Bristol?" said Mary. "Oh yes, we have been here these many weeks now," and she also sighed.

"How should I know?" asked Paul Jones impatiently. "I am overwhelmed by such an amazing discovery. I could burst into tears; I am near to being unmanned, though you do not suspect it. Think, dear, think what it is to me! I have no discretion, either, when I babble my most secret affairs aloud, and hardly know what I am saying. I must leave you in a few short moments. What has brought you here? Tell me the truth, and how I may safely manage to see you once again. If you were only in France, with my dear ladies there! They would love and cherish you with all their kind hearts. 'Tis the Duchess of Chartres who has been my good angel since I came to France, and another most exquisite being whom I first met at her house, — a royal princess, too. Oh, I have much to tell you! Their generous friendship and perfect sympathy alone have kept me from sinking down. I have suffered unbelievable torture from the jealousy and ignorance of men who should have known their business better, and given me every aid."

"I am thankful you have such friends as these ladies," said Mary, with great sweetness. "I am sure that you also have been a friend to them. Some knowledge of your difficulties had reached us before we left home; but, as you know, intercourse is now much interrupted, and we were often uncertain of what had

passed at such a distance. We hear nothing from home, either," she added mournfully. "We are in great distress of mind; you could see that I was not very cheerful. . . . I fear in my heart that poor Madam Wallingford will die."

"Madam Wallingford!" repeated the captain. "You cannot mean that she is here!" he exclaimed, with blank astonishment. His tone was full of reproach, and even resentment. "Poor lady! I own that I have had her in my thoughts, and could not but pity her natural distress," he added, with some restraint, and then burst forth into excited speech: "There is no need that they should make a tool of you, — you who are a Patriot and Hamilton's own sister! This is arant foolishness!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood before Miss Hamilton, with his eyes fixed angrily upon her face. "If I could tell you everything! Oh, I am outdone with this!" he cried, with a gesture of contempt.

"Captain Paul Jones," she said, rising quickly to confront him, "I beg you to tell me everything. I cannot believe that Roger Wallingford is a traitor, and I love his mother almost as if she were my own. I came to England with her of my own wish and free will, and because it was my right to come. Will you tell me plainly what has happened, and why you do not take his part?"

The captain's quick change from such deep sympathy as he had shown for her tears to a complete scorn of their cause could only give a sad shock to Mary Hamilton's heart. He was no helper, after all. There came a dizzy bewilderment like a veil over her mind; it seemed as if she felt the final blow of Fate. She had not known how far she had spent her strength, or how her very homesickness had weakened her that day.

"I fear it is true enough that he betrayed us at Whitehaven," said Paul Jones slowly, and not unmindful of her piteous look. "I could not bring myself

to doubt him at first; indeed, I was all for him. I believe that I trusted him above every man on board. I was his champion until I found he had been meddling with my papers, — my most secret dispatches, too; yes, I have proof of this! And since then some of the stolen pages have found their way into our enemies' hands. He has not only betrayed me, but his country too; and worst of all in men's eyes, he has sinned against the code of honor. Yet there is one thing I will and must remember: 't is never the meanest men who serve their chosen cause as spies. The pity is that where success may be illustrious, the business asks completest sacrifice, and failure is the blackest disgrace. 'T is Wallingford's reward. I loved him once, and now I could stand at the gallows and see him hanged! Perhaps he would say that he acted from high motives, — 't is ever a spy's excuse; but I trusted him, and he would have ruined me."

"I do not believe that he is guilty," declared Mary Hamilton, with perfect calmness, though she had drawn back in horror as she heard the last words and saw such blazing anger in Paul Jones's eyes. "You must look elsewhere for your enemy," she insisted, — "for some other man whose character would not forbid such acts as these. If Roger Wallingford has broken his oath of allegiance, my faith in character is done; but I have known him all my life, and I can answer for him. Believe me, there is some mistake." Her eyes did not fall; as the captain held them straight and answerable with his own she met the challenge of his look, and there came a beautiful glow of pity and gentleness upon her face.

The captain gave a long sigh.

"I am sure that you are mistaken," she said again, quietly, since he did not speak. "We are now in great trouble, and even despair, about Mr. Wallingford, and have been able to get no word from him. We have his pardon in hand;

't would make you wonder if I told you how it came to us. Your lieutenant was left most cruelly wounded on the shore at Whitehaven, and was like to die on the long journey to Plymouth jail where they sent him. How he has lived through all his sufferings I do not know. I have seen the Mill Prison, myself; they would not even let us speak with those who knew him among our poor captives. The night before we reached the prison he had escaped; there were some men shot down who were of his party. We can get no trace of him at all. Whether he is dead on the great moor, or still alive and wandering in distress, no one can tell. This does not look as if he were a spy for England; it were easy to give himself up, and to prove such a simple thing, if only to be spared such misery. I am afraid that his mother will soon fade out of life, now that, after all these weeks, she believes him dead. She thought he would return with us, when she saw us ride away to Plymouth, and the disappointment was more than she could bear."

The bitter memory of that morning at the Mill Prison was like a sword in Mary's heart, and she stopped; she had spoken quickly, and was now trembling from head to foot. "I thought, when I saw your face, that you would know how to help us find him," she said sorrowfully, under her breath.

"If I have been wrong," exclaimed the captain, "if I have been wrong, I shall give my life to make amends! But all the proofs were there. I even found a bit of one of my own papers among his effects, — 't was in a book he had been reading. But I hid the matter from every one on board; I could not bear they should know it. Dickson's word was their mainstay at first; but that counted worse than nothing to me, till there were other matters which fully upheld his account."

"Dickson has always been a man mis-trusted and reproached," protested Miss

Hamilton, with indignation. "There is a man for you whose character would not forbid such treachery! You must know, too, that he has a deep hatred for the Wallingfords, and would spare no pains to revenge himself."

The captain stood doubtful and dismayed. "I have gone over this sad matter by day and by night," he said; "I do not see where I could be mistaken. I went to the bottom of my evidence without regard to Dickson, and I found proof enough. I hate that man, and distrust him, yet I can find little fault with his service on the ship; and when I have been surest of catching him in a lie, he always proves to have told the exact truth, and wears a martyr's air, and is full of his cursed cant and talk of piety. Alas, I know not what can be done at this late day."

"Did you never think that Dickson could put many a proof like your bit of paper where your eyes alone could fall upon it?" asked Mary. "I remember well that he has tried more than once to cast blame upon others when he himself was the sinner. He has plenty of ability; 't is his use of it one may always fear."

The captain moved restlessly, as if conscious of her accusation. "Many believed Wallingford to be a Tory on the ship," he answered. "They were jealous and suspicious of his presence; but Dickson, who has warped Simpson's honest mind against me, may also have set his energies to this. If we could only find Wallingford! If we could only hear his own story of that night! In all this time he should have sent some word to me. If I were free, I'd soon know what they learned from him in the prison; he must have spoken openly with some of the Portsmouth men who are there. What can we do?" the speaker ended, in a different tone altogether, making a direct appeal to Mary. "If I have fallen a dupe to such a man as Dickson in this matter, I shall never

recover from the shame. You would never forgive me. Alas, how can I ask the question that my heart prompts! You are most unhappy," said Paul Jones, with exquisite compassion. "Is it because of Wallingford alone? Oh, Mary, is there no hope for me? You have had my letters? You cannot but remember how we parted!"

She looked at him imploringly.

"Tell me," said the captain. "I must ask a question that is very hard for me. I believe that you love this unfortunate officer, and desire his safety beyond everything else. Is it not true?"

Mary waited only a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, it is true," she said then. "I know now that we have always belonged to each other."

"Alas for my own happiness!" said the captain, looking at her. "I thought when we parted that last night"—He groaned, his words faltering. "Oh that I had only spoken! Glory has been a jealous mistress to me, and I dared not speak; I feared 't would cost me all her favor, if my thoughts were all for you. It seems a lifetime ago. I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were any use. I can do nothing without love. Oh, Mary, must you tell me that it is too late?"

The captain's voice made poignant outcry to the listener's heart. The air seemed to quiver in strange waves, and the walls of the abbey seemed to sway unsteadily. The strong, determined soul before her was pleading for an impossible happiness. Even better than he could know, she knew that he lacked a woman's constant love and upholding, and that, with all his noble powers, his life tended toward ruin and disappointment. She stood there, white and wistful; her compassionate heart was shaken with pity for his loneliness.

There was a change on the man's dark face; he took one step toward her, and then was conscious of a strange sep-

aration between them. Mary did not move, she did not speak; she stood there as a ghost might stand by night to pity the troubles of men. She knew, with a woman's foresight, the difference it would make if she could only stand with love and patience by his side.

"There must be some one to love you as it is in your heart to love," she told him then. "God bless you and give you such a happiness! You are sure to find each other in this sad world. I know you will! I know you will!"

One of the great bells began to ring in the tower above, and its vibrations jarred her strangely; she could hardly hinder herself now from a new outburst of tears, and could not think clearly any more, and was trembling with weakness.

"I must go home if I can," she whispered, but her voice was very low. "I cannot get home alone — No, no, I must not let you be so kind!"

He placed her gently on the stone bench, and she leaned back heavily with his arm about her, thankful for some protecting affection in her brief bewilderment. She could not but hear his pitying, endearing words as her faintness passed; the poor girl was so breathless and weak that she could only throw herself upon his mercy. There was even an unexpected comfort in his presence, — she had been so much alone with strangers; and she forgot everything save that he was a friend of her happier days. And as for the captain, he had held her in his arms, she had turned to him with touching readiness in her distress; nothing could ever rob his heart of the remembrance.

He watched her with solicitude as her color came back, and lingered until he saw that she was herself again. They must part quickly, for he could not venture to be seen with her in the open streets.

"You have convinced me that I may have been wrong about Wallingford,"

he said impulsively. "I shall now do my best to aid you and to search the matter out. I shall see you again. Your happiness will always be very dear to me. I can but thank Heaven for our being here together, though I have only added something to your pain. Perhaps these troubles may not be far from their solution, and I shall see you soon in happier hours."

He kissed her hand and let it go; his old hope went with it; there must be a quick ending now. A man must always resent pity for himself, but his heart was full of tenderest pity for this overburdened girl. There had been few moments of any sort of weakness in all the course of her long bravery, — he was sure enough of that, — and only loved her the more. She had been the first to show him some higher things: 't was not alone her charm, but her character, her great power of affection, her perfect friendship, that would make him a nobler lover to his life's end.

She watched him as he went away down the nave toward the open door; the poverty of such disguise and the poor sailor's threadbare dress could not hide a familiar figure, but he was alert no more, and even drooped a little as he stood for one moment in the doorway. He did not once look back; there were people in the church now, and his eyes were bent upon the ground. Then he lifted his head with all the spirit that belonged to him, stepped out boldly from the shadow into the bright daylight beyond, and was gone.

The old verger crossed over to speak with Mary; he had learned to know her by sight, as she came often to the abbey church, and guessed that she might be one of the exiles from America.

"'T was some poor sailor begging, I misdoubt. There's a sight o' beggars stranded in the town. I hope he would not make bold to vex you, my lady?" asked the dim-eyed old man, fumbling

his snuffbox with trembling hands. "I fell asleep in the chapter room."

"'T was some one I had known at home," Miss Hamilton answered. "He is a good man," and she smiled a little as she spoke. It would be so easy to cause a consternation in the town. Her head was steady now, but she still sat where the captain left her.

"'T is a beautiful monymment, — that one," said the verger, pointing up to the kneeling figures in their prim ruffs. "'T is as beautiful a monymment as any here. I've made bold to notice how you often sits here to view it. Some o' your Ameriky folks was obsarvin' as their forbears was all buried in this abbey in ancient times; 't would be sure to make the owd place a bit homely."

The bells were still chiming, and there were worshipers coming in. Mary Hamilton slipped away, lest she should meet some acquaintance; she felt herself shaken as if by a tempest. Paul Jones had gone into fresh danger when he left her side; his life was spent among risks and chances. She might have been gentler

to him, and sent him away better comforted.

She walked slowly, and once stood still in the street, startled by the remembrance of her frank confession of love; the warm color rushed to her pale face. To have told the captain, when she had never told Roger himself, or his mother, or any but her own heart! Yet all her sorrows were lightened by these unconsidered words: the whole world might hear them now; they were no secret any more.

There were busy groups of people about the taverns and tobacco shops, as if some new excitement were in the air; it might be that there was news from America. As Mary passed, she heard one man shout to another that John Paul Jones, the pirate, had been seen the day before in Bristol itself. An old sailor, just landed from a long voyage at sea, had known him as he passed. There was word, too, that the Ranger had lately been sighted again off Plymouth, and had taken two prizes in the very teeth of the King's fleet.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

ASPECTS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THEY have staged electricity at Buffalo this summer, and they call it the Pan-American Exposition. It took a rectangle of 350 acres for the stage, and over \$10,000,000 for the settings. The result, baldly stated, is the most glorious night scene the world has ever had the fortune to witness. The staging of Niagara is the one unforgettable thing about the affair.

The Pan-American is, however, much more than this. How much more, successfully, it would be hard to say at the present. The matter is at once so am-

bitious and so audacious that it needs perspective to decide magisterially just what has been attained, and what has been aimed at, but not struck. It is safe to say at least this: that the public has been treated to a genuine surprise, no less welcome than unexpected.

In order to see what the directors of this great spectacle have accomplished, it is necessary to note both their aims and their limitations. When the project was definitely determined upon and the management set to work, it saw that the time had long passed when a great

exposition could be merely a glorified market, a place for the showing of wares, of processes and products. With the World's Fair, expositions ceased primarily to be exaggerated marts; they began to be resplendent spectacles. The most Chicago did was to try to lime the bird of trade upon the twig of beauty. The predominant note began to be amusement, and it is amusement both in its higher and in some of its lower forms that is directly aimed at by the Pan-American. It is true that Chicago had its Court of Honor; but where one remembers that, a dozen remember the Midway.

In the beginning little more than a vast corporate enterprise, the managers saw that, as a business proposition, the measure of its financial success would be its attendance. So, businesslike, they sowed attractions that they might reap crowds. The wonder is that they have given the people something which fills them with pleasure, and at the same time does not offend the critics.

Their limitations, then, came from the very nature of the problem itself and the still freshly remembered glory of the World's Fair. They must attain as great a success on different lines. As the scale must be smaller, the effect must be more intense. Perhaps to this is due the color scheme. Niagara is a few miles away; this suggested the plan of illumination. So they set to work.

It may be well to say that the original generic scheme for the Exposition, that of joining the three Americas in a unified attempt to show one another their trade resources, seems to be in results far less prominent than was hoped at first. For one reason or another, — I have heard European influences in South America given as a chief cause, — the Latin Americas did not coöperate as was expected. The great trade idea upon which the Pan-American was originally based gradually faded, and gave place to the idea of an electrical beatification, —

for which the spectator will perhaps be thankful. There are exhibits, to be sure, from most of the South American countries, but the United States occupies industrially foreground, background, and middle distance. The other countries fill in the odd corners. The ardent patriot will see no lack of proportion in this; and as there is a hint of Mexico and the Argentine, and very creditable exhibits by Chile and Honduras, we have enough of the sister continent to justify the name. Most of the southern republics are represented in one way or another. It is hard, however, to explain the insufficiency of Canada's exhibit. It is upon much too small a scale to do credit to her great resources. It is worthy of note that when the other countries realized the importance and beauty of the Pan-American, they set about vigorously to retrieve themselves.

So the staging of electricity was undertaken. There was Buffalo to start with, and Buffalo is backed in the great race of American cities by the power of Niagara and the commerce of the Lakes. It is delightfully accessible and pleasing. Here was the psychological place. It was also the psychological moment, — a period of general prosperity, a time when America had set about her great task of making commercial vassals of the Old World countries. The psychological idea came with electricity, and under this happy triad of influences conspiring for success the work was begun.

The managers took a big rectangle of unused land to the north of a beautiful park, and welded with it the most attractive portion of that park for their groundwork. Then they charted an effect. They put millions into an attempt to please, and did more, for they have both pleased and startled, — an effect peculiarly delightful to Americans.

But nothing was done fortuitously. Never was an exposition so planned for the *ensemble*. The whole must be bet-

ter than any part; each part must be a legitimate factor in the whole. The Exposition must be at base philosophic, on the surface theatric. An understanding of the philosophy of the Pan-American is material for its fullest enjoyment. It also shows the scope and the Americanism of the whole effect.

Imagine, then, a Nibelungen-Lied in architecture! That is broadly what was planned. The audacity of the attempt is bewildering. Has the effect been gained? That will depend largely upon the temperament of the beholder.

But this is what has been attempted, and architecture, arrangement, color scheme, and vista all play their parts in the symbol. It was intended to represent nothing less than the strife of Man with Nature. The great Electric Tower, 408 feet high, represents his victory in the conflict. The other buildings, with their accessories of sculpture and garden, all are symbols leading up to this effect. The matter is much too complex for treatment in this article. It is given in some detail in the very excellent art handbook sold on the grounds. It is safe to say that many will find the symbols both inspiring and well carried out. It is no less safe to say that the general, if they know of the plan at all, will be more astonished than impressed. But it explains much that is otherwise chaotic, and it shows the very elaborate unity that underlies the whole.

To understand properly this underlying motif, a glance at the plan in general is here needed. Entering the Exposition by the Lincoln Parkway gate, — and it is inadvisable to enter by any other for the first time, — the spectator sees the content of quiet nature, quiet water, green spaces, clumps of trees. Advancing, he comes upon a formal colonnade. The natural note dies. The rows of columns begin to be flanked with symmetrical gardens. The strife with Nature has begun. As he goes on, he comes upon a Triumphal Entrance, at once the

most striking and beautiful bit of architecture at the Exposition. Four massive pylons, or bridge piers, decorated out of rectangularity by statuary and niche, each bearing a magnificent equestrian statue, connected at the right and left with massive chains of shields, form the feature of the bridge. These pylons frame the only successful vista at the fair. Before the spectator, as he stands on the bridge, is unfolded the clamorous glory of the Pan-American. He sees a great court peopled with statuary rising from fountains and basins. Directly ahead of him, at the end of the court, is the dramatic climax of the scene, the Electric Tower. Over walls of gayly hued buildings the Tower arises in tinted majesty. Directly in front is a wide esplanade, that reaches on the right to the Government Building, on the left to the Horticultural Building. The effect is that of a huge cross, the upright being the axis which runs from the Tower through the centre of the bridge which bears the pylons.

Remember that this is all in color. That white note in the immediate foreground is the Fountain of Abundance. Save the dusty white of the asphalt pavements, that is all the white the eye is permitted to see. The rest is an intemperate iris, a rainbow gone mad.

Reviewing the general scene and studying it more closely, one gets a subtle harmony out of this architectural orchestration. The eye is carried naturally to the Electric Tower between the crowded and fantastic lines of walls. But it is not carried easily. The sky line is tortured into a miscellany of curves and angles. There is architectural balance, but the serration of the sky line rather obscures it at first. But what with particularity does one see?

To the right, again, is the Government Building, an excellent effort, forming with its elaborate fountain the right arm of the great cross. This is balanced on the left by the Horticultural Building

with a similar fountain. Both basins are crowded with statues and allegorical groups; those about Government representing Man, those about Horticulture representing Nature. The allegories are intricate and baffling without the aid of the art guidebook. For instance, the fountain of Nature balances the fountain of Man. Nature is an allegorization of the sun and the stars, with the Globe, upon which are figures representing the four elements, and below river and brook, mountain and dale. The fountain of Man is surmounted by a double figure representing the two natures of man joined by a veil, the mystery of the soul. Below are the Five Senses, hand in hand, supporting it. Such are the chief groups of the fountains; but there are many others, even more complex.

Beginning with the great court which culminates in the Electric Tower, the same idea is carried out. On the side of Man now in strife with Nature is Ethnology, — a huge dome, supported by four highly decorated walls; opposite is the Temple of Music, on Nature's side, — a similar dome, with even more highly decorated walls, too ornate for satisfaction. The great court starts at this point, and sweeps widely up to the Tower. It is full of statuary rising from fountain and cascade, and is a most elaborate and pretentious work. On the right, beyond Ethnology, and joined to it by the Court of Cypressess, is the building devoted to Manufactures and Liberal Arts, balanced on the left by the Court of Lilies and the Machinery and Transportation Building. Man's strife is thus shown in his accomplishment. Across the Mall which cuts the court at this point is Agriculture on the right, Electricity on the left. Just beyond them, and heading the great court, is the Electric Tower. Behind it is the Plaza, flanked by two decorative restaurants and a curved structure of great beauty, the Propylæa. The restaurant

to the right, pretentious and elegant, forms an entrance to the Stadium; to the left opens up the Midway. This is, then, the groundwork of the Pan-American.

It is difficult to do more than suggest the effect of all this color, this statuary, these fountains, and these buildings. Much is so largely without precedent that it strikes a beholder differently at different times. It is a great architectural ode; one that has forsworn metre, yet one that is rhythmical. Most observers interpreting through the architecture are rather puzzled than otherwise. There is less unity in design than was originally purposed. It was given out generally that the predominant architectural note would be Spanish; if not the Spanish of Mexico, at least a free Spanish Renaissance. But if any note of style is insistent, it is French, largely of the modern school. Machinery and Transportation, Electricity, and the Government Building are Spanish in feeling and treatment. The Temple of Music is potpourri Renaissance, Ethnology French, and Horticulture Italian. The upper part of the Electric Tower is Spanish, again, being our old friend La Giralda of Seville, but the curved colonnades at the base are French. What unity may we get from this babel of styles? Perhaps to call the whole Exposition Renaissance would allow a common note. But it is all more than exposition architecture. This revel of style and color is something far more than ordinary, far more than merely pleasing. Perhaps there is too little concentration of ornament to make it most effective; but as gayety is the note sought after, and as gayety is so signally achieved, it is hard to find fault with that. The architecture nowhere seeks to impress by sheer majesty, but rather by delightfulness. Aside from the pylons, the Stadium is the only building which is calm and restrained, and the Stadium is imposing indeed. As for the rest, one might

say that the general effect is that of a great exotic orchid, with the Tower for a stamen.

Has the color scheme been really successful? Has it a part in the general allegory? Aside from its decorative values, it is supposed to have a most subtle part. About the esplanade in the foreground of the vista the strongest primary colors have been applied, befitting the early strife of Man and Nature. Advancing toward the Tower, the tones are gradually subdued; there is less glare and flash, and the Tower, which is a gray ivory, forms again the culminating point. The director of color has cunningly suggested as the predominant note the light emerald green which he took from the hue of the water at the crest of Niagara Falls, and has carried it into every building. So we have warm yellow as the basis of the decoration of the Government Building, orange for Horticulture. Music receives a pure red for a basis, Ethnology an orange red. Machinery and Transportation is based on green, as Liberal Arts is on golden brown. Collected about the Tower is French gray, with the Tower itself a lighter gray. These basic notes are relieved by, and contrasted with, every variety of harmonizing hue; the domes in the foreground are blue, the smaller domes and other prominent ornaments gold. Every bit of detail, every spandrel, cornice, niche, grille, and rosette, is picked out in color. White is almost absent, and so as an illusion the tableau is more perfect; for the prevailing grays and the red of the roofs give an idea of permanence as they give an idea of age.

But the question will intrude itself, Is it a success? I heard one of the directors state his opinion in this way: "There are some mortals with a heaven-sent gift of selecting their own neckwear. Others take what the haberdasher forces upon them. The few who really select their own will find fault with the color scheme of the Pan-American." He spoke

the truth. The average mortal is pleased with this splash of color; it both pleases and astonishes. There may be some who will elevate their eyebrows a trifle, but the minority report will be drowned in the general clamor of approval.

This is in a lesser degree true of the sculpture. It plays so prominent a part in the Exposition, and withal so integral a part both in the design and as the key to the allegory, that it is deserving of detailed treatment. It is all the work of American sculptors, remember; and American sculpture is bold, innovating, audacious. There are many bones of contention here, many an argument, heated and vigorous, hidden within this elaborate garden of trade, in regard to its sculpture. When much else has faded from memory, the sculpture will be kept alive by discussion. It is the work of thirty-five artists. They were given every opportunity to express their individuality. And they did it.

Where else would we find the bare realism of a farming group, — a farmer, with conventional chin whiskers, in a baggy sack coat, guiding a plough, his attendant raising a whip behind him to urge on a yoked ox and horse? Where else might we see the double-bodied man referred to before, or Kronos, a winged figure representing the flight of time, standing on a turtle to represent the slowness of time? There are bones of contention, indeed, in the sculpture of the Pan-American. It would perhaps please every critic to say that there is here much of the very best and much of the very worst an exhibition has ever seen; but that would not indicate the general average of promise and execution. There are some surprises in sculpture in store for the spectator.

The landscape architecture deserves particular comment, as it is necessarily so strong a factor in the general plan. Its detail is surprisingly pleasing. The sunken gardens, aquatic gardens, the beds of flowering plants, groups of

trees, and lines of shrubs, add more to the general unity than the casual observer will ordinarily credit. Formal — yes, elaborately formal — as is the landscape architecture, it gives the ensemble a higher decorative value than any similar effort, at least in this country.

We have now given a partial idea of the stage for electricity. It is time for the entrance. Somewhere over in Canada has sunk the red ball of the sun, touching resplendently as he went the gold and blue of dome and finial. Standing before the pylons, and fronting the esplanade, one sees the slow dusk conquer the massed color, the insistent hues. The buildings huddle mysteriously together about the gray Tower, and here and there a band strikes up. Dim like an exhalation is the picture now, and a pervasive hush is over the scene. The splash of the fountains is, of a sudden, loud. The statues whisper together. The people are silent. There glows, before one knows it, a premonitory redness along up through the lines of pillars which range themselves in solemn file in the great court. Each pillar is surmounted with a close cluster of lights. And look! the great Tower itself is blushing a low red. The red is angry now, sharper, and there! daylight is almost here again. Each building has glimmered into light. Electricity has mounted her splendid throne. But it is not daylight; it is something almost better, — refined daylight; less frank, less brutal, less modern. Suddenly from everywhere there has come a light which is more than a glow, but less than a glare. In a second or so, the Exposition has grown from a city of shadows to a vision of light. And such a vision, and such a light!

Expositions, like men, thought the managers, should hitch their wagons to a star. The Pan-American has hitched its glorious wain to the Pleiades. It has harnessed itself to no less than 250,000 of those "domesticated, biddable stars"

called incandescent lights. It is no mere picking out the outline of a building in a row of lights. It is re-creating the architecture in a softer beauty, which, standing against the blue velvet of the sky, gives us a picture hitherto not possible even in dreamland. Arcades, cornices, mouldings, domes, wall spaces, all have burst into light. Metaphor has spent itself and become outworn upon previous efforts which were not a fraction of what is here achieved. The crowd does not applaud, as it stands nightly to watch this effect. Hand-clapping would indicate a mere vulgar approval. Were the wonder of it less complete, applause would be a natural note. There is nothing but a silence, an awed appreciation. It is all too far beyond experience for other manifestation. It would be interesting were some statistician to establish what was the candle power of ancient Pharos, — an illumination which was rated among the few wonders of the world, and which impressed contemporaries so vividly that it has come down through the centuries as an instance of man triumphant over the night. But here are 250,000 eight-candle-power incandescent lights, — some 35,000 on the Electric Tower alone. Here is the light of 2,000,000 candles in a small rectangle of a few acres. Add to the glowing bulbs the colored fountains, the great circling beams of search lights, and you can easily see why electricity properly staged, with the falls of Niagara back of it, is worth a transcontinental trip.

Electricity plays, indeed, the predominant part in the Pan-American Exposition. Viewing it less as a spectacle, and more as an educator, the same proportion is observed. It is here alone that the Exposition is less an epitome than a prophecy. We can trace a comprehensive history of electricity in the great exhibitions of the past century. The Centennial first gave the public its knowledge of the telephone. The Paris Exposition of 1881 had as its most prophetic

exhibit the incandescent light, which prophecy is so wonderfully realized here. The World's Fair marked the progress of electrical manufacture and development along a score of lines. The Pan-American is a lesson in the transmission of power that promises much for the future. But there is more.

Perhaps, on its industrial side, the most prophetic thing about the Pan-American is seen in certain exhibits in electro-metallurgical and electro-chemical lines. Unfortunately, the general public will perhaps not mark their importance; for the products alone are seen, not the processes. But viewed comprehensively their significance is great. They are, in short, an industrial fourth dimension. An insight into the importance of this feature of the fair may be gained in part by understanding that, as the products of the electric furnace, they are products of a new tool which is almost commensurate with that with which Nature builded the planet. Nature had in her forge a heat of some $10,000^{\circ}$ with which to work. In the electric furnace man has but 3000° less. So he has started out to both fulfill and undo the work of his originator. Where Nature made little, man is making more; where she hid a valuable substance in a worthless compound, he is melting and making anew. As an example, look at this small exhibit of manufactured graphite. Electricity converted it from coke, and gives it to the world in such quantity as may be desired, much purer than any mined article, and much cheaper. The Pan-American in this phase shows man a practical creator, with perhaps the transmutation of the elements almost within his power.

The exhibits in general show the ever increasing approximation of mechanical perfection. There is the same ingenuity, the same bold innovation, that has always marked American exhibits. There is little, however, save a general progression to be seen in most lines. This is not hard to explain. Where, at earlier

expositions, inventions and models were exhibited, they were put there to attract attention, and perhaps more than attention, capital. Now, with capital so ready to be invested in any feasible scheme, the startling innovation is rather kept hidden than otherwise, lest the knowledge prove of value to a competitor. Competition is too keen, and so we see less of the process than the product. Shop secrets are too valuable to be uncovered at an exposition.

From the Plaza beyond the Electric Tower one may enter on the right to the Stadium, on the left the Midway. Athletic sports are thus balanced with amusements. In no previous expositions have the sports been held within the grounds; they have merely served as a tangential attraction. Here, in a highly dignified and imposing amphitheatre, is a field dedicated to athletics. A healthy amateurism is directly fostered by the programme and the manner of conducting the contests. Managed by college men, the professional side of modern feats of strength and skill is subordinated as far as possible. The Stadium seats 12,000 people. Even here it is the spectacle above all else, — the insistent note of the Pan-American cannot be avoided, — so 12,000 gather to see eighteen struggling for victory upon the baseball field. The proportion is worthy of note; it is all something to see rather than to participate in.

In one way, the educational value of industrial exhibits grows less and less as competition grows keener. But these exhibits, as I have said, are no longer the chief feature of great expositions. What is desired is crowds. Of the 20,000,000 spectators the directorate of the Pan-American hopes for, what percentage expects to view the exhibits with an idea of being helped in business? Statistics on this point would be of inestimable value. But, of these 20,000,000, who will not visit the House Upside Down, take a Trip to the Moon, listen

to the band in Old Nuremberg, or will refrain from the half a hundred other shows upon the Midway? Of a truth, expositions have become spectacular with reason, and the tone has shifted from education to amusement. Here, for instance, is a single concession which is said to represent an actual outlay of \$200,000. It is run at a loss on days when the crowd is not large. This means that on the days when there are large crowds it must gather in an immense amount of money. Yet it was considered a very tempting investment.

What does all this signify, this statement made by the Exposition authorities that there has been an outlay of \$3,000,000 on the Midway? Is its elaborate composition of colored buildings,

its imposing statuary and landscape architecture, but an entrance to a long, huddled street, crowded with buildings devoted to all sorts of amusement, good and bad? Would the late P. T. Barnum have made the ideal director of great national fairs? In a way, yes. The Midway represents an outlay of nearly one third of what the Exposition proper has cost. Will the next great fair increase this proportion? It would seem so. The Pan-American has sought to be instructive, but indirectly instructive. Even the body of the fair has been builded in a way that makes it at root an amusement. And thus we have a \$10,000,000 Exposition with a \$3,000,000 Midway, — an interesting comment upon present American tendencies.

Eugene Richard White.

TWO GENERATIONS OF QUAKERS.

AN OLD DIARY.

A LITTLE old book, shabby and yellow and worn at the edges, found among the papers of a Quaker family in Philadelphia, has come into my hands. On the outside is written, "Diary for the years 1760, 1761, and 1762 kept by A. W.;" and within, every corner is closely filled with small, old, faded writing. A. W., it is known, was Ann Whitall, one of the Cooper family from which, afterwards, Fenimore Cooper was born. She was the wife of James Whitall, a New Jersey farmer, and was the mother of seven children. They lived at Red Bank, across the Delaware, about six miles from Philadelphia. Save for one appearance in Revolutionary history, little was known about her until this diary was discovered. But this brown book of "Meddatations," saved by chance out of the waste of time, gives us a strangely vivid glimpse of three years of her life.

At the time this book was written, the Quakers had been settled about a hundred years in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Originally exiled from England for the sake of their faith, they had grown rich, and the natural bent of their religion had given a certain stamp of staidness and comfort to their homes and meeting houses, which still are to be found about Philadelphia. But these English yeomen and laborers, called from their fields and farms by the religious excitements of the seventeenth century, swept as it were across the Atlantic by one of the storms of that stormy period, had soon fallen back into the rural ways of their race amid the peace and quiet of this remote colony.

Any one who knows New Jersey can picture the old farmhouse where Ann Whitall lived, the great trees, the meadows and cattle, the broad Delaware flow-

ing by, the sandy roads; and, not far off, the square gray little meeting house, whither on First Days and Fifth Days the neighbors would drive, and, hitching their horses in the sheds, would sit in silence in the still interior, — a Friend being moved now and then to preach or pray, and sometimes a farmer or farmer's wife, weary with the week's work, falling into a peaceful doze. A most pious and harmless community, surely, with its rustic cares and labors, and the little prim town of Philadelphia across the river.

But Ann Whitall, as we learn from her journal, was a soul of the old stormy kind; her spirit lived not so much in New Jersey as in the Jerusalem whose wickedness was denounced by the prophets. Philadelphia was a Babylon, or "bablon" she spelled it; and her imagination, roused by the eloquence of the Old Testament, found amid her peaceful surroundings wickedness equal, apparently, to the wickedness of old Egypt, or the abominations of Chaldea and Assyria denounced by the prophets. Satan, she declared, was hunting up and down the banks of the Delaware; and her mind dwelt on the portents that announced the fall of Jerusalem, — how the river was turned back, a comet hung like a sword in the heavens, and armies and horses were seen fighting there; and evidently, to her, the New Jersey skies were full of similar omens. "The Corn is to husk, and the wod gon to town — but is it a time to bi and to sel? and to get gain, or is it a time to set and sleap? O that we may be stopt in the lane as Balum wos by his ass he rid upon, or as Pharoah wos in the reed see — we must go and leve all behind us, and we don't know how soon — then farewel corn, farewel wod, farewel ill companie that has tuck all my time when I shud a bin a reeding or arighting sum gud matter like Judge Hale, or a walking alone a midetating sum gud like Isaac of old." "This field wants ploughing, tother

wants sowing — O remember you must go and leve it al befor long." "O our time, our little time, how do we spend it," and she tried to keep the Grave always before her own eyes and the eyes of her sons and husband. But the boys were so "eger after the world, staring about," she wrote with tears, "they ha'n't time to think they shall di." Playing ball, fishing, and skating, — which was as bad as playing ball, — these were the especial iniquities of that rural neighborhood; at the skating pond all the "ruscom" of the earth met together, the more the better. But did Abraham and Isaac and Jacob spend their time so? Was this the way Judge Hale spent his time, "his prasious time? no no, alon by himself praying and riting down sum good matter." If skating and fishing seemed so wicked to her on week days, what must she have felt when, as sometimes happened, these recreations were indulged in on the Sabbath! Alone and deserted in the farmhouse, she would compare the Quaker villages of Woodberry Creek and Haddonfield to the Cities of the Plain; predict with grim satisfaction judgments from heaven, or recommend that her children should remember Job's children, "what revellin' thar wos with them, but," as she adds concisely, "soon cut off."

But through these lamentations we are able to get glimpses of the quiet farm life that went on, and in which Ann Whitall evidently took an important share; she hardly found time to sit down, much less to write her "Meddatations;" and the cries of her distressed spirit are put side by side with homely receipts which show the careful housewife, "a tea of Camfrey and water-melon seed," a medicine of "upland sumach-berries, loaf-sugar, and spirit," or her belief that whatever was good for poisons was good for scalds and burns. She writes, too, of the farm work, the ploughing and reaping, the droughts, the rainy summers, storms that almost blew down the house,

the violent winters, — “snow upon snow,” “the trees heavy with snow;” for her phrases are always curiously vivid.

“It is the 14th of March,” she notes in the year 1762; “if it holds so cold what will become of the poure dum creters, o it sounds in my ears every day, what will thay du for want of hay;” and again, “O the poore dum creters, it sounds in my ears how they du sufer.” And later on she notes with evident pleasure the coming of the tardy spring: “it is got so warm we can plant peas — the grass du begin to gro and the frogs begin to cri;” and by the 16th of April they had grass at least “for some of the creters.”

We get, too, from these meditations a clear view of Ann Whitall’s husband, a well-to-do farmer, more fond of fishing and sport than going to meeting. He would go off with the boys down the river in the boat; or when he was not at work or fishing, she notes bitterly that he would go to bed. However, when one day her husband had an accident, and in cutting a piece of cedar to put a spill to draw cider, the knife, glancing out of the wood, pierced through three thick jackets into his breast, just below his heart, she rejoiced most sincerely that he was not killed. “O what a grat favour he is still liveing among his Childern O wonderful inded: it is one of the grat-test blessings that his childern and I can have this side of the grave to have him along with us. Tho we dont agree so wel as we shud about som matters, I ofen thinks, be it as it will now, it wod be a hundredfold wos if I was alone with such a passel of Children. O I ofen thinks what wod becom of me if he was tuck away.”

For it was this “passel” of children that were the main cause of poor Ann Whitall’s troubles. John was still a child of two or three; too young to run after the world, but apt to be ill, and plainly the unlucky one of the family. At one time he had a bad fever, — “mourns and

greves like an old man,” his mother notes, “cris and ses I’s sick.” And another time he fell into boiling water, and was terribly scalded. It would not have been so bad, she says, with her love of prescriptions, “if they had put on it Indian meal and cold water, or molasses and salt to get the fire out, or Irish potatoes, or spirit of turpentine, or sweet oil and the white of an egg beaten together, or rattlesnake root boiled in hog’s fat,” — and so on with a long list of prescriptions. Under which, in the trembling handwriting of an old woman, is a note, dated 1788, twenty-six years afterwards, in which she remarks that John had always as a child had bad luck, and now had returned home apparently ruined, having lost £1500 in one vessel, “all gone to the bottom.” But James and Job Whitall, the older boys, though healthy and strong enough, were greater causes of sorrow to their “poor afflicted mother,” as she calls herself. “Now James and Job has tuck up the trade of runing about,” she notes bitterly. They would go skating; get into companies, prattling and talking; would not think of death and their latter end; nothing brought them home but night. “O I ofen ses has any poure mortal in the hol world so much trubel as I; every day wormwood and gol; some of it I right down for them to see when I am lade in my grave for I du believe it wil com hom to them when thay ma’n’t think of it; James and Job wil du what thay plees; for if I say won word they will begin to houf mee, and where is thare mannars to houf their Mother,” and she goes on to complain of what has been mentioned before, — her husband’s habit of going to bed in times of idleness, or, as it seemed, of domestic trouble. Again we find the same complaint: “The boys nor thare father, has no religion in them but to go to meeting when they plees, and to tel me I am no better than themselves nor so gud, with all my going to meetings, and houf me every day I live.

O it is as bitter as wormwood and gol ; I think sumtimes there never was a mother so unhappy as I am."

But the boys must have had their causes of complaint. It is not hard to see that Ann Whitall was by no means easy to live with ; all company, except that of pious old Friends, she regarded as bad company, or "pisen," as she puts it, in her vigorous way ; she not only disapproved of all their sports and pleasures, and wished them to spend their young hours in meetings and meditations on Death, but she plainly made pretty vigorous attempts to compel them to behave according to her ideas. The following is significant: "O I have often thought of it with a gret del of sorrow, o the harm we du our childern by letting of them go into ill Compani — won of them said we shud have to answer for it. O keep them in while thay are young, and master them." Again and again she recurs to the need of severity and discipline with children ; and one of her favorite quotations which she quotes is from Lamentations : —

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him."

And now and then she copied out of some pious eighteenth-century book she was reading a page or two bearing on the wickedness and ungratefulness of children, — extracts that, with their correct spelling and affected style, make curious patches amid her own passionate orthography and vivid Scriptural writing. "We do sometimes observe," one of the extracts begins, "the unwearied labours of a Parent's love, bestowed without the desired effect ; 't is mournful to see children pierce with bitterness the breast that has been their support in their infantile years ; to fill that eye with sorrow that has dropt the tear of maternal fondness ! 't is a cruel thing for a child to mingle Gall and Wormwood in the cup of a Parent descend-

ing to the Grave. Let us be assured," Ann Whitall copies out with evident satisfaction, "that their own portion of Gall and Wormwood will be doubly increased."

Her daughters, Sarah and Hannah, were, at least while they were little girls, of more comfort to her. When she was nursing her sons, and could not go herself to meeting, she describes them going off to meeting with their father ; Hannah riding on her mother's mare, and Sarah behind her. Hannah was eight years old. It makes a pretty picture, the two little Quaker girls riding off with their father. They were fond of meeting, and would often cry when they could not go, their mother writes ; adding a characteristic doubt as to whether they would be so good when they grew up.

Ann Whitall must have been, however, a more genial person than her meditations, written probably in moments of annoyance, would make us believe. It is a tradition among her descendants that, though she was difficult to live with, all her children were devoted to her. She reproves herself more than once for laughing ; and at the end of her diary, in a burst of frankness, she confesses that she is much too fond of eating. "I find sum freedom to right whot a tarabel thing this eating of tu much is, and has been to me many times : I think I can say of a truth it is the wost sin that ever I did. I du believe it is as bad as drinking too much, eating too much is the root of all evil in me. I du believe, O had I minded it when I wos young, but o this enemy of our poure souls always a driveing of us into sin, o that his chain mout be shortened won link !" She does not tell us whether the devil's chain was ever shortened ; but it is a relief to think of this earnest and pious farmer's wife now and then relaxing, and allowing herself not only to feed on "wormwood and gol," but to enjoy a good meal of the shad or wild duck, or sweet corn or watermelons,

of the bountiful New Jersey fare. For the ideal up to which she tried to live was a terribly high one. "I ofen thinks if I cud be so fixt as never to Laugh nor to smil I shud be won step better; it fils me with sorrow when I see people so ful of laf and of prate; our Lord pronounces a Woe against them that laugh now for they shall weep and mourn. The Wicked, says Holy Job, spend their Days in Mirth, and in a moment, go down to the Grave; Solomon said of Laughter, it is Madness, and of Mirth, what doth it. O I thinks cud my ies run down with tears always." She evidently thought it was her duty to "cri day and night;" and that the time to be given to religion and mourning — and they seem to have been very much the same thing to her — should be at least twelve hours in the twenty-four.

Almost every human being has some peculiar place and refuge for his thoughts, which he dreams of amid his drudgery; whither his desires turn, and where his life draws its nourishment and secret strength. One soon sees in this old journal that there was such a place of refuge in Ann Whitall's life. It was not, however, her home, the farm, and her family of boys and girls; she always speaks of these as causes of trouble and vexation, and remarks, indeed, in her strong Scriptural language, that she lives "among scorpions." It was the Quaker meeting, the little plain meeting house, with its rows of Friends, its mystic silence, or the prophetic sermons, lamentings, and denunciations. There seem to have been two or three rural meeting houses within riding distance of Red Bank; and there were evidently frequent week-day meetings as well as Sunday ones. She could ride to these meetings on her mare, but in bad weather she drove in the farm wagon. One stormy day the wagon was refused her. It was Quarterly Meeting at Haddonfield, and she was determined to go; and riding through the rain "as the woter run down my skin," she com-

forted herself with the thought of how much more the traveling Friends, Susanah Haddon and Jane Crosby, suffered "a travaling about, and the tears runing down their faces for our sins." Another time she was thrown from her horse, — "3 day of 5 month 1761. I must right sum of my trubbel, mare ciet [kicked] up with me, down I went and hurt sum; but got apon another mare and went to meeting, and thare was Sanmual Miflin's Mother and spoak a grate del to us. I com hom by myself, to mourn and tu cry to the Lord. O that ever any mortel liveing was ever born to no [know] the troble that I no, no creeter can I have to ride that is fit, but I may cri out my dais, and more and more trubbel every day I live, and nothing but wormwod and gol to drink at." And when she got home she had found her husband and sons were all away. "O what is more rong in my mind, all ways a gad-ding abrod when firs day coms, thare father is not at hom won firs day in a hol year if he can halp it; O I think if I had a bin kild to-day with the fol off the mare's back, then I had bin gone from all tears and trubbel." There were many sudden diseases, she reflects, continuing her "Meddation;" it might be her turn next to be "lade in her coffin;" but alas, she feared her day was not yet come; her cup was not yet full of bitters. "I must drink more wormwod and goll, O the showers of tears that has fell from my fass this day, and now while I am wrighting."

Her only comfort was to go again to meeting. "O if it wont for the comfort that I git somtims at Meeting to here som of such worthies of the same mind with myself, I cud not a stud til now, I must a sunk in sorrow." For here was her refuge from the "turmile of the World;" here, with other serious-minded Friends, she could weep over the sins of their little community, "rasel for a blessing," or listen to denunciations and prophecies in which her stern soul de-

lighted, and with which she filled her little diary. "A hard laborious meeting," "Joshua Lord spoke a long while, he did rattle us a going," she records in her vivid idiom. And again: "Hard to keep the enemy out. O as Adam Mott said in our meeting, he is always rady to take us off our whack."

Probably those traveling Friends, preaching day after day to little drowsy congregations of New Jersey farmers, had come to attach no very distinct or terrible ideas to their chanted sermons out of the Old Testament prophets. Traditional echoes of older sermons, they were the last waves, beating themselves out on the peaceful shores of the Delaware, of the seventeenth-century storms amid which Quakerism arose. But to Ann Whitall they were terribly real and serious; she believed literally in the judgments (or "gugments," as she spelled them in her curious way) that, according to the preachers, were overhanging New Jersey; taking a sombre joy in the sermons, preached out of Ezekiel, which denounced that pious settlement of farmers, — a community which, she declared, was as full of iniquity as ever was Jerusalem before its fall. And strangely enough, on that little community — in fact, on the Whitall house and farm itself — a "gugment" did at last come crushing down; an event which is famous in history, and which left behind it legends of bloodshed and ghosts that are still remembered.

"O they had polluted my Sabbaths, and their eyes were after their fathers idols; wherefore I gave them statutes that were not good and judgments whereby they should not live." Words like these, written down in this journal, bring with them a faint echo of the old falsetto singsong and prophetic chant of some ancient Quaker preacher, rising amid the silence of the meeting.

"Weep and howl for your Miseries that shall come upon you, for you have lived in Pleasure on the Earth and been

wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of Slaughter." "Thus saith the Lord, a sword a sword is sharpened; it is also furbished. It is sharpened to make a sore slaughter, it is furbished that it may glitter." And after listening to some very strong language, she exclaims, "O whot is a week of turmile to the consolation and comfort of such a meeting." And once when a woman Friend "from old England" had come and had preached, mourning and crying over them, the poor farmer's wife, with her house and seven children, wished vainly, "O had I nuthink to du but to go along with har."

But Ann Whitall not only loved her meetings; she thought it a sin not to go. "Whot is honour and glory of him that made us if it ant going to meetings?" she asks, with conviction; and in the storms of winter, from which she suffered, — "none so cold as I that has life," — she was afraid to go, she confesses; and yet afraid to stay at home, "for fere of offending our mity maker; I have paid dear for staying at home, tho some makes a lite matter of it." And once, when reaping came at the same time as a week-day meeting, she feared a judgment on their fields because meeting was neglected, and compared the conduct of her husband with that of Boaz; for Boaz came to the farm from Bethlehem, or in other words, as she quaintly remarks, "now want that from meeting?" while her husband, although twenty years married, and the father of grown-up boys, neglected meeting altogether.

But nothing in this mortal state is complete and full of satisfaction; and Ann Whitall found many causes for tears in her beloved meetings. Indeed, it was too plain to her that the general corruption of the times had penetrated into the meeting houses; and as Ann Whitall sat and listened to the preachers, she could see before her with her own eyes signs of the wickedness and

abomination of which they preached. "The hor of bablon has brats among you," one preacher told them; and Ann Whitall seemed not in the least surprised. Not only were there the vacant seats of Friends who had not come, but among the Friends who were there, some there were who would go to sleep. This sin or "abomanation" of sleeping in meeting caused her great distress of spirit; again and again she recurs to it: "O the concern I was in to think of so many that can set and sleep Meeting ater Meeting, year ater yere;" and on one occasion she was "led," as the Quaker phrase is, to remonstrate, after meeting, with a drowsy widow, who, as we gather, did not receive her admonition in a very friendly spirit.

Causes of equal or greater distress were the signs of worldliness and fashion among the New Jersey Friends. Fashions, no doubt, traveled slowly in those days; the elegancies of the French court may perhaps have crossed the stormy Atlantic in little sailing vessels; but it must have been slowly, and in very dim echoes, that anything of the kind penetrated among the Quaker community. Ann Whitall, however, was quick to denounce them. "O the fashons and running into them!" she exclaims, horrified by a report that the "garls in penselvani has got thare necks set off with a black ribon; a sorrowful site indeed, but whot did that dear friend Nickles Davis tel them, the old peopel had not dun there duty, and that was the reason that the young wos no better; six of them garls from Darbe wos here from John Hunts, I thought thay did not belong to friends til I wos in formd thay did, but I a mani times think whot signifies my being concerned about fashings? where is one friends child or children but som doddry fashion or another is on thare backs or heds; here is this day Josiah Albason's soun, all the soun he has; his hat is clos up behind." It was not only the young women whom the "enimi" tempted; his

power over the young men was only too plainly shown by their "wearing of thare hats sot up behind;" and next, she thinks, they will have ribbons to tie their hair. As for the galleries, where the younger Friends sat, "they stinkt with fashings." Calico, tea, and tobacco she denounces with great energy. "O lementabel is our cas I think; I am so fild with sorow a mani times about the wicked — O I thinks cud my ies run down with tears all ways, and the abomanation of the times, so much exces of tabacher and tee is as bad so much of it, and thay wil pretend thay cant du without it, jest like the tobacker trade, and thare is the calico — O the Calico! we pretend to go in a plain dres and plain speach but whare is our plainness? and we, like all the rest, be how thay will, what fashion hant the quakers got, as William Hunt said. O that we had a many such as he, thare wod be no calico among the Quakers, no, no nor so many fashion mongers. I think tobacco and tee and Calico may all be set down with the negors, all won as bad as another."

With the year 1762 Ann Whitall's journal ends. Here and there, however, where there was room, entries have been made at different dates. They are brief, but they show that her spirit was not broken by advancing years. In 1777 there is a concise note of the death of a woman preacher, and the remark that the "gugments" of the Lord she had foretold had all by that time come on them. What these "gugments" were we shall soon discover.

The next entry is as follows: "23 of 6 mo 1780 a cler plasent day, a dry time, the gras is drid up in a many plases — O we want rain, but who is worthy of won drop? we deserve a famin."

In 1783 there is a note of "a most sorowful meeting, so dad and so miserabel." And the last note of all, in a changed and aged handwriting, is the one of 1788, already given, about her son John Whitall and his misfortunes.

For a few brief days only our diarist appears on the stage of history. The judgments she had predicted all her life did at last descend, with literal and by no means metaphorical blood and slaughter. But to explain what happened, a reference to the history of the time is necessary.

When the war of the Revolution at last broke out, the Americans built a series of forts on the Delaware to protect Philadelphia from the British fleet; for without the fleet and its supplies it was not possible for the enemy to hold the city. Now it happened that one of these forts, Fort Mercer, was placed on the farm of Red Bank, so near to the Whittall house that Ann Whittall must have seen the work going on — with what grim reflections we can imagine — from her windows. When Howe, victorious at Brandywine, marched on Philadelphia, the British made determined efforts to capture, and the Americans equally determined efforts to defend, these river forts. And thus came about the attack on Fort Mercer, in 1777, or the battle of Red Bank, a gallant and famous little engagement, in which Lieutenant Colonel Christopher Green, with four hundred men of the 2d Rhode Island Regiment, successfully defended this feeble earth fort against Count Donop with twenty-five hundred Hessians. The engagement was sharp and bloody. The American boats cannonaded the Hessians. Count Donop was mortally wounded, his troops driven back, and three or four hundred killed or wounded were left on the field. During the battle which raged about her house Ann Whittall sat upstairs, spinning. As a Quaker, she of course utterly disapproved of fighting; during the war with the French she had thought, as her diary shows, the very mention of it wicked; and her soul was not of a kind that human weapons could very much daunt. So there she sat, calmly spinning, in the midst of the cannon balls; quite refusing to move, and probably not even looking

out of the window. And it was only, at last, when a shell burst through the walls and partitions behind her back that she reluctantly and leisurely took up her wheel and went down to continue her spinning in the cellar.

But when the battle was over, and the Hessians retreated, she came up to take care of the wounded who filled her house. We are told that she scolded the Hessians for coming to America to butcher people, but also that she was active and vigorous and kindly in nursing them; and indeed, it was an unrivaled opportunity to gratify her love of herbs and prescriptions. Count Donop died in her house. "It is finishing a noble career early," he said; "but I die a victim of my ambition and the avarice of my sovereign." The gallant young German noble thus found his grave on this New Jersey farm. The French engineer, De Manduit, in the American service, not understanding Quaker principles, and considering James Whittall and his wife Tories, had cut down their orchard and destroyed their barns. Two of the British vessels were driven on shore, and there exploded. The only reference in Ann Whittall's diary to these events is the concise note already quoted, that in 1777 the "gugments" predicted by the aged woman preacher "Eals Holl" had come upon them. And it seems that in her stern soul she believed this rage of musketry and cannon, these shells bursting through the house, and men-of-war exploding almost under her windows, were a judgment on them; troops being sent from Germany and France, and warships brought by Heaven across the ocean, to punish her family and other Friends for sleeping in meeting, and for Sunday skating and fishing.

To reinforce the small garrison of Fort Mercer, Lafayette made a night march from Philadelphia; but after renewed attacks the fort had to be abandoned. Colonel Christopher Green's gallant defense, however, was always remembered; and

in 1781 Lafayette, traveling with the Marquis de Chastellux, came out from Philadelphia with De Manduit to visit the remains of the fort. The Marquis de Chastellux has left in his memoirs an account of this visit: how, on their way across the Delaware, De Manduit explained (as far indeed as that Frenchman understood them) the peculiar views of the Whitall household, and prepared his companions for a cool reception. The reception was even cooler than he expected. Ann Whitall never even appeared; while her husband sat motionless and silent by the fire, without even looking at the brilliant young French nobles, who tried in vain all their arts and charms of manner to make him talk. A curious scene! We dimly imagine what each party, old New Jersey Quaker and young French courtiers, thought of the other. If only Ann Whitall had been present, and written one of her "Meditations" on the subject!

It would be hardly fair to take this journal as a representation of the life and religion of the eighteenth-century Quakers. There is a very different spirit in the writings of the Friends of

that time; one need only mention John Woolman, who was a neighbor of Ann Whitall's, and who, her journal shows, visited and preached at the meetings she attended. But Ann Whitall drew her religion entirely from the Old Testament; lived in fear of a jealous God, and the judgments he was about to bring down for the wickedness and abominations against which she struggled with all the strength of her vigorous spirit. She dreaded death; drew no comfort from the thoughts of a future life, and her one prayer was for peace, — "O may I have rest when I am laid in the dust."

In those days it was not the custom of the Friends to erect monuments, or even to place stones over their dead. Quaker graves were but little nameless mounds of green about their square meeting houses. And under one of these little mounds, near the meeting house where she wept and mourned, and not far from the broad Delaware, lies Ann Whitall, long since gone from the "freting and turmle of the world," and enjoying at last, we must hope, the rest and peace she so desired.

Logan Pearsall Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A QUAKER BOY.

My earliest recollections are associated with the dress, speech, and manners of a sect that has become almost obsolete but in name. They are not as of things at all peculiar or unusual, but as the most familiar objects in my daily life. The broad-brimmed hat, the "shad-bellied" coat with its narrow standing collar, the pale drab sugar-scoop bonnet, the scant sleeved and skirted gown with the white kerchief folded across the bosom, the addressing of every person by the singular pronouns, the naming of the months and days of the week by their numbers, seemed not so strange to my childish eyes and ears as did the dress and speech

of the "world's people." From my point of view, it was these people, not my own, who had departed, unwisely if not sinfully, from the ordinary and proper way of life.

I was as much surprised as grieved when, in my first schooldays, my stiff-collared, single-breasted jacket and my "thees" and "thous" were derided, and I scoffed at for being a Quaker. I soon fell into the worldly custom of addressing a playmate as "you," and calling his belongings "yours," but it was very difficult for me to learn the heathenish titles of the days of the week in their proper order. "Tuesday" and "Thurs-

day" sounded so much alike that I was always getting each in its wrong place. I was helped in this difficulty by the fact that on Fifth Day I donned a clean "shirt," as my wide turn-over collar attached to a gathered front piece was called, and went to meeting with the family, and that this was the world's people's Thursday, which they did not so observe except at Thanksgiving.

How well I remember Fifth Day meetings, whose silence particularly impressed me by its contrast with the noise and bustle wherewith the world's people were carrying on their secular affairs! From the road would come the occasional clatter of a rapidly driven wagon, rattling into and out of hearing, with the incongruously merry whistle of the driver; from the fields the bawling of teamsters, and from barns the regular beat of flails; while within reigned such silence that the buzzing of the flies in the windows, the sighing of a summer breeze, or the hissing of the sappy wood and the crackling of the expanding or contracting metal of the stove seemed loud and startling sounds.

The silence frequently remained unbroken by any human voice during the entire session, till the elderly Friend who sat at the "head of the meeting," on the "high seat," would turn to the Friend who sat next him and shake hands with him; and the hand-shaking ran along seat after seat, till every one had shaken the hand of the person on each side of him. I used to feel highly honored when some venerable Friend bent his kindly face upon me and gravely shook my little hand, but it did seem a trifle queer when it was my own father who so greeted me. This friendly ceremony was called "breaking the meeting."

It was peculiarly trying to a boy to maintain a decorous demeanor during the long periods of silence. If the spirit of evil did not arouse in him an unaccountable desire to laugh at the sight of some other boy, it overcame him with an un-

controllable drowsiness. When I was thus overcome, my father would set me on my feet, to my extreme mortification; for I imagined Friends would think the Spirit had moved me to speak, when I had no message to deliver.

One quiet summer day, when we were sitting in perfect silence, an old cow that had strayed into the meeting-house yard poked her head in at the open door, and regarded the assembled Friends with a countenance as unmovable as any of theirs. One warm October day, a big boy, who had come across lots to meeting, and on the way filled the crown of his hat with thorn apples, fell asleep in his seat, near the door. Every man and boy wore his hat in Quaker meeting. A sudden nod tumbled his from his head, and all its contents clattered on the floor, whither he followed, and made his exit on all fours, pushing his hat before him. The smile that this surprising exhibition created was not entirely confined to the youthful members of the assembly.

Our meeting house was a great square unpainted building, with shingled sides, and of two stories, the upper one consisting of a wide gallery reached by a narrow flight of stairs. Beneath these was a closet, which was awful to my youthful imagination; for in it were kept the tools for digging graves, and the rope for lowering the coffins into them. The large lower room was divided midway by a partition: on one side sat the women; on the other, the men. It was provided with shutters, which were closed during the session of meetings for business, to shut one sex apart from the other while each transacted the business especially belonging to it.

The body of the house was furnished with plain, unpainted seats, so hard that it is a wonder how the drowsiest Friend could ever fall asleep sitting on them. Facing these, at one end, were three long, elevated seats, one rising above the other, with rails in front, and just as hard and plain as the others, though they were the

seats of the ministers and elderly Friends. It was a very common habit of the preachers to slide their hands from side to side along these rails, as if keeping time to the slow and measured cadence of their sermons. In the open space between the high seats and the others stood a huge box stove, one in each apartment, that in winter made the atmosphere torrid in its immediate neighborhood, while it but slightly raised the temperature of the remote parts of the room. The elderly women had little foot stoves, tin boxes in wooden frames, with sheet-iron fire pans, which they filled with coals at the stove before taking their seats.

The grounds around the meeting house were surrounded by a board fence, as shorn of all adornment as the house itself, except by nature's contributions of grass and daisies, and one little maple tree that grew near the gate, and clothed itself in autumn with gay colors, in utter disregard of Quakerly soberness of attire. There was a bed of tansy, set with no purpose of ornamentation, but for use at funerals. Its bitter aroma is always associated in my mind with those solemn occasions. There was an entire absence of display at funerals. The coffin was of unpainted wood and without handles, and was placed in the grave without any outer box. There were no services at the grave, nor a word spoken but by the manager of the funeral, who, in behalf of the family of the deceased, briefly thanked those present for their attendance. This was not done till the grave was filled, wherein one and another in turn assisted. Even to the bounds of the mysterious world beyond the grave the Friends bore testimony against worldly ostentation. Many of the graves were entirely unmarked. Some had at head and feet small gray stones, as rough as when taken from the ledge or field. A few bore the initials, fewer the full name, with the age and date of death, in rude characters carved by loving but unskilled hands.

Meetings for worship were held on First Days and Fifth Days. Each month two of these midweek meetings were followed by sessions for the transaction of business, that were termed Preparative and Monthly Meetings. After the religious service some Friend arose and asked, "Is it not about time to close the shutters?" when this act was accomplished with some little stir, shutting the men and women apart as in separate rooms. I never knew what was done in the women's room, but suppose the business transacted was substantially the same as in ours, where the clerk read the "minutes" of the last meeting, and then a list of nine "queries." The one which I remember most distinctly was, "Are Friends clear of sleeping in meeting and other unbecoming behavior?" Each time I was overwhelmed with the consciousness of guilt, and did not dare to look up and encounter the many eyes that I knew must be fixed upon me.

The usual answer to each query, by the head of a duly appointed committee, was, "All clear as far as appears."

Persons "intending marriage" were required to make public declaration of such intention in the meeting. The man, accompanied by an attendant, entered the women's meeting, and made formal declaration of his intended marriage; and the woman did the same, in like manner, in the men's meeting. A committee was then appointed to visit the parties, and learn if each was clear of other engagements; and if the report was favorable, the marriage was in due time solemnized in the presence of the meeting. After the usual religious exercises, the couple arose, joined hands, and repeated the few solemn words prescribed by the Discipline, when such of those present as desired set their names to the certificate of marriage. The ceremony ended with a wedding dinner at the home of the bride's parents.

"Declaration of intentions" was a trying ordeal, as may be easily imagined.

"Who came in with Timothy when he declared his intentions?" was asked of a Quakeress who had lately been married. "I can't tell thee," she answered. "I only know that he had a patch on one of his boots."

"Do any keep company with persons not of our Society, on account of marriage?" was another query. For sixty years ago whoever married out of the Society was "disowned," — a serious penalty, especially to a "birthright member," as one born of Quaker parents was called.

Another serious breach of discipline was to attend marriages accomplished by a justice or a priest. So, also, was the performance of military duty, or the payment of fines for the non-performance of such duty.

If a member became incapable of self-support, he or she did not become a town pauper, but was supported by the meeting, and was treated with as much respect as the wealthiest of the Friends.

Twice a year Quarterly Meetings were held at our meeting house, and each occupied three days. Friends came from the precincts of other Quarterly Meetings, and often from what, in those days of slow travel, were long distances. Ministering Friends from distant parts, men and women who "had a concern" to visit Friends, were frequently present. What with the religious "opportunity," the generous but unostentatious hospitality, and the social intercourse of old and young, Quarterly Meetings were the great events of our year. I remember how unwontedly full the meeting house used to be on these occasions. It seemed to me there could not have been more present before the deplorable "Separation," which I so often heard spoken of.

The division of the Society, on doctrinal points, into Orthodox and Hicksites occurred some years before my remembrance; but a good deal of the bitterness which always attends religious quarrels still remained, and there was no reli-

gious unity between the two sects, though some members of each felt a warm personal regard for some of the other. * The old meeting house remained in possession of the Hicksites, but their thinned ranks only meagrely filled its wide seats, and the useless gallery had been quite cut off from the lower room by a loose flooring of boards.

At Quarterly Meetings the seats were almost crowded, and it seemed strange that the place could be so still with so many living people in it. No sounds were heard but the dismal moaning of the wind in that mysterious upper room, the hissing of the sappy wood, the hollow murmur of draught, and occasionally the sigh of some burdened spirit or the cautious clearing of a clogged throat. Then, rising without a rustle of garments, some venerable preacher, moved to bear testimony, would break the solemn silence with as solemn speech. The sermons were delivered with a peculiar intonation, a kind of monotonous tune, not always unpleasing in its effect. Sometimes they seemed interminable to children's sleepy ears and aching bones; but they were sure to end at last, and then came the welcome signal of hand-shaking, and presently the bustle of departure to homes and warm firesides and bounteous tables and visiting.

I am afraid that I was not religiously inclined, or, as Friends would say, not a "tender youth;" for what was said and done at meeting is not so strongly impressed upon my memory as the home events incidental to Quarterly Meeting. How distinctly through the mists of near threescore years I see the circle of worthies gathered around the Franklin stove, all arrayed in their best sober-hued attire; the men eating apples, if doing anything, the women almost always knitting, and all busily chatting. No one was addressed as Mrs., Miss, or Mr., but by the first or full name, or as Friend So-and-So, whether man or woman. From another room came the subdued sound

of the young people's decorous merriment, in which I was too young to be permitted to take part, but was assigned to the humblest place in the circle of the elders, a footstool or little chair by my father's knee. Much of the conversation was of so grave a nature that it did not interest me; but it never failed to do so when it drifted into reminiscences of the past, the trials of early Friends, the hardships of the pioneers in the northern wilderness, and stories of the wild beasts that had not then long been rare. Even now I feel the pain of the bitter disappointment I suffered when, as the most thrilling point of some story was approached and the name of an actor was mentioned, some worthy woman Friend would interrupt with the incongruous inquiry, "Now thee speaks of Ichabod Frost, John Holmes, I want to ask thee if his wife was n't Zebulon Thorne's daughter?"

Then they would go off on the genealogical trail of the Frosts and Thornes, till the subject in which I was so deeply interested was lost sight of; and remembering the oft-repeated maxim that children were to be seen, not heard, I never dared to lead them back to it.

For two or three days the houses of resident Friends were filled with visiting Friends, who in turn were filled with the best that each house afforded, and then, with kindly farewells, departed, to resume the ordinary affairs of their peaceful lives.

For me, the quiet that succeeded the bustle of Quarterly Meeting was attended by a depressing feeling of loneliness. If the elders of the family shared it, they were too rigidly disciplined in restraint of all manifestations of emotions to give any outward sign of it. It was rare indeed to see a Friend moved to tears, or excessive mirth, or any violent expression of anger.

The sweet yet strong faces of the women, especially, wore an habitual expression of serenity, as if victory had been

gained over all enemies of the soul, and that peace entered upon which passeth all understanding. How befitting was their dress! What could be more becoming to the placid face than the plain muslin cap, without ribbon or ruffle, or the spotless muslin kerchief folded across the calm, untroubled breast!

I remember the clearstarching of these articles as a sort of half-religious rite, performed, in a room withdrawn from the public gaze, by my mother and my aunt, walking slowly to and fro as they clapped the precious muslin between their palms, and indulged then, if ever, in such mild and guarded gossip as Quakers might partake of. I am unable to know how much early associations may influence my opinion that there could be no more becoming dress for a middle-aged or elderly woman than the simple, unchanging garb of the Quakers. Yet I am forced to admit that the bonnet, precious as it was to its owner, was a very ugly article of head-gear. In shape it closely resembled a sugar scoop, except that it had a bulging crown, folded lengthwise in broad plaits. The covering was of finest light drab silk, or sometimes black silk, and lined with white silk, and of course entirely without any sort of adornment. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine how such a headdress could be adorned but by the calm, sweet face to which it could add no charm. I remember a few cold-weather bonnets of beaver, with high square crowns and broad soft brims, that were quite as unattractive to the eye, but must have given the wearers much more comfort than the stiff sugar scoops.

The broad-brimmed hat of the men was not so unbecoming, especially when it had a round crown, like the modern derby; but it was very stiff, and as uncompromising in form as its wearer. My heart warms at sight of the ugliest article of the apparel, now almost obsolete, though once so familiar to my youthful eyes, and the old speech comes as readily

to my tongue as if it had never learned another.

In Fifth Month was held the Yearly Meeting, of which we youngsters heard much, but saw nothing; for it was convened in far-off New York. It was a solemnly momentous event in our lives, and not a small one in theirs, when our parents and some of the neighboring Friends set forth on their journey to the distant city, by stage, canal boat, and steamboat, or sometimes by their own conveyance, in which case they spent the nights in the homes of their hospitable brethren who lived on the route. By the speediest means, it took nearly a week to accomplish the brief journey. The departing pilgrims were intrusted with many messages, commissions, and letters; for the postage on a letter to New York was twenty-five cents, a sum then better worth saving than can now be imagined. It used to be said that the Quakers always brought rain to New York, but what else they did I have little idea, except to issue an epistle to the Monthly Meeting and one to other Yearly Meetings, which in due time were read

before the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings.

There are yet Yearly, Quarterly, and Monthly Meetings, and meetings for worship, but the good people who attend them are not like those with whom my earliest recollections are so fondly associated. Except by a few of the oldest members, the peculiar distinctive dress is no longer worn nor the "plain language" spoken. In the meetings one sees fashionably dressed congregations, and hears singing and organs, but no testimony against "steeple houses" and a "hireling priesthood," and but little is said of the great guide, the "light within." To one who remembers Quakerism as it was sixty years ago, its forms are not recognizable nor befitting its name, and its peculiar spirit seems to have departed. As for our old meeting house, like most others of its kind and time, nothing remains to mark its site but the rough stones that were the steps of its two front doors, and the last member of its worthy congregation sleeps in his adjacent quiet bed beneath the unshorn grass and daisies.

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE STEEL-ENGRAVING LADY AND THE GIBSON GIRL.

THE Steel-Engraving Lady sat by the open casement, upon which rested one slender arm. Her drapery sleeve fell back, revealing the alabaster whiteness of her hand and wrist. Her glossy, abundant hair was smoothly drawn over her ears, and one rose nestled in the coil of her dark locks.

Her eyes were dreamy, and her embroidery frame lay idly upon the little stand beside her. An air of quiet repose pervaded the apartment, which, in its decorations, bespoke the lady's industry. Under a glass, upon a gleaming mirror, floated some waxen pond lilies,

modeled by her slim fingers. A large elaborate sampler told of her early efforts with her needle, and gorgeous mottoes on the walls suggested the pleasing combination of household ornamentation with Scriptural advice.

Suddenly a heavy step was heard upon the stair. A slight blush mantled the Steel-Engraving Lady's cheek.

"Can that be Reginald?" she murmured.

The door flew open, and on the threshold stood the Gibson Girl.

"Excuse me for dropping in upon you," she said, with a slight nod, tossing

a golf club down upon the sofa near by. "You see I've been appointed to write a paper on Extinct Types, and I am anxious to scrape acquaintance with you."

The Steel-Engraving Lady bowed a trifle stiffly. "Won't you be seated?" she said, with dignity.

The Gibson Girl dropped into a low chair, and crossed one knee over the other; then she proceeded to inspect the room, whistling meanwhile a snatch from the last comic opera. She wore a short skirt and heavy square-toed shoes, a manish collar, cravat, and vest, and a broad-brimmed felt hat tipped jauntily upon one side.

She stared quite fixedly at the fair occupant of the apartment, who could with difficulty conceal her annoyance.

"Dear me! you're just as slender and ethereal as any of your pictures," she remarked speculatively. "You need fresh air and exercise; and see the color of my hands and face beside your own."

The Steel-Engraving Lady glanced at her vis-à-vis, and shrugged her shoulders.

"I like a healthy coat of tan upon a woman," the Gibson Girl announced, in a loud voice. "I never wear a hat throughout the hottest summer weather. The day is past when one deploras a sunburned nose and a few freckles."

"And is a browned and sunburned neck admired in the ballroom?" the other queried. "Perhaps your artists of to-day prefer studies in black and white entirely, and scoff at coloring such as that ivory exhibits?" She pointed to a dainty miniature upon the mantel.

"No wonder you can't walk in those slim, tiny slippers!" the Gibson Girl exclaimed.

"And can you walk in those heavy men's shoes?" the Steel-Engraving Lady questioned. "Methinks my slippers would carry me with greater ease. Are they your own, or have you possibly put on your brother's shoes for an experiment? If they were only hidden beneath an ample length of skirt, they

might seem less obtrusive. And is it true you walk the streets in such an abridged petticoat? You surely cannot realize it actually displays six inches of your stockings. I blush to think of any lady upon the street in such a guise."

"Blushing is out of style." The Gibson Girl laughed heartily.

"Nor would it show through such a coat of sunburn," the other suggested archly.

"It very likely seems odd to you," the visitor continued, "who are so far behind the times; but we are so imbued with modern thought that we have done away with all the oversensitiveness and overwhelming modesty in which you are enveloped. We have progressed in every way. When a man approaches, we do not tremble and droop our eyelids, or gaze adoringly while he lays down the law. We meet him on a ground of perfect fellowship, and converse freely on every topic."

The Steel-Engraving Lady caught her breath. "And does he like this method?" she queried.

"Whether he *likes* it or not makes little difference; *he* is no longer the one whose pleasure is to be consulted. The question now is, not 'What does man like?' but 'What does woman prefer?' That is the keynote of modern thought. You see, I've had a liberal education. I can do everything my brothers do; and do it rather better, I fancy. I am an athlete and a college graduate, with a wide, universal outlook. My point of view is free from narrow influences, and quite outside of the home boundaries."

"So I should have imagined by your dress and manner," the Steel-Engraving Lady said, under her breath.

"I am prepared to enter a profession," the visitor announced. "I believe thoroughly in every woman's having a distinct vocation."

The Steel-Engraving Lady gasped. "Does n't a woman's home furnish her ample employment and occupation?"

"Undoubtedly it keeps her busy," the other said; "but what is she *accomplishing*, shut in, walled up from the world's work and interests? In my profession I shall be brought in contact with universal problems."

"A public character! Perhaps you're going on the stage?"

"Oh no. I'm to become a lawyer."

"Perhaps your home is not a happy one?" the Steel-Engraving Lady said, with much perplexity.

"Indeed it is, but I have little time to stay there."

"Have you no parents?"

"Parents? Why, to be sure; but when a woman is capable of a career, she can't sit down at home just to amuse her parents. Each woman owes a duty to herself, to make the most of her Heaven-given talents. Why, I've a theory for the entire reorganization of our faulty public school system."

"And does it touch upon the influence at home, which is felt in the nursery as well as in the drawing-room?"

"It is outside of all minor considerations," the Gibson Girl went on. "I think we women should do our utmost to purify the world of politics. Could I be content to sit down at home, and be a toy and a mere ornament," — here she glanced scornfully at her companion, — "when the great public needs my individual aid?"

"And can no woman serve the public at home?" the other said gently. Her voice was very sweet and low. "I have been educated to think that our best service was" —

"To stand and wait," the Gibson Girl broke in. "Ah, but we all know better nowadays. You see the motto 'Heaven helps her who helps herself' suits the 'new woman.' We're not a shy, retiring, uncomplaining generation. We're up to date and up to snuff, and every one of us is self-supporting."

"Dear me!" the Steel-Engraving Lady sighed. "I never realized I had ought to

complain of; and why should woman not be *ornamental* as well as useful? Beauty of person and manner and spirit is surely worthy of our attainment."

"It was all well enough in your day, but this is a utilitarian age. We cannot sit down to be admired; we must be 'up and doing;' we must leave 'footprints on the sands of time.'"

The Steel-Engraving Lady glanced speculatively at her companion's shoes. "Ah, but such great big footprints!" she gasped; "they make me shudder. And do your brothers approve of having you so clever that you compete with them in everything, and are there business places enough for you and them?"

"We don't require their approval. Man has been catered to for ages past, while woman was a patient, subservient slave. To-day she assumes her rightful place, and man accepts the lot assigned him. And as for business chances, if there is but one place, and I am smarter than my brother, why, it is fair that I should take it, and let him go without. But tell me," the Gibson Girl said condescendingly, "what did your so-called education consist of?"

"The theory of my education is utterly opposed to yours, I fear," the other answered. "Mine was designed to fit me for my home; yours is calculated to unfit you for yours. You are equipped for contact with the outside world, for competition with your brothers in business; my training merely taught me to make my brother's home a place which he should find a source of pleasure and inspiration. I was taught grace of motion, drilled in a school of manners, made to enter a room properly, and told how to sit gracefully, to modulate my voice, to preside at the table with fitting dignity. In place of your higher education, I had my music and languages and my embroidery frame. I was persuaded there was no worthier ambition than to bring life and joy and beauty into a household, no duty higher than that I owed my

parents. Your public aspirations, your independent views, your discontent, are something I cannot understand."

The Steel-Engraving Lady rose from her chair with grace and dignity; she crossed the room, and paused a moment on the threshold, where she bowed with the air of a princess who would dismiss her courtiers; then she was gone.

"She surely is an extinct type!" the Gibson Girl exclaimed. "I realize now what higher education has done toward freeing woman from chains of prejudice. I must be off. I'm due at the golf links at three-fifteen."

When the sun set, the Steel-Engraving Lady might have been seen again seated beside the open casement. Her taper fingers lightly touched the strings of her guitar as she hummed a low lullaby. Once more she heard a step upon the stair, and once again the color mantled her damask cheek, and as she breathed the word "Reginald" a tall and ardent figure came swiftly toward her. He dropped upon one knee, as if to pay due homage to his fair one, and, raising her white hand to his lips, whispered, "My queen, my lady love."

And at this moment the Gibson Girl was seated upon a fence, swinging her heavy boots, while an athletic youth be-

side her busied himself with filling a corn-cob pipe.

"I say, Joe," he said, with friendly accent, "just you hop down and stand in front of me to keep the wind off, while I light this pipe."

And the sun dropped behind the woods, and the pink afterglow illumined the same old world that it had beautified for countless ages.

Its pink light fell upon the Steel-Engraving Lady as she played gently on her guitar and sang a quaint old ballad, while her fond lover held to his lips the rose that had been twined in her dark locks.

The sunset's glow lighted the Gibson Girl upon her homeward path as she strode on beside the athletic youth, carrying her golf clubs, while he puffed his corn-cob pipe. They stopped at a turn in the road, and he touched his cap, remarking: "I guess I'll leave you here, as I am late to dinner. I'll try to be out at the links to-morrow; but if I don't show up, you'll know I've had a chance to join that hunting trip. Ta-ta!"

And the night breeze sprang up, and murmured: "Hail the new woman, — behold she comes apace! WOMAN, ONCE MAN'S SUPERIOR, NOW HIS EQUAL!"

Caroline Ticknor.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WHETHER in Cuba or the Klondike, in camp or in college, wherever men live together in close quarters, there they form a moral code.

The codes of college students, for instance, like the codes of mining camps, are couched in grotesque, slangy terms; but the heart of them is sure to be sound.

For the strictly limited purposes of a college code — that is, for healthy,

wealthy young fellows who have no immediate concern about earning their living, and who are free from domestic, business, and political responsibilities — these college codes serve fairly well. In substance, they all agree that a man shall be wide awake and tactful, genial and courteous, kindly in his comments on others, cheerful when things don't quite suit him, generous in small things as well as

in great ; especially, that he shall give nothing less than his best, and take nothing from his fellows he has not fairly earned ; that he shall lose thought of himself in devotion to some common ends, and put forth the last ounce of energy in him before he will give up the game he sets out to play, or the work he " goes in for," or the friend whom he loves. The man who does these things is accepted as a thoroughly good fellow, a gentleman ; he has all the virtues which are absolutely required to get on well in the limited sphere to which this code is applied. That our college youth, in entire unconsciousness of what they are doing, and without the remotest intention of drawing up a moral code, come to a tacit acceptance of principles so profound, so searching, and so comprehensive, is a magnificent witness to the soundness of young men's ethical insight.

The Greeks worked out an ethical code for themselves in as direct a contact with actual social needs as is felt by our miners and soldiers and ranchmen and college students. Though there were many points which their code did not cover, yet it was much broader than any of these special codes which are being developed to-day, and with adequate amplification can be made to include the whole social duty of man. Their ethical efforts came to so little not from lack of insight so much as from lack of motive. To unite the ethical insight of the Greek with the spiritual motive of the Christian would be the salvation of individual or country or race. The straightest approach to the Greek point of view is through Plato's doctrine of the Cardinal Virtues.

If we are to see life with the eyes of the Greeks, we must first free our minds of the notion that anything in the world, any appetite or passion of man, is either good or bad in itself. Life would be simple indeed if only some things, like eating and studying and working and saving and giving, were absolutely good ;

and other things, like drinking and smoking and spending and theatre-going and dancing and sexual love, were absolutely bad. To be sure, men and schools and churches have often tried to dissect life into these two halves ; but it never works well. Material things and natural appetites are in themselves neither good nor bad ; they become good when rightly related, and bad when wrongly related. The cardinal virtues are the principles of such right relation.

The first cardinal virtue is wisdom. Wisdom, in the ethical sense of the term, is a very different thing from book-learning. Illiterate people are frequently exceedingly wise, while learned people are often the biggest fools. Wisdom is the sense of proportion, — the power to see clearly one's ends, and their relative worth ; to subordinate lower ends to higher without sacrificing the lower altogether ; and to select the appropriate means to one's ends, taking just so much of the means as will best serve the ends, — no more and no less. It is neither the gratification nor the suppression of appetite and passion as such, but the organization of them into a hierarchy of ends which they are sternly compelled to subserve.

Of the many ends at which a wise man aims, such as health, wealth, reputation, power, culture, and the like, a single subordinate phase of a single end, the investment of savings, will bring out the essential feature of wisdom. Now, the end at which a man aims in investment of savings is provision for himself and his family in old age. It is the part of wisdom to keep that end constantly before the mind, — not allowing other ends to be substituted for it ; and to choose the means which strictly subserve that end, — not the means which are attractive in themselves, or promise to serve some other end. Yet simple as this matter is, not one investor of savings in twenty has the wisdom to do it.

Investment of savings is an entirely

different thing from the investment a merchant or manufacturer makes for purposes of profit ; and to keep this distinction clear is one of the greatest signs of practical wisdom. The prime consideration in investment of savings should be security. The wise investor of savings will remember two principles : first, high interest is another name for poor security ; second, large profits is another name for extreme risk. He will confine his investment to building and loan associations, savings banks, government and conservative municipal bonds, real estate ; first mortgages on real estate worth twice the face of the mortgage, which is producing income considerably in excess of the interest on the mortgage, and is owned by some one who has other property besides that on which the mortgage is held ; and finally, local companies which serve essential local needs, like light, water, and transportation, provided they are honestly and economically managed. These, in about the order named, are the only safe, and therefore the only wise forms of investment for savings. The expert banker and financier may seek larger profits where he pleases ; but the man who puts his savings, be they small or large, on which he relies for old age, into any forms of investment more risky than these is a fool. There is nothing more pitiful than to see men and women, who have worked hard and lived close year after year, flattered and wheedled into putting their savings into some specious scheme which promises six or eight per cent interest, or the chance in a few years to double their money, and then fails altogether just when the money they have saved is most needed, and the power to earn wages or salary has gone.

To sum up the dictates of wisdom on this point in a few simple rules, wisdom says : " Avoid high rates of interest ; seek no business profits beyond the range of your own immediate and expert observation ; lend money as a favor to no one,

unless you are able and willing, if need be, to give the money outright ; have no business dealings with your relatives in which business and sentiment are mixed up ; sign no notes and assume no financial responsibilities for other people ; keep your money where you can watch the men who manage it for you ; never put a large part of your savings into any one investment." He who keeps these rules may not grow suddenly rich, but he will never become suddenly and sorrowfully poor.

This simple yet very practical example may serve as the type of all wisdom. It simply demands that we be perfectly clear about our ends, and the part they play in our permanent plan of life ; and then, that we never leave or forsake these chosen ends to chase after others which circumstance or flattery or vanity or indolence or ambition may chance to suggest.

If man dwelt alone in a world of things, wisdom to subordinate things to his ends would be the principal virtue. The form of the perfect character would be a circle, with self as the centre. The fact that we live in a social world, where other persons must be recognized, is the ground of justice, the second cardinal virtue. Justice requires the subordination of the interests of the individual to the interests of society, and the persons who constitute society, in the same way that wisdom requires the subordination of particular desires to the permanent interests of the whole individual to whom they belong. For the individual is a part of society in the same vital way in which a single desire is part of an individual. To indulge a single desire at the expense of the permanent self is folly ; and to indulge a single individual, whether myself or another, at the expense of society is injustice.

The essence of injustice consists in treating people, not as persons, having interests and ends of their own, but as mere tools or machines, to do the things

we want to have done. The penalty of injustice is a hardening of heart and shriveling of soul; so that if a person were to treat everybody in that way, he would come to dwell in a world of things, and, before he knew it, degenerate into a mere thing himself. Lord Rosebery points out that this habit of treating men as mere means to his own ends was what made Napoleon's mind lose its sanity of judgment, and made his heart the friendless, cheerless desolation that it was in his last days. We have all seen persons in whom this hardening, shriveling, drying-up process had reached almost the vanishing point. The employer toward his "hands;" the officer toward his troops; the teacher, even, toward his scholars; the housekeeper toward her servants; all of us toward the people who cook our food and make our beds and sell our meat and raise our vegetables, are in imminent danger of slipping down on to this immoral level of treating them as mere machines. Royce, in his *Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, has set this forth most forcibly, among English writers; though it lies at the heart of all the German formulas, like Kant's "Treat humanity, whether in thyself or in others, always as an end, never as a means," and Hegel's "Be a person, and respect the personality of others." Royce says: "Let one look over the range of his bare acquaintanceship; let him leave out his friends, and the people in whom he takes a special personal interest; let him regard the rest of his world of fellow men, — his butcher, his grocer, the policeman that patrols his street, the newsboy, the servant in his kitchen, his business rivals. Are they not one and all to him *ways of behavior* toward himself or other people, outwardly effective beings, rather than realized masses of genuine inner sentiment, of love, or of felt desire? Does he not naturally think of each of them rather as a way of outward action than as a way of inner volition? His butcher,

his newsboy, his servant, — are they not for him industrious or lazy, honest or deceitful, polite or uncivil, useful or useless people, rather than self-conscious people? Is any one of these alive for him in the full sense, — sentient, emotional, and otherwise like himself, as perhaps his own son, or his own mother or wife, seems to him to be? Is it not rather their being for him, not for themselves, that he considers in all his ordinary life? Not their inner volitional nature is realized, but their manner of outward activity. Such is the nature and ground of the illusion of selfishness."

This passage from Royce lays bare the source of the greater part of the social immorality in the world, and accounts for nine tenths of all the world's trouble.

What wonder that a man of this type cannot succeed in any large work of administration! He treats men as things. But men are not things. They rise up in indignation against him. Every man of them is instantly his enemy, and will take the first chance that occurs to betray him and cast him down. A man of that type cannot run a mill or a store or a school or a political campaign or a hotel a week without being in a row. He cannot live in a community six weeks without having made more enemies than friends. The first time he trips, every one is ready to jump on him. And in all his trouble and unpopularity and failure and defeat, the beauty of it is that he is getting precisely what he deserves, and we all exclaim, "It's good enough for him!" Selfishness is closely akin to folly. The fool treats things as if they were mere qualities, and had no permanent effects. But the effects come back to plague and torment him. The selfish man treats men as if they were mere acts, and had no permanent selves. He may at the time get out of them the act he wants, but in doing so he makes them his enemies; and no man can permanently prosper with every other man openly or secretly arrayed against

him. The most fundamental question a man can ask about our character is whether and to what extent we habitually treat persons as persons, and not as things. The answer to that question will tell whether we shall succeed or fail in any enterprise which has an important social side; will tell whether we shall make a home happy or wretched; will tell whether we are more of a blessing or a curse to the world in which we move. And the test is to be found, not in our attitude toward the people whom we consider our superiors and equals; not in the appearance we make in what is technically called society. There we have to be decent, whether we want to or not; there we have to treat, or appear to treat, persons as persons, not as things. Little credit belongs to us for all that. But when it comes to our relations with the people of whom Royce was speaking, there we seem to be under no such social compulsion. There our real character gets blurted out. How do we think and feel and speak and act toward our washerwoman or the man who does our humblest work for us? That determines whether we are at heart Christians or barbarians, whether a gentleman or a brute sits on the throne of our soul. For whether a fellow man is ever a means instead of an end, whether the personality of the humblest ever fails to win our recognition, inasmuch as we do it or do it not unto the least of our brethren determines our moral and social status, as the men of insight, like Kant and Hegel and Jesus, define it.

One of the most important forms of justice is honesty in services and material goods. To be honest means that we refuse to be partner to a trade or transaction in which we would not willingly accept its consequences to all parties, provided we were in their place. Any transaction that involves effects on another we would not willingly, under the circumstances, accept for ourselves in fraud and robbery. The man who pil-

fers goods from a pocket or a counter is the least of the thieves of to-day. He is only doing, in a pitiful way, the devil's retail business. The men who do his wholesale business often move in the best of society, and are even the makers and executors of our laws. Wholesale stealing has numerous forms, but it is nearly all reducible to two well-marked types.

First, stealing is carried on by issuing representations of what does not exist as represented. Stealing of this sort is really lying. Adulteration of goods, watered stock, false accounts, are the grosser forms of this stealing. The more adroit of these rascals, however, take to the promotion of spurious enterprises. They form a company to work a mine which has ore, but which they know cannot be worked at a profit; or they build a railroad between points where there is not traffic or travel enough to pay a fair rate of interest on the capital invested. They appropriate to themselves a generous block of the stock as the price for their work of organization. They put in the most expensive plant and equipment. For the first few months, when there are no repairs needed, by artificial stimulus and by various devices of bookkeeping, or by leaving some bills unpaid, they make a showing on paper of large earnings above running expenses. On this fictitious showing they sell their stock to investors at a distance, who think they are being specially favored in being let into a chance to earn dividends of ten per cent. Then comes the crash; the poor fools that invested in the stock find it worthless, and even the bonds which represent its construction fall below par. Then the poor robbed, cheated, deluded investors look to the promoter for redress; and lo! he has unloaded his stock, and is planning another mine in inaccessible Tennessee mountains, or selling lumber that no team can haul out of some impenetrable Florida swamp, or booming city lots

staked out on some unbroken Kansas prairie, or running an electric railroad through the pastures and woodlands that connect out-of-the-way hamlets in Maine. Justice and honesty demand that we shall read that man's character in the light of the losses he inflicts on hard-working farmers, dependent widows, poor men and women who have toiled all their lives, and are looking for rest in old age. In that clear light of consequence to their fellows, the acts of these unscrupulous promoters stand out in their naked hideousness and deformity. The man who promotes a scheme of this kind, knowing or having good reason to believe that his gain is represented by widespread robbery of the innocent and plunder of the unprotected, is a thief and a robber; and the place where he belongs is at hard work in striped clothes, by the side of the defaulter, the burglar, and the picker of pockets. The fact that he does not get there, but fares sumptuously in a palace he rears with his ill-gotten gain, is one of the chief reasons why men still believe and hope there is a hell.

The other type of stealing which flourishes in modern conditions is the misuse of one's representative or delegated influence. A thief of this sort uses his position in one corporation to let favorable contracts to himself in another corporation in which he is directly or indirectly concerned. He uses his position as purchasing or selling agent for a company by which he is employed, to induce the seller or buyer to make a special rebate or bonus to him in his private capacity; thus charging his employer with an unrecognized salary in addition to the one he is supposed to receive. He uses his political influence to promote his personal fortunes, or those of his friends and retainers, at the public expense. Wherever a representative or delegated power is used for personal, private, friendly, family, or any ends whatever other than the single interests of the

constituents or firm or institution represented, there is a case of wholesale stealing of the second type.

Opportunities for the successful practice of these two types of wholesale stealing are incidental to our highly complex political and industrial life. Exceptional talent and industry and enterprise may still manage to make money without them. But most of the great fortunes which are rapidly made rest on one or the other of these two types of theft. The temptations to resort to them in these days are tremendous. Yet it is no new discovery that wrongdoing is profitable and easy, while virtue is costly and hard. The first step toward righteousness in these matters is to define clearly, in modern terms, what honesty is; and to brand all whose gains rest on the losses of others as the thieves and villains they are.

Justice, if left to the feeble hands of individuals, would be but poorly executed, even if the individuals concerned were most justly and generously disposed. It is through institutions that justice most effectively works. Loyalty to institutions is a higher and more universal form of justice.

Loyalty to the family involves the recognition that the family is prior to the individual. Into the family we are born; by our parents we are trained and reared; from parents, brothers, and sisters we first learn life's most precious lesson of love. The loyal son must ever hold the family as a dearer and better self. Its interest must be his interest; its requirements, his will; its members, members of himself, to be honored, cherished, defended, supported, so long as he has strength and means to support them, heart and soul wherewith to love.

Loyalty to one's own home carries with it, as its counterpart, a respect for the home and family life of others. Chastity is the great virtue that guards the sanctity of the home. Approached from the point of view of the family and the home, chastity is one of the most

reasonable and imperative requirements which justice and loyalty lay upon men. To the libertine justice puts the searching questions: "How would you like to have been born as the product of the passing passion of a man who was too mean to acknowledge either you or your mother? How would you like to have your own sisters treated in that way? How would you like to look forward to rearing your own daughters for the brief, bitter life of the brothel?" These are hard questions, no doubt, the very suggestion of which gives one a feeling of horror. But just those questions the libertine must answer before he can ever think guiltlessly of a licentious life for himself. For these wretched women whom he meets on the street after nightfall, or goes to a brothel to find, were once the dear daughters and sisters of fond fathers and mothers and brothers; and God meant them to be the happy wives of good husbands, fond mothers of sweet children to grow up and honor and love them in turn. To lead one such woman astray, or to patronize an institution which ruins such women by the wholesale, is to be a traitor to the great and blessed institution of home; to make impossible for others that pure, sweet family life to which we owe all that is best in our own lives, and which holds in its beneficent keeping all the best gifts we can hope to hand down to our children. Chastity is no mere conventional virtue, which a young man may lightly ignore, under some such pretext as "sowing wild oats." It is rooted and grounded in justice to others, and loyalty to the benign institution of home.

If man were merely a mind, wisdom to see particular desires in the light of their permanent consequences to self, and justice to weigh the interests of self in the impartial scales of a due regard for the interests of others, would together sum up all virtue. Knowledge, in these two forms, would be virtue, as Socrates taught.

We feel, however, as well as know. Nature, for purposes of her own, has placed the premium of pleasure on the exercise of function, and attached the penalty of pain to both privation of such exercise on the one hand, and overexertion on the other. Nature, too, has adjusted the scale of intensity of pleasures and pains to her own ends; placing the keenest rewards and the severest penalties on those appetites which, like nutrition and reproduction, are most essential to the survival of the individual and the race; thus enforcing by her rough process of natural selection a crude wisdom and justice of her own. Moreover, these premiums and penalties were adjusted to the needs of the race at a stage of evolution when scanty and precarious food supply and a high death rate, due to the combined inroads of war, famine, and pestilence, rendered nutrition and reproduction of vastly more relative urgency, in comparison with other interests, than they are to-day.

Pleasure and pain, therefore, though reliable guides in the life of an animal struggling for existence, are not reliable guides for men in times of artificial plenty and elaborate civilization. To follow the strongest appetites, to seek the intensest pleasures and shun the sharpest pains, is simply to revert to a lower stage of evolution, and live the life of a beast. Hence that combat of the moral nature with the cosmic process to which Mr. Huxley recently recalled our attention; or rather, that combat of man with himself which Paul and Augustine, Plato and Hegel, have more profoundly expressed. This fact that Nature's premiums and penalties are distributed on an entirely different principle from that which wisdom and justice mark out for the civilized man renders it necessary for wisdom and justice to summon to their aid two subordinate virtues, — courage and temperance: courage to endure the pains which the pursuit of wisdom and justice involves; temperance to cut off

the pleasures which are inconsistent with the ends which wisdom and justice set before us.

The wide, permanent ends at which justice and wisdom aim often involve what is in itself, and for the present, disagreeable and painful. The acquisition of a competence involves hard work, when Nature calls for rest; the solution of a problem requires us to be wide awake, when Nature urges sleep; the advocacy of a reform involves unpopularity, when Nature suggests the advantages of having the good opinion of our fellows; the life of the country calls for the death of the soldier, when Nature bids him cling to life by running away.

Now, since we are not ascetics, we must admit that *per se* pleasure is preferable to pain. If it were a question between rest and work when weary, between sleep and waking when tired out, between popularity and unpopularity, between life and death, every sensible man would choose the first alternatives as a matter of course. Wisdom and justice, however, see the present and partial pain as part of a wider personal and social good, and order that the pain be endured. True courage, therefore, is simply the executor of the orders of wisdom and justice. The wise and just man, who knows what he wants, and is bound to get it at all costs, is the only man who can be truly brave. For the strength of one's courage is simply the strength of the wise and just aims which he holds. All bravery not thus rooted and grounded in the vision of some larger end to be gained is mere bravado and bluster.

Of the many applications of courage, two of the simplest will suffice for illustration: the courage of space, to take the pains to keep things in order; and the courage of time, to be punctual, or even ahead of the hour, when a hard task has to be done.

Even if our life is a small, sheltered one, even if we have only our house or

rooms to look after, things tend to get out of order, to pile themselves up in heaps, to get out of our reach and into each other's way. To leave things in this chaos is both unwise and unjust; for it will trouble us in the future, and trouble the people who have to live with us. Yet it costs pain and effort to attack this chaos and subject it to order. Endurance of pain, in the name of wisdom and justice, to secure order for our own future comfort and the comfort of our family and friends, is courage. On the other hand, to leave things lying in confusion around us; to let alien forces come into our domain and encamp there, in insolent defiance of ourselves and our friends, is a shameful confession that things are stronger than we. To be thus conquered by dead material things is as ignominious a defeat as can come to a man. The man who can be conquered by things is a coward in the strict ethical sense of the term; that is, he lacks the strength of will to bear the incidental pains which his personal and social interests put upon him.

The courage of time is punctuality. When there is a hard piece of work to be done, it is pleasanter far to sit at ease for the present, and put off the work. "The thousand nothings of the hour" claim our attention. The coward yields to "their stupefying power," and the great task remains forever undone. The brave man brushes these conflicting claims into the background, stops his ears until the sirens' voices are silent, stamps on his feelings as though they were snakes in his path, and does the thing *now* which ever after he will rejoice to have done. In these crowded modern days, the only man who "finds time" for great things is the man who takes it by violence from the thousands of petty, local, temporary claims, and makes it serve the ends of wisdom and justice.

There are three places where one may

draw the line for getting a piece of work done. One man draws it habitually a few minutes or hours or days after it is due. He is always in distress, and a nuisance to everybody else. There is no dignity in a life that is as perpetually behind its appointments as a tail is in the rear of a dog.

It is very risky — ethically speaking, it is cowardly — to draw the line at the exact date when the work is due; for then one is at the mercy of any accident or interruption that may overtake him at the end of his allotted time. If he is sick, or a friend dies, or unforeseen complications arise, he is as bad off as the man who deliberately planned to be late, and almost as much to blame. For a man who leaves the possibility of accident and interruption out of account, and stakes the welfare of himself and of others on such miscalculation, is neither wise nor just; he is reckless rather than brave. Even if accidents do not come, he is walking on the perilous edge all the time; his work is done in a fever of haste and anxiety, injurious alike to the quality of the work and the health of the worker.

The man who puts the courage of punctuality into his work will draw the line for finishing a piece of work a safe period inside the time when it is actually due. If one forms the habit and sticks to it, it is no harder to have work done ten days, or at least one day, ahead of time than to finish it at the last allowable minute. Then, if anything happens, it does no harm. This habit will save literary workers an incalculable amount of anxiety and worry. And it is the wear and tear of worry and hurry, not the amount of calm, quiet work, that kills such men before their time.

I am aware that orderliness and punctuality are not usually regarded as forms of courage. But the essential element of all courage is in them, — the power to face a disagreeable present in the interest of desirable permanent ends. They are far more important in modern life than the

courage to face bears or bullets. They underlie the more spectacular forms of courage. The man who cannot reduce to order the things that are lying passively about him, and endure the petty pains incidental to doing hard things before the sheer lapse of time forces him to action, is not the man who will be calm and composed when angry mobs are howling about him, or who will go steadily on his way when greed and corruption, hypocrisy and hate, are arrayed to resist him. For whether in the quiet of a study and the routine of an office, or in the turmoil of a riot or a strike, true courage is the ready and steadfast acceptance of whatever pains are incidental to securing the personal and public ends that are at stake.

Temperance is closely akin to courage; for as courage takes on the pains which wisdom and justice find incidental to their ends, so temperance cuts off remorselessly whatever pleasures are inconsistent with these ends. The temperate man does not hate pleasure, any more than the brave man loves pain, for its own sake. It is not that he loves pleasure less, but that he loves wisdom and justice more. He puts the satisfaction of his permanent and social self over against the fleeting satisfaction of some isolated appetite, and cuts off the little pleasure to gain the lasting personal and social good. There is a remark of Hegel which gives the key to all true temperance: "In the eye of fate all action is guilt." Since we are finite, to do one thing is to neglect all the competing alternative courses. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. As James puts it: "Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well dressed and a great athlete, and make a million a year; be a wit, a *bon-vivant*, and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher; a philanthropist, statesman, warrior, and African explorer, as well as a 'tone-poet' and saint. But the thing is simply impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter

to the saint's; the *bon-vivant* and the philanthropist would trip each other up; and the philosopher and the lady-killer could not well keep house in the same tenement of clay. So the seeker of his truest, strongest, deepest self must review the list carefully, and pick out the one on which to stake his salvation."

Some selection there must be between competing and mutually exclusive goods. The intemperate man selects what appeals most forcibly to his sensibilities at the moment. The temperate man selects that which best fits his permanent ends. There is sacrifice in either case. The intemperate man sacrifices his permanent and social self to his transient physical sensations. The temperate man sacrifices his transient sensations in the interest of his permanent and social self.

The temptation to intemperance comes chiefly from a false abstraction of pleasure. Finding that some function is attended with pleasure, we perform the function for the sake of the pleasure; forgetting to consider the end at which the function aims, or even disregarding the end altogether. A man seizes on one or another of the more sensitive parts of his nervous system, and then contrives ways to produce constant or frequently recurrent excitation. Thus the glutton crams his stomach, not for the nourishment and vigor food will give him, but for the sensations of agreeable taste and comfortable distention. Muscle must toil, brain must plan, and every other organ do extra work, simply to give the palate its transient titillation and provide the stomach its periodic gorge. The drunkard gets the whole sympathetic system of nerves into an excitation so intense as to drive away all concern for other things, and fill his consciousness completely full of the glorious sense that all is well with his physical organism. Tobacco gives a pleasure still farther removed from any rational end. With a minimum of physical substance, a man can get the sensation of working his jaws and lungs, se-

creting saliva, and being in a tranquil state of body and mind.

Yet if one is bound to have agreeable sensations, regardless of their permanent effects, there is a way, quick, sure, cheap, refined, convenient, unobtrusive, far beyond the crude, clumsy devices of glutton, drunkard, snuff-taker, chewer, or smoker. With a powder so small that it can be held on the tip of a penknife, with a tablet a whole bottle of which can be carried in the pocket, with a drop injected by the hypodermic syringe, one may invoke the magic potency of morphine, hashish, or cocaine.

Such are the latest refinements of intemperance, the most improved devices for stimulating our physical and nervous functions into pleasurable activity, apart from all consideration of the normal ends the functions were evolved to serve. It would be easy to hold them up to ridicule. If, in a book of travels, we were to read of a tribe in some remote island who spent a large portion of their substance gorging themselves with a dozen kinds of food at a single meal; pouring down liquid which made them silly and stupid, and therefore careless and happy; stuffing vegetable matter up their noses, or chewing it and spitting out the juice, or rolling it up in tubes or putting it in bowls and setting fire to it for the fun of pulling the smoke into their mouths and puffing it out again; or injecting under their skins substances which would make them lose all sense of reality and responsibility, and live in a dream world where wishes were horses and beggars might ride; and if we had never heard of such practices before, we should not rank them very high in the scale of civilization.

Yet we cannot, if we would, dispose of these forms of intemperance by ridicule. In each case some pleasure is gained, and that pleasure is so far forth a real good. Let us be serious and fair with them all.

The glutton's gorging of his stomach,

in so far as it produces a pleasurable feeling of distention, is good. If a man were nothing but a stomach, and that were made of cast iron, then gluttony would be not only good, but the highest good. If a man were nothing but a bundle of nerves, and these were of wire and never subject to reaction, then the man who could keep them thrilling most intensely by whiskey and champagne would be the wisest one of us all. So if man were nothing but a nose, and that had the lining of a boiler, then snuff-taking would be the acme of virtue. If man were reduced to a pair of huge jaws, then chewing would be virtue for him. If one were a heating-plant chimney, then smoking would be the best he could do. If a man need do nothing but dream, then to neglect the joys of opium or cocaine would be superlative folly.

The evil of these things is due to the greater good they displace. Man is more than stomach or nerves or nose or jaws or chimney or dreamer; and indulgence in these departments of his life, unless very carefully controlled and restricted, involves injury to more important sides of life, out of all proportion to the petty gains in these special departments in question.

The folly or evil of these practices differs greatly in degree, though they are all branches from the same psychological root, — the quest of sensations divorced from the normal ends the stimulative functions serve. The list of branches from this same root could easily be enlarged. Theoretically, the highest wisdom, the strictest temperance, would eliminate them all; not, however, on ascetic grounds, but on the rational ground that the wisest man can find better use for his time and money, his vitality and strength, than in any of these abnormally evoked sensations. Yet, practically, something must be conceded to human weakness and infirmity. To say that all these things are theoretically

foolish, and therefore immoral, does not carry with it the position that every man is a fool and a knave who practices them. Gluttony, the use of snuff, and chewing, once as prevalent and popular among those who could afford them as smoking is now, have receded before the advancing march of a higher civilization, until they are hardly consistent with our ideas of a gentleman. Drunkenness is rapidly going into the same category. A century ago, a man was thought no less a gentleman because he was occasionally or even frequently drunk. To-day, a man who permits himself to be seen drunk is not wanted for employee or partner or son-in-law or intimate friend. The victim of drug habits we all pity, loathe, and distrust. Moderate drinking and smoking are the two forms in which the quest for abnormal or non-functional sensation is still in vogue. All the other forms of intemperance cited have so far received the stigma of social disapproval that their gradual descent through lower and lower strata of society to final disuse is merely a question of time.

Moderate drinking and smoking undoubtedly have still a long lease of life. There is a good deal to be said in behalf of them both. Moderate drinking temporarily aids digestion, increases good-fellowship, dispels anxiety and care, and serves one of the two purposes of food. We all know multitudes of men who have practiced it for years, and are apparently little the worse for it. To them its discontinuance would be a real hardship; costing, perhaps, in mental strain and effort and temporary physical discomfort, more than the resulting physical gain to themselves as individuals. That multitudes of people will continue the practice, and will do so under the impression, right or wrong, that they are doing what is wisest and best for themselves, there can be no doubt. Such people are not to be condemned as intemperate. Whatever the final verdict of physiology may be

(and that is not yet rendered), so long as these people believe, on the testimony of expert authorities whose judgment they trust, and on their own experience so far as they are competent to interpret it, that moderation in the use of alcoholic drink is good for them, they are wise and temperate in its use. For morality is not a matter of right or wrong opinion about physiological or social questions. It is a question of personal attitude toward the opinions which one holds.

The man, however, who knows or believes that it injures him, and helps materially to injure others, and still continues to use it, thereby confesses himself to be a fool and a slave, and merits our severe condemnation. The fundamental elements of manhood are wanting in that man. His rank is lower than the beasts; for they cannot violate a reason they do not possess. Instinct does for them what the consciously intemperate man lacks the stamina to do for himself. In view of the doubtful nature of the gain which moderate use of alcoholic liquor brings even to those who interpret temporary exhilaration as permanent benefit; in view of the danger that moderation will slip into excess, and be caught in the chains of habit; in view of the havoc and misery which liquor causes in the world; in view of the extreme difficulty of securing the temperate individual use without complicity in its terrible social abuse; in view of the certainty that in the long run the individual would be quite as well off without it, and that society as a whole would be infinitely the gainer if it were universally discarded as a beverage, — the man who seeks to be guided in his life by the highest wisdom and the sanest temperance, though he have not a particle of asceticism in his make-up, though he grudge no man the joy he gets from a social glass, though he will judge no man who conscientiously uses it as either morally or spiritually inferior to himself in consequence, yet, in

the present state of physiological knowledge and the existing social conditions that attend the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, will find the better part for himself and the highest service to society in a moderation so strict as to amount to practical abstinence.

Smoking, so easily disposed of on ascetic principles, presents, from our point of view, a very difficult and delicate question. There is a good deal to be said in its behalf. It is a solace of solitude. It is a substitute for exercise. It promotes digestion. It brings people together on terms of easy and restful intimacy; taking away the chill and stiffness from social intercourse, much as an open fire in the fireplace adds a cheer to a room quite independent of the warmth it generates. The advantages from smoking are not confined exclusively to the immediate physical sensation.

Furthermore, when once the habit is established, the body adapts itself to it, and contrives, through lungs, skin, and kidneys, — though not without scenting the clothing with foul exhalations and tainting the breath with offensive odors, — to throw the poison off. Hence men who have once formed the habit; who feel that they can afford its considerable expense, and can find no better use for the money it represents; who gain a good deal of pleasure from it, and are able to detect no serious physical effects, may well believe (although, if they were to look the matter up impartially, the weight of scientific testimony would be against them) that, on the whole, for them, situated as they are, the continuance of the habit represents the greater good. Here again it is not for us to judge individuals. All we can say is that this is a possible, if not the impartial and scientific way of looking at the matter. Many do look at it in that light. In so far as they are honest in taking that view of the matter, they are wise and temperate in smoking as they

do. If, however, they know it is injuring them; if they have a sneaking suspicion, which they dare not follow up with a thorough investigation, that the practice is injurious in general, and is harming themselves in particular, then they are fools and slaves to persist in the practice. But that is a judgment which the individual, who alone knows the facts from the inside, must be left to pass upon himself. We who stand on the outside cannot get at the inner facts, and so have no right to pass such a judgment. At all events, the young man who would attune his life to the highest wisdom, and control it by the firmest temperance, will not permit himself to form the habit before he has attained his full physical and mental stature, and has proved his ability with his own hand or brain to earn for himself whatever necessities and comforts of life he believes to be more fundamental and important than the inhalation and exhalation of smoke.

Let us be careful not to confound a wise temperance with the absurdities and rigors of asceticism. Asceticism hates pleasure, and sets itself up as something superior to pleasure. Hence it is sour, narrow, repulsive. As Macaulay said of the Puritans, "They hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators;" so the ascetic seems to hate the pleasure there is in things, and to begrudge other people their joys and consolations. Temperance work has too often fallen into the hands of these ascetic cranks, who pose as the apostles and martyrs of the true and only temperance.

True temperance is modest. It is nothing in itself, but, like courage, simply the handmaid of wisdom and justice to carry out their commands. Temperance does not hate pleasure. Temperance loves pleasure more wisely, — that is all. The temperate man recognizes that the pleasure of an act is a pretty sure indi-

cation that the act has some elements of good. But temperance denies that pleasure is an indication of the relative worth of different acts. Reason, not pleasure alone, must decide that point. Temperance never cuts off an indulgence, unless it be to save some greater and more valuable interest of life. Temperance is always, if it is modest, and keeps its proper place as the handmaid of wisdom, engaged in cutting off a lesser to save a greater good. Its weapon and symbol is the pruning knife; and its aim and justification is that the vine of life may bear more and better fruit. To erect temperance into a positive principle, to be merely a temperance man or woman, to cut off the fair leaves of pleasure merely for the sake of cutting them off, is monstrous, unnatural, perverse. The great moral motive power of life must lie in the positive and pleasurable interests which wisdom and justice and faith and love lay hold upon. To cast out evil as an end in itself is as futile as to try to drive the air out of a room with a fan.

Temperance, indeed, often finds itself arrayed against the lower and intenser forms of pleasure. That is because, for purposes of her own, Nature has attached the keenest pleasures to those instincts which are most fundamental to the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the species. But temperance, if it be wise, — if, that is, it be truly moral, — must ever justify itself by those personal and social goods at which wisdom and justice aim. Hence temperance, though an important virtue in its place, is yet a strictly subordinate one. No man can amount to much without constant practice of stern self-denial and rigid self-control. But a man who does nothing but that; the man who erects temperance into a positive principle, who believes that the pruning knife can bear fruit of itself, and despises the rich soil that feeds the roots and the sweet sap that nourishes the

branches of the vine of life, is no man at all. The measure and value of our temperance is, not the indulgences which we lop off from the branches of life here and there, but the beauty and sweetness and worth of the fruit which is borne by our lives as a whole.

Such are the cardinal virtues ; such are the counsels a Greek philosopher would give us, could he return to earth to-day. Would give, I say ; for I am well aware that the points I have chosen for illustration are, for the most part, points on which Plato and Aristotle touched very lightly, if at all ; and that on the most important of them their precept and practice were in open contradiction to the precepts I here have set forth. I have followed the logic of their principles rather than the letter of their precepts. Like a fluid in connected vessels, the spiritual life of an age cannot rise, in its ethical precept and practice, above the level of the prevailing religious conceptions, literary standards, political institutions, and social customs. No one knew this better than Plato, as is evident from his attack on the current literary and religious standards of his day, and his attempt to construct an ideal republic, where philosophers should be kings. Christianity, democracy, and the deepening recognition of the rights of personality in men and women, chil-

dren and servants, have lifted the level of spiritual life to heights undreamed of by Plato, and pronounced by Aristotle to be impossible. On this higher level, the old formulas of the Greeks receive a vastly richer content and an infinitely wider application ; but as forms of statement they never have been and never will be surpassed.

However deep and wide and full man's life, under Christian influence and inspiration, may come to be, it will ever retain the form the old Greeks stamped upon it, — the form of the cardinal virtues. Man will ever approach perfection in proportion to the wisdom with which he grasps the permanent ends of his life, and subordinates all means to those ends ; the justice with which he weighs the interests of his fellows in the same scales as his own ; the courage with which he greets all pains incidental to the prosecution of his own ends and those of his fellows ; and the temperance with which he cuts off whatever pleasure proves inconsistent with the steadfast adherence to these personal and social ends. For thus to live a wise, just, brave, temperate life is to be rightly related to the world, to one's fellows, and to one's true self ; and therefore sums up, as far as ethics apart from politics and religion can do it, all the virtues and duties of man.

William De Witt Hyde.

NEW ORLEANS AND RECONSTRUCTION.

THE city had been founded in 1718. That is to say, the sanguine young Sieur de Bienville, bent upon realizing his dream of a great metropolis on the Lower Mississippi, had at last marked out a site on the narrow strip of land lying between the river and Lake Pontchartrain, had put up a few wretched huts, and was now using every effort to have the gov-

ernment of the whole province domiciled in his future capital, and was earnestly opposing the policy of the European directors of the Company of the West, who were shortsightedly determined to establish the capital at Biloxi or Mobile, or on the Bay of St. Bernard. This Bienville had inherited the legacy of La-salle, Iberville, and those other earlier

explorers of the Mississippi Valley, — a legacy of dreams, of fiery imagination, of plans that stretched infinitely into the golden haze of the future. In the vision of these men, there had been always foreshadowed the figure of a city which should dominate this enormous valley of fertility and richness, — a city lying near the mouth of the great river which, with its countless branches, drained and enriched and opened this vast treasure store of Nature; and, consequently, as New Orleans is one of the few cities of this country with a past, so, likewise, it has always been the city of the future, — a city of vast possibilities in the plans of Lasalle, of Iberville, of Bienville, of France, and then of Spain, of Aaron Burr, of Napoleon, of Thomas Jefferson and the United States.

To the vivid imagination of the first Frenchmen who explored the valley, this vast territory appealed irresistibly as a land of limitless possibilities. What a field for the imagination of an artist like Lasalle to work upon! Vast forests to be explored and threaded with highways; fields and mines to be worked for the treasures which Nature had but half hidden in them; the great province of Canada to be welded to the greater province of Louisiana by the possession of the Mississippi; the building of an immense chain of forts from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, strengthening the hold of France, and slowly pushing both Spaniard and Englishman out of North America, — all this untraversed wilderness, like a fresh canvas, on which to build the richest empire of the earth. Lasalle felt that the Mississippi would be the key to this whole region, and that Nature herself seemed to destine that there should one day be a city near its mouth, as the natural gateway of the valley, — a city which at some time would become one of the great and the rich of the earth. The little piece of higher ground, lying so providentially between the river and the lakes which lead out

to the Gulf, attracted his eye, and it was part of his astounding plan to found a city somewhere in this neighborhood. This was the legacy of Lasalle; and to this legacy Bienville boldly laid claim when, in 1718, he marked out his town on the "Island" of Orleans, and firmly insisted, against the cautious policy of the Company, upon making his little collection of huts the capital of the province of Louisiana.

It was small wonder that many of the directors of the Company held back in doubt. Indeed, it is strange that fresh colonists came so eagerly, unless even the common settlers were somehow fired by contagion with that inexhaustible and romantic imagination of Bienville. The city — still half imaginary in a doubtful future, and half in sordid actual existence — was poor enough as Le Page du Pratz saw it. A few wretched huts, thatched with *latanier*, huddled near the river, and about a league and a half back toward the lake, on Bayou St. Jean, were a few more. On all sides, for many a desert mile, lay the vast sombre gloom of the impenetrable, mysterious swamp, weighing upon the spirit with all its vast solitude and sinister menace of lurking pestilence, casting the dull shadows of its gray moss-choked trees into the very souls of the few white men alone in this measureless wilderness. But in the midst of this pitiful reality the dream of Lasalle lived in the mind of Bienville. Many other colonists came, as Le Page du Pratz had done, and made little ephemeral huts of wood and *latanier* thatch, near which no fire might be built with prudence; and doubtless many another besides the worthy chronicler bought an Indian slave girl and established a modest *ménage*. At any rate, the colony grew; not always by such simple means, unfortunately, but sometimes in ways which have passed into story, and thrill us to-day with pity and horror.

Nevertheless, by some new influence in this fresh land, where there was no

past, no tradition, no class, no convention, but all free future, the sometimes foul methods of peopling the colony seemed to be purged of the evil effects which might have been expected; and when, a few years later, the capital of the province was at last triumphantly established in Bienville's city, progress began in earnest. The town was laid out in squares, within the small space now bounded by Canal, Esplanade, Old Levee, and Rampart streets; a small levee was erected, and ditches were dug along the streets to drain the water back into the swamps; for the town suffered from the annual overflow of the river, and the raised squares of the inhabited portion stood out like little islands, giving themselves the name *islets*, which is still the local Creolism. Grants of land were made in the neighboring country, and the province was soon growing rice, indigo, and tobacco; the fig was introduced from Provence and the orange from Hispaniola, and soon a flourishing commerce sprang up.

The rule of the Spaniard was in most respects wise, and the city grew steadily in importance. During the early years of the new United States the Spanish government at New Orleans was a source of threatening danger, at one time almost drawing under its control the growing territory of Kentucky. Napoleon, too, after he had gained possession of Louisiana, meditated a vast scheme of dominion in the West, wherein New Orleans figured as capital city. Meanwhile, the power of the United States had been spreading steadily westward, and the possession of the Mississippi, and of New Orleans, its great port, had become a necessity loudly demanded by the whole country, not only as a means of freeing itself from the old dread of whichever foreign power held this position of advantage, but still more as an outlet for its expanding commerce. Therefore, when Napoleon was compelled, by a turn of events, to sell the whole pro-

vince to Jefferson, the act of purchase marked the victory of that great force of commercial necessity which, from the earliest times, has slowly but inevitably and irresistibly worked toward the control of the destiny of New Orleans.

To be sure, the transfer was attended with inconveniences and with some hardships; but after the first years of bitter discontent, of another reconstruction under alien laws and governors, harder for the people of the city than the rule of the Spaniard had been; after unjust and suspicious treatment and neglect at the hands of the national government; and after the glorious trial by blood and battle in the War of 1812, New Orleans began to take her own high place among the cities of the country, and entered upon the brightest and most prosperous period of her history. The population of the city at the time of the cession to the United States had been about 8056; between that time and 1815 the number had increased to almost 33,000; and in 1840 the population reached 100,000, making New Orleans the largest city in the country, after New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Before the steamboat trade began, hundreds of flatboats came down the river, and the city swarmed with bargemen, — a rough, disorderly class, which, by its boorishness of manner, lack of culture, and keen scent for a bargain, gave an evil savor to the name "American;" so that to this day many old-fashioned residents of the old quarter still look upon the Anglo-Saxon as a semi-barbarian, without polish or the finer instincts of intellect or art, and one still hears, occasionally, the negro expression *Méricains coquins*. Indeed, it was a life-and-death struggle between the two forces which have since moulded the city into its present personality, — the older spirit of isolated and proud conservatism, holding to the traditions and tastes brought from Europe, and the new spirit of commercial progress and practical, money-making, trade-

pushing Americanism. Each modified the other, and in the years which followed the cession the two quarters gradually coalesced in certain ways; so that the city grew marvelously in commercial importance and population, rapidly absorbing the lucrative trade of the Mississippi Valley, and becoming, as Jefferson had predicted, one of the great ports of the world, and yet it lost none of the peculiar personality which had been the result of its isolated and independent growth. In fact, as wealth increased, the city became more and more noted for the culture which was represented by its upper classes, unique in America, European in taste. Nowhere else in America were such private libraries or such pictures, or silver, statuary, and furniture, and nowhere else in America were such things so heartily appreciated; for the cultivation of the city was of longer and more spontaneous growth, and less like the first awkward efforts of a pupil trying to do graceful things with heavy, untrained fingers, than was the case in nearly all other parts of the United States. Visitors from Europe who found welcome in the elegant homes of the city breathed here a more congenial atmosphere than any other this side of the Atlantic. All this has been much bewritten, — this period of wealth and prosperity and the leisure which breeds refinement and social, artistic, and intellectual development. Again New Orleans seemed on the point of realizing the dreams of her founders and of those who had coveted possession of her; but then came "the war," as we must always say in the South, when we try to explain why the present is not what the past promised.

When the Civil War broke out, Louisiana went into the new Confederacy with much regret, as did all the better part of the South, — regret of the days of former unity, and sorrow to take up the sword which the instinct of honor and self-preservation seemed to force into her hand.

New Orleans, however, did her part, and sent her best to the distant war, leaving herself unprotected, and in the hour of need found herself deserted and helpless. When the Federal fleet drew up before the city, in 1862, resistance was impossible. There were no troops, no fortifications. There was not even a military officer to surrender the place. So, without surrender and without resistance, this most important city of the vast valley of the Mississippi fell into the hands of the enemy; and on the 1st of May, 1862, after all disagreeable and dangerous preliminaries had been arranged by Farragut and the naval force, General Benjamin F. Butler set foot upon the streets of New Orleans. From that day dates the weary period of oppression, robbery, and ruin which marred for so long the future of the city, and left scars upon the public character which will remain for generations. The rule of the Spaniard had been strict, and the hand of O'Reilly had fallen heavily upon New Orleans, but a wise policy and endeavor for the public welfare had soon reconciled the people. Had Butler shown either forbearance or wisdom, or if, though pursuing a course of firm military domination, he had shown common justice and personal bravery or decency, the long period of riot and anarchy, bitterness and ruin, might have been averted, and the reconstruction of Louisiana might have been a comparatively simple matter; but Butler succeeded only in casting odium upon the government whose policy he was supposed to be carrying out, and setting farther off the day of reconciliation. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of his motives or his policy. It is enough merely to state that the protest which his administration aroused grew so universal that he was recalled, after seven months of abuse, and General Banks was sent in his place.

A large part of the state was in possession of the Confederates, and no at-

tempt was made to organize a state government until 1864. In that year a so-called Constitutional Convention of delegates from the parts of the state lying within the Union lines was held, a constitution was adopted, the Confederate debt was repudiated, slavery was formally declared to be forever abolished, and a new government was chosen. After the war had been ended, many of the old leaders of the South began to regain their influence in politics; and as this condition of affairs was not at all to the taste of the hungry swarm of carpet-baggers who followed in the path which the victorious army had opened, the Radical party which controlled Congress began to take active measures of retaliation.

The negro was made the excuse for the course which was followed. The condition of the freedman at this time was indeed pitiable. Under the institution of slavery, he had developed from a state of the lowest savagery to a condition of partial civilization; but this development had been due to wholly abnormal conditions, and had not been at all analogous to the slow process and weeding-out struggle through which the white races had toiled upward for thousands of years. If the negro had been forced to compete for existence in America, he would have been crushed out by the civilized power, as the Indian has been. The peculiar institution of slavery, however, protected him not only from this competition, but also, by artificial means, from those great forces of Nature which inevitably weed out the weaker organisms, and which operate most unrestrainedly upon the ignorant savage. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world, human beings had been bred and regulated like valuable stock, with as much care as is put upon the best horses and cattle. As a natural consequence, the sanitary condition of the negro during slavery was remarkable (especially by contrast with his present condition),

and his growth was the abnormal growth of a plant abnormally raised in a hot-house. When, therefore, this mass of helpless beings was thrown upon its own resources by the act of emancipation, and when the protection of slavery had been withdrawn, the direst wretchedness and suffering followed. In 1865 the Freedmen's Bureau was created, but it was powerless to cope with the situation. Congress then committed the fatal mistake of imagining that suffrage would work out a solution. Accordingly, the Representatives of the Southern states were refused their seats until their states had ratified the Fourteenth Amendment to the national Constitution.

In Louisiana, the Radical Republicans made an illegal attempt in this direction. The convention of 1864 had decided that amendments to the state constitution should be proposed in the legislature, and then submitted, after approval by that body, to a general election. The legislature had adjourned in March, 1866, without taking any such action; but, after its adjournment, certain members of the old convention of 1864 set on foot a movement to call another meeting of the same body which had then met. The former president of this convention refused to issue the call, whereupon the minority (about forty members out of ninety-six) assembled in New Orleans on June 26, and elected a president *pro tempore*, who called a meeting for a "Constitutional Convention" to be held on July 30. The openly avowed object of these Radicals was the enfranchisement of negroes and the withholding of suffrage from the majority of the whites, hoping thereby to control the government. The negroes were appealed to in mass meetings, and much inflammatory talk was indulged in. Finally, the convention, swelled in numbers by a yelling crowd of negro supporters, met in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The citizens, who had been worn out by the course of Butler

and his successors, were exasperated to impatience by these proceedings. A large mob attacked the building where the convention was being held, overpowered the scared lawmakers and their negro supporters, — though most of these were armed, — and killed or wounded more or less seriously a large number of them there and in the street. A congressional committee of three investigated the trouble. Their report makes interesting reading. This investigation, however, judging from the testimony elicited, the questions put, and the class of witnesses called, was unfair and prejudiced; and notwithstanding the strong protest of the minority, the report of the majority, recommending strict military government and thorough reconstruction of Louisiana, was approved. In 1867, consequently, Louisiana was put under military rule. The district commander was directed to enroll the citizens, enforcing the test oath, excluding ex-Confederates, and admitting negroes to ballot, and to call a general election of voters so chosen to select delegates to a convention which should revise the constitution of the state, in conformity with the sentiment of Congress. Registration boards were appointed, and delegates were elected by a combined vote of white and black radicals. The convention so elected duly ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, granting the curse of suffrage to the negro; and in 1868 Louisiana seated her Representatives in Congress. The government so elected was maintained by the power of United States troops, in the face of all opposition on the part of the disfranchised majority of the people, and regardless of the shameless system of robbery and political knavery which was practiced upon the helpless state.

In 1872, however, the Amnesty Act restored suffrage to many ex-Confederates. A party of Liberal Republicans separated from the Radical party, joining with those Democrats who had

been enfranchised; and this split in the dominating party weakened its power. The final separation occurred during the session of the legislature in January, 1872. Warmoth was governor. On the death of Dunn, the lieutenant governor, in the November previous, Pinchback, a colored supporter of Warmoth, had been elected president of the Senate. Question was made of the legality of his election. In the House, Speaker Carter, an anti-Warmoth man, was antagonized by the governor's friends. After a bitter struggle, during which Warmoth and some of his supporters were arrested by the Federal authorities, Carter was deposed. An investigating committee was sent down by Congress. During the broil Warmoth and Pinchback became separated. Warmoth, heading the Liberal Republicans, fused with the Democrats in a reform ticket which named John McEnery for governor, with an electoral ticket supporting Greeley and Brown. The Pinchback faction of Radical Republicans supported the Grant ticket, and nominated Kellogg for governor and Pinchback for Congressman at large. The election of November, 1872, was disputed. There were two Returning Boards, each declaring its candidate elected by a good majority. Each party made up its own lists of Representatives, which differed considerably. The new legislature met on the 7th of January, 1873, under the surveillance of United States troops. A week later both governors took the oath of office. President Grant favored the Pinchback faction, and supported it with Federal troops; and the congressional committee which had been instructed to investigate the dispute found that, while McEnery and his party were entitled to the government *de jure*, the Kellogg party, supported by the army, was the government *de facto*. They recommended the passage of a law insuring honest elections; but the suggestion was not adopted, and practical anarchy ensued.

Though Grant supported Kellogg, the McEnery government still retained its organization. Disputes and fights, naturally, were common, and soon the active portion of the city organized into a White League, a body armed and ready for decisive action. Kellogg maintained his power by the protection of the Federal troops (who by this time were heartily sick of shielding the carpet-baggers) and with the assistance of the Metropolitan Police, a body of militia, mostly negroes, directly under his orders.

Matters reached a bloody crisis, when, on the 14th of September, 1874, a mass meeting of citizens appointed a committee to wait upon Kellogg and ask him to abdicate. The governor had fled to the protection of the United States troops in the Custom House, which was called among the White Leaguers the "House of Refuge." Kellogg, from his safe quarters, declined to negotiate, and the leaders of the people advised their followers to go home and get their arms. In the afternoon, the White League under General Ogden completely routed the Metropolitan Police under General Longstreet, who subsequently joined Kellogg in the House of Refuge. No acts of violence were committed against negroes or non-combatants, although the officials of the McEnery ticket were installed all over the state. The day after the fight, a mass of citizens escorted Lieutenant Governor Penn to the State House in triumph, and when the White League passed the Custom House the United States troops gave them the heartiest cheers. President Grant, however, exerted his power, and drew Kellogg from his retreat to resume his duties as governor. Some of the McEnery party remained in office, but merely because certain members of the Kellogg party had fled and could not be found. The Metropolitan Police had been completely demoralized, and were of no further service.

The final change was coming. The whole mass of the people was now thor-

oughly disgusted with the methods of the carpet-baggers; for white citizens who were legally entitled to vote had been arbitrarily prevented from registering, and the more intelligent and better class of negroes had begun to see that the Radical Republicans were not their friends, and that only those negroes who could be used as mere tools obtained offices. It seemed likely that the election of November, 1874, would go to the Democrats; but when the Returning Board completed its labors, it was found that the Republicans had the treasury and a majority of two in the legislature, five seats being left open. These changes in returns were made on the ground of intimidation at election, — in some cases even when no complaint had been made to them. A congressional committee, composed of two Republicans and one Democrat, examined the work of the Returning Board, and unanimously reported that its action had been, "on the whole, arbitrary, unjust, and illegal; and that this arbitrary, unjust, and illegal action alone prevented the return of a majority of Conservative members to the Lower House." No action was taken upon this report, and trouble gathered again. A few days before the assembling of the legislature one of the Republican members was arrested for embezzlement, and his party claimed that this had been done for political purposes. The threatening aspect of affairs caused President Grant to put General Philip Sheridan in command of the department.

On the 4th of January, 1875, the House convened. Of what happened then there are several accounts; the following is substantially from the report of the subsequent Congressional Investigating Committee. The State House was surrounded by Federal troops, and no one was permitted to enter save by Kellogg's orders. At noon order was called by Vigers, clerk of the former House. The roll call was answered by fifty Democrats and fifty-two Republicans.

A Conservative member, Mr. Billieu, nominated L. A. Wiltz as temporary chairman. The clerk made some objection, but Mr. Billieu quickly put the motion, and declared it carried by a *viva voce* vote. Wiltz sprang to the platform, pushed the clerk aside, and seized the gavel. The members were then sworn in. In some way, a new clerk and sergeant-at-arms were elected; then, from some gentlemen who had managed to secure admittance, several additional sergeants-at-arms were appointed. Protests, points of order, confused calls for yeas and nays, were overridden. It was a case of fighting the devil with fire, and so the five contesting Democrats were admitted and sworn in. The Republicans, in the confusion, nominated Lowell for chairman, and declared him elected; but he declined to attempt to take his seat, and Wiltz was elected Speaker of the House. Several of the Republicans now attempted to leave, but were prevented by the sergeants-at-arms. Pistols were drawn, and the troops were called in to restore order. The election of minor officers went on, until finally Kellogg ordered the Federal officer to remove the five members who had just been sworn in, but who had not been returned by the Returning Board. This was done, and Wiltz and the Conservatives left the hall. The Republicans remained and organized, electing Hahn Speaker.

In reporting this affair, General Sheridan characterized the people of the city as "banditti," and advised violent and crushing methods. On the other hand, all the exchanges, and a long list of Northern resident merchants and clergymen, passed resolutions denying the justice of Sheridan's report; and the public press at the North added its protest in favor of downtrodden Louisiana. Under a resolution introduced in the Senate, Mr. Thurman called upon President Grant for an explanation. The President's message in reply was weak

and unsatisfactory. Before long, however, a congressional committee effected what is known as the "Wheeler adjustment," whereby the Kellogg government was allowed to remain; but twelve contesting members of the legislature, elected by the people, and excluded by the Returning Board, were seated. Wiltz and Hahn withdrew their claims, and a Conservative member was elected Speaker of the House.

In the presidential campaign of 1876, Louisiana gave her popular vote for Tilden against Hayes; but the Returning Board had given the state to Hayes, on the old charge of fraud and intimidation. Kellogg had signed the returns in favor of the Hayes electors; and McEnery, who still insisted that he was governor, signed for Tilden. The Electoral Commission, in January, 1877, by a strict party vote, decided to abide by the decisions of the Returning Boards in the contested states, and gave the election to Hayes. In the state election, General F. T. Nichols, a Democrat and veteran of the Confederate army, ran against Packard for governor, and was elected. During Nichols's term President Hayes withdrew the Federal troops, and the reign of the carpet-bagger was over.

Such is the bare, dispassionate outline of the political history of the city during these wretched years; but a far more terrible story is told by the condition of the impoverished people. The wealth of the city had made it a special prize for the horde of adventurers, politicians, and fanatics, white and black, who preyed upon their prostrate victim under the protection of a misguided and vindictive national government. After the ruthless harvest of Butler and his fellows, there had followed a swarm of gleaners through long years of riot, oppression, confiscation, and robbery. It has been calculated that during the ten years preceding 1876 New Orleans paid in direct taxes more than the estimate value of all the property

within her limits during that year ; and yet the state debt was larger by \$40,000,000 than it had been before the carpet-bag rule, notwithstanding the fact that all debts contracted by the state while under the Confederate government had been repudiated by the so-called Constitutional Convention of 1864. Business had been broken up, commerce was stagnant, whole families had been impoverished. Work — work of all kinds — had to be sought, even by many of the women ; and that, too, in a city where business activity had been almost killed. Anything was laid hold of. The young generation of many an old house was glad to drive street cars, or snip cloth at a dry-goods counter. Even this is not the worst that is told in the unwritten tales of the people. This is the story of the strong, but the weaker went to the wall, as always ; and some day, when the novelist of the city shall come, he shall find in the whispered stories of these days themes as powerful, significant, pathetic, and tragic as the themes of Tolstoi, Stepniak, and Sienkiewicz.

In course of time, however, the government and commerce of the city assumed more normal conditions. The power was slowly absorbed again by the people and their chosen leaders. By all the means, fair or foul, which a people struggling desperately for self-preservation will use, the influence of the negro and the local Republican was nullified ; and though the methods chosen have had an evil influence upon the politics of the state, the government of the state and the city to-day is as much an expression of the will of the people as it is anywhere in the United States.

New Orleans of to-day is of two parts, and nourishes a twofold life, — just as the shaping force of its destiny has been twofold, — from within and from without.

The old quarter of the city is Latin. By long isolation this Latin city developed

its peculiarities, growing slowly and inwardly, so to speak, living out the European life from which it had sprung. The narrow stone-paved streets, picturesque whether washed with gray rain or yellow sunshine ; the decaying houses of the past, with their wrought-iron balconies, closed heavy shutters, jealous gates, and alleys opening into flowery hidden courtyards ; the stuccoed walls and red-tiled roofs of the humbler dwellings squatting beside the banquettes ; the Place d'Armes, with the Spanish cathedral and Cabildo ; the many-tongued and many-hued French market ; the very people, with their Latin faces and Latin speech and Latin faculty of making their habitations picturesque in some peculiar way, whether in elegance and refinement or in squalor and dirt, — all, the whole quarter, is quaint and foreign to the American visitor, and has that sense of silent gossip which one gets from the streets and houses of Balzac's stories, a certain personality in the expression of the very brick, stone, and iron, and an indefinable connection between these houses and streets and the quaintly individualized characters whom one sees at every turn. In fact, there is only one way to describe the impression exactly : to live in this quarter, to know its houses, its streets, its people, its stories, is like reading Balzac. Only the obvious externals, however, can be put into word descriptions which a stranger would understand. It requires long acquaintance to know Zizi, for example, that *milatresse* who is coming out of the cathedral yonder with her basket, having been to the French market and to early mass, and who will, later on (as the day is Sunday), go to the *matinée* at the French Opera to hear Faust or Le Trouvère *au quatrième*, with somebody's dining-room boy or coachman, — some good-looking mulatto, who is as likely to be named Raoul de Navarre as Bobo or Popol. Even a Frenchman would not understand their negro patois, which

has attained the dignity of a distinct dialect. And if some friend should take you through one of those alleyways which open into Royal Street, and lead you back to the palm-crowded courtyard, and up the curved stairway with its thin carved banisters and the quaint arched windows at the landings, you would feel how much harder it is to know the lady who welcomes you so courteously up there in a cool, darkened room, filled with relics of old furniture and bric-a-brac, and who pours you some cordial, made by an ancient family recipe, into one of the small crystal glasses spared by "Butler's Yankees." The stranger finds it hard to understand this life, which seems to draw its present existence from the past and from those immediate surroundings which are in fact visible heredity. The great mahogany case of books which *grandpère* brought from Paris, Ovid, Horace, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Bernard, classic Latin and classic or old-fashioned French, things for which the great "reading public" of America has no time, all elegantly and permanently bound, as books are not bound in these days of hasty literature, — all speak of another world, a different set of ideals and beliefs and conventions and prejudices from those which pass current as American.

On the other hand, above Canal Street all is different, again. Here is the newer quarter, settled by the "Americans" who came into the city after the cession to the United States. It is not in the residence portion of this quarter that one will find anything peculiar or interesting, — except, always, the flowers and the trees. Among the dwellings of the middle and lower classes of this American part of the town, one sees little but cheap, hasty buildings, and commonplace, colorless, deadening ugliness; and on the wider avenues (except the older ones), even where the display of wealth is most evident, there is sometimes an offensive air of newness, incongruity, or

striving after effect, which is saved from the uninspiring appearance of the smart avenues of most American cities only by the redeeming grace of flowers, lawns, and trees. Along the river front and in the business portion of the city, however, one really sees what the American influence has done for New Orleans, — the great outer force which has been slowly shaping the destiny of the city to its own ends. By its tastes, as it were, New Orleans is not commercial as Chicago and New York are commercial; but in tracing the history of the place, and noting especially the struggle of the United States for its possession, one sees clearly how a life of commerce has been forced upon it by its geographical position and by the development of the vast and rich valley of the Mississippi.

Only since the Civil War have the South and West begun to develop their inexhaustible and untried natural resources. They are destined to become the producing portion of the country, and the richest. The central position of New Orleans in this wide region, and its extraordinary facilities for shipping, lying as it does between East and West and at the mouth of the great system of rivers which drain the Mississippi Valley, seem to single it out to be the great port of this portion of the country, perhaps the greatest port of the whole country. The railroads, confident of the future of the city, are improving their terminals and adding large grain elevators. The city is now exporting more grain, cotton, and other goods than ever before in its history. Being favorably and centrally located in relation alike to Texas, the West, the Upper Mississippi Valley, Kentucky, Alabama, Cuba and the West Indies, and the territory which will be made more accessible by an Isthmian Canal, New Orleans is equally fitted to handle most easily all the trade between these points, and itself to manufacture the raw products imported from them.

A better harbor and greater extent of wharfing could not be found in the world ; but this gift of Nature to New Orleans has never been, as yet, worked to its full advantage, on account of the shallow depth of the channels through the bars at the mouths of the river. About the year 1721, Bienville's engineer, Panger, suggested that, as the river constantly deposited sediment and made land at the time of annual overflow, drift logs could be directed to lie in such a way as to form rough, permeable dikes along the bank of one of the channels running out into the Gulf, and the logs fixed by sinking old vessels, allowing the sediment to fill up the interstices ; thereby increasing the depth of the bed as the force of the current was increased by narrowing the channel. The jetties which Captain Eads placed in South Pass somewhat over twenty-five years ago have given a depth of sixteen or seventeen feet to twenty-six or thirty feet in that channel, and the number of arrivals of ocean steamers in the port of New Orleans has been more than doubled ; but it is now of the highest importance to the whole Mississippi Valley that one of the mouths of the river should be deepened, so as to allow the largest vessels to cross the bar with ease. It is strange that the national government has not yet taken full advantage of the unusually favorable position of New Orleans, to increase its usefulness as a port for all the vast and rich area of which it is the natural commercial gateway.

Since the destruction of the old civilization which flourished so luxuriantly in New Orleans before the Civil War, the unfortunate city has been too much

occupied by its desperate struggle for bare existence and for freedom from the black incubus to fulfill the promise which the culture and elegant wealth of those days seemed to assure. What wealth remained with us has changed hands, and the old aristocracy has gone, in one sense, out of prominence. The books, the pictures, the statuary, the handsome and refined furniture of that day, have mostly flown away to the North, either during the carnival of Butler and the carpet-baggers who came gleaning after him, or in the resulting poverty upon which the pawnbroker preyed ; and so to-day, although the second-hand shops are a paradise for the casual collector, New Orleans is in no sense an art centre, not even of imported art, as is the case of New York ; and absence of imported art in America means that there is little or no art of any kind worthy of the name. As a city of gayety and pleasure, in spite of her myriad sorrows, New Orleans is known above all her sister cities. Perhaps it is the dash of warm Latin blood that allows her to abandon herself to pleasure without a thought of commercial gain, or of anything but the mere enjoyment of the present. If, however, New Orleans is ever to fulfill that dream of her founders which saw her mistress of the richest portion of the continent, if New Orleans is ever to be the great world-city which Nature seemed to design she should be, it will be through using her one supreme advantage of position, as Lasalle and Bienville saw, and by means of that vast civilizing growth whose roots are in human need and whose fruits are the power of great nations, that warfare of times of peace, — commerce.

Albert Phelps.

MR. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S POEMS.¹

THE dear tradition of a savage world lying in wait to pounce upon young poets and crunch their bones was never so visibly contrary to the fact, and therefore never so firmly intrenched in popular belief, as at the present day. In reality, national pride feeds itself more and more upon the glories of national literature, and hence it is increasingly necessary, if a rising poet does not exist, to invent him. When he does appear, the cakes and ale are all for him. Rostand and Stephen Phillips are living proofs of the sure welcome which awaits a rebirth of poetry. It is, in fact, this general eagerness of a waiting and lenient world to catch up Clough's cry, "Come, Poet, come!" and to think a spirit has, in truth, come from the vasty deep simply because it has been called, which makes one take perhaps undue critical alarm, and not look out the window as soon as, it may be, one should at every "Lo, here! lo, there!" But Mr. William Vaughn Moody has qualities which enable him to conquer even the prejudice aroused by lavish praise. On his first volume of verse, *A Masque of Judgment*, the verdict of the judicious could not well be other than (in adaptation of Schubert's epitaph) "a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes," and in his latest collection of poems we surely get an installment of the fruition of those hopes.

Of his political poems — *An Ode in Time of Hesitation*, and *On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines* — there is no need to speak at length in the pages in which they first appeared and which they adorned. Enough to say, disputed policies aside, that they show Mr. Moody to have that essential gift of the true poet, the capacity to feel with his native land and to be one with his kind. When

we add that he has also that "strain of rareness" which prompts him to convey rebuke under the guise of moving appeal for a return to temporarily abandoned ideals, and to be a pleading lover rather than a scourging prophet, we see how fine is the equipment of his spirit for patriotic verse. And the high idealism, the pathos and aspiration, of these poems of his which take up large and agitated questions of the day, and which come, even to those in opposite political camps, with the refreshing sense of "making their meaning clear in verse," unite to produce, with their distinction of workmanship, an effect for which we should not know to what other to look. But Mr. Moody has followed a sure instinct in giving the place of honor in his volume to a poem, *Gloucester Moors*, which affords a fairer because broader test of his powers. It shows him, by so much, to have — in addition to the technical mastery of his craft — imagination, sympathy, ability to see the large in the little and the universal in the particular, and originality combined with fidelity to the great poetical tradition. All these are revealed in *Gloucester Moors*. From copse and cliff the poet's eye ranges easily to the fishing fleets, and thence to that gallant ship, the old earth, a "vast outboard ship of souls:" —

"Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip."

It is all finely imagined, sympathetically rendered, with frequent flash and charm of phrase; and, at the end, Mr. Moody shows how true a son of our best poets he is by rising to a strain of religious fervor, even if the religion be only that of humanity: —

"Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,

¹ *Poems*. By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?"

From Bryant's Waterfowl down, that solemn finale has been the clear note of our noblest poets, and in it Mr. Moody is true to type. He is also true to the thought and doubt of his time, to the sense of "social compunction" which fills so many hearts, when he substitutes for Bryant's organ tone of assurance that man's steps would be led aright the passionate inquiry and implication of self-reproach which are themselves the promise of ultimate betterment.

It is a delight to find a young poet so enamored of simplicity. This extends to diction. Mr. Moody betrays only the slightest fondness for Swinburnian archaisms. He has, to be sure, "blooth" and "tean" (teen?), but in general he finds the common old words good enough for him, as they were for Tennyson, provided he may, by delicate setting, by subtle interfusions, give them new suggestiveness and beauty. An example is from *The Bracelet of Grass*, —

"The opal heart of afternoon
Was clouding on to throbs of storm,
Ashen within the ardent west
The lips of thunder muttered harm," —

where every word is ordinary, and only "harm" unhappy; yet what a sense of novelty, of vivid picturing! In his themes, too, Mr. Moody seems to reveal no straining for the fantastic or extraordinary. He deserves the praise that Adelaide Procter, in writing to Hayward, bestowed upon the first numbers of *Vanity Fair*, in which, she said, Thack-

eray displayed a "total absence of affectation" in describing "what is simple and true."

"Some natural sorrow, grief or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

Not that Mr. Moody is simply a way-side poet. He has traveled, he has read, he has thought, and cultivation breathes in all his work. His *Dialogue in Purgatory* is an acknowledged debt to Dante, and one wonders if *Faded Pictures*, in which "only two patient eyes" were left, —

"But I, well, I left Raphael
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
To think away the stains and blurs
And make all new again and well," —

one wonders if this was not a distinct reminiscence of the "*occhi belli*" of Beatrice: —

"Nei quai mirando mio disio ha posa."

There are eyes once more —

"The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes!" — in *The Daguerreotype*, the last poem of the volume, and one which is in some respects the most original and powerfully conceived of them all. But of this, and of the two other longer poems before unpublished, *Until the Troubling of the Waters*, and *Jetsam*, we have not left ourselves room to speak. Yet we trust that our impression of Mr. Moody's rare quality has been sufficiently conveyed. That there is crude execution here and there in his volume we are not concerned to deny; but it would be a very curmudgeon of a critic who did not find pleasure in signalizing the rise of so bright a star upon our poetical horizon.

OUTDOOR POEMS.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

I HEAR it beat in morning still
When April skies have lost their gloom,
And through the woods there runs a thrill
That wakes arbutus into bloom.

I hear it throb in sprouting May, —
A muffled murmur on the breeze,
Like mellow thunder leagues away,
Or booming voice of distant seas.

In daisied June I catch its roll,
Pulsing through the leafy shade;
And fain I am to reach its goal,
And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the autumn leaves are shed,
And frosts attend the fading year,
Like secret mine sprung by my tread
A covey bursts from hiding near.

I feel its pulse 'mid winter snows,
And feel my own with added force,
When red-ruff drops his cautious pose,
And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls,
A withered leaf leaps in the breeze;
Some hidden mortar speaks, and hurls
Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life, of fervent wing,
A dynamo of feathered power,
Thy drum is music in the spring,
Thy flight is music every hour.

John Burroughs.

CLAIR DE LUNE.

OVER my head were the pine tops, gray in the midsummer moon;
Compassed I was by the shadows — cavernous deep and soft —
And ever the forest's silence that seemed to listen, alive.
Sometimes I caught, down a glade, the sudden gleam of a birch;
White as a straight, slim column, bearing the roof of the night.
Sometimes a firefly flashed, and a bit of leaf grew distinct,

Vivid against the dark, and melting to dark again.
 Warm was the air with pine boughs long dried in the sun ;
 And once there came to me there the drifted scent of the fern
 And of moist fresh earth, and I guessed that water was near.
 Speedily then came the lilt of a tinkling whisper of sound
 That trailed through the night and the listening aisles of the wood —
 Ah, the brook ! and I felt that a comrade was close.
 Alone it was, but crooning a song to itself, as a child
 Will sing to itself in the dark for a challenge to fear.
 A cool-leaved bough of a birch stretched like an arm o'er the path,
 Touching me as I passed, softly ; just as a friend
 Will lay a quick hand upon one and whisper a brave " Good cheer ! "
 Oh, the moon on the pines, and the gleam
 Of light-shafts broken by leaves scattered upon the ground !
 And oh, the breath of the night, — the inviolate leagues of the dark,
 With sudden spaces of light, arras'd with tremulous leaves,
 Where scarce I dared look, lest, perchance,
 Diana, goddess and maid, glistening white through the gloom,
 Should be standing, her bow tense-drawn, on guard at some sylvan shrine !

That sudden sound in the leaves, — was it the brook, or Pan,
 The great brown wood god himself, drunken with moonlight for wine,
 Chuckling there, close at hand, over some midsummer dream ?
 And there where the sentinel lamps of the fireflies lighted the place,
 And the hush of the wood like a curtain folded in silence and peace,
 I went very softly ; for there, under a canopy fern,
 Haply Titania slept close, close against Oberon's heart.
 Oh, magic midsummer wood ! Oh, wonderful silver-lit dark !
 When all the lost gods came back, and all the old tales were true !
 When silence and shadow and dream seemed the only real things in the world,
 And the doubt and the stress and the pain had faded, until they became
 As far away as a star, as vague as a firefly's gleam !

Arthur Ketchum.

WIND.

I AM Wind, the deathless dreamer
 Of the summer world,
 Tranced in snows of shade and shimmer,
 On a cloud-scarp curled ;

Fluting through the argent shadow
 And the molten shine
 Of the golden lonesome summer,
 And its dreams divine.

All unseen, I walk the meadows,
 Or I wake the wheat ;
 Speeding o'er the tawny billows
 With my phantom feet.

Outdoor Poems.

All the world's face, hushed and sober,
 Wrinkles where I run,
 Turning sunshine into shadow,
 Shadow into sun;

Stirring soft the breast of waters
 With my winnowing wings,
 Waking the gray ancient wood
 From hushed imaginings;

Where the blossoms drowse in languors,
 Or a vagrant sips,
 Lifting nodding blade or petal
 To my cooling lips.

Far from gloom of shadowed mountain,
 Surge of sounding sea,
 Bud and blossom, leaf and tendril,
 All are glad of me.

Loosed in sunny deeps of heaven,
 Like a dream I go;
 Guiding light my genie-driven
 Flocks, in herds of snow,

Ere I moor them o'er the thirsting
 Woods and fields beneath,
 Dumbly yearning, from their burning
 Dream of parchèd death.

Not a sorrow do I borrow
 From the golden day;
 Not a shadow holds the meadow
 Where my footsteps stray.

Light and cool, my kiss is welcome,
 Under sun and moon,
 To the weary vagrant wending
 Under parchèd noon;

To the languid, nodding blossom
 In its moonlit dell.
 All earth's children, sad and yearning,
 Know and love me well.

Without passion, without sorrow,
 Driven in my dream,
 Through the season's trance of sleeping
 Cloud and field and stream;

Haunting woodlands, lakes and forests,
 Seas and clouds impearled,
 I am Wind, the deathless dreamer
 Of the summer world.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

RAIN.

THE patient rain at early summer dawn;
 The long, lone autumn drip; the damp, sweet hush
 Of springtime, when the glinting drops seem gone
 Into the first notes of the hidden thrush;
 The solemn, dreary beat
 Of winter rain and sleet;
 The mad, glad, passionate calling of the showers
 To the unblossomed hours;
 The driving, restless midnight sweep of rain;
 The fitful sobbing and the smile again
 Of spring's childhood; the fierce, unpitying pour
 Of low-hung, leaden clouds; the evermore
 Prophetic beauty of the sunset storm,
 Transfigured into color and to form
 Across the sky. — O wondrous changing rain!
 Changeful and full of temper as man's life;
 Impetuous, fierce, unpitying, kind again,
 Prophetic, beauteous, soothing, full of strife:
 Through all thy changing passions hear not we
 Th' eternal note of the UNCHANGING SEA?

Laura Spencer Portor.

TWIN FLOWERS ON THE PORTAGE.

THEY cover in a twinkling host
 The mosses, green and yellow;
 One flower would be Titania's boast
 Without her lovely fellow.

But linked in fragile twos they droop
 Where'er the vines may wander;
 Above the hidden loop in loop
 They seem to drowse and ponder.

If form could wake in sound, these cones
 Would haunt the dewy hollow
 With tabors taut, and golden drones,
 And dancing flutes that follow.

If odors risen from orient wells
 Might don a sea apparel,
 The blooms would beam as rosy shells
 Beneath a sea of beryl.

If flowers could form in thought, these lights
 Would be the gentle seeming
 That virgin fairies bend on knights
 When they are half a-dreaming.

Where on the portage now they droop
 In tint and odor mellow
 One flower would grace Titania's troop
 Without her lovely fellow.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE RAVENS.

Too heavy seemed the fragrance of the fern,
 And drowsed me; up the road from turn to turn
 Sconces of white cohosh made altars green
 And milky-candled shrines of each ravine,
 To drowse me; and the spirit, shrine to shrine,
 Purple, or fawn, or unknown butterfly,
 Flitting, they drowsed me. Weary of beauty, I,
 Beauty that in the sun before the storm
 From the rich mountains smiled too sweet and warm.
 Harsh is the face of truth, I thought, and stern.
 Release me, scented sorcery of the fern!
 A little life, and masked with sleepy flowers!

And the storm rose, and changed the darkening bowers.
 Cloud-shade and wind and thunder fell on me:
 I took the rain like waking, I was free
 Of those enchanted hands, awake, aware,
 Exulting. Death was out and on the air;
 And even in her flowers life abode,
 Knowing her mate, his passing, he that rode
 High on the dusk, a great voice with him blown.
 I saw not those dark wings: I heard alone
 The croak of passing ravens. Weird it fell,
 And hoarse, and rusty, and like an old great bell
 Tolloed, and the dark drew on from height to height,
 Clanged, and the dark seemed greater than the light,
 Tolloed, and I stood full stature, drawing breath,
 Tolloed, and I thought, I have heart to look on death,
 Clanged, and I cried, O bold old godlike death!

Joseph Russell Taylor.

IN THE GREAT PASTURES.

"Our cattle also shall go with us." — EXODUS x. 26.

WHEN the grave twilight moves toward the west,
 And the horizons of the plain are blurred,

I watch, on gradual slope and foothill crest,
 The dark line of the herd.
 And something primal through my being thrills,
 For that line met the night when life began!
 And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
 Have kept the trail with man,
 Till their calm eyes his greater iliads hold:
 The wonder look, the dumb reproof and pain,
 Have followed him since Abram's herds of old
 Darkened the Asian plain.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

By a suggestive coincidence, the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death falls in the same month as the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Julius Cæsar. The great Roman who invaded Britain in 55 B. C., and the great Saxon who resisted the Danish invasions of Britain a thousand years later, were veritable kings of men. Each of them summed up in himself the highest racial characteristics and capacities. Each became a national hero, not more through natural superiority of mind and character than through the performance of such political tasks as could scarcely have been wrought out by other hands. Though neither of them was by preference a soldier, both accomplished military feats of extraordinary skill. But they were rather administrators of the very highest type, men of rare executive power and of incessant activity. The problems of peace with enemies, of order and good government, were matters with which they were constantly concerned. The difference between the cool, pagan, skeptical temper of the Roman democrat and the devout humility of the Saxon king needs no illustration to those who have read the Commentaries on the Gallic War and Alfred's prefaces to his translations. But

The Anniversaries of King Alfred and Julius Cæsar.

however far apart the two men stand in respect of moral character, — and we really know little about the personal life of either, — it is well to be reminded by the mere coincidence of their anniversaries how perpetual an inheritance of human society are those problems of government with which the two rulers had to deal.

To-day the descendants of the Saxon Alfred — no longer the *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos* of the Augustan poet — are the dominant force in world politics. Yet British and Americans alike are grappling at the present moment with that very question of the government of subject races which, we are told, converted the Roman republic into a military empire. It brings the times of Julius Cæsar strangely near to our own to read these sentences from the opening paragraph of Froude's Cæsar. "The early Romans possessed the faculty of self-government beyond any people of whom we have historical knowledge, with the one exception of ourselves. In virtue of their temporal freedom, they became the most powerful nation in the known world; and their liberties perished only when Rome became the mistress of conquered races, to whom she was unable or unwilling to extend her privileges. . . . If there be one lesson

which history clearly teaches, it is this : that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall in pieces from mere incompetence for its duties."

Whether Froude, writing in 1879, was right or wrong in his interpretation of Roman history is not here in issue ; but the passage may serve to remind us that the recent decision of our Supreme Court deals with very old matters, and that a thousand years, or two thousand, are very little space in which to work out satisfactorily the fundamental problem of how human beings, in a world apparently intended for their habitation, shall live side by side.

REGULAR readers of the Atlantic will doubtless recall the brilliant essay by Woodrow Wilson which introduced, last January, the series of papers devoted to the Reconstruction Period. Certain passages of the essay, setting forth the far-reaching changes wrought by Reconstruction, gain a fresh significance if re-read in the light of the late decision of the Supreme Court in the Porto Rican cases. None of our historians have grasped more philosophically or phrased more deftly the fact, evident enough to everybody now, that the national will, as expressed through the Congress, is certain to discover or create constitutional warrant for its actions.

Here are a few sentences from the essay. Their application to the problems arising out of our new possessions is one more illustration of the vital relation between "past politics" and the history that is making before our eyes.

"First of all, it is clear to every one who looks straight upon the facts, every veil of theory withdrawn, and the naked body of affairs uncovered to meet the direct question of the eye, that civil war discovered the foundations of our government to be in fact unwritten ; set

deep in a sentiment which constitutions can neither originate nor limit. The law of the Constitution reigned until war came. Then the stage was cleared, and the forces of a mighty sentiment, hitherto unorganized, deployed upon it. A thing had happened for which the Constitution had made no provision. . . . When the war came, therefore, and questions were broached to which it gave no answer, the ultimate foundation of the structure was laid bare : physical force, sustained by the stern loves and rooted predilections of masses of men, the strong ingrained prejudices which are the fibre of every system of government. . . . It unmistakably uncovered the foundations of force upon which the Union rested.

"It did more. The sentiment of union and nationality, never before aroused to full consciousness or knowledge of its own thought and aspirations, was henceforth a new thing, aggressive and aware of a sort of conquest. It had seen its legions and felt its might in the field. It saw the very Constitution, for whose maintenance and defense it had acquired the discipline of arms, itself subordinated for a time to the practical emergencies of war, in order that the triumph might be the more unimpeded and complete ; and it naturally deemed nationality henceforth a thing above law. . . . The Constitution knew no such process as this of Reconstruction, and could furnish no rules for it. . . . It is marvelous what healing and oblivion peace has wrought, how the traces of Reconstruction have worn away. But a certain deep effect abides. It is within, not upon the surface. It is of the spirit, not of the body. . . . The real change was the change of air, — a change of conception with regard to the power of Congress, the guiding and compulsive efficacy of national legislation, the relation of the life of the land to the supremacy of the national law-making body. All policy thenceforth wore a different aspect.

"We realize it now, in the presence of

A Fore-shadowing of the Supreme Court Decision.

novel enterprises, at the threshold of an unlooked-for future. It is evident that empire is an affair of strong government, and not of the nice and somewhat artificial poise or of the delicate compromises of structure and authority characteristic of a mere federal partnership. Undoubtedly, the impulse of expansion is the natural and wholesome impulse which comes with a consciousness of matured strength; but it is also a direct result of that national spirit which the war between the states cried so wide awake, and to which the processes of Reconstruction gave the subtle assurance of practically unimpeded sway and a free choice of means."

A FRIEND of the Atlantic and of literature has been good enough to give us the following glimpse of poetry in the making, before it has hardened into the finished commercial product. He says:—

"A sheep herder in Wyoming, after a terrific storm, in which his sheep were almost lost, writes to a friend in the East as follows: 'Inspired by the fine day after the storm, I started a sonnet yesterday, but got through only with eight lines, when I stopped to shoot a jack rabbit. By the time I had cleaned and cooked it the inspiration had gone. Here are the lines: you finish it.'

"These are the eight lines:—

'For five long days and nights the driving
snow
Fled ever onward 'fore the angry blast
From out the icy north; no shadow cast
By sun or moon in all that time. But lo!
A new day dawns. The distant mountains
show
Their broad, majestic brows; the storm has
passed:
The sun in glory shines, and now at last,
Its fury o'er, the wind breathes soft and
low.'

The sheep herder's friend, in the kindness of his heart, has composed the necessary sestet which rounds a sonnet into its perfect measure of fourteen lines. We shall not rouse the envy of Atlantic

poets by printing the sestet, although we are willing to own that it begins with

"So man, the child of trouble," etc.

The "So man" opening for the sestet of a sonnet will at once be recognized by experts as one of the classic devices for firmly tying the imagery of the first lines to the thought or image contained in the final six. "So man" is a sort of King's Gambit, a pretty safe move to make upon the sonnet chessboard. "The child of trouble" may contain a veiled allusion to the untimely death of the jack rabbit. But this is by no means clear, nor is it essential to the structural unity of the sonnet.

In a country where nearly a thousand poets promptly rushed into rhyme to confute the reasoning of The Man with the Hoe, there should be no lack of sonneteers willing to take the octave printed above and to complete it, as the Wyoming poet himself would no doubt have done triumphantly, had he not paused to shoot, clean, and cook that unfortunate jack rabbit. The Atlantic is of opinion that the most effective sestet (which it hereby pledges itself to print) will be the one which not only completes and enforces the sentiment of the octave, but in so doing manages to indicate the subtle and elusive personality of the jack rabbit as it darts across the poet's vision. Enter the jack rabbit! Whether he should be actually described we are reluctant to pronounce, but surely his presence should be "felt," as William Wordsworth would say. And by the way, would Wordsworth have hesitated a single instant to complete that sonnet? We think not. The "So man" would have sprung to his ready pen as promptly as the Wyoming shepherd seized his murderous gun. And so far from the inspiration disappearing with the entrance of the jack rabbit, we could name a good many Wordsworthian sonnets that would have been far better if some one had started a jack rabbit at the end of the eighth line.

Enter the
Jack Rab-
bit.

SIDNEY LEE's recent *Life of Shakespeare* is one of the books from **Complementary Truth.** whose perusal the reader arises in a respectful but chastened frame of mind. All the authentic information we have, or probably ever shall have, about the most interesting of human beings is there sifted, collated, clinched, by apt quotation and careful reference, and arranged in the clearest and most methodical manner. If any frivolous and romantically inclined person had, up to this time, dallied with the fancy that discoveries might yet be made which would throw a stronger light on the development of England's greatest intellect, he must now dismiss his dream, and accept the inevitable. The evidence is all in, and any person of average intelligence can sum it up for himself. The bones of Delia Bacon and Nathaniel Holmes and the very late Ignatius Donnelly lie bleaching on either side of the straight and admirably made road by which we have been led. "They perished in their daring deeds." We know as well as we can ever hope to know that Shakespeare was not born in any extant room or under any subsisting roof; though he may have been, and probably was, born at a point of space now inclosed by the walls and covered by the roof of the tidy shrine to which our own fellow citizens do perpetually resort. We know that the boyish poet was in some sort the victim of a comparatively elderly Anne Hathaway, whom he neglected a good deal, perforce, during the period of his London engagements, but to whom he was not seriously and systematically unfaithful. We know that the soul-shaking language and imagery of the sonnets were largely conventional, and employed with only a little less of fire and pathos by some thousands of contemporary sonneteers, in all the European tongues. We know that the "dark lady" was *not* Queen Elizabeth's maid of honor, Mary Fitton, who had the typical English complexion;

and that nobody in his senses, or out, would have dreamed of describing the third Earl of Pembroke, at any period of his career, as "Mr. W. H." We know, furthermore, that Shakespeare can never have studied either law or medicine or science then so called, and with almost equal certainty that he never saw the continent of Europe. We know, finally, beyond a peradventure, that when he had, at a comparatively early age, realized his own modest personal ambition, and settled himself in the unassailable position of richest man in a small country town, his absorbing pre-occupations appear to have been two, — the eccentric design of making his poor relations comfortable, and the yet more bourgeois though perfectly legitimate effort to obtain a coat of arms from the Herald's Office. We feel positively grateful to him for having selected a good, haughty motto, "*Non sans Droict.*"

It all sounds very dry and tame, — hopelessly and conclusively tame. And yet a most unexpected effect is produced upon the mind by this process of ruthless rationalization. It throws one back, somehow, upon sheer mysticism. All that can be explained upon obvious, human grounds bears so minute a proportion to the radiant and imperishable whole, the veiled majesty, the sacrosanct and inviolable personality of the Emperor of our English tongue, that it reacts in the form of an overpowering persuasion, of supernatural agency, and the essential insignificance and evanescence of all seen and temporal things. If this which his latest and most conscientious biographer has given us be the whole ascertainable truth about William Shakespeare, then he remains to be accounted for as the shepherds of Admetus accounted for Apollo; as the Romans accounted for the youthful pair who watered their white steeds, after the battle, at Juturna's well; as the Aztecs accounted for the fair-haired man who came to them from afar, and taught

them to raise the fruits of the earth and of the spirit; nay, — in all reverence be it said, — as the worshipers in the catacombs and the victims in the arena accounted, and their modern representatives, if any, still account, for the brief life that began in Bethlehem and ended on the Mount of Olives. We are driven along converging ways toward one central point, and left no choice but to accept, not the theory of inspiration, merely, but the more stupendous possibility of *incarnation*.

It is indeed remarkable, when one comes to think of it, how small, comparatively speaking, is the amount of positive knowledge which can be obtained, even by the most disinterested devotion and untiring industry, concerning any subject that involves — as what subject does not? — a spiritual coefficient. The complement of what can be definitively ascertained and stated is always so vast that one is continually meeting instances, especially in a materializing epoch, of the thinker who surrenders, in a breath, before he leaves the scene of his visible warfare and accredited victories, the very position which he has spent his best years and powers in laboriously fortifying. St. George Mivart dies unshriven, and the prelate who dismissed him to his supposed doom virtually admits, within two years, the main point of his contention. Julian never said, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" but it was doubtless a sincere convert to complementary truth who first said that he said so. And the young Browning was under a deep conviction of complementary truth in human character when he wrote that striking page in *Paracelsus* which begins, "Naught blinds you less than admiration," and ends with the indelible passage: —

"Trust me,

If there be fiends who seek to work our hurt,
To ruin and drag down earth's mightiest spirits
Even at God's foot, 't will be from such as love,
Their zeal will gather most to serve their cause;
And least from those who hate, who most essay

By contumely and scorn to blot the light
Which forces entrance even to their hearts:
For thence will our defender tear the veil
And show within each heart, as in a shrine,
The giant image of perfection, grown
In hate's despite, whose calumnies were
spawned
In the untroubled presence of its eyes."

BEING in an educational mood the other evening, I inquired of my cousin Augustina whether she considered that Mr. So-and-So had written the Great American Novel.

"No," said Augustina; "he has simply written a book of which his publishers, if they can be trusted, have sold some two hundred thousand copies."

I waited in silence.

"I wish the people of these United States," said Augustina, "would learn to distinguish between quality and quantity. The trouble is, there are too many of us that know how to read."

"Go on, Augustina," I said.

"Yes," said Augustina calmly, "we are the victims of compulsory and indiscriminate education. We know how to read, but the majority of us would rather lie down and die than think. So we follow the crowd. The crowd," said Augustina, "is only the old mob with a cleaner face and more buttons to its wearing apparel. The crowd, in its youth, happened to fall upon the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and by this means wrestled through a primer and six or seven graded school readers, and then it provided itself with a ticket to some public library. And now it has delivered itself into the hands of the enterprising publisher."

"Well?" I said.

"The publisher has just sent out from his press a naturally told, wholesome, mediocre novel, which some good-natured critic reads, and commends in words far too high for its deserts. The critic smells in each page of the book the vanished pine trees of his youth. So he says, and the crowd, believing him, buys

The Crowd
and the Ad-
jective.

the book, and goes sniffing through it, in the hope of getting its olfactory nerves treated as pleasantly as those of the good-natured critic. Now, to speak the truth," said Augustina, "the crowd cannot tell the difference between a plain New England pine and a cedar of Lebanon."

She plunged ahead.

"And the crowd passes the book around, and helps to swell the chorus started by the publisher and the good-natured critic; and at last even those people who do know and love literature begin to have doubts in regard to the matter. And yet Mr. So-and-So's work is not art and not literature, and I protest against the false position it holds in the estimation of the public. So, I repeat, there are too many of us that know how to read."

"And who is to blame in the matter?" I inquired.

"The good-natured critic," answered Augustina promptly. "He should come out and say: 'My dear people, here is a new book, which in regard to style is without form and void. It contains no character that is vital enough to last. But it is a good book, a natural book, a perfectly harmless book. Read it, and you will still be able to sleep the sleep of the just.'"

"And what good would that do?" I asked.

"Well, the critic would tell the truth, and that is good for his soul. It might help to preserve the artistic balance. As it is, the crowd seems to be trying to perpetuate its amateur, lawless opinions. For the crowd," said Augustina, fixing a solemn eye upon me, "in spite of all the boards of education in this world or the next, will never know a piece of literature, even if it should live under the same roof with it."

"Well?" I said helplessly.

"This may be the land of the free," said Augustina, resuming the attack, "but it is not the home of the brave. Witness the general tone of criticism. What we need is some rude old Dr. Johnson to roar out to the good-natured critic, after some particularly genial effusion: 'Trash, sir, trash, and you know it! Is this your method of serving the ends of literature? Are you not aware, sir, that every author needs at first a good sound licking?'"

"Go on, Augustina!" I cried from my corner.

"I am thinking of organizing a Society for the Preservation of the Adjective," said Augustina. "Between the publisher and the critic, and the critic and the crowd, it bids fair to decline into a state of chronic invalidism. I have a sentimental attachment for the adjective; a good, virile one has many a time prevented me from the shedding of blood."

"Go on."

"The publisher and the critic and the crowd together have so twisted and wrenched and hammered and beaten the adjective that it is fast going its way to the ambulance and the hospital. The national government should be called on to insist upon all writers' abstaining from the use of this important little part of speech until it has recovered its old-time vitality and health."

"Well?"

"Now listen," and she rattled off a long list of words, and stopped for breath. "'Cohesive' is the last, a brand-new one, but it is already showing signs of senile decay. Suppose Fielding or Thackeray were to come back from the tomb: with what word could we hail him? Or suppose some one *should* actually write the Great American Novel?"

And this was the last word I could get out of her.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO
Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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RECIPROCITY OR THE ALTERNATIVE.

EACH year society inclines to accept more unreservedly the theory that war is only an extreme phase of economic competition; and if this postulate be correct, it follows that international competition, if carried far enough, must end in war. An examination of history tends to confirm this view; and, thus stated, the doctrine concerns Americans, as the present policy of the United States is to force a struggle for subsistence, of singular intensity, upon Europe.

If a stable economic equilibrium could be maintained, so that not only nations, but individuals, should preserve a fixed relation to each other, war might cease. War persists because civilization is always in movement, the energy and direction of the movement depending largely on the exhaustion of old, and the discovery of new mines.

In the last century, the iron and coal of Europe not only sufficed for domestic needs, but formed the basis of her wealth by enabling the continent to build up a manufacturing supremacy. That supremacy is already passing away, and in this century European iron and coal seem likely to be largely superseded by American, since the latter are even now sold at a lower price. Clearly, no such fundamental shifting of values as this change would cause could take place without profound social and political disturbances. Before, however, attempting to deal with the future it is always safer to turn to the past; and especially so in this instance, since the phenomena

developed in the last great fermentation which precipitated the long wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries closely resemble those occurring now. Far off as the reign of Louis XIV. may seem, France then trod the pathway which the whole continent of Europe is to-day treading, and the United States must be prepared to reckon with all the difficulties and dangers which beset that pathway's end.

In the sixteenth century the world's manufactures and commerce centred in Flanders, and the financial capital of Flanders was Antwerp. At Antwerp the famous house of the Fuggers reached its zenith between 1525 and 1560, and the chief business of the Fuggers was to finance the Spanish Empire. Unfortunately for Antwerp and the Fuggers, the Spaniards broke down under the weight they bore, exchange went against the peninsula, and in 1557 the kingdom became insolvent. Funds had to be obtained, and finally his poverty drove Philip into that radical policy which ended in the revolt of the Netherlands, the sack of Antwerp, and the migration of the seat of international exchanges to Amsterdam. From 1610 onward Amsterdam rose steadily in opulence, while France almost contemporaneously, under Richelieu, entered upon a period of centralization, which ended in 1653, with the collapse of the Fronde. Mazarin died in 1661. Louis XIV. then began his active life, and France soon saw her greatest epoch. Never before or since

has France so nearly succeeded in establishing a complete ascendancy over the world as in the third quarter of the seventeenth century. Louis XIV. was, without comparison, the first potentate of the age; his army was the largest and the best organized, his generals were the most renowned; his navy, though perhaps not the most numerous, yielded to none in quality; his court was the most magnificent, and his capital the most materially and intellectually brilliant. All the world admired and imitated Paris. On the one hand, Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Fénelon, and many others raised letters and science to an eminence elsewhere sought in vain; on the other, France ruled in fashion even more absolutely than in literature or in arms. As Macaulay has observed: "Her authority was supreme in all matters of good breeding, from a duel to a minuet. She determined how a gentleman's coat must be cut, how long his peruke must be; whether his heels must be high or low, and whether the lace on his hat must be broad or narrow. In literature she gave law to the world. The fame of her great writers filled Europe."

Nevertheless, brilliant as had been her success elsewhere, in one department France betrayed weakness. Her administrative system had been constructed rather on a military than on an economic basis, and though consolidated in the sense that in war the nation obeyed a single will, in commerce she remained almost mediæval. The king occasionally exercised an arbitrary power over his subjects, but on many matters vital to their interests he was, in practice, helpless. The French have been called volatile, but the foundation of their character is a conservatism which has hampered them throughout their history; and long after the great fiefs had been welded into a martial mass called a monarchy, they remained, for fiscal purposes, foreign communities. In 1664

Colbert proposed to abolish all internal tariffs, and Pierre Clément, Colbert's biographer, has thus described the customs which then prevailed:—

"The provinces called the 'five great farms' assented. Others who refused, because of their persistence in isolating themselves, were designated under the name of 'foreign provinces.' Lastly, they gave the name of 'provinces reputed foreign' to a final category. The districts comprised in this category were, in reality, completely assimilated to foreign countries, with which they traded freely without paying any duties. For the same reason, the merchandise they sent into other portions of the kingdom was considered as coming from abroad, and that which they bought paid, on entering their territory, the same duty as if brought from abroad."¹

Trade languished, for the tariff of Languedoc had no more relation to that of Provence than either had to that of Spain; and even the provincial tariffs were trifling beside the rates and tolls of towns and baronies. Thirty dues were collected between Lyons and Arles, and Lyons herself taxed a bale of silk three times before it could be used. Merchants complained that the city closed the river. Nevertheless, in spite of conservatism, no people has ever loved lucre better than the French, and this yearning for wealth became incarnate in the great minister of finance of Louis XIV.

Jean Baptiste Colbert, the son of a draper of Rheims, was born in 1619, in humble circumstances. Little is known of his youth, but at twenty he took service as a clerk in the War Department, and in 1651 he passed into the employment of Mazarin. There he prospered, and soon after 1657 had risen high enough to dream of destroying Fouquet.

The farming of the direct taxes formed, perhaps, the most noxious part of a decaying system, and it was in the collection and disbursement of taxes

¹ *Histoire de Colbert*, i. 291, 292.

that Fouquet ran riot. Louis himself afterward averred that the "way in which receipts and expenses were handled passed belief." Subject to little or no supervision, Fouquet appropriated vast sums. His famous palace of Vaux is said to have cost 9,000,000 livres, and all agreed that it outshone St. Germain or Fontainebleau. France dreamed of becoming the centre of European industries, and Colbert conceived his mission to be the realization of this dream. To attain his end, he proposed to build up manufactures by bounties and grants of privileges; but he also comprehended that to make industries really profitable he must reduce waste. Under Louis XIV. Fouquet embodied the principle of waste: therefore Colbert attacked Fouquet, and rose upon his ruin. When, however, Colbert had attained to power he paused. He improved methods of accounting, but he abstained from cutting out the sore. He did so because, when on an eminence, he saw that existing customs went to the root of contemporary life, and that the reorganization of the administration meant the reorganization of society, or, in other words, a revolution. Hence he paused, yet he could not stand still and maintain himself.

International competition cannot be permanently carried on on a great scale by bounties; for bounties mean producing at a loss. Bounties may be useful as a weapon of attack, but they cannot, in the long run, bring in money from abroad; for they simply transfer the property of one citizen to another by means of a tax. One nation can gain from another only by cheaper production. If a certain process costs more than another, the assumption of a portion of the cost by the state cannot make the transaction profitable to the community at large, though it may be to the recipient of the grant. The Continental sugar bounties, for example, have doubtless been successful in enfeebling England

by ruining her colonies, and they have also enriched the makers of beet sugar, but they have never, probably, been lucrative to France or Germany.

Like any other corporation, a nation can run at a loss as long as its own savings last, or as long as it can borrow from others; and now accumulations are so large that a country like Russia can maintain itself long on loans. In the seventeenth century accumulations were comparatively slender, and Colbert came quickly to the parting of the ways. He understood that to simplify the internal organization of the kingdom sufficiently to put it upon a footing of competitive equality with Holland or England would involve the reconstruction of society; yet to continue manufacturing on the existing basis, which entailed a loss, could only be made possible by means of loans, for the people were sinking under taxation. Colbert judged that he could not borrow safely upon the necessary scale, and thus the minister, very early in his career, found himself forced to make the choice which, under such conditions, must always, sooner or later, be made, between insolvency, revolution, and war. If left undisturbed, the mechanism which operates cheapest will in the end supplant all others; and this fundamental truth Colbert learned to his cost. In three years after he had entered upon his task he had broken down. In 1664 he formulated a scheme, part of which was a liberal tariff, and part the simplification of internal fiscal usages. He dared not press his reform, and as waste continued, his whole policy fell, and with it fell his industrial system. The cost of production remained higher in France than in Holland, — therefore commercial exchanges went against the kingdom; and in 1667, to correct exchanges and prevent a drain of specie, Colbert resorted to a prohibitive tariff, or, in the words of his biographer, tried the experiment of "selling without buying."

This course struck at the life of Holland. Holland being the distributing centre of Europe, her prosperity depended on keeping open the avenues of trade. If she allowed foreign countries to be closed against her, while her market remained free, she might be suffocated by the bounty-fed exports of France. Germany has recently suffocated the West Indies by identical methods. The Dutch understood the situation perfectly, and Van Beuningen thus explained his views in a letter to John de Witt: "Since the French exclude all the manufactures of the United Provinces, means must be found, as complaints are useless, to prevent them from filling the country with theirs, and thus draw from us our quick capital."

Colbert pondered the crisis long and anxiously, and deliberately decided that it would be cheapest to cut the knot by war. In his letters Colbert discussed the situation in all its bearings, and dilated upon his disappointments and mortifications. In 1669 he lamented the stagnation of French commerce. He estimated that out of the 20,000 ships doing the traffic of the world, the Dutch owned 15,000 or 16,000, and the French 500 or 600, at most. The final blow, which is said to have almost broken his heart, came in 1670, when, just as the French East India Company admitted itself to be practically insolvent, the Dutch Company divided forty per cent. From that moment Colbert recognized peaceful competition as impossible, and nerved himself for war. In May, 1672, Turenne crossed the frontier at the head of a great army, and the campaign opened which is the point of departure for all subsequent European history down to Waterloo.

Nor was the action of Colbert exceptional. On the contrary, he obeyed a natural law. Every animal when cornered will fight, and every nation always has fought and always will fight when sufficiently pressed, each choosing those

weapons which it deems aptest. The French chose arms, and in this case they were justified by the apparent probabilities of a conflict.

If it be conceded that war is a form of economic competition, war must be regarded as a speculation; a hazardous one, it is true, but one deserving to be tried, where the chance of gain outweighs the risk of loss. To Colbert it seemed, in 1672, that he risked little, and might win much.

His deadliest enemy lay before him, rich and defenseless. There could be no doubt as to the value of the spoil, should Louis prevail. Amsterdam was opulent. As late as the time of Adam Smith, the Bank of Amsterdam held the position occupied by the Bank of England during the last century, while the commerce of the country exceeded that of all the other nations combined. Furthermore, if Holland was rich, she was peaceful. The navy still retained its energy, but the population had become urban, and not only was the army small, but of questionable courage. Lastly, the Dutch were divided among themselves, and torn between the Orange and the De Witt factions.

Conversely, Louis held France as a military unit. His will met with no opposition. His organization far surpassed any then existing. Turenne and Condé had no equals on the field of battle, and every peasant in the kingdom could be called into the ranks. The nobles served from choice. No error could be greater than to attribute the Dutch war to the ambition of Louvois or the arrogance of the king. The campaign was Colbert's campaign. He conducted it as a speculation to save the money already invested in trade, and to place France where she could profitably invest more. He calculated on operations lasting a few weeks or months; he doubted not of final success. Nor at first was resistance attempted. The Dutch troops fled or surrendered; the towns opened

their gates. In June it seemed that Amsterdam must fall. Scandal even asserted that nothing saved Amsterdam but the jealousy of Louvois, who feared that an immediate peace might exalt Colbert too far. Colbert, on his side, felt the victory won, and in those days of triumph laid bare the recesses of his heart. In a memorandum submitted to the king he explained the use to be made of victory. The paper may be read in Colbert's Letters and Memoirs, but in substance he proposed to confiscate the best of the Dutch commerce, and to exclude the Dutch from the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, France did not triumph. In July William of Orange became stadtholder, opened the dikes and laid the country under water. Six years later Colbert purchased peace, not only by the surrender of the tariff on which he had staked his hopes, but by accepting a provision in the treaty of Nimeguen stipulating that in future freedom of commerce between the two countries should not be abridged.

Thus Colbert failed, and having failed he fell. Louvois succeeded him, as he had succeeded Mazarin and Fouquet; but the preponderance of Louvois meant that France must travel straight to her predestined goal. France failed in 1672, when relatively strongest, because she lacked the flexibility to enable her to shed an obsolete social system. She only succeeded in doing so, after a convulsion, a century later, when it was too late. Had she been able to accomplish in 1670 some portion of what she accomplished between 1789 and 1793, London might not have become the seat of empire during the nineteenth century. Under Louis XIV. French weakness lay in a defective organization which caused waste. That waste made the drain of war insupportable. Had France possessed an economic endurance relatively as great as the endurance of Holland, she would, presumably, in 1672, have absorbed the United Provinces. In that case, resistance by the rest of

Europe to Louis would have been difficult. No Dutch stadtholder could have been crowned in England, and no coalition could have been formed such as that which William of Orange afterward devoted his life to cementing. William's league survived him, and lasted for twenty-five years. It proved profitable. It crushed France and humbled Louis, who, old and broken, sued for peace after the awful fields of Blenheim and Malplaquet. Two years subsequent to the treaty of Utrecht Louis died, and under his successor the monarchy plunged onward toward its doom. At last the monarchy fell, not because it was cruel or oppressive, but because it represented, in the main, a mass of mediæval usages which had hardened into a shell, incompatible with the exigencies of modern life. Under it, a social movement of equal velocity to that which prevailed elsewhere could not be maintained. What Frenchmen craved in 1789 was, not an ideal which we now call "liberty," and which consists in certain political conventions, but an administrative system which would put them on an economic equality with their neighbors. De Tocqueville dwelt on this phenomenon forty-five years ago: "Something worthy of remark is that, among all the ideas and sentiments which have prepared the Revolution, the idea and the taste for public liberty, properly so called, presented themselves the last, as they were the first to disappear."¹

The foregoing history illustrates the cost at which a new equilibrium is reached, when an old equilibrium has been destroyed. From Colbert's tariff of 1667 to Waterloo is a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, almost half of which was consumed in furious wars. The bane of France was the conservatism which caused her to act too late; for in 1790, when she readjusted her society, she profited comparatively

¹ *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, 7th ed. p. 233.

little thereby. Meanwhile, England had so developed her minerals that in 1800 she undersold France as easily as Holland had undersold her in 1672, and with the same result. Unable to compete by peaceful means, Napoleon resorted to arms, and, like Colbert, sought to starve his rival into submission by excluding her from his dominions, which then comprised most of Europe. He failed as Colbert had failed, and peace followed his fall; but the repose which succeeded Waterloo lasted less than sixty years.

In 1870 another era opened with the consolidation of Germany. The causes of disturbance then set in motion developed acute symptoms in 1890, and now, perhaps, no permanent tranquillity can be attained until the position which America shall henceforward occupy be determined.

Previous to 1890 America had remained chiefly agricultural, buying largely of European manufactures, and paying therefor, in part, in evidences of debt. Her own industries, like those of France under Louis XIV., were then organized on too costly a basis for international competition, and were mostly maintained by a system of bounties under the form of a tariff. After 1870, the economic disturbance in Europe, caused by the rise of Germany, gradually created a stringency in Great Britain; a liquidation of the English loans in America began, and in 1890 this liquidation assumed proportions which culminated in panic. One method of measuring the pressure to which the United States was subjected during a series of years, and to gauge the change of relations between the eastern and the western continent wrought thereby, is to compare the average yearly payments made on balance by America to foreigners from a date antecedent to the catastrophe of 1893 to the present time.

If three quinquennial periods be taken, beginning with 1887, the first will fall

substantially before the crisis of the Baring failure. From 1887 to 1891 the average annual excess of exports over imports amounted to about \$44,400,000, a sum certainly not more than sufficient to pay interest due abroad and other like charges. After the failure of the Barings creditors grew pressing, and the balance rose, between 1892 and 1896, to \$185,400,000. In 1896 the United States reached the lowest point in her recent history. Her position then somewhat resembled that of France when Colbert adopted his policy of "selling without buying." The cost of production being too high, Americans could not export manufactures; agricultural supplies alone proved insufficient to yield the sum demanded of her; and the country, in that single year, had to part with \$78,880,000 in gold. General insolvency seemed imminent. When confronted, in 1667, with stagnating commerce and failing industries, Colbert proclaimed his prohibitive tariff, and finding that this expedient did not correct exchanges, he invaded Holland; but he did not cut the evil he combated at the root, by reorganizing France. In 1897 the United States followed the precedent set by Colbert, so far as the tariff was concerned; but Americans, supplier than Frenchmen, did not go to war. They adopted a more effective method of routing the foe. They readjusted their entire system of industry and transportation, bringing the cost of production of the chief articles of modern commerce below the European level. No success has ever been more sudden or more startling. Between 1897 and 1901 the average excess of American exports over imports has risen to \$510,000,000 yearly. The amount tends to increase, and it tends to increase for excellent reasons. Just now America can undersell Europe in agricultural products; she can likewise undersell Europe in minerals as raw material; she can also undersell Europe in most branches of manufactured iron

and steel, beside many minor classes of wares. On the present basis, there seems no reason to doubt that, as time goes on, America will drive Europe more and more from neutral markets, and will, if she makes the effort, flood Europe herself with goods at prices with which Europeans cannot compete.

A moment's consideration will disclose the gravity of the situation. Whatever may have been, or may still be, the extent of America's foreign indebtedness, it is certain that, at the present rate of redemption, it must be soon extinguished. Then the time will come when the whole vast burden of payment for American exports will fall upon the annual earnings of foreign nations, at the moment when those earnings are cut down by the competition of the very goods for which they must pay.

The inversion of all that has heretofore existed has been so sudden and complete that society has somewhat lost its bearings; nevertheless, the feeling of Europe is apprehension, and that feeling is not without rational foundation. Should the movement of the next decade correspond to the movement of the last, Europe will, at its close, stand face to face with ruin. It is safe to assume, therefore, that Europe will not allow present conditions to remain unchanged, any more than France did in 1667, or than America did in 1896.

Three avenues seem open by which relief may be obtained. First, Europe may reorganize herself upon a scale to correspond with the organization of the United States; but this solution appears doubtful, in view of the decentralization of the continent. Second, the United States may be induced to abandon something of her advantages, and ameliorate the situation of Europe by commercial reciprocity. In other words, the United States may prefer to follow somewhat the same policy which Cobden advocated, as opposed to the policy of Colbert and Napoleon. Lastly, Europe may attack

the United States, and attempt to break her down by arms.

In plain English, Europe finds herself in an *impasse*. She is pressed on every hand. Her soil, never rich, has been tilled until its culture costs more than that of newer land. Hence each country must choose between two alternatives: the farmers may be abandoned to their fate, as in the United Kingdom; or they may be protected, as in France and Germany. If the farmers should be abandoned, the military population will disappear, as it has disappeared in Great Britain, and food will have to be bought abroad. If the farmers should be protected, the rest of the country must pay higher for its bread and meat. In either case, the loss will correspond to the sum represented by the inferiority of the European soil, and the higher price it bears, as compared with the soil of Argentina or Nebraska.

Prior to 1897, while Europe still held a substantial monopoly in manufactures, this deterioration of agriculture, if not viewed with pleasure, might be contemplated with equanimity. Not so since 1897, when the industrial revolution in North America has brought European mines to a condition of relative exhaustion, and European workshops to a position of relative inferiority. Assuming that a satisfactory social readjustment offers, just now, insuperable difficulties, Europeans see but one method of obtaining relief, should America retain her tariff: that method is to develop regions abroad containing mines capable of vying with those of Alabama, Pennsylvania, and Lake Superior. And it is precisely here that Europe finds herself propelled toward a collision with the United States, because the United States, for her own protection, has devised a mechanism which holds her rival as in a vise.

America's attack is based not only on her superior resources and her more perfect administration, but on her tariff. To make their gigantic industrial sys-

tem lucrative, Americans have comprehended that it must be worked at the highest velocity and at its full capacity, and they have taken their measures accordingly. To guard against a check they rely on a practically prohibitive tariff, by which they hope to maintain the home market at a reasonable level; and with the profit thus obtained they expect to make good any loss which may accrue from forcing their surplus upon foreigners at prices with which these cannot cope. No wonder the European regards America as a dangerous and relentless foe; and the fact that Europe has forced on America these measures as a means of self-defense signifies nothing. The European sees in America a competitor who, while refusing to buy, throws her wares on every market, and who, while she drives the peasant from his land, reduces the profits of industry which support the wage-earners of the town. Most ominous of all, he marks a rapidly growing power, which, while it undersells his mines, closes to him every region of the wide earth where he might find minerals adapted to his needs. Lying like a colossus across the western continent, with her ports on either ocean, with China opposite and South America at her feet, the United States bars European expansion. South America and China are held to be the only accessible regions which certainly contain the iron, coal, and copper which Europe seeks; and the United States is determined that, if she can prevent it, South America and China shall not be used as bases for hostile competition. Regarding South America her declarations are explicit, and during the last twelve months her actions in Asia have spoken more emphatically than words.

Moreover, the German considers the theory of the "open door" a mockery. The German avers that no man knows so well as the American that China can never be developed until it is administered by western methods, and that it is

for this reason that America opposes partition. To make Asia pay, the country must be handled as a whole, — as America is handled, though not perhaps on so extensive a scale. At all events, in each province the mining, transportation, manufactures, police, and taxation must be controlled by Europeans. To attempt to turn Shansi into a Pennsylvania under Chinese rule would mean ruin.

Thus the continent of Europe finds itself pressed somewhat as Colbert found France pressed in 1667, and accordingly Europeans are restive. Evidently, unless all human experience is at fault, that restiveness will grow. Men cannot foresee the future, — they can only reason about it by reference to the past; and as they can never know all the forces in operation, their inferences must contain more or less of error. For example, this year competition appears to be approaching, in intensity, the point of danger; and yet next year an abundant supply of gold may raise prices, and thereby allay friction for an indefinite period. Yet, speaking generally and without limit of time, the great question of American economic supremacy remains to be settled; and as long as Europe continues armed, that question will not be settled peacefully upon America's own terms as America is now organized. There must be compromise or war, or else America must be so strong that war is deemed too hazardous to be attempted.

A compromise is a bargain, each side giving as little as it can; but doubtless the United States could make arrangements which would meet the emergency. The policy of England has always been to make such arrangements; and in this she has differed from France. Free trade as an economic dogma, applicable to all conditions of national life, has been exploded; but free trade as a form of insurance against hostile coalitions has worked well. England has found free trade cheaper than to arm; she

would certainly find it more advantageous than to fight. No coalition has ever been formed against Great Britain since she became great; for evidently no one will plunge into hostilities, where little is to be made by war, and much by peace. Prussia has long maintained great armaments, and has sometimes made concessions, and sometimes used force. On the whole, Prussia has fared better than any other Continental state. Policy is a matter of judgment.

Americans are apt to reckon on their geographical position as in itself an insurance against war risks, on the principle that, like the tortoise, they are invulnerable if they withdraw within their shell. Such was the case formerly, but is not the case now. On the contrary, in European eyes, America offers the fairest prize to plunder that has been known since the sack of Rome, and, according to European standards, she is almost as unprotected as was Holland before Louis XIV.

First of all, America is valuable not only for what she has herself, but for what she keeps from others; for even without her islands the United States now closes South America and China. Were she defeated, these two vast territories would lie open to division. But more than this, Continental Europeans apprehend that were the United States crushed on the sea, were her islands taken from her, were she shut up within her own borders, all the rest of the world, save the British Empire, would fall to them, and that they might exclude American products at their will. They believe that American society would not stand the strain of the dislocation of the industrial system incident to the interruption of exports, and that disturbances would ensue which would remove all fear of American supremacy. Also, Continental statesmen are not lacking who conceive that England might see more profit in helping to divide the lion's skin than in binding up his wounds. Nor must it ever be forgot-

ten that, with Great Britain, the success of the European or the American continent is only a choice of evils. America is her most dangerous competitor save Germany and Russia. Great Britain, therefore, at present, holds to America, as the lesser peril; but should, at a given moment, the weight in the other scale of the balance preponderate, England would shift to the side of our antagonist.

Assuming, for the moment, for the sake of argument, that the United States is determined to yield nothing, but is resolved to push all her advantages to the uttermost, it is clear that an attack upon her would be profitable, if it could be made with reasonable hope of success. Europe believes that it could be made with such hope, provided a coalition could be opportunely formed. In this Europeans may be wrong; but they judge after their own standards, and possibly they may be right.

America has an army of less than 100,000 men, with a short supply of officers, and no reserves either of soldiers or of material. At the mere rumor of war 100,000 men would have to leave the country to garrison Cuba, Porto Rico, the canal, the Philippines, and Hawaii. More ought to go, if more could be obtained. But to send 100,000 men abroad would strip the Union bare. Even the ports would be defended by militia, and no reinforcements would be at hand to supply the waste in the tropics. Such garrisons could hardly stand against the overwhelming mass of troops which could be concentrated against them.

The navy is even feebler, in proportion to the task which would be required of it. The United States has 520,000 tons of warships, built or building. France and Germany have 1,162,000, and France, Germany, and Russia have 1,731,000.

Americans, furthermore, are disposed to assume that no coalition could ever be formed against them. Judging by the past, nothing can be more certain

than that coalitions both can and will be formed against them, if they so behave as to make such ventures worth the cost and risk. Combinations always have been made, under such conditions, and probably always will continue to be made. To be opulent, unarmed, and aggressive is to put a premium upon them. An arrangement of this character was, in fact, contemplated in 1898, and is generally believed to have been abandoned only through uncertainty as to the neutrality of England.

Suppose an alliance of two or more powers, of which France were to be one: they would possess an admirable base in the West Indies, in Martinique or Guadeloupe, and also convenient bases in Asia. No station on the whole Asiatic coast is more commanding than Port Arthur, held by Russia. Fleets, therefore, of any size could be concentrated and supplied close to the seat of war, and Europeans compute that ships could be concentrated against us at the least in the ratio of two to one.

Our rivals believe that a couple of defeats secured by overwhelming numbers would settle the war; for ironclads cannot be built in less than two or three years, and they calculate that two or three years of isolation, resulting from the loss of control of the sea, would produce enough domestic unrest to enforce acceptance of their terms. Those terms, they assume, would suffice to insure their future safety.

Such possibilities have not yet been maturely considered in the United States, because the change in the position occupied by the country is recent. Men do not immediately divest themselves of their old prejudices. Nevertheless, Americans are inclined to believe, and with reason, that their country is becoming the modern seat of empire. If this be so, they must accept the dangers and the cost of greatness with its advantages. All situations have their drawbacks.

From 1815 to the Boer war England

claimed to be the financial capital of the world, and that claim was admitted. England, consequently, paid heavily to insure herself against attack. She not only maintained a navy supposed to be equal to that of any combination which could probably be formed against her, but, adopting free trade, she bought from all. France proceeded on the opposite theory; and yet, although France has kept up vast armies, she has been thrice disastrously defeated, twice actually conquered, and has never attained her end.

If a country would live in peace, experience has demonstrated that she must not be too grasping; for excessive greed makes her overthrow a benefit to all, and competitors act accordingly. On the other hand, certain races have felt themselves adapted to win victory in battle, and have prospered; if the American people, after due deliberation, feel aggression to be for their best interest, there is little to be urged by way of precedent against the logic of their decision.

Men inclining to this attitude can point to history, and insist that no radical readjustment of the world's economic equilibrium has ever been unaccompanied by war; and that if war must come, the United States may well face it now. To abandon any advantage would be weakness. The United States is young, strong, rich, and energetic, with an enormous military population. No permanent tranquillity can be hoped for until her supremacy is acknowledged: therefore the course which will enforce that acknowledgment soonest is the cheapest. America is as likely now as she will ever be to emerge victorious from any conflict into which she may enter.

To such reasoning it might be objected that war has proved too uncertain to be hazarded save in extremity, and the failure of the British speculation in the Transvaal might be cited as a warning. But such an argument would savor of an expression of personal opinion on a

question of expediency, and this article is confined to an attempt to draw deductions as to fixed social laws from the facts of history.

No one can deny that certain nations have made war profitable: therefore profitable wars will probably occur in the future. Nevertheless, such nations have succeeded because they were military nations; that is to say, because they made war a business, and waged it better and cheaper than their rivals. In other words, they devoted their energies to fighting, and maintained fleets and armies as we maintain railroads and factories. To conduct hostilities as amateurs is futile, as the English have discovered.

If Americans are determined to reject reciprocity in all its forms, to insist on their advantages, to concede nothing to the adversary; if, having driven in the knife, they mean to turn it in the wound, they should recognize that they are provoking reprisals in every form, and accept the situation with its limitations. To carry out an aggressive policy in some security, the United States needs 300,000 trained men whom she can put in the field in twenty days, with an ample reserve of officers and of material. She needs well-fortified coasts and colonies, and an effective transport service. More especially, she needs a

navy. Judging by the example of England, who has always done her best to make her friendship of value, 100 battleships and armored cruisers, equipped and ready for sea, would hardly suffice.

In a word, the experience of ages has demonstrated that alternatives are presented to aspiring nations in regard to the payment they will make for their prize. The one is the alternative of Cobden, the other that of Colbert. There is no middle course. Destruction has awaited the gambler who backs his luck; the braggart who would be at once rich, aggressive, and unarmed. Such a man or such a nation puts a premium on spoliation. It is only necessary to reflect upon the fate of France in 1870, to accept this inference as true. America enjoys no immunity from natural laws. She can pay for what she takes, or she can fight for it, but she cannot have the earth for nothing. Sooner or later the inexorable tribute will be exacted from her as it has been exacted from every predominant community, from the days of the grandeur of Babylon to those of the glory of London; for, since time began, no race has won for itself supremacy without paying a price in gold or blood to other races as ambitious and almost as powerful as itself.

Brooks Adams.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

I.

THE critic who suffers the experience of being requested to write his reminiscences, and therefore of enduring the implication that he belongs to the past rather than to the present, may find many a coigne o' vantage in his position when he comes to hold it in the Atlan-

tic, with pen and ink, against the public. He is not required to practice much self-restraint: garrulity is expected, if not desired, of him, as "part of his defect;" nobody will disrelish his memoirs if their occasional flavor is a pleasant sour; and in dealing with dramatic artists — at least with those who are dead or otherwise gone — he will be allowed

free play for the knife of his criticism. Moreover, he is in a situation of rare and novel privilege in respect of his pronouns; no need here to periphrase with neuters and passives, or to masquerade in the mock ermine of the editorial "we," since there is no reason why every one of his pages should not be as full of *I*'s before and behind as any Apocalyptic Beast.

I must forewarn my readers, however, that I can furnish them with few of those intimate details concerning actors, authors, and managers, which are relished *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, even the cultivated and fastidious. My narrative will suffer in value by reason of this deficiency. After gossip has been allowed to stand for a few years, it usually rids itself of its pernicious bacteria, and becomes a wholesome as well as sprightly beverage. The qualities of Master Samuel Pepys which made him a dangerous neighbor in 1670 make him a valuable historian in 1901. But it has seemed best to me, partly because actors are a very sensitive and fascinating folk, to deny myself the pleasure of their intimate acquaintance, as a rule, in the hope that my head might neither be quite turned nor much deflected from a true level. Many of my confrères have pursued a contrary policy with impressive success, I am aware; and I concede that, as a critic, I have sometimes lost, as well as sometimes gained, through my lack of personal contact with dramatic artists. My readers must enjoy my reminiscences, if they enjoy them at all, as a series of reconsiderations of the plays and players of the past, from the point of view of a disinterested citizen or public censor. There ought to be some pleasure, and some profit, also, for all of us in such a review, since it may be made calmly, through an atmosphere cleared by reflection, from a distance which permits the observer to see things in perspective, and to judge truly of their relative sizes and proportions.

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ADVERTISER.

It was about thirty years ago that I took the place of critic of the drama for the Boston Daily Advertiser. My first service was rendered when that newspaper had for its editors two remarkable men, to whom I can pay at this moment hardly any other tribute than to mention them by name. The assistant, George Bryant Woods, the most precociously brilliant person I ever knew, died in 1871, in his twenty-seventh year; having won distinction as a critic of literature and the theatre, as a special correspondent, as a raconteur of short stories, and as a writer of leaders upon nearly all current topics. The editor in chief, Charles Franklin Dunbar, who passed away only a few months ago, senior professor of political economy at Harvard, and ripe in years and honors, was a man of great wisdom, force, and acumen, and the master of a style which, for point, power, and purity, has been surpassed by that of scarcely any American journalist of our day.

My equipment for my task may be indicated in a very brief paragraph. From a child I had been interested in the theatre and a reader of dramatic literature. I had been a student of Shakespeare for many years, having received my first impetus toward the great poet from the accomplished Dr. William J. Rolfe, when he was head master and I a pupil of the Dorchester High School. I had seen a good deal of acting, and had tried my 'prentice hand at commenting upon it under my superiors on the paper. I brought to my work an unaffected eagerness and intensity of interest, which have not flagged to this day. I may add that I had an exalted idea of the importance of my office, and of the awfulness of my responsibility to the theatre, to the theatrical profession, to Art spelled with a very large initial A, to the readers of the Advertiser in particular, and to the entire Community in

general. There is something comical in this statement, and perhaps it is, therefore, well that I should tack on to its retrospective magniloquence the assertion — obviously superfluous and, in the absence of challenge, a bit suspicious — that I meant to be fair and just, to the extent of my ability.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN IN 1850.

A part of my stock in trade, of course, was my theatrical experience, which dated from my seeing the Viennese children at the Boston Museum when I was eight years of age. Then followed, at great yawning, heart-straining intervals of time, the fairy plays which were "features" at that theatre for a series of years. I recall my ecstasy in witnessing these dramas, in order that my contemporaries may reglow and rethrill with me over the reminiscence. It is of no use to tell me, to tell any of *us*, that children enjoy themselves as much at the theatrical shows of to-day as we enjoyed ourselves at the plays of *circa* 1850. And I hold to my opinion, not only or chiefly because modern children are as *blasés* and skeptical as everybody else knows and they themselves frankly concede them to be, but because there is no special provision made for them in modern American theatres. For aught I know, the Christmas pantomime still lingers in Great Britain. But to-day, in this land, — is it not curious? — adults are so greedy of the theatre that they have practically crowded children out of places of theatrical amusement. There are no Arabian Nights entertainments or "fairy plays" provided now as incidents of the theatric year, aimed directly at the eyes and hearts of ingenuous childhood. Our children participate in formulated æsthetic shows occasionally, clad in correct costumes, doing appropriate dances; and some of them, when they have attained their teens, are taken to see innocuous comedies, revived at the Castle Square Theatre from long desue-

tude. But what do any of them know of the wild joys which thrilled our little breasts when *The Enchanted Horse*, *The Enchanted Beauty*, *The Forty Thieves*, *The Children of Cyprus*, and *Aladdin* possessed the fairyland of the stage? I recall perfectly, and can now analyze, the mixed conditions of my spirit at those entertainments. All was real and true, just because it was far away and romantic. The "cloud-cuckoo-land" of the imagination was the native heath of the healthy child of that day. And well I remember how tame, unimportant, and unnatural the characters appeared to me in *The Drunkard*, — to which I was taken for ethical reasons, no doubt, when it was produced at the Museum, — in contrast with the glorious, vital, and convincing figures of Ali Baba, Cogia Housam, and Morgiana, of *Cherry and Fair Stair*, so done into English from the French *Chéri* and *Belle Etoile*. It was in *The Children of Cyprus* that I first saw and heard Adelaide Phillips, a young girl and a novice, but wonderfully easy and melodious in the garnish of the boy hero, *Cherry*; and in *The Forty Thieves* I had my first view of William Warren, who impersonated Mustapha, the cheerful cobbler, whose delicate professional job it was to sew together the severed sections of a human trunk.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AS A DRAMA.

Only a little later *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was dramatized, and took possession of the stage in the Northern states. The theatre, which never recognizes or sees any public movement that is not on the surface of the life of the community, had not dreamed of the great anti-slavery sentiment which had been growing like the substance of an avalanche for twenty years. The only slaves known to the stage had been the sprightly young darcy, nimble in jig and breakdown, and the ragged, obese old grayhead, exuberant of and as to ham and 'possum fat; and both these colored men had celebrated,

in songs and dances set to the foot-tilting banjo, their perfect happiness on "de ole plantation." And then, as in a moment, like lightning from a supposedly clear sky, Uncle Tom's Cabin descended upon the boards, and they instantly and eloquently echoed the woes and wrongs of the oppressed. I strongly suspect that the play was quite unworthy of the novel; but the humor, fire, and passion of the story swept everything before them. Mr. Warren appeared at the Museum performance of the drama in a character, interpolated chiefly for purposes of farcical mirth, entitled Penetrate Partyside, — a cool, shrewd Yankee, with advanced political opinions concerning "the peculiar institution," — and this part was played by the comedian two hundred and forty-eight times; leading, in frequency of performance, all the other characters in his vast repertory, even to the hour of his retirement from the stage. Mr. Frank Whitman, an actor with a natural touch and a gift in pathos, was Uncle Tom when I saw the play; Miss Gazinski, who had been doing *pas seuls* and other dances between pieces, and had been promoted to be Topsy, made a remarkable hit, and was said to have won a desirable husband by the eccentric drollery of her impersonation; and Mrs. Vincent, then a slim and swift young woman, was a flaming and, by the familiar law of nerve calories, blood-chilling Cassy. It is worth noting that the playwright did not dare to risk the popularity of his work by repeating the final tragedy of the novel, and that the drama closed with the rescue of Uncle Tom by George Shelby from the murderous hands of Legree. Through all the curious fluctuations in public taste during fifty years, the play keeps the stage to this day, having suffered shameful misuse in many quarters, and depending upon packs of real bloodhounds, and upon "star combinations" with two Evas, two Topsyies, two Uncle Toms, and the like.

OLD-FASHIONED FARCES.

At the time of which I am writing farces were greatly in vogue, and, indeed, were favorite side dishes upon theatrical bills of fare during the entire half century which ended with 1880. They had a definite place in the dramatic literature of the period, and may be said to have constituted an order or variety of that literature. Some of them, such as *Lend Me Five Shillings*, which Mr. Jefferson yet plays, *To Paris and Back for Five Pounds*, and *A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock*, were obvious and confessed translations from the French; and scores of others were stolen from Parisian playwrights, the marvelously fertile Augustin Eugène Scribe being the prime source of supply. But the English adaptations were of remarkable freedom and force, and often took on a flavor of their own which gave them almost the quality and value of original works. *Box and Cox*, and *Poor Pillicoddy*, are good examples in this kind.

I find it hard to account for the almost complete extinction of this sort of play; or rather, for its relegation to the "amateur stage." The faults of the farces are and were obvious. They treated life with a certain bluntness and abruptness, and sometimes were coarse in a frank, quasi-Elizabethan fashion. But the best of them not only effervesced, overflowed, crackled, and scintillated with humor and wit, but also displayed common human faults and failings, sometimes the usual *contretemps* of existence, with delightful vividness and shrewdness. In some the fun began with the first word, and did not fail till the curtain fell. They were invariably good-natured. The most striking of them proceeded from a perfectly formulated theory of presenting familiar weaknesses in the mode of true caricature; that is to say, by comical exaggeration, always on the lines of the truth of life. As long as

they were played they provoked an immense amount of wholesome and happy laughter. The most serious actors — even the leaders of the Booth family — did not disdain to appear in them, and the greatest comedians of the nineteenth century — Blake, Burton, Clarke, Owens, Gilbert, Warren, and the Mathewses — were largely known to fame through the impersonation of the best farcical characters. At William Warren's famous "benefits," — of which there were four per annum for many years in the Boston Museum, — a programme which had not at least one farce was seldom presented; and I recall some of that comedian's "benefit" nights in which the bill consisted merely of five farces.

The king of the English writers or adapters of these dramas was John Maddison Morton, and somewhat below him were J. B. Buckstone and T. J. Williams. Morton's *Box and Cox*, *Betsy Baker*, *Poor Pillicoddy*, and *A Regular Fix*, and Williams's *Ici On Parle Français*, deserve, I am sure, a narrow little niche, into which they can be squeezed together, in the Temple of Fame. The most famous passage in the first of these pieces is worthy of Plautus: —

"*Box.* Ah, tell me, in mercy tell me: have you a strawberry mark on your left arm?"

"*Cox.* No.

"*Box.* Then it is he, — my long-lost brother."

And Jane Austen herself — she of the pretty taste in fools, and the unsurpassed gift of producing them in her novels — would have rejoiced to make the acquaintance of the ineffable Mrs. Toodles, who bought an inscribed door-plate at an auction, because (to quote her words to her husband) "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female and live to the age of maturity, and she may marry a man of the name of Thompson, — with a P, — and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

At the time when my service as dramatic critic began, the negro minstrel show, descended, with some crossing of the stock, from Christy's Minstrels of New York and Ordway's *Æolian Vocalists* of Boston, was in a failing condition. I mean, of course, the entertainment of that order which was fixed "in residence," as Shakespeare would say, and accepted as a constant and necessary form of public amusement. Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge still had their own little theatre in Province Court, and there, on every evening and two afternoons of the week, dispensed their broad, highly accentuated fun and heavily treacled sentiment. Both the fun and the sentiment seem in the retrospect rather rudimentary and raw; yet it would be absurd to deny that the vein of feeling which Stephen C. Foster and the best of his sort worked was of genuine gold, though as thin, perhaps, as the petal of the cotton blossom, or that the negro minstrel drolleries sometimes had a contagious jollity and a rich unction which were all their own.

"VARIETY" AND "VAUDEVILLE."

This was the period, also, of the first prevalence of the "variety show;" the Howard Athenæum, which had had an experience of more variety than any other piece of masonry in the city of Boston, being appropriately dedicated to the new programme. This "show" was the fountain head — or rather, the beginning — of all that kind of theatrical entertainment which now goes by the trebly absurd and grossly misdescriptive name of "vaudeville." Indeed, there is neither distinction nor difference between the entertainments with the two titles. "Vaudeville" is only "variety" "writ large" and grown fashionable. The later show has merely a bigger bill of fare, chiefly through its use of the contrivances of modern science. To the vocal and in-

strumental solo, the dance, the song and dance, the stump speech or monologue, the one-act drama, sentimental or comic, the dialogue, generally in dialect, of the two funny men, feats of acrobats and jugglers, and the deeds of performing dogs — all of which were of the old régime — are now added the wonders of the kinetoscope and the biograph. And this congeries furnishes the amusement which at present about equally divides with the regular theatre the public patronage, counting its daily spectators in Boston by double thousands. It is good to be able to believe that the public's morals are not jeopardized by the prevailing taste, and good to be assured that the overtaxed public's mind and overwrought public's nerves are rested and soothed by "the vaudeville." Also, it is to be hoped that this use of mild sedatives in the form of amusement will not be so extensive and long continued as seriously to soften the gray matter of the public's brain.

FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR A CRITIC.

As a part of an already too long introduction, it is right that I should say a brief but emphatic word as to the freedom which was accorded to me by the managers and editors of the Advertiser. That freedom was perfect at the outset, and has never been limited or diminished. The value of such liberty to a public critic is incalculably great; the lack of it to an honest and earnest man in that vocation is like the lack of wholesome air to human lungs. It was years before I fully appreciated my privilege in this kind, or realized how much happier was my lot than that of some of my professional brethren. The ideally perfect dramatic critic must always be, even in Paris, London, and New York, a *rara avis*. The man whose equipment includes a good working familiarity with the classic and modern languages; an intimate acquaintance with all English literature, and with all that is most im-

portant in other literatures; a long experience with the theatre; a high and varied skill in writing; honesty of purpose and complete emancipation from mean personal prejudice; and, finally, the faculty, inborn, and, though highly susceptible of cultivation, never to be acquired, of detecting false touches in acting as the perfect ear detects false tones in music, — even the late brilliant, accomplished, and unimpeachable Sarcy did not fill the area of that definition. Yet if such an Admirable Crichton existed, he would not be effective on the staff of a newspaper which in any way or at any point, for commercial or any reasons, cabined, cribbed, or confined him; hinting here, coaxing there, anon undertaking to give instructions as to his meting out of praise or blame. I have known many critics, and of the entire number have known but one whom I believed to be capable of corruption in his high office. They were, and are, as square a set of men as ever lived. But some of them were hampered and handicapped by their employers, and came short of rendering the best service to the public because of counting-room pressure in favor of liberally advertising theatres, or against theatres whose patronage was less valuable. Sometimes it has happened, also, — though seldom anywhere, I suppose, and oftener in New York than Boston, — that among the actors there were friends or foes of editors in chief or of owners, with the shameful consequence that the critic was bidden to be "a respecter of persons," and at the same time instructed to be crafty not to betray the secret of his partiality.

THE UNCRITICAL NEWSPAPER AND THE UNCRITICAL PUBLIC.

The newspapers whose criticism of the drama is thus sordidly biased are soon found out, and lose all or much of their influence with their readers. And having made this big declaration in the interest of reason and common sense, I must

meekly subject it to a discount of about seventy-five per cent, and confess that a large majority of all the persons who read the daily journals have not the faintest notion of comparing or distinguishing the values of various censures. The great body of patrons of the theatre are, indeed, alike indifferent and, directly, impervious to criticism of any sort; they swarm into the playhouses with an indiscriminating eagerness of desire, which seems as masterful as the blind instinct that compels the migration of schools of fish; they are laws unto themselves, and find out and applaud what they like by the application of those laws, some of which have roots which run far down into our common psychic protoplasm. The judicious remainder — absolutely large in numbers, though comparatively few — constitute the body to which the critic appeals, and through which, by processes of slow filtration, he may hope to make some indirect impression for good upon the vast mass of humanity that fills the theatres night after night, week after week. If this statement seems cynical, the reader of the *Atlantic* is requested to consider the situation in a kindred matter, and to note that three quarters of the general perusal of contemporary books is utterly uninfluenced by any kind of literary criticism. The huge public which revels in the novels, for example, of “Albert Ross” and Mrs. Mary J. Holmes knows no more about book notices than it knows about the Eddas. As far as that public is concerned, the critical journals, magazines, and reviews might as well be printed in Russian as in English, as well be published in St. Petersburg and Moscow as in New York and Boston.

A MISTAKE IN ITERATION.

I have said a single word about the earnestness with which I entered upon my critical profession. That earnestness, honest though it was, moved me to pursue a course one line of which I much regret. It was the day of resi-

dent stock companies, and the critic was confronted weekly, during a whole season, with the same players. Some of these actors — leaders in their troupe and others — I found to be faulty, “retrograde” to all my artistic “desire,” and therefore fit subjects for unfavorable comment. There was one variety in particular with which I could not, and cannot, be patient: namely, the hard, dry, hyperemphatic sort, usually feminine in gender, whose words come out, edged and clanging, as if they were disks of metal, cut and ejected by a machine. During a considerable period, beginning with 1870, there was an irruption upon the stage of players of this kind; Miss Fanny Morant, of New York, a highly gifted actress, whose personal force carried all before it, being, I strongly suspect, the model whom they caricatured. There was also a boisterous-slouchy masculine mode, which I almost equally disrelished. But I am sincerely sorry that I found it necessary to pursue such, or any, of the regularly appearing players with reiterated disapproval. I ought to have made clear in a general way my opinion of the faultiness of the actor’s method, and occasionally, but not often, have briefly reapplied my foot rule to show his particular shortcomings in a new part. I look back and admire the dignified, patient silence in which these players, with scarcely an exception, bore a frequent application of the lash at the hands of many writers, of whom I was one. Incessant fault-finding, just or unjust, is seldom good for anybody, because it either sets up in its victim a condition of nervous irritability, which defeats or impedes improvement, or produces in him a calloused or defiant indifference.

LAY PARTISANS OF ACTORS.

Many of my readers will be surprised and amused to learn that every decent, outspoken critic raises up against himself a body of hostile unprofessionals, principally of the more excitable sex, —

strong in numbers, too, if weak in brain, — to whom he is *persona* excessively *non grata*, simply because he has dispraised, or even not sufficiently praised, their favorite performer. There is something deliciously droll, and something rather touching, in such partisanship, inasmuch as the allies are, as a rule, strangers to the actor, who is therefore the object of their distant and purely disinterested cult, and also is usually a player of no great reputation. There is not a critic of a prominent daily newspaper who does not occasionally note the scowling brows and basilisk glances of strangers who detest him for his disparagement of some one, — he can seldom guess whom. Boston is of all large American cities the one in which such cherishers of sentiment are rife, because it is the most ebulliently naive of all American cities in its passion for the theatre. Not very long ago, I learned that I was in the black book of every member of a certain respectable family, because of my "attitude" toward a histrionic artist whom they one and all admired. I had seldom seen the gentleman play, and had commented on him but three times: once with definite disapproval, once with mild objection, once with faint praise, — thus thrice writing myself down a perjured knave.

SELWYN'S THEATRE AND DORA.

In 1870 there were only five theatres in Boston, and the price of the best reserved seats varied from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The advance in public demand for theatrical amusement in this city may be inferred both from the present number of our theatres, which is fifteen, and from the doubling of the charge for places in houses of the highest grade. In that year the wave of excitement caused by the opening of Selwyn's Theatre, afterwards known as the Globe, was just beginning to subside. The establishment of the new house had been regarded as a great event, and the

merits of its first three stock companies — of which Mrs. Chanfrau, Miss Carson, Miss Mary Cary, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Harris, Miss Kitty Blanchard, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Wells, Miss Fanny Morant, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and Messrs. Frederic Robinson, Stuart Robson, C. H. Vanderhoff, H. S. Murdoch, W. J. Le Moyne, G. H. Griffiths, Harry Pearson, H. F. Daly, and Harry Josephs, were, at different times, members — were, it might almost be said, the chief theme of Boston's table talk. The theatre's initial experiment had been made with *La Famille Benoiton* of Sardou, played under the name of *The Fast Family*; but the triumphs of its first season were won with three curiously contrasted dramas, of which two are now unknown to the public stage, and the third is seldom seen in this country. These three were, *Dora*, a very free dramatic version, proceeding from the pen of Charles Reade, of Tennyson's brief idyl of the same name; *The Spirit of '76*, a comedietta, by Mrs. Daniel Sargent Curtis; and *Robertson's Ours*. All the theatre-going population of Boston — then about half the population of Boston — went wild over *Dora*, a purling piece, surface-ruffled only by Farmer Allen's tyrannical self-will and honest obstinacy, which were presented with heavy-handed effectiveness by Mr. Robinson. It was *Dora* herself, the gentle, persuasive *Dora*, the rustic but not rude, the meek but not insipid, — beautiful, sweet, sound-hearted to the core, like some perfect fruit ripened in a sunny nook of an English garden, — it was this *Dora* that prevailed with everybody, in the person of Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, whose style was as frank and unaffected as her face was lovely, her voice melodious, her manner gracious. Re-read, the last sentence seems to me to be lightly touched with enthusiasm. But I decline to qualify or to apologize. *Dora* has passed away, and Mrs. Chanfrau has quitted the stage. *Dora* had no special right to live,

I suppose, but nothing could make me doubt that, with the actress of thirty years ago to play the leading part, the drama would captivate sensitive hearts to-day; and as to this declaration, I put myself upon a jury of my peers, — recognizing as my peers, for this purpose, only such persons as distinctly remember the play and its chief player.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Mrs. Curtis's drama, *The Spirit of '76*, deserves to be recalled not only for its piquant wit, but because of the interest attaching to its prophetic character. It was in form a delicate burlesque, but its plot and dialogue were underborne by a thoughtful, conservative purpose. Produced in 1868, the play was a fanciful picture in anticipation of our corner of the United States in 1876, the political and economic relations of the sexes having been precisely inverted *ad interim*. None of the more extravagant visions have anywhere come even partly true, except in Colorado and the three other sparsely populated gynocratic states. Massachusetts is not yet ruled by a "governess;" there are no women on its supreme bench, and none sit in its jury boxes; it has thus far escaped a law which makes it a felony for an unmarried man to decline an unmarried woman's offer of marriage. But Mrs. Curtis's adumbration of some less violent but highly significant changes was remarkable. She really predicted, in the next sequent generation of young women, that union of virile athleticism and sophomoric abandon which makes the manners of the twentieth-century girl so engaging.

T. W. ROBERTSON'S PERIOD.

Ours, by T. W. Robertson, was produced at Selwyn's in the spring of 1868, and was succeeded, in 1869, by *School*, *My Lady Clara*, and *The Nightingale*, by the same playwright; and within a few months, on either side of these two years,

David Garrick, *Society*, *Caste*, *Play*, *Home*, *War*, and *The M. P.* were given at most of the leading theatres of the country. The period from 1867 to 1877 might, with a decent show of propriety, be called the T. W. Robertsonian decade of the drama in America. In England the Robertsonian reign stretched out for twenty years or more. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* declared, in 1886, that his "popularity showed no sign of waning." The author's life was embraced between 1829 and 1871, and he knew not his first taste of success till seven years before his death. Of the dramas mentioned above, only *The Nightingale* and *War* met with failure. David Garrick, *Home*, and *Caste* were much the best of the series, and, of these, the first two had been brazenly — or, perhaps, just frankly — plagiarized from the continent of Europe; *Home* being a loose version of *L'Aventurière* of Emile Augier. David Garrick lends itself to the needs of rising "stars," and seems to be booked for a stage immortality, the span of which is that of the life of man, to wit, threescore and ten years, or, if the play be very strong, fourscore years. That some of the other dramas die hard is undeniable. *Caste* leads in limpet ability to cling to life. *School* is "revived" every now and then for a few hours, but soon resumes its slumbers. Yet, with the exceptions noted, all these plays, as far as the public stage of this country is concerned, are dead, or at their last gasp. It is curious to think either of their life or of their death, of the life and death of hundreds of their contemporaries and near successors. Albery? Yates? Charles Reade? Simpson? Tom Taylor? Henry J. Byron? What, what has become of all their lavish waste of dramatic words? Even *Still Waters Run Deep* — whose plot Mr. Tom Taylor did cheerfully "convey," as "the wise it call," from *Le Gendre* of Charles de Bernard — is a forgotten demi-semi classic. Byron's

Our Boys seems to have some of the salt of youth in it; but his £100,000, Cyril's Success, and Our Girls, all of which were greatly in vogue for a considerable time after their production, have gone into the "Ewigkeit" with the lager beer of Hans Breitmann's "barty." Looking back at my notice of Cyril's Success, I see that I absurdly likened the wit of the comedy to that of *The Rivals*; but Byron's play is as dead as Scrooge's partner, while Sheridan's is good for another century, at least.

THE EPHEMERAL DRAMA.

Indeed, of all the big crowd of English playwrights who produced dramas, always with extreme facility, and sometimes with contemporaneous success, between 1845 and 1875, — excepting, of course, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, — every man but Robertson is to-day practically obsolete. Not a single one of their works has a name that will survive the first quarter of this century, unless it be a survival to be embalmed and entombed in an encyclopædia. By 1925 the stage that knew these dramas will know them no more, and Time will have allowed their claims for recognition as literature by impartially pitching them all into his dust heap.

That Robertson's comedies should be the last to succumb to this remorseless rule of death is interesting. Their texture is of the flimsiness of gossamer; their wit usually consists of quaint equivoque; their wisdom is trite; their humor, often delicious in flavor, trickles in a thin and narrow stream; their passion, except for a few minutes in *Caste*, has neither depth nor blaze. But they showed the work of a deft hand in their effective situations; they had a grace and charm of their own, which made them cling to the memory as tenaciously as the fragrance of lavender clings to gloves and laces; and they were often in touch with life, though the touch never became a grasp. Again, a special word is to

be said for *Caste*, which dealt finely, if not profoundly, with the never ceasing strain between the freedom of man as an individual and his bondage as a member of society. Nearly all these plays, also, displayed, after a fashion peculiar to their author, the familiar contrasts between generosity and meanness, simplicity and sophistication, the self-forgetting impulsiveness of youth and the self-cherishing deliberation of middle age. Robertson loved to point such comparisons by means of bits of dialogue, carried on at opposite sides of the stage by pairs of persons, neither pair being conscious of the other. The mode of many of these passages was distinctly cynical, if not unamiable; but their surface truth was of universal appeal, and their humor was fetching. Indeed, the public palate always most keenly relished Robertson's mild bitterness when it was bitterest. Some of my readers will recall an exemplary episode in *Ours*. The scene is an English private park. A heavy shower of rain has come on, and two pairs have sought shelter under the trees. On the right are a youthful couple, in the early stages of a love affair. The *jeune premier* has taken off his coat, and insists upon wrapping it around the slender figure of the girl against her pleased but earnest objections. On the left are a middle-aged married pair. The wife presently says, in a peevish tone, "Alexander, if you walked to the hall, you could send me an umbrella;" to which the husband promptly replies, "I'd rather you'd get wet."

A NEGATIVE RULE FOR THE VITALITY OF PLAYS.

The deeper reasons of the law of the survival of dramas may not be laid down here and now, but a good negative working-day rule of prediction can be furnished. It seems to be a part of the present order of things, at least in English-speaking countries, that our dramas

shall be ephemeral. Even the best of them are like insects, made to flaunt their little wings for a few hours in the sunshine of popular favor. The caprice of fashion deals out death with relentless speed to these plays. That they furnish the public with much entertainment is not to be questioned; but they have no essential beauty, or imposing breadth, or prevailing power to make their appeal potent beyond a year or less of life. "The best in this kind are but shadows," said the Dramatist of the World, in one of his remarkable expressions of doubt about the art of which he was Prime Minister and Master. The rule of negative prediction is simple enough: The play which never passes into literature; the play which, in "the cold permanency of print," cannot endure reading and re-reading, has the sure seed of death within it. Out of a hundred contemporary dramas, ninety are flat and unprofitable on a first perusal, and ninety-and-nine are warranted to cause mental nausea at a second. Take Robertson's *School*, for instance, which was performed to delighted hundreds of thousands, in England and America, in the early seventies. Reading it deliberately to-day is like absorbing a gallon of weak, warmish *eau sucrée* flavored with the juice of half a lemon and a small pinch of ginger. Contrast with that work, and with works of its quality, the half a hundred tragedies and comedies which remain to us from the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. The newest of these plays are two thousand two hundred years old: they are written in a dead language; they have the atmosphere of a remote land and an alien age and civilization; yet they still receive the quick sympathy and command the reverent admiration of the world. The corollary of the rule for negative prediction is obvious: The nation which is

producing no readable dramatic literature is producing no dramas of permanent importance from the points of view of art and life, which are indeed one point and the same.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

Early in my professional experience I committed a gross extravagance in laudation. Mrs. Scott-Siddons made her first appearance as a reader in the Music Hall, when she was in her twenty-sixth year. Many Bostonians lost their heads on the occasion. I infer from a reperusal of my notices of her work that I was one of those Bostonians. Her beauty was of a very radiant, rare, and exquisite sort. It seems to me that I recall that her ease and aplomb of manner, as in her sole small person she took possession of the huge desert of a stage, and serenely occupied with her desk a small oasis therein, impressed me even more than her beauty. I incline to think that she really did read pretty well; indeed, I am sure that she read Tennyson's *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* uncommonly well. But I now perceive that there was no reason for my speaking of her and the great Sarah Siddons, her great-grandmother, in the same breath, or even in the same week. A little later I received a punishment which fitted my blunder, when she essayed acting, and I was obliged to comment on her performance. Yet that she could not act does not prove that she could not read, as the better instructed subscribers of the *Atlantic* are well aware. Many excellent readers have failed utterly upon the stage; *per contra*, a few fine actors have not been acceptable as readers. But if one could have heard Mrs. Scott-Siddons through one's eyes, they would have been "worth all the rest" of the senses, and her playing would have seemed peerless.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(To be continued.)

GOING DOWN TO JERICHO.

"Is that all?"

The surprise in John Strathmore's voice seemed, as the words passed his lips, to condense into indignation. Every man of the group seated about the long table in Willet & Grey's counting room felt an instant change in the colloquial atmosphere, and the glances of several of them followed the question to its destination, much as though it were a visible missile.

The Hon. Hadley Garwood slowly removed his gold-rimmed spectacles, and deposited them upon the typewritten pages lying open before him. The question had been inevitable.

"That is the complete list, Mr. Strathmore, as prepared by the special committee. Of course," he added, after the slightest of pauses, and with a little deprecatory gesture of the open hands, "this meeting may turn the whole thing upside down, if it so desires."

The tone and gesture might have been interpreted either as the most complete submission to the will of the meeting, or as presenting the utter absurdity of any attempt to improve upon the work already performed. Strathmore, however, was not just then studying the fine art of ambiguity.

"All of which means, I suppose, Mr. Chairman, that the Oak Creek Mill is to be shut out of the deal?"

Mr. Garwood sat a little more erect in his stiff-backed chair. The introduction of the stock gambler's slang as descriptive of such an industrial combination as the United Paper Mills Association, with the Hon. Hadley Garwood at its head, came very near to offensive flippancy. There was a note of protest in the reply, which he directed, not to his questioner, but to the entire meeting:

"Gentlemen, the whole thing is a plain matter of business. We have or-

ganized, on behalf of ourselves and those we represent, for the purpose of rescuing the paper-manufacturing industry from its present demoralized condition. That, at least, is the view of the committee which you appointed six weeks ago to look over the general situation and recommend a line of action."

He settled a little more comfortably in his chair, and paused for a moment, that the soundness of his fundamental position might become perfectly clear to his hearers.

"Your committee, after a most thorough and painstaking investigation, has now presented its report. The climax of that report, if I may so express it, is the list of those concerns which, in the judgment of your committee, and for the best interests of the paper industry, should now be united under a single management. Such a combination, moreover, we believe to be entirely feasible. It was a matter of serious regret to all of us that, even after giving the fullest weight to Mr. Strathmore's recommendation, we were unable to include the Oak Creek Mill in that list."

"Why not?"

Again Strathmore's question seemed to pass visibly up the length of the table.

"Well," replied the chairman, "in the first place, because the concern is a water-power mill, dependent upon a comparatively small stream. But even if it could be run at its best all the year round, its capacity is so small that it could be of no practical value to us. Last year it turned out less than thirteen tons for each of its working days."

"May I ask, Mr. Chairman," persisted Strathmore, "how it compares in capacity with the Morgan & Vance Mill?"

"Ah! but the Morgan & Vance is a steam-power mill, with capital enough back of it to run for two years, and keep

the paper market unsettled every day it blows its whistle. The cases are widely different. I tell you, gentlemen, we've been over the whole ground with a microscope, and there is n't a name on that list that it's safe to drop."

"Well, gentlemen," and Strathmore, in turn, abandoned all show of parliamentary formality, "I suppose every man here has understood my position from the first. I mean, of course, as to the Oak Creek Mill. Mr. Cardwell, you remember what I said at our second meeting?"

The gentleman thus suddenly dragged "out into the open" found Strathmore's eyes upon him with a directness that rendered his memory uncomfortably accurate upon the point in question.

"Oh yes—yes. I suppose we all understand Mr. Strathmore's—er—general views, as"—

"Anyway," broke in Strathmore, apparently satisfied by Cardwell's dubious manner, "you all know what sort of a hole I'm in. No green country boy ever stumbled upon a better friend than Daniel Avery was to me. Why, if he hadn't taken me into his mill and his home,—and God only knows by what token he did it,—I reckon I'd still be out there on Upper Doe Run, planting potatoes on the same old ten-acre lot. It's by his kindness, gentlemen, that I'm here this day, helping to 'rescue the paper-manufacturing industry from its present demoralized condition.'"

Mr. Garwood glanced at him quickly, but there was nothing in Strathmore's face to justify offense. Indeed, at that moment the last vestige of irritation vanished from his tone.

"Mr. Chairman, I ask that the matter of the Oak Creek Mill be allowed to go over to our next meeting. Of course I want to do the square thing by the man who stood by me, but I pledge myself not to ask any further delay."

This frank avowal met with the same cordial assent which greets the man who

asks for an open window in an overcrowded room. It relieved the strain of a situation which was even more awkward than appeared upon the surface.

John Strathmore was a man whose influence in his trade had very far outgrown the value of his property. Fifteen years before, he had come to the city with a very small capital, reinforced by a robust body, a clear brain, and a blunt habit of telling the truth. Continuous application to a rapidly growing business had subdued the color in his cheeks, but his aversion to a lie—even when clothed in the conventional garb of a trade custom—still savored strongly of disgust. People who knew him best trusted him most, and his withdrawal from the scheme of the United Paper Mills Association would have aroused suspicions quite beyond the true significance of the act.

"I'm very sure, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Garwood feelingly, as he readjusted his spectacles and squared himself to resume consideration of the report, "that, whatever differences of policy we may have, we can all testify to Mr. Strathmore's loyalty to his friend."

And when the meeting had adjourned, the chairman made it his personal concern to see that the minutes, which would be read for approval at the next session, set forth in ample detail Mr. Strathmore's exertions on behalf of the Oak Creek Mill. Forty-eight hours later, however, he looked back upon his bit of official zeal with something less than complacence.

He had just emerged from the office of the great Keystone Trust Company, of whose Board of Directors he had long been an honored member. In the language of the street, this company, with Mr. Garwood as its special representative, was believed to be "back" of the new paper trust. Strathmore was coming down the street, and the two men stopped and shook hands cordially. In point of fact, Strathmore had come in

search of Garwood for a purpose which he at once explained. Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth a letter.

It was very short, but as Mr. Hadley Garwood glanced at its contents his face assumed that hue which the irreverent sometimes describe as turkey-gobbler red, and he inadvertently blustered something about it being all "grossly irregular." Strathmore suggested that the irregularity could be easily remedied by a formal vote at the next meeting. The note was a request, in explicit terms, that the name of the Oak Creek Mill be added to the list of concerns which were to be absorbed by the United Association. It was signed by four of the seven gentlemen who attended the meeting at Willet & Grey's, and who were to constitute the first Board of Directors of the new corporation.

A moment's further reflection enabled the chairman to grasp the altered situation. Refolding the letter, he deposited it carefully in his pocket. His face had resumed its natural color, and, breaking into a hearty laugh, he held out his hand.

"Strathmore, I used to be that way myself, but I've learned, by a rather varied experience, that sentiment and business don't mix. It's too bad, but it's a cold, hard fact. I hope, by the way, that you have n't any more ancient friends with little old water-power mills for sale?"

"Daniel Avery's the best man I ever knew," replied Strathmore, with unexpected earnestness, "and I said in the beginning that if I was in the deal he must be taken care of. You may call that sentiment, but from my standpoint it's only decency."

Garwood looked at him dubiously for an instant, half suspecting him of acting. Then, tapping him knowingly upon the shoulder with the head of his cane, he concluded with almost paternal candor:

"Remember what I tell you. The two things won't mix without going sour. Put your business and sentiment in sepa-

rate bottles, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. Sooner or later you'll come to it, like all the rest of us. Good-day."

No formal vote was ever taken upon Strathmore's motion. In local political circles, before he had dedicated his talents to the cause of industrial reform, Mr. Garwood had been familiarly known as "Uncle Had," and it had never been his custom needlessly to thrust his head against a stone wall. Having, by a little quiet investigation, satisfied himself that the four votes were "solid," he made half a virtue of a whole necessity and promptly complied with the written request. And so it happened that a few days later, out in their quiet country home, Daniel Avery and his household were treated to a surprise.

It came during the noon hour of a bright summer day. The midday meal had been eaten, and Mr. Avery was seated upon his front porch, awaiting the foreman's gong which should ring all hands to the afternoon's run. A newspaper lay in his lap, and the voice of his daughter Margaret, mingling with the noise of the dishes, came cheerfully out through the open door and windows. The old man's gaze wandered a bit drowsily over the familiar landscape before him.

There had been a shower during the morning, and down by the bank of the creek the roof of the mill shone red and clean in the sunlight. For more than thirty years, to Daniel Avery, that roof had symbolized the broad acres of personal independence. The mill had been part of the home to which, in his young manhood, he had brought his bride. The ponderous bass of the big water wheel, the vibrating hum of the carriers, and the low monotone of the great calenders had mingled with the voice of his wife and the prattle of his babies to make the very heartbeats of his domestic life. Time, and marriage, and birth, and death had hallowed the place.

His eyes lingered a moment upon the familiar walls, and then passed over

across the gentle sweep of the valley to the long ridge beyond, clothed in the dark green of the chestnut and hickory. The spirit of reverie must have been strong upon him, for Henry Avery, who had been for the mail, was halfway up the walk before his father became conscious of his presence.

"Have Cardwell & Co. found out what they want yet?" he queried, as he leaned forward and received a small batch of letters over the balustrade.

"There seems to be nothing from them to-day," replied the younger man, as he came up the steps. "Here, Margie," and he held out a letter to his sister, standing on the threshold.

"For me?"

"Yes, unless Jack has made a mistake and written your name on somebody else's letter."

He smiled as he spoke; but instantly his thoughts and his face turned to his father, and the smile faded from his lips. As was his custom, he had opened the mill letters on his way from the post office, and already knew their contents. While Margaret was examining her own envelope her father uttered an exclamation of wrath, and shoved his chair back from the railing.

"What is it, father?"

She hurried to his side, while her brother stood by, silent and troubled. There were but few secrets in the little family, even as to matters of business. In point of fact, Margaret herself, under her father's instruction, conducted most of their small correspondence.

"What is it? What is it?" he echoed, in a fit of tremulous excitement. "Why, hang me if I know what it is! Maybe an offer for the old mill, or else an order to deliver it up. Gads! You'd imagine it was a bag of stale potatoes for sale on the sidewalk. Fixes the price — tells me how to behave" —

"Oh, it's just somebody's prank, father. Somebody knows how you feel about the mill, and is having his joke."

She glanced, half smiling, into her brother's face for confirmation of her words; but Harry remained silent. Then the clang of the big gong came up from the mill, and he hurried off to his work.

"The man that wrote that," her father replied slowly, and as if speaking to himself, "is n't doing overmuch joking these days. But, thank God, he is n't my master. He can't put his orders on me."

Margaret's left arm had fallen loosely about the old man's neck, and now, as she bent to read the open letter in his lap, her comely face pressed lightly against his sun-tanned cheek. She read: —

580 Minor Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
June 10, 189-.

MR. DANIEL AVERY:

DEAR SIR, — As the representative of the United Paper Mills Association, I am directed to submit to you the following proposition. This corporation will purchase your plant, known as the Oak Creek Paper Mill, and in payment therefor will issue to you one hundred and fifty shares of its capital stock, full paid and non-assessable. The raw material at the mill and all orders actually accepted prior to this date will be taken off your hands at an appraised valuation of cost price, with an added profit of five per cent.

If this meets your favorable consideration, it may be proper to add that, in view of the present condition of the paper market, the Oak Creek plant will be shut down immediately upon its transfer by you. As a part of the transaction, therefore, you will enter into no new contracts for delivery of paper, but will refer all future orders directly to the undersigned.

The United Paper Mills Association is organized under the laws of New Jersey, with an authorized capital of \$2,800,000, and a par value of \$100 per share.

Asking an early response, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

HADLEY GARWOOD.

"And you know Mr. Garwood, father?"

"Hadley Garwood? Yes, I know him. He's one o' th' breed that are making their millions by taking hold of our great American industries, — I believe that's the phrase. Why, they don't know what honest labor means."

He arose from his chair, and, with hands clasped behind his back, once more turned his eyes on the old mill.

"'Taking hold of our industries.'" He echoed his own words with a heat of scorn that brought an expression of sudden anxiety to Margaret's face. "They take an industry by the throat, and rob it of every element that makes for honest manhood. They change men and women to mere flesh-and-blood machines. And all that they may pile fortune on fortune, a hundredfold beyond their needs. Why, those fellows will scourge honest industry from the face of the earth."

"But, father, why need we mind it so much now? You will write and tell Mr. Garwood that the mill is not for sale. That will be all."

Her father gazed at her blankly for a moment, as though in doubt of her meaning, but the soothing note in her voice stilled the tumult of his own mind. His passion died as suddenly as it had been born. Drawing her to him, he kissed her fondly.

"Margaret, how I have been ranting to you!" he said, as he refolded Garwood's letter and thrust it into his pocket. "All your own fault, though," he went on more cheerfully. "You never give me anything to growl at here at home, so, every once in a while, I have to turn loose at those fellows in town."

Picking up his hat, he started for his work, but paused halfway down the steps, and drew the letter from his pocket.

"Here, Margaret, just you answer this yourself. Tell Garwood that the Oak Creek Mill is not in the market. If I do it, I'll go on and tell him a lot of other things that he has n't asked about."

And as if to escape further speech, he turned hastily and strode off to the mill.

Later in the afternoon Henry Avery and his father had a long and earnest conference, begun in the cramped little office, and finished as they strolled out together along the bank of the mill race. When they returned, Henry passed at once to his post of duty. The old man paused by the press rolls to inspect the broad flowing sheet, which just there was transformed from dripping pulp to steaming paper. From mere force of habit he tore a fragment from the ragged edge as it passed, and touched it to his tongue to test the sizing. As he did so, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"Why, Margaret!" he exclaimed, as he turned; and then, as he looked into Margaret's eyes, "Daughter, are you ill?"

Margaret smiled reassuringly, but there was a touch of anxiety in her eyes that justified the question. The two walked together out through the side door and up the gently sloping bank.

"Father, I want you to read John's letter, — you and Harry. It's all very confusing, and somehow I'm afraid I don't understand it. John seems to have something to do with the new company, and he urges" —

"Is John Strathmore tying to that fellow Garwood?" The old man stopped as by the force of the mere surprise, and all the gentleness faded from his face.

"Why, father, is it so very wrong, — their getting up this new company? Nothing could be more kindly than the way John writes about you, and all of us."

She handed him the letter. As he took it, she caught his hand affectionately and held it for a moment in both of hers.

"Now, father, you must n't worry so. I can't allow it. Of course you and Harry know better than John what's best for us; and if you don't want to sell the mill, — and I'll be ever so glad if you

don't, — why, I'll write to Mr. Garwood to-night, and that will end it."

There was a touch of maternal command in her voice, and the half frown and half smile on her face was just that motherly mask which so often beguiles the wayward child. It was not in the old man's nature to harbor bitter thoughts very long at a time, and he readily yielded.

"Yes, yes, my dear. Harry and I will go over Jack's letter, and then we'll put an end to the business. I suppose I'm foolish about it, but somehow it seemed to me just like being ordered to leave the head of my own table. I guess perhaps I'm growing old."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Margaret; "but I've no doubt you're growing hungry, which is a good deal worse," and she hurried back to her belated household duties.

That night, in Daniel Avery's room, the father and son read and re-read John Strathmore's letter. It began "Dear Sis," and from beginning to end breathed the best of good will. Very gently it set about explaining how the last decade had all but revolutionized the paper industry; how new methods and the introduction of wood pulp had demanded and attracted greater capital than was needed in the old days; and how these changes must inevitably injure the smaller mills, still working under the old system. He closed with as urgent an appeal as he dared to make that the Oak Creek Mill should join the newer movement, and so keep abreast of the industrial advance.

But between the lines Daniel Avery read the inexorable facts. For him, and others like him, joining the industrial advance meant sitting helplessly by while his mill wheel rotted from its axle; it meant the utter destruction in a single day of that intangible structure known in the business world as the "good will," — a structure into whose building had gone all the life blood of his younger and better years; it meant, in fact, the

sudden tearing from his own nature of all those habits of thought and action which long ago had come to constitute the very fibre of his life.

For it all he was to pocket just such pittance as Hadley Garwood — who had no more kinship with actual industry than with the angels in heaven — had seen fit to name. There could be but one result. The next day's mail carried to the city a letter which caused John Strathmore to lose somewhat in both temper and sleep, and went far toward restoring the slightly damaged complacency of the Hon. Hadley Garwood.

During the sultry weeks which followed, Margaret Avery tried to believe that the episode of the United Mills Association, which had come upon them without warning, had passed from their lives and left no mark. Yet the mere persistence of her mental effort proclaimed the doubt in her own mind. One less sympathetic than she might have failed to note the change which was slowly coming over her father and brother.

In her presence they spoke to each other less and less frequently of business matters; and when they did, it was with a guardedness of manner wholly new in their simple home life. But what went yet more keenly to her heart was the look, partly of appeal and partly of grim determination, which settled upon her father's face in his moments of thoughtful silence. It would come back to her at night, and behind her closed eyelids would slowly merge into another expression, as to whose interpretation there could be no mistake, — despair.

Instinctively, when such a look was on her father's face, she found excuse for going to him, — to smooth the tablecloth beneath his plate, to make sure that the napkin in his ring was really his, or to readjust the collar of his coat. And always, for some brief moment, her palm or cheek would rest in loving contact with the troubled face, and its tenser lines would melt away.

So the summer dragged its hot length through, and brought no outward change to the little mill on Oak Creek. Business had been stagnant, but that was to have been expected. Autumn passed, and to Margaret's eyes the work seemed much as it had during all the autumns which had gone before. There were some canceled contracts, and now and then an old customer would postpone placing his order, with perhaps no very satisfactory reason for the delay. But such things were part of every year's experience.

Near the middle of December, however, there came a letter that was something more than any of these. It was the conclusion of a correspondence of which Margaret had had no earlier knowledge. It explained the failure to forward a long-expected order from one of their oldest customers, by the statement that the same grade of paper was now being offered in the Philadelphia market at three fourths of a cent a pound below the price quoted by the Oak Creek Mill.

To Margaret Avery this seemed no very serious matter.

"Why, of course, Harry, we must sell just as cheap as the rest. We cannot expect to receive more than the market price, no matter how low that may be."

Their father had gone early to his room, and the brother and sister were talking over business affairs in their old frank way. Henry drew from his pocket an envelope, upon which were some figures in lead pencil.

"Margie," he said, "to sell at that price would mean the loss of one quarter of a cent a pound, or five dollars on every ton of paper sent out of the mill. We generally turn out about twelve tons a day, and our daily loss would be something like sixty dollars."

"But I don't understand, Harry. I don't understand," repeated Margaret impulsively. "How can they make money, when we should lose at the same price?" she went on, before Henry could explain.

"Make money?" repeated Henry slowly. "They don't expect to make money, *now*. It's worse than that."

There was something in his voice which caused Margaret to look more keenly into her brother's eyes, and then, involuntarily, her hand reached forth and lay soothingly across his own upon the table. Not yet did she understand the full meaning of the disaster which had come upon them, but her brother's distress went straight to her heart.

"Harry, Harry, you must n't mind it so much! We knew we should have to meet just such competition, and" —

"Competition? Good God!"

The word seemed to sting him beyond endurance. Roughly withdrawing his hand, he arose from his seat and turned away. For a full minute he stood by the window, gazing sightlessly out into the darkness. One hand gripped the window post, while the other hung tightly clenched by his side, his whole attitude telling of an inward struggle against his overwrought emotions. Never before had Margaret seen him so deeply moved, and she dared not intrude upon his silence. Presently, however, he returned to the table, but he did not resume his seat. He had recovered himself, and seemed bent upon the simple purpose of explanation.

"Margaret, would it have been competition if these men had waylaid father in the night-time, and wounded him so badly that he could never again have competed with them in business, and had done it for that very purpose? Would that be competition?"

"John Strathmore would never do a thing like that," she replied quickly.

"But he is doing a thing like that," retorted Henry bitterly. "They've put their money together, he and his friends, not to make better paper or cheaper paper, but just to starve us, and others like us, out of existence. Call that competition? Why, it's the very death of competition."

Margaret was silent for a long time, and when she spoke there was only gentleness in her voice:—

"I'm very sorry, Harry. I'm sorry for you, but sorrier still for father. I believe even now he's sitting up there in the dark, trying to bear his trouble all by himself. I must go to him."

With that she arose and took a candle from the mantelpiece. When she had lighted it, she turned again to her brother.

"Good-night." Then she added something which had been growing heavier and heavier upon her mind during all these months: "We did wrong, Harry, in not answering John's letter in the same spirit in which it was written. We have chosen to see only one side. I don't believe he has meant us any wrong."

Again, at the mention of John Strathmore, bitter words came to Henry's lips, but something in his sister's face checked his speech. He knew that, to her, the boy who had grown to a brave and generous manhood in their home must be brave and generous to the end. So strong was Margaret Avery's faith in the better side of human nature that it sometimes seemed rather a compelling force for good than a mere belief. Something of the dignity of her mood must have fallen upon her brother now, for a gentler light came to his eyes as he saw her depart, and heard her firm, light step upon the floor above.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Avery startled them with the announcement that he must go to the city. He must go at once. During the long hours of the night some straw of hope had seemed to float within the old man's reach, and he felt that he must grasp it while he might. In vain his children sought to dissuade him. Finally, at a hint from Henry, Margaret asked that she might be allowed to go along. For half a year she had not been in town.

Beyond the suggestion that she might

be kept indoors by the coming storm, he made no great objection; only she must not delay his going. So, an hour later, Henry drove them to the station, and the middle of the afternoon found them in Philadelphia, ensconced in a small hotel well down on Chestnut Street. During their journey, Margaret had tried in vain to induce her father to go for the night to the home of a cousin living but a short distance uptown, and who always gave them welcome. No, he must be near the big paper dealers. With an almost tremulous haste he saw his daughter to her room, and then, leaving her to her own devices, set forth upon his mission.

It was early evening before the old man returned, weary and slow of speech. While they were at supper, Margaret tried, with but scant success, to learn the results of his visit. Had he seen John Strathmore? No; he had called at his place of business, but Strathmore was out. Had he left word that they were in town? No; he had not thought of that.

After supper Margaret led him to a seat by one of the parlor windows, through which they could look down upon the street, with its throng of hurrying people. It was snowing. Off to the left they had a glimpse of Independence Hall, looming dim and ghostly through the white gloom. Then, suddenly, on either hand, the great arc lights sprang into life, hissing and sputtering, as though in protest at their own creation. The holidays were approaching, and beneath the gleam of the electric lights the shop windows bloomed forth in their brief glory of tinsel and bright colors.

The lights in the parlor were turned low, and Margaret drew a hassock and seated herself close by her father's side. With his hand in hers, she led him to tell how the big city had looked to her mother and himself, long ago, on their wedding journey. Then, delving yet

deeper into the mine of his memory, he spoke of the experiences of his childhood: how he remembered, once when he was a little fellow, his father leading him along the outskirts of a great crowd, gathered in honor of a famous statesman who had just died. The old Liberty Bell was tolling, and the people were very solemn. Of a sudden everybody stopped and looked up at the snow-white belfry. In an instant the voice of the bell had changed beyond recognition, and soon they learned that it had cracked in the ringing, and that its voice was stilled forever.

So for a long time they sat there together; he talking quaintly of the old times and the vanished scenes, and she happy in his contentment. Suddenly, with the striking of the State House clock, he checked his speech, and drew a long, deep breath which ended in a groan. It needed no word to tell Margaret that in that instant, in her father's mind, the "present" had rudely driven out the "past." She stroked his roughened palm with her own and tried to soothe him; but the magic wand of memory had snapped beyond repair.

He arose abruptly, and stood for a moment looking silently out at the warp and woof of the storm, — the falling snow shot through and through with the gleaming rays of electric light. His hat was in his hand.

"Margie, I'm going out for a bit. Don't wait up for me."

At the door he sent back some half-intelligible reply to his daughter's hasty protest, and passed out. She heard his heavy footfalls as he strode down the long hall.

For a moment she hesitated. There was but little time for reflection, and none whatever for preparation. She had thrown a heavy cape about her shoulders, to guard against the chill from the big window. Drawing its hood close over her head, she hurried down the hallway and out into the street.

Mr. Garwood early learned two things about John Strathmore which he found worthy of careful consideration: the first was that Strathmore was exceedingly popular among the paper dealers of eastern Pennsylvania, and that his influence was constantly increasing; the other was that the Strathmore clay, if we may use the term, possessed certain characteristics of its own, which could not be safely ignored in the handling. Most conspicuous among these was an occasional hardening into inflexibility. As far as Garwood could make out, this came without warning, and it was neither accompanied nor followed by the usual symptoms of failing temper. After many months of careful observation, this feature of Strathmore's disposition was still as puzzling as on that first day at Willet & Grey's.

Daniel Avery's blunt rejection of the offer which he had been at such pains to secure left its mark upon John Strathmore. Garwood had promptly sent the letter to him, and asked for advice.

"You know Avery better than I. Perhaps I have made some sort of a slip in putting the case. If you think so, and will give me a hint, I'll try again."

But Strathmore was in no mood for carrying the matter further without some word of desire from the mill. He had written to Margaret with the genuine solicitude of one seeking to avert a danger from his own household, and his letter had been interpreted as the act of a common speculator, bent on his own selfish ends. With the hope that, in some calmer mood, Daniel Avery might reconsider his hasty action, and at least open the way for further negotiations, he held the chairman's suggestion long in abeyance. But week followed week, bringing no sign, and hope died out. Garwood had been patient, but at last he insisted upon a definite answer. With a dull pain at his heart, Strathmore told him that he had no further suggestions as to the Oak Creek Mill.

As the words passed his lips, he felt that something was going out of his life that he could hardly spare. The familiar faces, the quaint old house, the mill, the gnarled orchard, the shady road winding along the bank of the creek, the noise of the mill race, — every angle and shadow and voice of his old home swept powerfully in upon his senses. Never had it all seemed half so dear as at that moment.

From that day the chairman lost no opportunity for bringing the younger man to the fore. The name was a good one to conjure with, and no man knew better than Hadley Garwood how to use it. Very soon, in the counting rooms of the big firms, on the street, and in the pages of the trade journals, John Strathmore's name was being coupled with the new paper trust hardly less prominently than that of the Hon. Hadley Garwood himself.

With the United Association all had gone exceedingly well. There had been months of doubt, and some unforeseen obstacles by the way, but in the end Mr. Garwood's leadership stood fully vindicated. Practically, he held the paper market in the hollow of his hand. When, as he expressed it, "the water in the lobster kettle had really reached the boiling point," the result was remarkable. Mill after mill yielded to the inevitable. On the selfsame Monday morning the two mills which, from the first, had caused him the greatest concern gave up the fight. The treasurer of one of them, who happened to be the principal stockholder, thinking doubtless to save time, gave up two fights at once: he closed his mill and his life in the same hour. The few staggering concerns that still claimed to be doing business were so weak as hardly to require a thought. The campaign, when once fairly under way, had been short, sharp, and decisive.

In view of the success which had thus crowned his labors, and of the very pleasant relations which had grown up

between himself and his fellow directors, Mr. Garwood invited those gentlemen to a quiet little supper in the Green Room at Downer's. He wanted the privilege, he said, of meeting with them once, at least, when business would be ruled out of order. Life is dry enough at best, and he believed in an occasional frolic. And when at last the evening had arrived, and the little company were assembled, they found their host in his jolliest mood.

"Gentlemen," he explained, when the Blue Points had been disposed of, "this is my night, and let no man forget the fact. During all these months you've banged me right and left. You've appealed from my decisions, voted down my pet motions, and mutilated my most carefully prepared plans. The sourest part of it has been the fact that the plans have generally been improved by mutilation. I've taken my medicine without a squeal, and now you've got to take yours. For once I propose to run this board on my own lines."

His aspect was so stern, and he spoke with such orotund solemnity, that William, the attendant waiter, hastened back to the culinary department with rumors of impending war.

Upon his return, however, all was changed. The Hon. Hadley Garwood had given place to the genial Uncle Had; and between the courses of the banquet anecdote followed anecdote, peppered and riddled by question and repartee, and all drowned in a rising flood of mirth. No one counted the passing hours.

It was while their host, in his own inimitable style, was confessing certain odd experiences which befell him during his first term in Congress that there came a hesitating knock at the door. No one heard it, and after a momentary pause the door was pushed open. With an odd mixture of doubt and determination in his manner, Daniel Avery slowly advanced to the foot of the table.

He had faced the storm, and the wet

snow still clung to his garments. Strathmore, Cardwell, and others who knew him attempted a greeting, to which the old man made no direct response.

"I heard about town that you would be here to-night," he said, speaking with the simple directness of a child, "and I thought I'd like to see you once, — all of you together."

He paused, one hand touching the edge of the table, and the other still grasping his hat, while his glance passed from one to another of the faces before him. Yet he did not look at Strathmore, who, pale and silent, sat within easy reach of his hand. Physical weariness shone so clearly in the old man's face and poise that some one — not Garwood — asked him to be seated. He did not seem to hear.

"Then I thought perhaps you'd like to know — all of you — that the Oak Creek Mill has shut down. I've stopped trying to make paper."

His tone was as dry and passionless as though he were announcing the most commonplace detail as to the future management of his business, and yet, with something like a flash of alarm, Hadley Garwood became conscious of an odd discomfort. It may have sprung wholly from his own imagination, but beneath the simplicity of old Avery's speech he seemed to detect something hot and scorching, something which might suddenly burst into flame. He had seen that infernal nondescript sort of oratory carry the raw members of a congressional committee clear off their feet, and produce the most unexpected results. In that same instant he decided to make an end of the scene with the least possible delay. Unfortunately, however, the indulgences of the evening had left his brain so hot and clouded as to be incapable of its native finesse. When he spoke, it was with an arbitrary note in his voice which was but little calculated either to soothe or to persuade.

"Mr. Avery," he began, cutting off

the old man's impending speech, "last summer, at Mr. Strathmore's urgent request, we made you an offer for your mill. D' you remember it? You treated it with contempt."

"I had no thought of contempt," responded Avery, with an expression of slow surprise overspreading his features. "I did not wish to sell. It was my purpose to keep the mill for my children."

"And ever since then you've fought us tooth and claw, and now — well, it's expecting a little too much to suppose that the same terms are to be offered at the end of the fight."

"There is no question of terms between us, Mr. Garwood. I am not here to sell my mill to you. I have no wish to be a partner in what you are doing."

The voice was not quite so slow now, and Avery's eyes lingered more definitely on the man at the head of the table. The man at the head of the table caught the gleam of a little tongue of flame, but thought, perhaps, it was just as well. There had been something in the manner of the last speech that carried conviction of its exact truth. Garwood believed it himself, and feared its effect upon the others.

"I suppose," he replied, with a touch of forced irony in his voice, "you mean by that, that you're entirely above the business we're engaged in? Would n't make a cent beyond the exact value of your time and material, would you? Don't take much stock in the advance of industry, I reckon?"

Garwood paused for an instant, but was dissatisfied with his own eloquence. He must put on more steam.

"There's no use whining around me. You've had a chance to get in out of the wet, and you had n't sense enough to take Strathmore's advice. As far as the United Association's concerned, you can go to — to Jericho."

Thrusting his thumbs deep into the armholes of his vest, the chairman leaned back and assumed an air of contemptuous

indifference. That his anger was simulated rather than genuine, only emphasized the insolence of his purpose.

All his life Daniel Avery had been accustomed to the kindly deference of those about him; and the deliberate arrogance of this man, already deep in his scorn, aroused the hot blast of his anger. As he straightened to his full six feet of gaunt height, a score of years seemed to fall from his shoulders, and his gaze fastened upon Garwood's wine-flushed face with a keenness that stripped off its nonchalance like a flimsy mask.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him. And when they had robbed him, they too, I suppose, bade him go on his way — to Jericho. How the old history repeats itself, with a new Jericho and a new set of thieves —

"Oh, don't mind that," he interposed deprecatingly, as Garwood laid a hand upon the arm of his chair as if about to rise; "that's only the text. It is you and your miserable like, with the money itch in your blood, that are debauching the young manhood of the industrial world you prate so much about. Talk of your wealth! Why, your gains are mere plunder."

"Do you mean to say, sir" — shouted Garwood, going husky with sudden wrath.

"Yes, I'm going to speak the truth."

Avery paused for an instant, as if to gather his words, but the grip of his eyes never loosened upon the man before him. Leaning forward, he spoke again in a voice that rang in every nook and corner of the room: —

"Hadley Garwood, the pickpocket skulking in the byways of this great city to-night teaches better morals than you. He leaves thievery what he finds it, — a crime. You and your breed are making it respectable, and spreading it, like a disease, among honest men. And all for a wealth you do not know how to use!

Do you understand this?" cried the old man, carried away by the rush of sudden emotion, and shaking his bony hand down the long table. "Can you understand me when I tell you that I valued my mill and its business not so much for what my children could get out of it as for the thought and industry they must put into it? Do you know what that means? Do you? Why, rather than have my son" —

"Father!"

The whirlwind of feeling which, while it was sweeping the old man off his feet, was holding his listeners in astonished silence ceased as by a breath. John Strathmore uttered some half-articulate exclamation, which fell upon heedless ears. Margaret Avery, unable longer to endure the distress of the scene, entered through the open door. Looking neither to right nor left, she hastened to her father's side. For a moment Avery gazed at her like one rudely awakened from sleep. Then, as if overwhelmed by the consciousness of his own weakness, his glance fell before hers, and he stood silent.

And while the two were standing there speechless, those sitting near saw a singular thing. Margaret Avery's hand, hanging loosely by her side, brushed against the sleeve of a man's coat. In spite of her preoccupation she must have known, for the next instant the vagrant hand was resting lightly upon John Strathmore's shoulder. In the act was neither stealth nor deliberation, but the unchecked impulse of a woman who had never doubted. Those who saw his face knew that, subtle and swift as the electric current, the touch had stirred something new and powerful in John Strathmore's soul. In that instant, some things which, during all these strenuous years, had been silently filling the man's life with a new ambition withered in his sight.

"Surely, father, this can do no good," she said, as the fire faded from her father's eyes. "Let us go home."

Daniel Avery drew a long breath, and looked into her face as a child might have appealed to a chiding mother.

"Yes," he replied weakly, "let us go."

Without further speech Margaret led her father from the room, and expectation settled upon the group about the table. Then that happened which some of them, at least, were expecting. John Strathmore pushed back his chair and arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, speaking as lightly as though he were but excusing himself for the hour, "I will ask to be counted out of the further proceedings of the United Paper Mills Association."

It required but slight vision to see that his lightness of manner was only a mask, yet it was a mask behind which none might penetrate.

Garwood laughed aloud, but checked himself abruptly. Strathmore had asked for his overcoat.

"You don't mean it? Why, see here, Strathmore." The chairman's fingers were gripping his knife and fork a bit nervously now, and odd blotches of pallor appeared near the corners of his mouth. "You must n't let a little thing like that get on to your nerves. I believe it was the parable that did it. Ha! ha! It's queer how those things do take hold of a man sometimes. Sit you down. Waiter, fill Mr. Strathmore's glass."

He attempted to summon the jocular, and fell barely short of the ghastly. Strathmore was thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat. When he had received his hat, he turned for the last time to the group at the table.

"Of course I shall see that my share of the expenses to date is fully settled, but from now on the Strathmore concerns are withdrawn from the trust."

"But, my dear fellow," exclaimed Garwood, still attempting the tone of familiar companionship, "this is simply preposterous!"

"I know it," replied Strathmore sympathetically, "but—it's true. I'm out." Then a smile broadened his features for an instant, and he spoke yet more lightly: "Following the parable which our chairman has so happily introduced, I want to say, on my own behalf, that I really think I might have done a minor part—say the priest or the Levite—in fair shape, but the other rôle is entirely too much for me. I see it myself. Good-night."

The Hon. Hadley Garwood slipped back in his chair, limp, sullen, and panting. He knew now that the Strathmore clay had hardened beyond all possibility of further manipulation, and he realized that the next new moon would find the United Paper Mills Association a bubble that had burst.

Paschal H. Coggins.

FOR ENGLAND.

Of all great deaths on English ground, thine most,
 Simon de Montfort, doth my spirit stir.
 Thou fought'st for England, and thou died'st for her,
 Thyself of other race, from outland coast.
 Law's mandatory and Freedom's, thou thy host
 Didst hurl against a sceptred lawbreaker;
 Nor didst thou blench when Fate, in plume and spur,
 On Evesham field swept like a hungry ghost.
 Then for their lives thou bad'st thy nobles fly.
 "Thou dying, we would not live," they made reply,
 And dauntless round thy dauntlessness were mown.
 And thou, with wrath that hewed its way on high,
 Fell'st fighting the steep fight of Liberty,
 In a crashing forest of the foe, alone.

William Watson.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

XL.²

LATE that night Mary Hamilton sat by the window in her sleeping closet, a quaint little room that led from the stately chamber of Madam Wallingford. Past midnight, it was still warm out of doors, and the air strangely lifeless. It had been late before the maid went away and their dear charge had fallen asleep; so weak and querulous and full of despair had she been all the long day.

The night taper was flickering in its cup of oil, but the street outside was brighter than the great room. The waning moon was just rising, and the watcher leaned back wearily against the shutter, and saw the opposite roofs slowly growing less dim. There were tall trees near by in the garden, and a breeze, that Mary could not feel where she sat, was rustling among the poplar leaves and mulberries. She heard footsteps coming up the street,

and the sound startled her as if she had been sitting at her window at home, where footsteps at that time of night might mean a messenger to the house.

The great town of Bristol lay fast asleep; it was only the watchman's tread that had startled the listener, and for a moment changed her weary thoughts. The old man went by with his clumsy lantern, but gave no cry nor told the hour until he was well into the distance.

There was much to think about at the end of this day, which had brought an unexpected addition to her heart's regret. The remembrance of Paul Jones, his insistence upon Wallingford's treachery, a sad mystery which now might never be solved, even the abruptness of the captain's own declaration of love, and a sense of unreality that came from her own miserable weakness, — all these things were new burdens for the mind. She could not but recognize the hero in

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fourth advertising page.

this man of great distinction, as he had stood before her, and yet his melancholy exit, with the very poverty of his dress, had somehow added to the misery of the moment. It seemed to her now as if they had met each other, that morning, with no thoughts of victory, but in the very moment of defeat. Their hopes had been so high when last they talked together. Again there came to her mind the anxiety of that bright night when she had stood pleading with Roger Wallingford on the river shore, and had thrown down her challenge at his feet. How easy and even how happy it all seemed beside these dreadful days! How little she had known then! How little she had loved then! Life had been hardly more than a play beside this; it was more dramatic than real. She had felt a remote insincerity, in those old days, in even the passionate words of the two men, and a strange barrier, like a thin wall of glass, was always between her heart and theirs. Now, indeed, she was face to face with life, she was in the middle of the great battle; now she loved Roger Wallingford, and her whole heart was forever his, whether he was somewhere in the world alive, or whether he lay starved and dead among the furze and heather on the Devon moors. She saw his white face there, as if she came upon it in the shadows of her thoughts, and gave a quick cry, such was the intensity of her grief and passion; and the frail figure stirred under its coverlet in the great room beyond, with a pitiful low moan like the faint echo of her own despair.

The sad hour went by, and still this tired girl sat by the window, like a watcher who did not dare to forget herself in sleep. Her past life had never been so clearly spread before her, and all the pleasant old days were but a background for one straight figure: the manly, fast-growing boy whom she played with and rebuffed on equal terms; the eager-faced and boyish man whom she had

begun to fear a little, and then to tease, lest she should admire too much. She remembered all his beautiful reticence and growing seriousness, the piety with which he served his widowed mother; the pleading voice, that last night of all, when she had been so slow to answer to his love. It was she herself now who could plead, and who must have patience! How hard she had been sometimes, how deaf and blind, how resistant and dull of heart! 'Twas a girl's strange instinct to fly, to hide, to so defeat at first the dear pursuer of her heart's love!

Again there was a footstep in the street. It was not the old watchman coming, for presently she heard a man's voice singing a country tune that she had known at home. He came within sight and crossed the street, and stood over the way waiting in shadow; now he went on softly with the song. It was an old Portsmouth ballad that all the river knew; the very sound of it was like a message:—

"The mermaids they beneath the wave,
The mermaids they o'er my sailor's grave,
The mermaids they at the bottom of the sea
Are weeping their salt tears for me.

"The morning star was shining still,
'Twas daybreak over the eastern hill"—

He began the song once again, but still more softly, and then stopped.

Mary kept silence; her heart began to beat very fast. She put her hand on the broad window sill where the moonlight lay, and the singer came out into the street. She saw the Spanish sailor again. What had brought the captain to find her at this time of night?

She leaned out quickly. "I am here. Can I help you? Is there any news?" she whispered, as he stood close under the window, looking up. "You are putting yourself in danger," she warned him anxiously. "I heard the people saying that you have been seen in Bristol, this morning as I came home!"

"God be thanked that I have found

you awake!" he answered eagerly, and the moon shone full upon his face, so that she could see it plain. "I feared that I should have to wait till daylight to see you. I knew no one to trust with my message, and I must run for open sea. I have learned something of our mystery at last. Go you to the inn at Old Passage to-morrow night, — do you hear me? — to the inn at Old Passage, and wait there till I come. Go at night-fall, and let yourself be unknown in the house, if you can. I think — I think we may have news from Wallingford."

She gave a little cry, and leaned far out of the window, speaking quickly in her excitement, and begging to hear more; but the captain had vanished to the shadows whence he came. Her heart was beating so fast and hard now that she could not hear his light footsteps as he hurried away, running back to the water side down the echoing, paved street.

XLI.

The Roscoff fishing smack lay in the Severn, above Avon mouth, and it was broad day when Captain Paul Jones came aboard again, having been rowed down the river by some young Breton sailors whom he had found asleep in the bottom of their boat. There would be natural suspicion of a humble French craft like theirs; but when they had been overhauled in those waters, a day or two before, the owner of the little vessel, a sedate person by the name of Dickson, professed himself to be an Englishman from the Island of Guernsey, with proper sailing papers and due reverence for King George the Third. His crew, being foreigners, could answer no decent Bristol questions, and they were allowed to top their boom for the fishing grounds unmolested, having only put into harbor for supplies.

The Roscoff lads looked at their true captain with mingled sleepiness and ad-

miration as he took the steersman's place. He presently opened a large knotted bundle handkerchief, and gave them a share of the rich treat of tobacco and early apples within; then, seeing that they kept their right course, he made a pillow of his arm, and fell sound asleep.

As they came under the vessel's side the barking of a little dog on board waked him again with a start. He looked weary enough as he stood to give his orders and watch his opportunity to leap from the boat, as they bobbed about in the choppy sea. All was quiet on deck in the bright sunlight; only the little French dog kept an anxious lookout. The captain gave orders to break out their anchor and be off down channel, and then turned toward the cabin, just as Dickson made his appearance, yawning, in the low companion way.

Dickson had found such life as this on the fisherman very dull, besides having a solid resentment of its enforced privations. None of the crew could speak English save Cooper and Hanscom, who had come to hate him, and would not speak to him at all except in the exercise of duty. He knew nothing of the Breton talk, and was a man very fond of idle and argumentative conversation. The captain had been ashore now for thirty-six long hours, and his offended colleague stood back, with a look of surly discontent and no words of welcome, to let the tyrant pass. The captain took a letter out of his pocket and gave it to him, with a quick but not unfriendly glance, as if half amused by Dickson's own expression of alarm as he turned the folded paper and looked at its unbroken seal. He mumbled something about a tailor's bill, and then insisted that the letter could not be meant for him. He did not seem to know what it would be safe to say.

"Come below; I wish to speak with you." The captain spoke impatiently, as usual, and had the air of a king-bird

which dealt with a helpless crew. "We are in no danger of being overheard. I must speak with you before you read your letter. I have chanced upon some important information; I have a new plan on foot."

"Certainly, sir," replied Dickson, looking very sour-tempered, but putting a most complaisant alacrity into his voice.

"The news was given me by a man who succeeded in making his escape from the Mill Prison some months since, and who came to Bristol, where he had old acquaintances; he is now at work in a copersmith's shop," explained the captain. "He has been able to help some of his shipmates since then, and, under the assumed character of an American Loyalist, has enjoyed the confidence of both parties. 'T will be a dangerous fellow to tamper with; I have heard something of him before. I doubt if he is very honest, but he turns many a good sound penny for himself. Lee believes that all his spies are as trusty as Ford and Thornton, but I can tell you that they are not." The captain's temper appeared to be rising, and Dickson winced a little. "I know of some things that go on unbeknownst to him, and so perhaps do you, Mr. Dickson; this man has advised me of some matters in Bristol this very night, about which I own myself to be curious. He says that there are two men out of the Mill Prison who may be expected in, and are hoping to get safe away to sea. It would be a pretty thing to add a pair of good American sailors to our number without the trouble of formal exchange. So I must again delay our sailing for France, and must leave you here to-night, while I go to inspect the fugitives. There are special reasons, too, why I wish to get news from the prison."

The captain seemed excited, and spoke with unusual frankness and civility. Though Dickson had begun to listen with uneasiness, he now expressed approval of such a plan, but ventured at the same time to give an officious warn-

ing that there might be danger of a plot among the Bristol Loyalists. They would make themselves very happy by securing such an enemy as John Paul Jones. But this proof of sagacity and unselfishness on Dickson's part the captain did not deign to notice.

"I shall pass the day in fishing, and toward night take another anchorage farther up the channel," he continued. "There are reasons why prudence forbids my going into the Avon again by boat, or being seen by day about the Bristol quays. I shall run farther up the Severn and land there, and ride across by Westbury, and over the downs by Redlands into Bristol, and so return by daybreak. I have bespoken a horse to wait for me, and you will see that a boat is ready to take me off in the morning."

Dickson received these instructions with apparent interest and an unconconscious sigh of relief. He understood that the captain's mind was deeply concerned in so innocent a matter; there was probably no reason for apprehension on his own part. The next moment his spirits fell, and his face took on that evil color which was the one sign of emotion and animosity that he was unable to conceal. There was likely to be direct news now from the Mill Prison; and the grievous nightmare that haunted Dickson's thoughts was the possible reappearance of Roger Wallingford.

Once or twice he swallowed hard, and tried to gather courage to speak, but the words would not come. The captain passed him with a scowl, and threw himself into the wretched bunk of the cabin to get some sleep.

"Captain Jones," and Dickson boldly followed him, "I have something important which I must say" —

"Will not you read your letter first?" inquired the captain, with unaccustomed politeness. "I am very much fatigued, as you might see. I want a little sleep, after these two nights."

"We are alone now, sir, and there is

something that has lain very heavy on my mind." The man was fluent enough, once his voice had found utterance.

The captain, with neither an oath nor a growl, sat up in his berth, and listened with some successful mockery of respect, looking him straight in the face.

"That night, — you remember, sir, at Whitehaven? I have come to be troubled about that night. You may not recall the fact that so unimportant a person as I stood in any real danger on such an occasion of glory to you, but I was set upon by the town guard, and only escaped with my life. I returned to the Ranger in a suffering condition. You were a little overset by your disappointment, and by Mr. Wallingford's disappearance and your suspicions of his course. But in my encounter, — you know that it was not yet day? — and in the excitement of escaping from an armed guard, I fear that I fought hand to hand with Wallingford himself, taking him for a constable. He was the last of them to attack me, when I was unable to discriminate, — or he, either," added Dickson slyly, but with a look of great concern. "The thought has struck me that he might not have been disloyal to our cause, and was perhaps escaping to the boat, as I was, when we fell into such desperate combat in that dark lane. It would put me into an awful position, you can see, sir. . . . I may be possessed of too great a share of human frailty, but I have had more than my share of ill fortune. I have suffered from unjust suspicions, too, but this dreadful accident would place me" —

"You thought to save your life from an unknown enemy?" the captain interrupted him. "You struck one of your own party, by mischance, in the dark?" he suggested, without any apparent reproach in his voice.

"Exactly so, sir," said Dickson, taking heart, but looking very mournful.

"Yet you told us that Mr. Wallingford alarmed the guard?"

"I could suspect nothing else, sir, at the time; you heard my reasons when I returned."

"Never mind your return," urged Paul Jones, still without any tone of accusation. "'T was long after the gray of the morning, 't was almost broad day, when I left the shore myself at Whitehaven, and a man might easily know one of his shipmates. 'T was a dark lane, you told me, however," and his eyes twinkled with the very least new brightness. "If we should ever see poor Wallingford again, you could settle all that between you. I can well understand your present concern. Do you think that you did the lieutenant any serious damage before you *escaped*? I recall the fact that you were badly mauled about the countenance."

"I fear that I struck him worst in the shoulder, sir," and Dickson shifted his position uneasily, and put one hand to the deck timber above to hold himself steady, now that they were rolling badly with the anchor off ground. "I know that I had my knife in my hand. He is a very strong fellow, and a terrible man to wrestle with, — I mean the man whom I struck, who may have been Wallingford. I thought he would kill me first."

"I wish you had bethought yourself to speak sooner," said the captain patiently. "'T is a thing for us to reflect upon deeply, but I can hear no more now. I must sleep, as you see, before I am fit for anything. Do not let the men disturb me; they may get down channel to their fishing. If they succeed as well as yesterday, we shall soon make the cost of this little adventure."

He spoke drowsily, and drew the rough blanket over his head to keep the light away.

Dickson mounted to the deck. If he had known how easy it would be to make things straight with the captain, how much suffering he might have spared himself! You must take him in the

right mood, too. But the captain had an eye like a gimlet, that twisted into a man's head.

"Wallingford may never turn up, after all. I wish I had killed him while I was about it," said Dickson to himself uneasily. "It may be all a lie that he was sent to Plymouth; 't would be such a distance!" There was something the matter with this world. To have an eye like Paul Jones's fixed upon you while you were trying to make a straight story was anything but an assistance or a pleasure.

The captain was shaking with laughter in the cabin as Dickson disappeared. "What a face he put on, the smooth-spoken hypocrite! His race is run; he told me more than he needed," and Paul Jones's face grew stern, as he lay there looking at the planks above his head. "He's at the bottom of the hill now, if he only knew it. When a man's character is gone, his reputation is sure enough to follow;" and with this sage reflection the captain covered his head again carefully, and went to sleep.

Unaware of this final verdict, Dickson was comfortably reading his letter on the deck, and feeling certain that fortune had turned his way. His mind had been made up some days before to leave the Ranger as soon as he got back to France, even if he must feign illness to gain his discharge, or desert the ship, as others had done. He had already a good sum of money that had been paid him for information useful to the British government, and, to avoid future trouble, proposed to hide himself in the far South or in one of the West Indian Islands. "My poor wife would gain by the change of climate," said the scoundrel, pitying himself now for the loss of friendship and respect from which he felt himself begin to suffer, and for those very conditions which he had so carefully evolved.

He started as he read the brief page before him; the news of the letter was amazingly welcome. It was written by

some one who knew his most intimate affairs. The chance had come to give up the last and best of those papers which he had stolen from the captain's desk. For this treasure he had asked a great price,—so great that Thornton would not pay it at Brest, and Ford's messenger had laughed him in the face. Now there was the promise of the money, the whole noble sum. Word of his being with Paul Jones had somehow reached Bristol. The crafty captain had been unwise, for once, in speaking with this make-believe coppersmith, and the play was up! The writer of the letter said that a safe agent would meet Mr. Dickson any night that week at seven o'clock, at the inn by Old Passage, to pay him his own price for certain papers or information. There was added a handsome offer for the body of Paul Jones, alive or dead, in case he should not be in custody before that time. The letter was sealed as other letters had been, with a device known among Thornton's errand runners.

"Old Passage!" repeated the happy Dickson. "I must now find where that place is; but they evidently know my present situation, and the inn is no doubt near."

He stepped softly to the cabin hatchway, and looked down. The captain's face was turned aside, and he breathed heavily. The chart of that coast was within easy reach; Dickson took it from the chest where it lay, since it was an innocent thing to have in hand. There was all the shore of the Severn and the Bristol Channel, with the spot already marked nearest Westbury church where the captain was likely to land; and here beyond, at no great distance, was Old Passage, where a ferry crossed the Severn. He should have more than time enough for his own errand and a good evening ashore, while Paul Jones was riding into Bristol, perhaps to stay there against his will. For the slight trouble of ripping a few stitches in his waistcoat

seams and taking out a slip of paper Dickson would be richer at that day's end by one hundred pounds.

"Yes, I'll go to the southward when I reach America, and start anew," he reflected. "I've had it very hard, but now I can take my ease. This, with the rest of my savings, will make me snug."

He heard the captain move, and the planks of the berth creak in the stuffy cabin. They were running free before the east wind, and were almost at the fishing grounds.

XLII.

Just before nightfall, that same day, two travel-worn men came riding along a country road toward Old Passage, the ancient ferrying place where travelers from the south and west of England might cross over into Wales. From an immemorial stream of travel and the wear of weather, the road bed was worn, like a swift stream's channel, deep below the level of the country. One of the riders kept glancing timidly at the bushy banks above his head, as if he feared to see a soldier in the thicket peering down; his companion sat straight in his saddle, and took no notice of anything but his horse and the slippery road. It had been showery all the afternoon, and they were both spattered with mud from cap to stirrup.

As they came northward, side by side, to the top of a little hill, the anxious rider gave a sigh of relief, and his horse, which limped badly and bore the marks of having been on his knees, whinnied as if in sympathy. The wide gray waters of the Severn were spread to east and west; the headland before them fell off like a cliff. Below, to the westward, the land was edged by a long line of dike which walled the sea floods away from some low meadows that stretched far along the coast. Over the water were drifting low clouds of fog and rain, but there was a dull gleam of red on the

western sky like a winter sunset, and the wind was blowing. At the road's end, just before them, was a group of gray stone buildings perched on the high headland above the Severn, like a monastery or place of military defense.

As the travelers rode up to the Passage Inn, the inn yard, with all its stables and outhouses, looked deserted; the sunset gust struck a last whip of rain at the tired men. The taller of the two called impatiently for a hostler before he got stiffly to the ground, and stamped his feet as he stood by his horse. 'T was a poor tired country nag, with a kind eye, that began to seek some fondling from her rider, as if in spite of hardships she harbored no ill will. The young man patted and stroked the poor creature, which presently dropped her head low, and steamed, as if it were winter weather, high into the cool air.

The small kitchen windows were dimly lighted; there was a fire burning within, but the whole place looked unfriendly, with its dark stone walls and heavily slated roof. The waters below were almost empty of shipping, as if there were a storm coming, but as the rider looked he saw a small craft creeping up close by the shore; she was like a French fishing boat, and had her sweeps out. The wind was dead against her out of the east, and her evident effort added to the desolateness of the whole scene. The impatient traveler shouted again, with a strong, honest voice that prevailed against both wind and weather, so that one of the stable doors was flung open and a man came out; far inside the dark place glowed an early lantern, and the horses turned their heads that way, eager for supper and warm bedding. There seemed to be plenty of room within; there was no sound of stamping hoofs, or a squeal of crowded horses that nipped their fellows to get more comfort for themselves. Business was evidently at a low ebb.

"Rub them down as if they were the best racers in England; give them the

best feed you dare as soon as they cool, — full oats and scant hay and a handful of corn: they have served us well," said Wallingford, with great earnestness. "I shall look to them myself in an hour or two, and you shall have your own pay. The roan's knees need to be tight-banded. Come, Hammet, will you not alight?" he urged his comrade, who, through weariness or uncertainty, still sat, with drooping head and shoulders, on his poor horse. "Shake the mud off you. Here, I'll help you, then, if your wound hurts again," as the man gave a groan in trying to dismount. "After the first wrench 't is easy enough. Come, you'll be none the worse for your cropper into soft clay!" He laughed cheerfully as they crossed the yard toward a door to which the hostler pointed them.

The mistress of the inn, a sharp-looking, almost pretty woman, suddenly flung her door open, and came out on the step to bid them good-evening in a civil tone, and in the same breath, as she recognized their forlorn appearance, to bid them begone. Her house was like to be full, that night, of gentlefolk and others who had already bespoken lodging, and she had ceased to take in common wayfarers since trade was so meagre in these hard times, and she had been set upon by soldiers and fined for harboring a pack of rascals who had landed their run goods from France and housed them unbeknownst in her hay barn. They could see for themselves that she had taken down the tavern sign, and was no more bound to entertain them than any other decent widow woman would be along the road.

She railed away, uncontradicted; but there was a pleasant smile on Wallingford's handsome face that seemed to increase rather than diminish at her flow of words, until at last she smiled in return, though half against her will. The poor fellow looked pale and tired: he was some gentleman in distress; she had seen his like before.

"We must need trouble you for supper and a fire," he said to the landlady. "I want some brandy for my comrade, and while you get supper we can take some sleep. We have been riding all day. There will be a gentleman to meet me here by and by out of Bristol," and he took advantage of her stepping aside a little to bow politely to her and make her precede him into the kitchen. There was a quiet authority in his behavior which could not but be admired; the good woman took notice that the face of her guest was white with fatigue, and even a little tremulous in spite of his calmness.

"If he's a hunted man, I'll hide him safe," she now said to herself. It was not the habit of Old Passage Inn to ask curious questions of its guests, or why they sometimes came at evening, and kept watch for boats that ran in from mid-channel and took them off by night. This looked like a gentleman, indeed, who would be as likely to leave two gold pieces on the table as one.

"I have supper to get for a couple o' thieves (by t' looks of 'em) that was here last night waiting for some one who did n't come, — a noisy lot, too; to-night they'll get warning to go elsewhere," she said, in a loud tone. "I shall serve them first, and bid them begone. And I expect some gentlefolk, too. There's a fire lit for 'em now in my best room; it was damp there, and they'd ill mix with t' rest. 'T is old Mr. Alderman Davis a-comin' out o' Bristol, one o' their great merchants, and like to be their next lord mayor, so folks says. He's not been this way before these three years," she said, with importance.

"Let me know when he comes!" cried Wallingford eagerly, as he stood by the fireplace. There was a flush of color in his cheeks now, and he turned to his companion, who had sunk into a corner of the settle. "Thank God, Hammet," he exclaimed, "we're safe! The end of all our troubles has come at last!"

The innkeeper saw that he was much moved; something about him had quickly touched her sympathy. She could not have told why she shared his evident gratitude, or why the inn should be his place of refuge, but if he were waiting for Mr. Davis there was no fault to find.

"You'll sleep a good pair of hours without knowing it, the two of you," she grumbled good-naturedly. "Throw off your muddy gear there, and be off out o' my way, now, an' I'll do the best I can. Take the left-hand chamber at the stairhead; there's a couple o' beds. I've two suppers to get before the tide turns to the ebb. The packet folks'll soon be coming; an' those fellows that wait for their mate that's on a fishing smack, — I may want help with 'em, if they're 's bad 's they look. Yes, I'll call ye, sir, if Mr. Davis comes; but he may be kept, the weather is so bad."

Hammet had drunk the brandy thirstily, and was already cowering as if with an ague over the fire. Wallingford spoke to him twice before he moved. The landlady watched them curiously from the stairfoot, as they went up, to see that they found the right room.

"'Tis one o' the nights when every strayaway in England is like to come clacking at my door," she said, not without satisfaction, as she made a desperate onset at her long evening's work.

"A pair o' runaways!" she muttered again; "but the tall lad can't help prancing it in his drover's clothes. I'll tell the stable to deny they're here, if any troopers come. I'll help 'em safe off the land or into Bristol, whether Mr. Alderman Davis risks his old bones by night or not. A little more mercy in this world ain't goin' to hurt it!"

XLIII.

Early in the morning of that day, when Mr. John Davis had been returning from

a brief visit to his counting room, he was surprised at being run against by a disreputable-looking fellow, who dashed out of a dirty alley, and disappeared again as quickly, after putting a letter into his hand. The alderman turned, irate, to look after this lawless person, and then marched on with offended dignity up the hill. When he had turned a safe corner he stopped, and, holding his stout cane under his arm, proceeded to unfold the paper. He had received threats before in this fashion, like all magistrates or town officials; some loose fellow warned off, or a smuggler heavily fined, would now and then make threats against the authorities.

The letter in his hand proved to be of another sort. It might be dingy without, but within the handwriting was that of a gentleman.

"Dear Sir," he read slowly, "my father's old friend and mine, — I ask your kind assistance in a time of great danger, and even distress. I shall not venture to Bristol before I have your permission. I am late from prison, where I was taken from an American frigate. At last I have found a chance to get to Chippenham market as a drover, and I hope to reach Old Passage Inn (where I was once in your company) early in the night on Friday. Could you come or send to meet me there, if it is safe? I know or guess your own principles, but for the sake of the past I think you will give what aid he needs to Roger W——d, of Piscataqua, in New England. Your dear lady, my kinswoman, will not forget the boy to whom she was ever kind, nor will you, dear sir, I believe. I can tell you everything, if we may meet. What I most desire is to get to France, where I may join my ship. This goes by a safe hand."

The reader struck his cane to the sidewalk, and laughed aloud.

"What will little missy say to this?" he said, as he marched off. "I'll hurry on to carry her the news!"

Miss Hamilton ran out to meet the smiling old man, as she saw him coming toward the house, and was full of pretty friendliness before he could speak.

"You were away before I was awake," she said, "and I have been watching for you this half hour past, sir. First, you must know that dear Madam Wallingford is better than for many days, and has been asking for you to visit her, if it please you. And I have a new plan for us. Some one has sent me word that there may be news out of the Mill Prison, if we can be at the inn at Passage to-night. I hope you will not say it is too far to ride," she pleaded; "you have often shown me the place when we rode beyond Clifton" —

Mr. Davis's news was old already; his face fell with disappointment.

"It was a poor sailor who brought me word," she continued, speaking more slowly, and watching him with anxiety. "Perhaps we shall hear that Roger is alive. He may have been retaken, and some one brings us word from him, who has luckily escaped."

The old merchant looked at Mary shrewdly. "You had no message from Wallingford himself?" he asked.

"Oh no," said the girl wistfully; "that were to put a happy end to everything. But I do think that we may have word from him. If you had not come, I should have gone to find you, I was so impatient."

Mr. Davis seated himself in his chair, and took on the air of a magistrate, now that they were in the house. After all, Roger Wallingford could know nothing of his mother or Miss Hamilton, or of their being in England; there was no hint of them in the note.

"I suppose that we can make shift to ride to Passage," he said soberly. "It is not so far as many a day's ride that you and I have taken this year; but I think we may have rain again, from the look of the clouds, and I am always in danger of my gout in this late summer

weather. Perhaps it will be only another wild-geese chase," he added gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eyes.

"If I could tell you who brought the news!" said Mary impulsively. "No, I must not risk his name, even with you, dear friend. But indeed I have great hope, and Madam is strangely better; somehow, my heart is very light!"

The old man looked up with a smile, as Mary stood before him. He had grown very fond of the child, and loved to see that the drawn look of pain and patience was gone now from her face.

"I wish that it were night already. When can we start?" she asked.

"Friday is no lucky day," insisted Mr. John Davis, "but we must do what we can. So Madam's heart is light, too? Well, all this may mean something," he said indulgently. "I must first see some of our town council who are coming to discuss important matters with me at a stated hour this afternoon, and then we can ride away. We have searched many an inn together, and every village knows us this west side of Dorset, but I believe we have never tried Old Passage before. Put on your thick riding gown with the little capes; I look for both rain and chill."

The weather looked dark and showery in the east; the clouds were gathering fast there and in the north, though the sun still fell on the long stretch of Dundry. It had been a bright day for Bristol, but now a dark, wet night was coming on. The towers of the abbey church and St. Mary Redcliffe stood like gray rocks in a lake of fog, and if he had been on any other errand, the alderman would have turned their horses on the height of Clifton, and gone back to his comfortable home. The pretty chimes in the old church at Westbury called after them the news that it was five o'clock, as they cantered and trotted on almost to the borders of the Severn itself, only to be stopped and driven to shelter by a

heavy fall of rain. They were already belated, and Mr. Davis displeased himself with the thought that they were in for a night's absence, and in no very luxurious quarters. He had counted upon the waning moon to get them back, however late, to Bristol; but the roads were more and more heavy as they rode on. At last they found themselves close to the water side, and made their two horses scramble up the high dike that bordered it, and so got a shorter way to Passage and a drier one than the highway they had left.

The great dike was like one of the dikes of Holland, with rich meadow farms behind it, which the high tides and spring floods had often drowned and spoiled in ancient days. The Severn looked gray and sullen, as they rode along beside it; there were but two or three poor fishing craft running in from sea, and a very dim gray outline of the Welsh hills beyond. There was no comfortable little haven anywhere in view in this great landscape and sea border; no sign of a town or even a fishing hamlet near the shore; only the long, curving line of the dike itself, and miles away, like a forsaken citadel, the Passage Inn stood high and lonely. The wind grew colder as they rode, and they rode in silence, each lamenting the other's discomfort, but clinging to the warm, unquenchable hope of happiness that comforted their hearts. There were two or three cottages of the dikekeepers wedged against the inner side of the embankment, each with one little gable window that looked seaward. One might lay his hand upon the low roofs in passing, and a stout bench against the wall offered a resting place to those travelers who had trodden a smooth footpath on the top of the dike.

Now and then the horses must be made to leap a little bridge, and the darkness was fast gathering. Down at the cottage sides there were wallflowers on the window sills, and in the last

that they passed a candle was already lighted, and bright firelight twinkled cheerfully through the lattice. They met no one all the way, but once they were confronted by a quarrelsome, pushing herd of young cattle returning from the salt sea-pasturage outside. There was a last unexpected glow of red from the west, a dull gleam that lit the low-drifting clouds above the water, and shone back for a moment on the high windows of the inn itself, and brightened the cold gray walls. Then the night settled down, as if a great cloud covered the whole country with its wings.

Half an hour later Mr. John Davis dismounted with some difficulty, as other guests now in the inn had done before him, and said aloud that he was too old a man for such adventures, and one who ought to be at home before his own good fire. They were met at the door by the mistress of the inn, who had not looked for them quite so early, though she had had notice by the carrier out of Bristol of their coming. There was a loud buzz of voices in the inn kitchen; the place was no longer lonely, and an unexpected, second troop of noisy Welsh packmen and drovers were waiting outside for their suppers, before they took the evening packet at the turn of tide. The landlady had everything to do at once; one of her usual helpers was absent; she looked resentful and disturbed.

"I'd ought to be ready, sir, but I'm swamped with folks this night," she declared. "I fear there'll be no packet leave, either; the wind's down, and the last gust's blown. If the packet don't get in, she can't get out, tide or no tide to help her. I've got your fire alight in the best room, but you'll wait long for your suppers, I fear, sir. My kitchen's no place for a lady."

"Tut, tut, my good lass!" said the alderman. "We'll wait an' welcome. I know your best room,—'t is a snug enough place; and we'll wait there till

you're free. Give me a mug of your good ale now, and some bread and cheese, and think no more of us. I expect to find a young man here, later on, to speak with me. There's no one yet asking for me, I dare say? We are before our time."

The busy woman shook her head and hurried away, banging the door behind her; and presently, as she crossed the kitchen, she remembered the young gentleman in the rough clothes upstairs, and then only thanked Heaven to know that he was sound asleep, and not clamoring for his supper on the instant, like all the rest.

"I'll not wake him yet for a bit," she told herself; "then they can all sup together pleasant, him and the young lady."

Mr. Davis, after having warmed himself before the bright fire of coals, and looked carefully at the portrait of his Majesty King George the Third on the parlor wall, soon began to despair of the ale, and went out into the kitchen to take a look at things. There was nobody there to interest him much, and the air was stifling. Young Wallingford might possibly have been among this very company in some rough disguise, but he certainly was not; and presently the alderman returned, followed by a young maid, who carried a tray with his desired refreshments.

"There's a yellow-faced villain out there; a gallows bird, if ever I saw one!" he said, as he seated himself again by the fire.

Mary Hamilton stood by the window, to watch if the captain might be coming. It was already so dark that she could hardly see what might happen out of doors. She envied her companion the ease with which he had gone out to take a look at the men in the great kitchen; but Paul Jones would be sure to look for her when he came; there was nothing to do but to wait for him, if one could only find proper patience. The

bleak inn parlor, scene of smugglers' feasts and runaway weddings, was brightened by the good fire. The alderman was soon comforted in both mind and body, and Mary, concealing her impatience as best she could, shared his preliminary evening meal, as she had done many a night, in many an inn, before. She had a persistent fear that Paul Jones or his messenger might come and go away again, and she grew very anxious as she sat thinking about him; but as she looked up and began to speak, she saw that the tired old man could not answer; he was sound asleep in his chair. The good ale had warmed and soothed him so that she had not the heart to wake him. She resigned herself to silence, but listened for footsteps, and to the ceaseless clink of glasses and loud clatter of voices in the room beyond. The outer door had a loud and painful creak, and for a long time she heard nobody open it, until some one came to give a loud shout for passengers who were intending to take the packet. Then there was a new racket of departure, and the sound of the landlady angrily pursuing some delinquent guest into the yard to claim her pay; but still Mr. Davis slept soundly. The poor woman would be getting her kitchen to rights now; presently it would be no harm to wake her companion, and see if their business might not be furthered. It was not late; they really had not been there much above an hour yet, only the time was very slow in passing; and as Mary watched Mr. John Davis asleep in his chair, his kind old face had a tired look that went to her affectionate heart. At last she heard a new footstep coming down the narrow stairway into the passage. She could not tell why, but there was a sudden thrill at her heart. There was a tumult in her breast, a sense of some great happiness that was very near to her; it was like some magnet that worked upon her very heart itself, and set her whole frame to quivering.

XLIV.

After the packet went there were three men left in the kitchen, who sat by themselves at a small table. The low-storied, shadowy room was ill lighted by a sullen, slow-burning fire, much obscured by pots and kettles, and some tallow candles scattered on out-of-the-way shelves. The mistress of the place scolded over her heap of clattering crockery and heavy pewter in a far corner. The men at the table had finished their supper, and having called for more drink, were now arguing over it. Two of them wore coats that were well spattered with mud; the third was a man better dressed, who seemed above his company, but wore a plausible, persistent look on his sallow countenance. This was Dickson, who had been set ashore in a fishing boat, and was now industriously plying his new acquaintances with brandy, beside drinking with eagerness himself at every round of the bottle. He forced his hospitality upon the better looking of his two companions, who could not be made to charge his glass to any depth, or to empty it so quickly as his mate. Now and then they put their heads together to hear a tale which Dickson was telling, and once burst into a roar of incredulous laughter which made the landlady command them to keep silence.

She was busy now with trying to bring out of the confusion an orderly supper for her patient guests of the parlor, and sent disapproving glances toward the three men near the fire, as if she were ready to speed their going. They had drunk hard, but the sallow-faced man called for another bottle, and joked with the poor slatternly girl who went and came serving their table. They were so busy with their own affairs that they did not notice a man who slipped into the kitchen behind them, as the Welshmen went out. As the three drank a toast together he crossed to the fireside,

and seated himself in the corner of the great settle, where the high back easily concealed his slight figure from their sight. Both the women saw him there, but he made them a warning gesture. He was not a yard away from Dickson.

The talk was freer than ever; the giver of the feast, in an unwonted outburst of generosity, flung a shilling on the flagged floor, and bade the poor maid scramble for it and keep it for herself. Then Dickson let his tongue run away with all his discretion. He began to brag to these business acquaintances of the clever ways in which he had gained his own ends on board the Ranger, and outwitted those who had too much confidence in themselves. He even bragged that Captain John Paul Jones was in his power, after a bold fashion that made his admiring audience open their heavy eyes.

"We're safe enough here from that mistaken ferret," he insisted, after briefly describing the ease with which he had carried out their evening plans. "You might have been cooling your heels here waiting for me the whole week long, and I waiting for my money, too, but for such a turn of luck! If I did n't want to get to France, and get my discharge, and go back to America as quick as possible without suspicion, I'd tell you just where he landed, and put him into your hands like a cat in a bag, to be easy drowned!"

"He's in Bristol to-night, if you must know," Dickson went on, after again refreshing himself with the brandy; "we set him ashore to ride there over Clifton Downs. Yes, I might have missed ye. He's a bold devil, but to-night the three of us here could bag him easy. I've put many a spoke in his wheel. There was a young fellow aboard us, too, that had done me a wrong at home that I never forgave; and that night at Whitehaven I've already told ye of, when I fixed the candles, after I got these papers that you've come for, I dropped some pieces of 'em, and things that was with 'em, in my pretty gentleman's locker. So good

friends were parted after that, and the whole Whitehaven matter laid to his door. I could tell ye the whole story. His name's Wallingford, curse him, and they say he's got a taste o' your Mill Prison by this time that's paid off all our old scores. I hope he's dead and damned!"

"Who's your man Wallingford? I've heard the name myself. There's a reward out for him; or did I hear he was pardoned?" asked one of the men.

"T was a scurvy sort o' way to make him pay his debts. I'd rather ended it man fashion, if I had such a grudge," said the other listener, the man who had been drinking least.

Dickson's wits were now overcome by the brandy, hard-headed as he might boast himself. "If you knew all I had suffered at his hands!" he protested. "He robbed me of a good living at home, and made me fail in my plans. I was like to be a laughingstock!"

The two men shrugged their shoulders when he next pushed the bottle toward them, and said that they had had enough. "Come, now," said one of them, "let's finish our business! You have this paper o' one Yankee privateersman called Paul Jones that our principal's bound for to get. You've set your own thieves' price on it, and we're sent here to pay it. I'm to see it first, to be sure there's no cheat, and then make a finish."

"The paper's worth more than 't was a month ago," said Dickson shrewdly. His face was paler than ever, and in strange contrast to the red faces of his companions. "The time is come pretty near for carrying out the North Sea scheme. He may have varied from this paper when he found the writing gone, but I know for a fact he has the cruise still in mind, and 't would be a hard blow to England."

"T is all rot you should ask for more money," answered the first speaker doggedly. "We have no more money with us; 't is enough, too; the weight of it has

galled me with every jolt of the horse. Say, will you take it or leave it? Let me but have a look at the paper! I've a sample of their cipher here to gauge it by. Come, work smart, I tell ye! You'll be too drunk to deal with soon, and we must quick begone."

Dickson, swearing roundly at them, got some papers out of his pocket, and held one of them in his hand.

"Give me the money first!" he growled.

"Give us the paper," said the other; "'t is our honest right."

There was a heavy tramping in the room above, as if some one had risen from sleep, and there was a grumble of voices; a door was opened and shut, and steady footsteps came down the creaking stair and through the dark entry; a moment more, and the tall figure of a young man stood within the room.

"Well, then, and is my supper ready?" asked Wallingford, looking about him cheerfully, but a little dazed by the light.

There was a smothered outcry; the table was upset, and one of the three men sprang to his feet as if to make his escape.

"Stand where you are till I have done with you!" cried the lieutenant instantly, facing him. "You have a reckoning to pay! By Heaven, I shall kill you if you move!" and he set his back against the door by which he had just entered. "Tell me first, for Heaven's sake, you murderer, is the Ranger within our reach?"

"She is lying in the port of Brest," answered the gentleman adventurer, with much effort. He was looking about him to see if there were any way to get out of the kitchen, and his face was like a handful of dirty wool. Outside the nearest window there were two honest faces from the Roscoff boat's crew pressed close against the glass, and looking in delightedly at the play. Dickson saw them, and his heart sank; he had been

sure they were waiting for Paul Jones, half a dozen miles down shore.

"Who are these men with you, and what is your errand here?" demanded Wallingford, who saw no one but the two strangers and his enemy.

"None of your damned business!" yelled Dickson, who was like a man suddenly crazed; his eyes were starting from his head. The landlady came scolding across the kitchen to bid him pay for what he had had and begone, with his company, and Dickson turned to Wallingford with a sneer.

"You'll excuse us, then, at this lady's request," he said, grinning. The brandy had come to his aid again, now the first shock of their meeting was past, and made him overbold. "I'll bid you good-night, my hero, 'less you'll come with us. There's five pounds bounty on his head, sirs!" he told the messengers, who stood by the table.

They looked at each other and at Dickson; 't was a pretty encounter, but they were not themselves; they were both small-sized men, moreover, and Wallingford was a strapping great fellow to tackle in a fight. There he stood, with his back against the door, an easy mark for a bullet, and Dickson's hand went in desperation a second time to his empty pocket. The woman, seeing this, cried that there should be no shooting, and stepping forward stood close before Wallingford; she had parted men in a quarrel many a time before, and the newcomer was a fine upstanding young gentleman, of a different sort from the rest.

"You have no proof against me, anyway!" railed Dickson. He could not bear Wallingford's eyes upon him. His Dutch courage began to ebb, and the other men took no part with him; it was nothing they saw fit to meddle with, so far as the game had gone. He still held the paper in his hand.

"You have n't a chance against us!" he now bellowed, in despair. "We are three to your one here. Take him, my

boys, and tie him down! He's worth five pounds to you, and you may have it all between ye!"

At this moment there was a little stir behind the settle, and some one else stepped out before them, as if he were amused by such bungling play.

"I have got proof enough, myself now," said Captain Paul Jones, standing there like the master of them all, "and if hanging's enough proof for you, Dickson, I must say you've a fair chance of it. When you've got such business on hand as this, let brandy alone till you've got it done. The lieutenant was pardoned weeks ago; the papers wait for him in Bristol. He is safer than we are in England."

Wallingford leaped toward his friend with a cry of joy; they were in each other's arms like a pair of Frenchmen. As for Dickson, he sank to the floor like a melted candle; his legs would not hold him up; he gathered strength enough to crawl toward Wallingford and clutch him by the knees.

"Oh, have pity on my sick wife and my little family!" he wailed aloud there, and blubbered for mercy, till the lieutenant shook him off, and he lay, still groaning, on the flagstones.

The captain had beckoned to his men, and they were within the room.

"Give me my papers, Dickson, and begone," he said; "and you two fellows may get you gone, too, with your money. Stay, let me see it first!" he said.

They glanced at each other in dismay. They had no choice; they had left their pistols in their holsters; the business had seemed easy, and the house so decent. They could not tell what made them so afraid of this stern commander. The whole thing was swift and irresistible; they meekly did his bidding and gave the money up. It was in a leather bag, and the captain held it with both hands and looked gravely down at Dickson. The other men stared at him, and wondered what he was going to do; but he

only set the bag on the table, and poured out some of the yellow gold into his hand.

"Look there, my lads!" he said. "There must be some infernal magic in the stuff that makes a man sell his soul for it. Look at it, Dickson, if you can! Mr. Wallingford, you have suffered too much, I fear, through this man's infamy. I have doubted you myself by reason of his deviltries, and I am heartily ashamed of it. Forgive me, if you can, but I shall never forgive myself.

"Put this man out!" said the captain loudly, calling to his sailors, and they stepped forward with amusing willingness. "Take him down to the boat, and put off. I shall join you directly. If he jumps overboard, don't try to save him; 't were the best thing he could do."

Dickson, wretched and defeated, was at last made to stand, and then took his poor revenge: he sent the crumpled paper that was in his hand flying into the fire, and Paul Jones only laughed as he saw it blaze. The game was up. Dickson had lost it, and missed all the fancied peace and prosperity of the future by less than a brief half hour. The sailors pushed him before them out of the door; it was not a noble exit for a man of some natural gifts, who had undervalued the worth of character.

The captain took up the bag of gold and gave it back to the men. "This is in my power, but it is spies' money, and I don't want such!" he said scornfully. "You may take it to your masters, and say that Captain John Paul Jones, of the United States frigate *Ranger*, sent it back."

They gave each other an astonished look as they departed from the room. "There's a man for my money," said one of the men to the other, when they were outside. "I'd ship with him to-night, and I'd sail with him round the world and back again! So that's Paul Jones, the pirate. Well, I say here's his health and good luck to him, English-

man though I be!" They stood amazed in the dark outside with their bag of money, before they stole away. There was nothing they could do, even if they had wished him harm, and to-morrow they could brag that they had seen a hero.

The mistress of the inn had betaken herself to the parlor to lay the table for supper. Mr. Alderman Davis had just waked, hearing a fresh noise in the house, and the lady was bidding him go and look if the captain were not already come. But he first stopped to give some orders to the landlady.

The two officers of the *Ranger* were now alone in the kitchen; they stood looking at each other. Poor Wallingford's face was aged and worn by his distresses, and the captain read it like an open book.

"I thank God I have it in my power to make you some amends!" he exclaimed. "I believe that I can make you as happy as you have been miserable. God bless you, Wallingford! Wait here for me one moment, my dear fellow," he said, with affection, and disappeared.

Wallingford, still possessed by his astonishment, sat down on the great settle by the fire. This whole scene had been like a play; all the dreary weeks and days that had seemed so endless and hopeless had come to this sudden end with as easy a conclusion as when the sun comes out and shines quietly after a long storm that has wrecked the growing fields. He thought of the past weeks when he had been but a hunted creature in the moors with his hurt comrade, and the tread of their pursuers had more than once jarred the earth where their heads were lying. He remembered the dull happiness of succeeding peace and safety, when he had come to be wagoner in the harvest time for a good old farmer by Taunton, and earned the little money and the unquestioned liberty that had brought him on his way to Chippenham market and this happy freedom. He was

free again, and with his captain; he was a free, unchallenged man. Please God, he should some day see home again and those he loved.

There was a light footstep without, and the cheerful voice of an elderly man across the passage. The kitchen door opened, and shut again, and there was a flutter of a woman's dress in the room. The lieutenant was gazing at the fire; he was thinking of his mother and of Mary. What was the captain about so long in the other room?

There was a cry that made his heart stand still, that made him catch his breath as he sprang to his feet; a man tall and masterful, but worn with hardships and robbed of all his youth. There was some one in the room with him, some one looking at him in tenderness and pity, with the light of heaven on her lovely face; grown older, too, and struck motionless with the sudden fright of his presence. There stood the woman he loved. There stood Mary Hamilton herself, come to his arms — Heaven alone knew how — from the other side of the world.

XLV.

No modern inventions of signals of any sort, or fleet couriers, could rival in swiftness the old natural methods of spreading a piece of welcome news through a New England countryside. Men called to each other from field to field, and shouted to strangers outward bound on the road; women ran smiling from house to house among the Berwick farms. It was known by mid-morning of a day late in October that Madam Wallingford's brig, the *Golden Dolphin*, had got into Portsmouth lower harbor the night before. Madam Wallingford herself was on board and well, with her son and Miss Mary Hamilton. They were all coming up the river early that very evening, with the flood tide.

The story flew through the old Pis-

cataqua plantations, on both sides of the river, that Major Langdon himself had taken boat at once and gone down to Newcastle to meet the brig, accompanied by many friends who were eager to welcome the home-comers. There were tales told of a great wedding at Hamilton's within a month's time, though word went with these tales of the lieutenant's forced leave of absence; some said his discharge, by reason of his wound and broken health.

Roger Wallingford was bringing dispatches to Congress from the Commissioners in France. It was all a mistake that he had tried to betray his ship, and now there could be no one found who had ever really believed such a story, or even thought well of others who were so foolish as to repeat it. They all knew that it was Dickson who was openly disgraced, instead, and had now escaped from justice, and those who had once inclined to excuse him and to admire his shrewdness consented willingly to applaud such a long-expected downfall.

The evening shadows had begun to gather at the day's end, when they saw the boat come past the high pines into the river bay below Hamilton's. The great house was ready and waiting; the light of the western sky shone upon its walls, and a cheerful warmth and brightness shone everywhere within. There was a feast made ready that might befit the wedding itself, and eager hands were waiting to serve it. On the flagstones by the southern door stood Colonel Hamilton, who was now at home from the army, and had ridden in haste from Portsmouth that day, at noon, to see that everything was ready for his sister's coming. There were others with him, watching for the boat: the minister all in silver and black, Major Haggens with his red cloak and joyful countenance, the good old judge, and Master Sullivan with his stately white head.

Within the house were many ladies, old and young. Miss Nancy Haggens

had braved the evening air for friendship's sake, and sat at a riverward window with other turbaned heads of the Berwick houses, to wait for Madam Wallingford. There was a pretty flock of Mary Hamilton's friends: little Miss Betsey Wyatt and the Lords of the Upper Landing, Lymans and Saywards of old York, and even the pretty Blunts from Newcastle, who were guests at the parsonage near by. It was many a month since there had been anything so gay and happy as this night of Mary's coming home.

Major Langdon's great pleasure boat, with its six oarsmen, was moving steadily on the flood, and yet both current and tide seemed hindering to such impatient hearts. All the way from Portsmouth there had been people standing on the shores to wave at them and welcome them as they passed; the light was fast fading in the sky; the evening chill and thin autumn fog began to fall on the river. At last Roger and Mary could see the great house standing high and safe in its place, and point it out to Madam Wallingford, whose face wore a touching look of gratitude and peace; at last they could see a crowd of people on the lower shore.

The rowers did their best; the boat sped through the water. It was only half dark, but some impatient hand had lit the bonfires; the company of gentle-

men were coming down already through the terraced garden to the water side.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," Roger Wallingford was whispering, "I have done nothing that I hoped to do!" But she hushed him, and her hand stole into his. "We did not think, that night when we parted, we should be coming home together. Thank Heaven, we did not know what lay before us," he said, with sorrow. "No, dear, I have done nothing; but, thank God, I am alive to love you, and to serve my country to my life's end."

Mary could not speak; she was too happy and too thankful. All her own great love and perfect happiness were shining in her face.

"I am thinking of the captain," she said gently, after a little silence. "You know how he left us when we were so happy, and slipped away alone into the dark without a word. . . ."

"Oh, look, Madam!" she cried then. "Our friends are all there; they are all waiting for us! I can see dear Peggy with her white apron, and your good Rodney! Oh, Roger, the dear old master is there, God bless him! They are all well and alive. Thank God, we are at home!"

They rose and stood together in the boat, hand in hand. In another moment the boat was at the landing place, and they had stepped ashore.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(The end.)

THE ISOLATION OF CANADA.

NEGOTIATIONS between Canada and the United States looking toward more harmonious relations are now at a standstill, although the High Joint Commission created to formulate a treaty is still in existence. Matters of grave concern to both countries have not yet been dis-

posed of, and are left in such status as to threaten prolonged controversy and dangerous friction, involving the amicable relations of England, as well as Canada, with the United States. The Canadian members of the High Joint Commission have returned to their own country, feel-

ing hurt and slightly revengeful; so much so, in fact, that north and south of the boundary it is freely predicted and generally believed that no further meetings of the Commission as now constituted will be held.

Several causes are responsible for this discouraging state of affairs. The Canadians assert that their advances were received with indifference, and that their Commissioners were not accorded the consideration warranted by their position and the importance of their mission. In view of the fact that fourteen treaties of trade and friendship, the entire number submitted, were smothered in the United States during the last session of Congress, they feel no hope that a convention with Canada would meet a different fate. In brief, the Canadians accept the commercial challenge issued to the world by the United States through the refusal of the legislative branch of the government to sustain the efforts of the executive to bring about trade extension by treaties of mutual concession.

The present tariff law of the United States provides specifically for reciprocity. President McKinley, through the State Department, has spared no endeavor, from the first day of his administration to the present time, to extend the operations of this provision. The Senate, as the ratifying power, has, on the other hand, persistently blocked all effort in this direction, until a time has been reached when there is some question as to whether the reciprocity act has not expired by limitation. This obstruction has not arisen, as a rule, from any opposition to the principle involved, but from a consideration of local interests represented by individual Senators who, under the exercise of "senatorial courtesy," are able to control legislation. This is the general situation in regard to reciprocity in foreign trade, and there is no immediate prospect of relief.

In the case of Canada another element, which is a well-defined congressional in-

fluence, comes into play. Friendliness toward England or England's colonies on the part of the administration is still looked upon by ambitious politicians as an opportunity for making political capital for themselves. The anti-British vote still has its terrors for prospective candidates for the presidency, and, with half a dozen Senators playing their cards with this great prize in view, Canada is looked upon as an effigy of the British bugaboo, to be maltreated for the edification of the anti-British American voter. Under existing conditions this seems hardly credible, but the treaty-making power of the United States has been brought to a sharp realization of the force of this influence within a year past. A full understanding of the motives actuating a majority of those who oppose closer relations with Canada by treaty has led to the belief, on the part of many American officials, that Canada has some reason for irritation at the lack of results following her strenuous efforts to enter into closer union with the United States.

Naturally, a severe reaction has followed the rebuff. The Liberal party of Canada has been the party in favor of close community of interests with the United States. It appealed to broad-minded Canadians of all political creeds, and especially did it please the large French Canadian element. To meet with absolute failure in carrying out this idea was not pleasant, nor was it politically profitable. The Liberal party was placed in an uncomfortable position, to which the Opposition promptly and persistently called public attention. It became necessary for the Liberals to provide a counter irritant, which was quickly done. The indifference of the United States to the advantages of closer commercial relations with Canada has given rise in the latter country to a new policy, which promises in time to arouse the people of the United States to a radical change from their present attitude toward Canadian affairs.

The keynote of this new policy which has been adopted for Canada by the Liberal party now in power is to maintain, so far as the United States is concerned, the present isolation of Canada, and to cultivate closer relations with England and her colonies, and such other countries as may show considerate interest in the products of Canadian industry. The domestic phase of this new policy is to be the active development of all-Canadian transportation routes; the encouragement of immigration, especially from the United States; and the development by subsidies of all industries, particularly those which can use Canadian raw material now sent to the United States for treatment.

The results to come from the carrying out of this policy are eloquently and enthusiastically set forth by Canada's able premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Scarce concealing his chagrin at the failure to bring about a convention with the United States, and smarting under the sarcasm of the Opposition, he finds relief and consolation in a brilliant prophecy of Canada's future greatness as a powerful, self-sufficient, and commercially independent nation, wooed by all the countries of the earth, including the United States, for a share of her vast volume of foreign trade. In view of the present importance of Canada's trade to the commercial interests of the United States, an importance not at all generally appreciated by the people of the latter country, and in view of the tremendous possibilities of growth in Canada's population and wealth in the immediate future, it certainly is incumbent upon all concerned to consider well what may be termed, without exaggeration, a grave and remarkable situation.

Geographically, socially, and commercially, Canada is but an extension of the United States. Politically, a deep gulf separates the two countries, across which international intercourse finds its way only by the bridge of necessity. Regard-

less of artificial restrictions, the people of Canada find in the United States the best place in which to buy and sell, and the people of the United States find in Canada the third largest market in all the world for the products of American labor. The dividing line between the two countries is imaginary. On land, there is no break at the boundary in the rails of the north and south roads. Where water intervenes, intercourse is even facilitated thereby.

There is no marked change of climate in going from one country to the other. The language, customs, and habits of the two peoples are generally the same. One million Canadian-born have left their native country to add to the population and energy of the United States. Thousands of people have gone from the United States to Canada, especially in recent years, moved by circumstance or to take advantage of peculiar opportunities. As a nation the people of the United States are composite to a greater degree than are those of Canada, though the latter are sufficiently so to induce the American habit of broad cosmopolitan thought. Canadians are of much closer kin to the people of the United States than are those of any other country. If there is any possible application of the principle of community of interests to two peoples, it should be found in this case.

That this community of interests does exist is discovered in the annual exchange between the two countries of nearly \$200,000,000 in trade, and a constant and extensive mingling of the people north and south of the dividing line. All this takes place despite the high tariff wall erected by each country against the other; in spite of the absence of mutual agreements of trade and friendship, the conflicting interests of the two countries in certain directions, remarkable trade concessions granted by Canada to commercial rivals of the United States; and, it may be added, in spite of the successful efforts of politicians in both countries

to make political capital for themselves by widening the international breach.

The largest exchange of trade between the United States and any other country is with the United Kingdom, and amounts to about \$760,000,000 each year. The next largest is with Germany, and amounts to about \$290,000,000. The third largest is with Canada, and, as stated, amounts to nearly \$200,000,000. The fourth largest is with France, and amounts to about \$172,000,000. The exchanges of trade between the United States and countries other than these four are so much less in volume that the United Kingdom, Germany, Canada, and France must be considered in a class by themselves, as being by far our most important customers, and also our most valuable bases of supply. This fact alone is sufficient to demonstrate the importance to the people of the United States of any movement calculated to affect existing trade relations between this country and Canada. It also brings with it a keener realization of the remarkable and almost inexplicable indifference and lack of interest at present shown by the people of the United States toward Canadian affairs.

A like indifference is not manifested by the people of Canada toward the affairs of the United States. The smaller country is continually reminded of its dependence upon the greater. Political effort to the contrary notwithstanding, Canadian trade with the United States continues to grow at a greater ratio than with any other country. Canadian producers are becoming more and more dependent upon United States carriers, and a large proportion of the Canadian people continue to demand of the party in power that trade and travel between the two countries shall be less restricted. In the Congress of the United States, it is an exceptional day when mention is made of Canada. In the Canadian Parliament, scarcely a debate is precipitated in which the United States

is not an important factor. Treatment of Canadian affairs, other than brief mention of current news topics, is the exception in the press of the United States. In Canada, scarcely an edition goes to print without extended mention of the United States from some point of view. It is the enforced recognition of this inevitable dependence which hurts, for it exposes the fatal defect in the present political programme for splendid isolation.

In 1897 Sir Wilfrid Laurier was able to carry into effect the Liberal plan for special trade concessions to England. They had long been discussed, and notable results were expected. Imports from England were granted a one-third reduction in duty. The trade situation following this move has emphasized rather than weakened the command of the Canadian markets by the United States, although the latter country has undoubtedly lost a considerable proportion of such gain as England has made.

Twenty-five years ago Canada was selling \$40,000,000 worth of produce to England annually, and making purchases from that country amounting to \$60,000,000. At the same time the Canadian sales to the United States were \$30,000,000, and the purchases from that country were \$51,000,000. Twenty years later, and just before England was granting preferential duties, Canada's exports to England had increased to \$62,000,000, and the imports decreased to \$31,000,000. In that same year, 1895, Canada's sales to the United States increased to \$41,000,000, and her purchases to \$55,000,000, — an increase of \$15,000,000 in the total exchanges between the United States and Canada, as compared with a loss of \$7,000,000 in the trade between England and Canada.

In 1900, three years after the preferential tariff of one third in favor of England went into effect, the importations of English goods into Canada increased to \$45,000,000, a gain of fifty

per cent. The Canadian exports to England rose, during the same period, to \$108,000,000, a gain of about sixty per cent. During this period of prosperity for Anglo-Canadian trade induced by a preferential tariff, the United States, without encouragement, not only continued to do business with Canada, but increased her lead over England in that field. In 1895 the United States bought \$41,000,000 worth of goods from Canada, and \$69,000,000 worth in 1900, a gain of over forty per cent. In 1895 the United States sold \$55,000,000 worth of goods to Canada, and \$110,000,000 worth in 1900, a gain of one hundred per cent, as compared with England's gain of only fifty per cent under much more favorable conditions. These figures are purposely given in round numbers, to avoid confusion, but are approximately correct.

To illustrate the control of the Canadian market by the United States, despite considerable effort made to check its growing influence, it is only necessary to deal with the matter of percentages as shown in Canada's total foreign trade. In 1875 fifty per cent of Canada's purchases were made in England, and forty-two per cent in the United States. In 1897, just before she received her advantage in the tariff, England furnished twenty-six per cent and the United States fifty-five per cent of Canada's imports.

In 1900, notwithstanding the fact that England had been favored with a one-third reduction in the duties for three years, her share of the Canadian import trade had dropped to twenty-five per cent, and that of the United States had risen to over sixty per cent. Apologists of the preferential duty granted to England, Sir Wilfrid among them, now admit the impotence of legislation to destroy the trade of the United States in Canada, or even materially to check it. They point, however, to the fifty per cent gain made by English trade in Canada from 1897 to 1900 as one of the ef-

fects of the special favors granted that country, and profess to believe that, by discriminating in its favor, they have saved the English trade from almost total extinction and the absorption of the business by the United States.

This is probably true, though Canada has gained little thereby, except a possibly increased consumption of her products by England, due to an increasing volume of trade in the other direction. England has never done anything to encourage Canada in return for these commercial favors. In consideration of tariff concessions for her own manufacturers, she has bought more Canadian produce, but still at competitive prices. She has sold more goods under protection from competition, but she gives no advantage in her own market, in return, to the goods of her friendly colony. This is now fully understood by Canadians. They have asked the British government to extend some recognition to colonial products, even though it be no more than a five per cent discrimination in their favor. No British statesman has yet taken this request seriously, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be so regarded, unless the English people partially abandon their present system of free trade, and become alarmed at the need of stronger ties between the mother country and the lustier colonies, which are now clamoring for less political control of their affairs from Downing Street.

There was another motive than mere friendliness toward England in the discrimination in favor of her trade, however. It was the purpose in this, as it will be in all other moves of like nature made in the future, to arouse the United States, if possible, to the desirability of closer relations with Canada, to kinder consideration of her trade advances. To induce the United States to sue for favors is the dream of every Canadian statesman of the party in power; for it is the United States that Canada really desires to be friendly with, in a commer-

cial way, and not England. As matters stand to-day, the man who could secure credit for bringing this about might rest assured of a place in Canadian political history along with Sir John Macdonald, long since canonized.

It is interesting to note that Canada was the first country with which the United States made a reciprocal commercial treaty. This was in 1854. By the terms of that treaty the fisheries controversy was temporarily quieted, to the profit of both parties, and a free exchange of raw material was assured. This latter concession was especially valuable to the United States during the Civil War, in the securing of supplies for the Union army. It was largely because of disputes arising out of this war, however, that the United States abrogated the treaty with Canada in 1865, the abrogation going into effect in 1866. Both economic and political reasons were assigned for this action. Canada had increased the import duties to a burdensome extent upon manufactured goods from the United States, thus causing considerable irritation. The friendly attitude of England toward the Confederate government, and the outfitting in Canada of expeditions against the Northern government, aroused great feeling against Canada in the Northern states. The abrogation of the treaty of 1854 was therefore really due more to political excitement than the economic reasons assigned as a matter of expediency.

Since the treaty of 1854 there have been two notable efforts made to secure another convention. One was in 1874, and came to naught. The other was the appointment of a High Joint Commission, which is still in existence, but from which little is now apparently expected. Two meetings of the Commission have been held, — one in Quebec and one in Washington. From the latter meeting the Canadian members returned to their homes with no hope of a final agreement, and the United States Commis-

sioners saw them depart with a certain feeling of relief, as it was felt by them that the difficulties lay not so much in formulating an agreement between the countries as in securing a ratification of that agreement by the Senate of the United States.

It may be said, however, that, of the thirteen questions under the advisement of the High Joint Commission, the only one over which there was wide difference of opinion was in regard to the use of the Lynn Canal in Alaska. The State Department of the United States expresses the conviction that it is perfectly feasible for the United States and Canada to reach an understanding advantageous to both parties, except possibly in the domain of transportation, in which there is the keenest international rivalry for the carrying trade of the Northwest. Even on this point, however, the State Department is confident some solution might be reached in time, by the exercise of mutual forbearance. The recent violent attacks upon Secretary Hay for his alleged liberal concessions to Canada are placed in a curious light, in view of the bitter complaints publicly uttered by Canadians, to the effect that Canada's advances were received with selfish indifference, and that the United States was willing to take, but refused to give.

The failure of the High Joint Commissioners to accomplish the results desired, although it has attracted little attention in the United States, has been a leading topic of discussion in Canada for a year past. In justice to these gentlemen, it must be explained that they have fully realized the delicacy of their position, and, in view of the fact that the Commission is still in force, have consistently refused to express themselves as to the situation. Such reticence has not been necessary on the part of others, however; and as Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds the Liberal party well in hand, the comments of other leaders and the

development of a new Canadian national policy of indifference to the United States may well be assumed to indicate official opinion.

The proposed isolation of Canada is to be achieved, theoretically at least, first by the development of an all-Canadian transportation route from the Northwest to tide water. At present, the carriers of the United States have practically a monopoly of the transportation of Canadian staples. The produce of the Northwest finds its outlet to the sea via Buffalo, for the reason that navigation on the Great Lakes is possible long after canals and rivers are closed. The American carriers have also distanced their Canadian competitors in the conveniences offered the producers of the latter country in the matter of insurance against market fluctuations. Freight rates have been reduced year by year, until they have apparently reached the lowest point possible; and yet the railroad men of New York testify to the effect that, if it becomes necessary, they can so improve facilities as to make it possible to haul Canadian grain from Buffalo to New York for one half the present charge.

During the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, this all-important matter of transportation occupied a greater part of the time. Effort was concentrated upon the improvement of the channel between Quebec and Montreal. An optimistic spirit prevailed, among those bearing the responsibilities of government, as to the possibilities of the future, when the Canadian water ways should have been so improved as to meet the demands of an all-Canadian route. Against such a consummation, however, a long, severe winter imposes a ban, a necessarily restricted budget sets its limitations, and American carriers are watchful, aggressive, and resourceful.

The recent census of Canada will show a population of about 6,000,000, or a gain of at least twenty per cent in a decade.

In the encouragement of immigration Canada is now remarkably successful. About 50,000 home-seekers enter the country annually from abroad. Fully seventy-five per cent of these seek the unlimited free lands of the Northwest, and are of a desirable type of agriculturists. An interesting feature of this movement is the fact that the United States is furnishing a larger number of these immigrants than any other country. Over 12,000 American citizens crossed the line to the north last year, and adopted Canada as their home. It is estimated that at least 20,000 will do the same this year.

The Canadian government is spending about \$250,000 a year in the encouragement of immigration. The results of the educational work done in the United States have been so satisfactory that increased effort is now being made in that direction. Canadian agents travel and advertise in every state, and last year twenty-nine of the American commonwealths contributed to Canada's increase of population. The largest number are secured in Dakota, Nebraska, Michigan, and other northerly farming states. Sir Wilfrid expresses the belief that Canada, being the only country in the temperate zone now offering free land to home-seekers, has fallen heir to the great tide of agricultural immigration which once flowed into the United States. He predicts an enormous increase in the volume of this movement in the immediate future, — such an increase as will give Canada a population of at least 15,000,000 in the next Canadian census year, 1911, and 25,000,000 by 1921.

In the stimulus recently given to the policy of encouragement for home industry, Canada is carrying the subsidy idea to an extreme. Millions in land and money are given to railroads, and manufacturers are encouraged to ask largess from the Dominion taxpayers. All that is necessary to secure consideration for such a demand is a plea that competi-

tion in the United States is retarding Canadian development. Some of these requests for subsidies are merely schemes to loot the national treasury. Others are honest endeavors to meet powerful competition.

One phase of the situation which irritates those advocating a policy of Canada for the Canadians is the promptness with which enterprising capital from the United States enters into such advantages as are devised for Canadian benefit. Citizens of the United States have bought the best mines, developed the wood-pulp and iron industry, secured canal, elevator, and harbor privileges, absorbed some of the most profitable foreign trade, reorganized Canadian railroads, designed Canada's finest modern buildings, and stand ready to appropriate and take advantage of the greatest opportunities before the Canadians apparently are awake to the existence of the same.

Irritation at the United States for indifference to Canada's requests for reciprocal trade relations has naturally led to some discussion in the latter country of retaliatory tariff legislation. Nothing was done in this direction at the recent session of Parliament, but it was freely suggested, and may take more tangible shape another year. Some years ago, in response to the demands of the farmers of the Northwest territories, the Canadian import duty of thirty-five per cent on American agricultural machinery was reduced to twenty per cent by the Conservative party then in power, and lumber was placed on the free list. Should the proposed discrimination against American products actually go into effect, the first move would be to restore this duty on agricultural implements to the original figure, and to place an import duty of two dollars per thousand feet on lumber. The Canadian imports of American agricultural implements under a twenty per cent duty were valued last year at about \$2,000,000, and the importations of lumber duty free were

valued at about \$3,500,000. Such retaliation could only be effected at the expense of the Canadians of the Northwest, and there would be considerable protest against it. The members of Parliament from that section stated recently, however, that they believed their constituents would agree to such legislation, in the hope it might lead in time to a better realization by the United States of the advisability of freer exchange of goods along all lines of international trade.

The French element in eastern Canada is also keenly desirous of anything which would make traffic easier between Canada and the United States. It is estimated that there are about 1,500,000 French Canadians in Canada, and nearly 500,000 more in the United States. These people really recognize no boundary line. They look upon custom restrictions as an interference. Many of them go to the United States to earn money to send back to their homes. It is stated by the Postmaster General of Canada that of every ten letters received in a French Canadian village, nine of the number are likely to be from the United States. The Postmaster General of the latter country, in his annual report, notes that over \$2,000,000 was sent to Canada last year in postal orders. The larger part of this goes to French Canadians, and is sent by friends or relatives in the United States. The tie between the two countries is so close in respect to this race that Canadians naturalized in the United States have been known to return to their old homes during political campaigns, and even to take the stump for their favorite candidates in the Canadian elections. Under these circumstances, it is not remarkable that the Liberal party, placed in power largely by French Canadian votes, should feel keenly the failure to come to a better understanding with the United States.

Hampered by a country of enormous area, sparse population, and severe climate; limited in national endeavor by

necessarily small revenues; forced to an expedient policy of protection and subsidy in direct conflict with established principles of unrestricted competition, the Liberal leaders are yet bravely optimistic in their struggle for national commercial independence. They will fall short of realizing their political dreams, but the Canadian people, under the present or other leadership, will in time accomplish another of those modern miracles, the creation of a great nation.

There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation. Her wealth is increasing at fourfold ratio. Her tremendous natural resources are only just beginning to be understood, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Conscious of her value to her great neighbor, fully appreciating the necessity

of the good will of that neighbor to her own prosperity, she is chagrined at the rebuff she believes she has met. With anxious interest she is now watching the war of Europe against the commerce of the United States, not in the hope that Europe will win, but in the expectation that all parties thereto will in time reach the conclusion that commercial war is a useless expenditure of valuable forces, which should rather be utilized in the making of conventions to enable the trade of one country to fit advantageously into that of another. Canadian statesmen look with confidence to the future to bring about some such result, and anticipate with equal optimism an early awakening of the United States to the fair promise of her northern neighbor to become the first instead of the third greatest customer for the products of American labor.

J. D. Whelpley.

THE LIFE ON THE TABLE.

FIRST he heard the clock tick; then a bird on a telephone wire shrilled a glad note at the spring sunshine; then the clock ticked; then his child in the nursery above laughed happily; then the clock ticked; then a man with small, square boxes in his hands called from the middle of Independence Avenue, "Berr-wizz! berr-wizz!" then the clock ticked; then the car at the corner dragged its cable with an ugly, snarling noise; then the clock ticked —

"Good God, Henderson!" he cried from his rocker to the man in the swivel chair, "will you stop that clock!" He raised a closely bandaged arm with an impatient jerk that made him wince with pain. His free hand was trembling, and there was a close, fine perspiration on his face; yet almost instantly he took up the clock's rhythm

half laughingly. "Thump-her-in," he said, "thump-her-in; no-time-to-lose; got-to-die-young. Lynn, you've been a good wife to me, but if you ever buy another clock that ticks-ticks-ticks I'll divorce you sure." He got up and crossed over to the open window, where a woman was standing. He put his arm over her shoulder and pushed aside the lace curtain, shrank strangely from the sunshine and the woman, and came back to his seat with a little hysterical gulp.

"It's leaving you," he said to the woman. He had slouched his huge body down into the chair, and his head lay back heavily. "That's the thing that floors me, the only thing. — Oh, hell, I'm lying! It's the big thing, but 't is n't the only thing." Again he got up, restless as a chained wolf, and came

over to her. "Look at that sunshine; look at the size of this house; look how thick our carpets are; look what a beef I am! It's got no business to turn out like this. I'm not half through. It ought n't to be, it shan't be." He dropped into the chair at the window, and began to choke in his slow, sobbing breath, and the woman turned her face to him.

"Risk it, Hard," she said. "Why don't you? You must. Isn't it a chance? Risk it." Her voice rocked like a bounding wire under its weight of doubt and hope. It went crazily from command to question, and she seemed swung far out on it over some abysmal gulf of perplexity. Once she turned toward the man in the swivel chair, with a wild strain on her face; but he was not looking at her, and she turned back to the window quickly.

Again the other man regained his self-control with one of his crinkled-up chuckles; he put up his hand and held to the woman's arm. "Don't you get cross with your baby, whatever you do," he said, looking up at her with a deep and tender adoration. He pressed his hand lovingly into the firm arm and pulled up by her. "Risk it? Risk this? Oh, life, life!" he cried, with his head bent down to hers. Then he lifted her strained face and made her look out of the window. "That town yonder, — see it? It needs me. I'm predestined to make it a bloomin' good mayor, one of these days. It'll miss me. It may do for me to run the risk, but what about the town? D'you think Kansas City can afford to risk me?" The self-appreciation seemed appropriate rather than uncouth, casual rather than conspicuous. He was so virile, so big and coercive, that it would have been a pity for him not to appreciate himself.

"If I risk you, if I'm willing to," began the woman, dropping the curtain between them and the city, — "if I risk you, the town can, and you can risk the town." Her eyes were keen and dry,

and she held him a little away from her, with her hands on his shoulders.

A sort of shining joy came out on the man's face at her words, and he clung to the suggestion in them hungrily. "Do you mean that, all of it?" he asked. "You old darling, why don't you speak the language oftener?" The wonder and the humility which must have been his when he first won her were manifest in his face and in his voice. He had got used to everything else, to a good degree of local fame and to fortune, but he had not got used to her. To an on-looker he was half pathetic, toppling as he did with his great weight toward her; and she was half minatory, — it looked so easy for her, in her lithe and pliable youth, to bend aside and fail him.

The man in the swivel chair had thus far kept up a ceaseless tattoo with his thumb nail against his teeth. His teeth were white and hard, and looked like monoliths of linked silences. When finally he stopped his tattoo, it was to throw his arms back and pound on his chest once or twice.

"I guess you are wondering about now why I dragged you up from Penangton to pass on me, Henderson," called the man at the window, with some appreciation of the other's impatience, "long as I ain't taking your word for the final word very fast; but I tell you what, old man, you've disappointed me for fair. I thought you'd have good taste enough to agree with me, and let diagnosis go hang. I knew you were n't sensational, and I expected you to say that the other chaps were on the wrong tack; but I'll be doggoned if you are n't proving up the bloodthirstiest of the lot. What the dickens you got against me, my friend, — what you got against me?" He could talk foolishness with a whimsical assumption of gravity, and his wide, handsome face now mocked Henderson with unsmiling interrogation.

Henderson wondered afterward just what pathological change his own brain

presented, after that witless question had cut its way in and out. He felt pretty much as though a thrombus diked up the question's passage at the base of his brain, and held it there for one convulsive, black second, — "What you got against me?" He had only the repressive training of the dissecting room and the operating theatre to thank for the fact that he could stumble on blindly, thrombus or no thrombus. He began to beat his hands together softly and to talk rapidly, in the way he had when he wished he did n't have to talk at all: —

"What I got against you, Shore, is your symptoms. I wish I could unsay what I've said, or put a little sweetening in it, but I can't do it. The last time I talked with you in my own office in Penangton I got afraid that Lahn and Carey had your case down about right, and now I know it. At least I know that lump on your wrist is too near to being a spindle-celled sarcoma for you to fool away any more time on neat little compresses and quiet little rest cures; the thing for you now is a sharp little knife. If you don't take that thing in time, — and the time's now, — you might as well shut up that real estate office of yours at once and be done with it. All the real estate you'll need will be a bunch six feet long by two wide" — Henderson stopped abruptly, unable to get the right hold on this line of talk; the things he usually said to people whose lives were in danger and whom his knife might save were not coming to his mind readily, and were not fitting the situation when they did come. The jokes on which he was accustomed to ride his patients into an easy familiarity with danger seemed unable to bear the weight of the big man in front of him.

Henderson did not look at the woman, but he got a sensation that she understood, and that she was doing what she could to make it easier on him when she said: "Hardin, the time's gone by for talking; the time's going by for act-

ing. You must stop this foolishness. The operation itself might be much more serious: you have as good a chance as anybody to rally from it." She pushed him back into a chair, and stood over him with a strong, maternal protection, for all he was so big and stalwart, and she was so straight and slender. "He has as good a chance as anybody, has n't he?" She looked at Henderson with the earnest concentration in her eyes that was always in them, like unused, expectant lightning, when she looked squarely at him.

"In some ways he has," answered Henderson, and wondered what she thought he meant by that.

She was urging on the man in the chair again, as though she had not heard Henderson: "Say you will risk the operation, — say you will."

Her husband buried his face against her, and gave up the fight with an awkward, gigantic helplessness. "Why need I, when you're saying it, boss? You hear, don't you, Henderson? I'm to risk it." The woman pulled quickly away from him, with an expression of relief that remained perplexed, and the big man rose to his feet. "But there's one thing I want your lily-white hand on, Henderson," he continued bantering-ly. "You got to promise that you'll do every bit of the work yourself." Through his banter ran the important, well-fed man's jealousy about himself. Now that it was coming to the pinch, he plainly did n't like the idea of being subjected to handling and analysis that would be purely scientific, purely impersonal; he even had a superstitious feeling that such a dry valuation of life was likely to invoke death. His personality had always meant a great deal to him, and he shrank outspokenly from being viewed as material instead of as Hardin Shore, rich, fate-conquering. "Life means a heap to me," he went on insistently, "and I ain't putting it into the hands of anybody but the chap I can

trust, the chap that knows what and how much I have to live for," — he held out his hand toward the woman, but she stood quietly back beyond his reach, smiling at him, — "and I'm going to put the whole business into your hands, Henderson. I'm going to be yours to bind or to loose, as you will and can. Understand? Will you do the work yourself?"

Henderson turned nervously from the unreasoning sentiment of patient toward physician which, in its helpless emotionalism, so saddles a man with responsibility. He shook his head vehemently. "No, no!" he said. "Let Lahn operate. He's the one. He's the very best here. Why, Shore, I'm only a country surgeon, at most. Let Lahn. I can't do it — I can't operate on you — I can't take your life into my hands — I don't want to" —

"All right, sir," — the other man held up his afflicted hand by way of unpromising emphasis, — "all right. You see, don't you, Lynn? Shows how much he believes in it. You won't operate, eh? All right. One thing for sure, nobody else shall."

The woman put her hand on Henderson's arm. "What do you mean by hesitating now?" she asked impetuously. "What do you mean? Why, we trust you. You can trust yourself. It's the only way. You must trust yourself. I'm not afraid. Hardin is n't. Should you be? Why, I've had so much trouble to get him even to consider it. He never would have, if it had n't been for you. He believes in you. Every fibre of chance he has hangs from you."

Henderson looked down at her grimly. "You know I like responsibility," he said. "Pile it on." Then, with a violent splintering of his thought, he cried wildly: "I tell you I'm afraid of myself! His life means too much, to you, to himself, to hundreds of people — to me" —

"I can't help that," she persisted, as

ardent as he. "You've got to go all the way. You can't refuse, you can't turn back now; you dare not." The same tragic mixture of pleading and command was in her voice again, making her half admonitory angel, half tearful woman, and her face was becoming so tense that her husband came quickly to the rescue with his ready capacity for forging a finish to anything which he had thought worth beginning.

"Henderson, I may have a spindle-shanked sarcoma in my hand, but you've got one in your head. 'T is n't normal for a surgeon to have to be coaxed to operate. Responsibility nothing! I'll take the responsibility. Will you operate?"

"Oh yes, yes," said Henderson wearily.

"That's better. Why, man alive, you've made me feel that my old arm can't put up a real interesting case for you on the table. Go 'way; I'll get you in a box yet before you're through with me."

He was deliberately talking and laughing himself out of his first hysterical antipathy to the operation into his usual orderly good nature. His big, powerful shoulders had squared back, and the danger he was about to brave was passing from a great potential tragedy — the tragedy of risking life when life means wealth, power, happiness — into the flat, every-day fact that he was going to be operated on, going to take some chloroform, and going to get off the operating table and go about his business again.

"Now the question is, when?" he asked next, with the peremptory manner of a man who is accustomed to run his affairs on schedule time.

The woman looked at Henderson smilingly. "It's fine to have him good at last, is n't it?" she said. "Better not give him time to undergo any sea change. I suppose you want to get back to Penangton, too, just as soon as you can?"

Henderson furrowed a long, straight

line in the carpet, between himself and the two opposite him, before he answered. "If you insist upon leaving it to me, I'll arrange to get you into Miss Maguire's Surgical Sanatorium to-morrow, and I'll operate the day after, or the day after that. No use to sleep long on the matter. If we are going to enter the lists, the sooner we do it the better." His pleasure, as he again got hold of that old ability of his to handle himself, to catch step with fate and go marching on, lit up his face like a streak of pallid dawn. During the last two years of his life, ever since he had met the woman before him, he had required and obtained a great deal of himself, had put himself in the way of a good many crises, and had never yet failed himself; but the last time he had lived through a sight of her husband's affection for her, the last time he had blistered in the warmth of the husband's friendship for him, he had promised himself that he would keep away from crises in future. Still, here he was, in their house again, at their invitation, their entreaty, and forced to stand there before them with the delicate scales of life and death in his unwilling hand. Henderson's life as physician and surgeon had not been a quiet or an easy one, and before this he had had occasion to wish that a few respectable trials, "like death," he would say, might enter into his experience. His trials had been such tiger trials; their claws had dug so deep into his sensitiveness. It was not a small thing for a man with Henderson's capacity for suffering to be able to "handle himself," and it was no great wonder that he took an unthawed, frosty pleasure in it.

"So, then, Shore," he concluded capably, "the thing for me to do is to corral Lahn and Carey and MacWhirr, and have them with me to see that you get a fighting chance, and the rest we'll have to leave to your lucky star." He laughed wholesomely now, a surgeon's confidence-inspiring laugh.

"Now you're talking sense," said the big man cordially. "It's your affair, sir, from this on; I'm not concerned in it. But see here, I tell you what I am concerned in: I've a deal on with a railroad for to-day. I need just one last hour at the office. I can go, can't I? 'T won't hurt if I take the carriage, will it?" He seemed willing to turn authority over to his physician, but unable, from long authoritative habit, to do so. He began every sentence as an assertion, and the question only curled in lamely as an afterthought. When Henderson had given him a niggardly consent to do what he was going to do anyhow, Shore turned from his wife to the door. He came back, with his hat in his hand, a moment later, and shook his finger at her. "You are a nice lot, you two," he said. "I hope you are satisfied, but I doubt it. I doubt you'll be satisfied till you get that chloroform cap over my nose"—He left off suddenly because of the look on his wife's face. She put her hand to her mouth in an unavailing effort to push back a short, sharp scream.

"You, Hardin!" she cried; and when he had come to her and had taken her into his arms, she laughed and trembled, and rubbed her face against his with a clinging, forgiving reproach. "What do you say things like that for? You must n't. It isn't so easy for anybody concerned that you need make it harder."

Her bosom kept heaving in a broken, helpless way even after he had gone out of the house to his carriage, and Henderson held his eyes away from her while she stood at the window trying to regain her composure, and talked to her lightly of Penangton, the little Missouri town that was now his home, and that had once been hers.

"Oh yes," he said. "You have n't been coming down to Penangton often enough lately, and the calacanthus bush in Mrs. Thorley's yard is 'way ahead of yours. Its buds have popped."

She swayed abstractedly with the cur-

tain, to which she was holding, and against which her head was pressed. "I know I have n't. I suppose Pete forgets to dig around my bushes? I have n't been down all spring."

"Mmmh! I guess I know that." Henderson whistled softly, and went and stood by the other window. "Why have n't you come down?"

"Oh — I don't believe I know. Hardin, I guess. I get uneasy if he is out of my sight." She held her curtain back suddenly, and looked sharply at Henderson. "What's the real danger?" she asked. "Other people come through all right. What's the real danger with Hard? There's something special, is n't there? What is it?"

If there was one thing that Henderson was coming to hate more than another, in his business of being the doctor, it was the constant metamorphosis of him from man into physician that went on under his very nose, and that he was powerless to prevent. People were eternally demanding it of him, and he was eternally meeting the demand, involuntarily, like clockwork. A man had asked her a question, from behind a curtain, a moment before; a physician pushed the curtain back, as she had pushed hers back, and his answer was as straight and sharp as her question: "The real trouble with Hard is the big physical hold he has on life. It's one of those foolish paradoxes that are true. It's like this: Hard is so everlastingly alive, and there's so much of him to be alive, that he is bound to feel a physical shock more, and to smash down harder, than a wiry, nervous man would. I've got to knock his feet right from under him; and it's his feet that Hard stands on rather more than the next man. I guess I ought to tell you frankly that there'll be trouble if I can't put the operation through in a rush. But I will put it through that way. And he'll rally." Henderson stepped back behind his curtain, and drummed on the window. "He's got to rally."

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The woman moved back behind her curtain, too. The lines of perplexity, confidence, anxiety, and admiration that had been on her face all the morning became more strongly marked. "It has awful responsibilities, surgery has, has n't it?" she said slowly.

"Yes, awful," answered the man behind the curtain.

Three men, in white duck aprons, short duck jackets, and close white caps, stood in one corner of a large light room and talked comfortably, calling each other by their untitled surnames with the relief of men who know what it is to have a title eat up individuality. They were men of widely different personalities and unlike appearances: Mac Whirr, the Scot; Lahn, German to the last drop of beer; and Carey from Kentucky. But for all their dissimilarity, on the face of each was an expression so dominant that the three looked like brothers. It was the eager stress of men who have the same life work, appealing to them in the same degree as important and interesting, who find themselves face to face with an opportunity for the work, and who are glad of the opportunity. The nerves of the three were going steady as time, yet they had somehow charged the room with a current of nervous energy of tremendous voltage. The faces of the three were as shut against emotion as three graves, yet the minds of the three quivered with emotion; and recollections, influences, brought back from sharp battles with death, were continued from the three in trailing wraiths of hypnosis.

"Who's anesthetizing, Miss Morse?" The Scot turned from his colleagues to a young woman who was dipping a handful of gleaming steel into the enameled tray that formed the top to a spare iron table.

"Dr. Henderson has young Wear and Mason down there with him, but he's doing the anesthetizing himself." She smiled knowingly at the men; she ap-

preciated as keenly as they did that an operator has no business to tire himself out with the anæsthetic. "The patient would n't have it any other way," she said.

Lahn, who was chief consulting surgeon to most of the Kansas City hospitals, and known far and wide through the Valley states as a very safe man behind the knife, spoke next: "Ever see Henderson operate, Mac? No? Well, he's 'way ahead of me. Yes, he is. You've got a treat ahead of you. What a man with his nerve fools away time over materia medica for beats me. Cleanest, quickest, stubbornest operator you ever saw."

"What's he abidin' down in that little town for?" asked the Scot skeptically.

"Why is it, Carey, anyhow?" Lahn took up the question as though it had long interested him. "You're his friend. Why don't you get him up here? I want him for the Hospital. Besides his ability he has these Shores back of him, and if through him we could get Hardin Shore on the Directory, and Mrs. Shore at the head of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Hospital would be in luck already. Why won't he come?"

The man from Kentucky looked immutable. "Search me," he said. "I've done my best to get him here, but every time he backs down. I take it he has some private reason for not leaving Penangton. Got a girl down there, like as not."

Another young woman came to the door. She had run through the hall from the elevator, and she was panting a little. "Dr. Carey, they are having trouble getting him under. Dr. Henderson would like you to step down a minute."

Carey and the girl went off down the hall with the long, light step of their kind, and presently got off the elevator on a lower floor. As Carey caught the swift, treacherous wave of the anæsthetic he hastened his pace unconsciously, and

passed on into a luxurious room, where on a narrow white bed lay what ten minutes before had been a well-coördinated man, but what now might as well have been ox or bull or beef, for all the promise of resurrection in the blotched face. Henderson, at the head of the bed, was bending over the face and pursuing it relentlessly with an inhaler cap. Back and forth thrashed the face, and dogging it, riding it, came the cap in Henderson's hand.

"Carey," said Henderson, without looking up, "I've got to push him to a finish somehow. He's been bruising his lungs on inspissated air long enough. I can't get him under, though, as long as he has hold of that hand." Henderson nodded at the patient's big hand, which was shut like faith around a woman's hand.

The woman looked up at Henderson with wan, self-accusing apology. "It was a mistake, was n't it?" she whispered. "I still can't get away."

"Oh, he would go to sleep with Mrs. Shore's hand in his," answered Henderson laconically to the inquiry in the face of his colleague, "and without meaning to she's holding him this side of Lethe. See if you can get her hand away, will you?"

Henderson's lashes dropped down over a long, yellow gleam in his eyes when presently the Kentuckian raised up, red-faced and puffing. "Why, Henderson, I'm dashed if I can untangle him." Carey stooped again. "Just alive enough to swing to her. Uh-uh! I'm afraid, if they're to be parted, you'll have to do the parting, Henderson. I have n't the muscle. Peculiar case, eh?"

Henderson, straightening up to let Carey take his place, gave a short, harsh laugh. "Peculiarest case you ever saw, Carey, — for half a hundred reasons. He's been using that hand as a rudder through the waves of a can of chloroform, more or less. Whew! He's fought me every inch of the way. I'm tired be-

fore I begin." But he mopped his forehead, and without an instant's delay bent over, and with his supple young fingers uncrinkled the heavy hand from the white, bruised one within it. Twice he straightened out the powerful fingers; twice they clamped back like jackknives; and the last time Henderson's hand and the woman's hand lay shut together within the strong grasp.

"Oh!" she gasped, under her breath. "Oh, don't! It's pushing a drowning man under water — it's cruel — he's so helpless. Oh, don't do it — he needs me — don't" — She had gone to pieces, in the way people have when doctors most need their help; and Henderson kept straight on, in the way doctors have of getting along without help.

"Keep quiet, keep quiet," he growled. "I've got him. Now, Carey!" He split loose the clump of hands on the bed with one quick upheaval, swept the woman's hand aside, and pulled her from her chair just as the man on the bed lashed out wildly, floundered back, and, under the compelling, unescapable cap, passed on into a deep, stupendous coma.

"See to Mrs. Shore, Miss Green," ordered Henderson briskly, "and, Wear, you and Mason get him to the surgery as fast as you like. We'll be there before you will."

Five minutes later, the operators, those who were to assist and those who were to stand ready to assist, were flipping asepticized water from their hands into loose-meshed towels, and the girl at the tray had settled back, erect and vigilant as a sentry. Lahn and Henderson were tucking their duck sleeves to the elbow, as they filed around to the table, and talking of little things, which is good for the nerves.

"Awfully good of you to play second fiddle for me, old man," Henderson was saying appreciatively.

"You ought to pay me back for it by coming up here to live, as I want you to. There's a big business up here for you.

Your friends the Shores are here, too. That ought to count for something."

"It does," said Henderson, — "counts for a heap." He called abruptly to Carey then: "I'd rather you'd be at the cap, Carey, if you don't mind. Just let Dr. Carey in there, Mr. Wear, and you have the salt solution ready, will you?" The clear, ringing voice was quickly buoyant with mastery. The ground that he was on he knew so completely; he was so strong on it; it was so easy for him to cover the whole surgical outlook with half an eye. Before he had put out his hand to the girl at the tray his mind had got away ahead, and was pushing every adverse possibility down within reach of the hand. The girl gave him a knife, and put her hand back over the other instruments. Then, Henderson, surgeon, with his own life a-tingle to the finger tips, took up the life on the table, and cut and lifted and twisted with it through delicate ganglia and fascia, in and out around ligament and artery, — now slicing with knife, now snipping with scissors, now squeezing with catch forceps; met at each need, before he could voice it, by the girl at the tray or the chief across from him. He began to enjoy the work. He was far up on the cool, invulnerable heights of Science; the man before him was no longer a man, but his case. He was achieving what the chief would call a classical operation, dexterous, clean-handed, watchful, working like a beaver and ordering like a general: "Look to the ligature there, Mason. Steady that arm all you can, Mac. Pull that muscle back just a trifle, Lahn."

"Henderson," said Carey, with an admirable cool-headedness which he had not acquired in Kentucky, "I can't give you much more time."

Henderson raised up from over the case for just one second. "Don't you try to hurry me, Carey," — the words would have been a threat if they had not been a prayer. "You hold on to him. There's

a lot of involvement here." His fingers were back at work again, cutting and peeling ever more rapidly. "See that, Lahn. I'll have to get that out, sure as fate."

"You'll have to be a little quicker than fate, then," said Carey dryly. No man likes to stand at the cap as the gray shadow steals over the face on the table. Without any change of posture on the part of the men, without word or sign, a fight was now on in the stratum of ideation above the unheeding form before them. From being a case the form had become a man again, rehabilitated, repriviledged, by his dire danger, as he hung there on the rotten thread of his pulse. In the twinkling of an eye, his inviolable property right in life, the mighty sacredness of his stertorous breath, had become paramount, overwhelming. It was a moment as acutely personal as though Technique, Skill, Experience, and all the other white handmaidens of Science had become clumsy, wordy unrealities. Each man was formulating his intense private idea; each man was getting ready to offer it to Henderson, Moloch of the altar there; and each man would, and must, then stand back by the Code and lift not so much as a deterrent finger in the course Henderson should select for himself, though the danger of that course stiffened a man's backbone with suspense.

"Ain't I right, Lahn?" asked Henderson, a little drawn about the mouth, but hard-voiced and steady-handed.

The chief glanced from the case's arm to the case's face. "Theoretically you are, Henderson, but every second's going against him. Look yonder. Better have a live man with a little mischief sewed up in him than a dead one sweet and clean."

"What's your mind, Mac?" White to the lips now, Henderson again held out his hand to the girl at the tray.

The Scot edged over. "It means you'll have all the work to do again if you leave those nuclei in there, which will kill him then instead of now; but" — he waited a second to catch his cautious national poise — "I believe I'd stop on what's done, Henderson. He's uncommon slippish."

"I don't like to go against you, gentlemen," — Henderson closed his fingers around a pair of scissors the girl had put into them, — "but he's got to have his full fighting chance." His teeth clamped off the ends of his words as he bent again to the work, — by that one half second of answer over against the others, by that taking arbitrary possession of the life on the table, by that making himself lord dispenser of life and death!

"Whatever comes of it, I did all I could for you, you great, barring hulk." Henderson never knew whether he said those words out loud or only thought them, but presently he heard his voice reassuringly distinct, and neatly punctuated by the pauses needed to obey his instructions: "Get the salt solution going now, Wear, — he'll tone up. . . . See his lips now, Lahn. . . . I'm ready to put those coaptation sutures in, Mac. . . . See his lips now, boys. . . . Get me threaded there, Miss Morse. . . . See his lips now, Lahn — see his lips, Lahn — ah, God! see" —

Then came the final word of the chief: "Guess you did the right thing, after all, Henderson. He'll come round. Tired, are n't you? Tedious job, all right. Let 'em trot him off to bed now. He's safe for fifty years to come."

R. E. Young.

THE PRINCE OF BIOGRAPHERS.

WHEN Goldsmith was one day asked, "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" the author of *The Good-Natured Man* characteristically answered: "You are too severe. He is not a cur; he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." The correction and the definition showed that the Irishman had not unfairly estimated the character of James Boswell, who was not easily shaken off, once he had attached himself in any quarter. It was the knowledge of this which caused Walpole to shut his doors to the pertinacious Scot, when besieged by him. "He forced himself upon me," wrote Walpole to Gray, "in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and expected Rousseau to do so, too; but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see now he is a little sick of Rousseau, himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me; however, his book will amuse you." The book was the *Journal of a Tour to Corsica*, then just published; and Gray, in reply to Walpole, said that it proved what he had always maintained: "that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell what he heard and said with veracity."¹ Although Boswell had strong claims to the epithet used by Gray, something more than added veracity was needed to write two of the most remarkable and most readable works of the eighteenth century; for that is what this volatile Scot has done.

Without indorsing Gray's opinion that the *Journal* was a most valuable work,

we can see that it was adumbrative of the marvelous biography which appeared a quarter of a century later, and which has for over a hundred years been the wonder and delight of myriad readers. The success has never been repeated. The man and the book are unique.

"Folly," says Sainte-Beuve, "a spice of folly, if joined to some degree of talent, has become an instrument of success;" and the cultivation to their utmost of the special gifts which he possessed was the secret of Boswell's phenomenal success. "I certainly have the art," he says in a letter to his friend Temple, "of making the most of what I have."

There was nothing of the element of chance about his writing the *Life of Johnson*; it was a deliberate and long-cherished plan, which he never once lost sight of. Johnson, having triumphed over poverty and misery, and their certain companion, neglect, was rapidly rising into renown, and with unerring instinct Boswell divined the fame which would be his in going down to posterity as the friend and biographer of the "literary Colossus." With that end in view, he did not rest satisfied until he had made the "big man," as Goldsmith called him, his warm friend. He endured all Johnson's rough ways and shortness of temper, as well as the not infrequent snubs which his hero worship brought; studying him all the while with a searching closeness which not the smallest peculiarity escaped, for as a literary artist he knew the value and importance of trifles. "He concentrated his whole attention upon his idol," Fanny Burney tells us, "not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke, his eyes
am much pleased, because I see the author is too foolish to have invented it."

¹ "When Boswell published his *Account of Corsica*," said the Rev. N. Nicholls, "I found Mr. Gray reading it. 'With this,' said he, 'I

goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable, and he seemed to listen even to Johnson's breathings as though they had some mystical significance."

It was through having his attention almost always alert that he was enabled to give us those vivid pictures which make his book a veritable literary cinematograph; for in truth his pages may be said to live; with a few simple but subtle strokes the living scene is dramatically brought before us, and we can almost fancy that we hear the loud voice of Johnson and the sonorous tones of Burke, that we see the quaint figure of Goldsmith and the sedate deportment of Gibbon.

Of the kind of man Boswell was he himself has given us the most abundant evidence. His pages are autobiographic in their self-delineation. We see his extraordinary want of tact; his amazing folly, egotism, self-obtrusion, and excessive freedom of manners; his want of self-respect, amounting almost to self-debasement (he did not hesitate to liken himself to a dog); his conceit, vanity, absurd pomposity, and serene self-complacency. He was easily enamored, and was no Moslem when the wine was circulating; for he frequently succumbed to the material good things, and admits that he was unable to recollect the intellectual good things that flowed around him. These faults and frailties were visible to every one, and were readily availed of by his enemies during his life, and by his critics after his death; but what was not quite so obvious was the undeniable fact that he was endowed with rare talents allied to a special and unique faculty, combining the taste to relish and the ability to record brilliant conversation.

His genuine love of letters was united to a perfect mania for literary society and for talking with literary men, which is the subject of an amusing reference in

a letter from David Hume to the Comtesse de Boufflers: "He [Boswell] is *very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad*. . . . You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret which would convey to him eloquence and genius." "Very agreeable, very good-humoured," — that is the impression he always gave, into whatever society he went; and he was always in society; he could not have lived without excitement of some kind.

"There is a fine *fame* in being distinguished in London, were it only in literary society as I am." Thus he wrote to his lifelong friend the Rev. William Johnson Temple, to whom he unbosomed himself to an amazing extent. They corresponded from the time they left the University of Glasgow until Boswell's death, and it would be difficult to point to a more complete laying bare of a man's innermost nature than is to be found in these letters, which were first published forty-two years ago. A great poet said of some of his verses that they

"May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,"

and Boswell's letters to Temple were like to have shared a similar or more ignoble fate; for mere accident rescued them from a small shop in Boulogne, where they were about to be used as wrapping paper.

These letters prove conclusively that in the Boswellian vocabulary there was no such word as "reticence." He told Temple of everything, — of his foolish amours, his excessive drinking, his melancholy and hypochondria, his elation and gayety. Scarce a thought, emotion, or feeling, good or bad, had he that he did not communicate to his friend. The perusal of these letters can never arouse in the reader respect for their writer. The feeling they create is best expressed in Cardinal Wolsey's remark: —

"How much, methinks, I could despise this man!"

But notwithstanding all that has been said against him, follies are about the gravest charge that can be brought against poor Boswell. Much that is to his credit these letters bring to light, — abundant good nature, true friendship, anxious solicitude for his wife, and his desire and care that his sons and daughters should be well educated. There is also evidence of some common sense, but not sufficient to warrant his saying that he was "a very sensible, good sort of man." In the letter in which this occurs he tells Temple, "You may depend upon it that very soon my follies will be at an end, and I shall turn out an admirable member of society." Poor Boswell! these assurances are frequent, only to be followed by his deploring that circumstances proved too much for him.

His tenderness under criticism is rather amusingly shown by his asking Temple to communicate to him all he hears about his Account of Corsica, but he adds: "*Conceal from me all censure.* I would not however dislike to hear impartial corrections. Perhaps Mr. Gray may say something to you of it." Gray did say something of it, as we have seen, but it was to Walpole, and Boswell's ears were spared the hearing it.

When he went courting Miss Blair, with whom he fancied himself madly in love, he told Temple: "I am dressed in green and gold. I have my chaise, *in which I sit alone like Mr. Gray*, and Thomas rides by me in a claret-coloured suit with a silver-laced hat."

In the summer of 1769 he visited Ireland, and, it is said, penned this account of his doings which appeared in the Public Advertiser: —

"James Boswell, Esqr., having now visited Ireland, he dined with his Grace the Duke of Leinster, at his seat at Carton; he went also, by special invitation, to visit the Lord Lieutenant at his country seat at Leixlip, to which he was con-

ducted in one of his Excellency's coaches, by Lieut.-Colonel Walshe. He dined there, and stayed all night, and next morning came in the coach with his Excellency to the Phoenix Park, and was present at a review of Sir Joseph Yorke's dragoons. He also dined with the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. He is now set out on his return to Scotland."

The notoriety for which he hungered was not long in coming to him. We read under date 14 May, 1768: —

"I am really the *great man* now. I have had David Hume in the forenoon, and Mr. Johnson in the afternoon of the same day, visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr. Franklin, and some more company, dined with me to-day; and Mr. Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr. Garrick alone another, and David Hume and some more *literati* another, dine with me next week. I give admirable dinners and good claret; and in a day or two I set up my chariot. This is enjoying the fruit of my labours, and appearing like the friend of Paoli. . . . David Hume came on purpose the other day to tell me that the Duke of Bedford was very fond of my book and had recommended it to the Duchess. David is really amiable."

The natural result of all this folly was that he found himself "a good deal in debt" before the end of the year. He made acquaintances as readily as he got into debt. "No man," he says, "has been more successful in making acquaintance easily than I have been: I even bring people quickly on to a degree of cordiality. I am a quick fire, but I know not if I last sufficiently, though surely, my dear Temple; there is always a warm place for you. With many people I have compared myself to a taper, which can light up a great and lasting fire though itself is soon extinguished."

And on another occasion he writes: "Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favour?"

In support of this we have the testimony of Dr. Johnson, who declared him to be "the best traveling companion in the world;" and told him in a letter, "I have heard you mentioned as *a man whom everybody likes*," and added, "I think life has little more to give." Previous to this, the doctor had, in writing to Mrs. Thrale, dwelt on Boswell's "good humour and perpetual cheerfulness," adding, "He has better faculties than I had imagined, and more justice of discernment."

These were not the only occasions on which Boswell was so fortunate as to be praised by the "big man." Talking about some of the members of the Club, he observed that they talked from books, — Langton in particular. Garrick, he said, would talk from books, if he talked seriously. "I," said he, "do not talk from books; *you* do not talk from books." "This," wrote Boswell to Temple, "this was a compliment to my originality; but I am afraid I have not read books enough to be able to talk from them." Two months later he tells Temple: "I have promised to Dr. Johnson to read when I get to Scotland, and to keep an account of what I read: I shall let you know how I go on. My mind must be nourished."

In the next letter to Temple he says: "He [Dr. Johnson] is to buy for me a chest of books of his choosing, and I am to read more and drink less; that was his counsel."

His determination to make the utmost of his Corsican tour is amusingly evident. When General Paoli said to him, in London, "I need not tell you that everything in my power is at your disposal," he availed himself of the opportunity to stay at his house and use his coach. "I felt more dignity," he says, "when I had several servants at my devotion, a large apartment, and the convenience and state of a coach; I recollected that *this dignity in London* was honourably acquired by my travels

abroad, and my pen after I came home, so I could enjoy it with my own approbation; and in the extent and multiplicity of the metropolis, other people had not even the materials for finding fault, as my situation was not particularly known."

The implication that he had earned the generous hospitality which Paoli extended to him, and which he so hugely enjoyed, is truly Boswellian in its audacity.

The general's forbearance and the genuine interest he took in Boswell's welfare were really remarkable. Writing to Temple from Bath, in April, 1776, Boswell says: "The general has taken my word of honour that I shall not taste fermented liquor for a year, that I may recover sobriety: I have kept this promise now about three weeks. I was really growing a drunkard."

A similar promise had been given to Temple about a year previously, and how it was kept will be seen from the following extract from a letter dated Edinburgh, 12 August, 1775: "My promise under the solemn yew I have observed wonderfully, having never infringed it till, the other day, a very jovial company of us dined at a tavern, and I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old Hock; and having once broke over the pale, I run wild, but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated, and very ill next day. I ask your forgiveness, and I shall be more strictly cautious for the future. The drunken manners of this country are very bad." This last sentence is delightful, coming from a native and a votary of Silenus. The distinction made between "drunk" and "intoxicated" is worthy of notice.

It is always interesting to know how a great man looked to his contemporaries, and perhaps no apter illustration of the readiness to see the mote in another's eye could be found than Boswell charging Goldsmith with "vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous

wherever he was." It is likewise vastly amusing to find that in Boswell's eyes Gibbon was "an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow." Now we all know that Gibbon was no Adonis, neither was Boswell (far from it); but the cause of the criticism becomes apparent when he tells Temple that the historian "poisons our literary club to me." "Whether there was any reason for this," says John Wilson Croker, "beyond Boswell's dislike of Gibbon's skepticism, I know not."

That Boswell, who was somewhat *abergläubig*, had a repugnance to skepticism is shown by his telling Temple that "I always regret to him [Hume] his unlucky principles, and he smiles at my faith; but I have a hope which he has not, or pretends not to have." "*Ah! je suis fâché qu'il soit détrompé si tôt!*" exclaimed Paoli, when he heard that Hume was dying.

Dr. Adam Smith, of Wealth of Nations fame, considered that Hume approached "as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Boswell, while holding a high opinion of Hume, dissented from this eulogy; and although Smith was his professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University, he remarked to Temple, when Smith was elected to the Club, "It has lost its select merit." How many were of that opinion when Boswell was made a member?

"It pleases me," he writes to Temple, "that you express concern for the death of my poor uncle, Dr. Boswell. He was a very good scholar, knew a great many things, had an elegant taste, and was very affectionate; *but he had no conduct. His money was all gone.* He had a strange kind of religion; but I flatter myself he will be ere long, if he is not already, in Heaven."

It will be seen from the portion we have italicized that the nephew had some of the characteristics of his uncle; but why the poor man's possible entry into

the mansions of the blest should cause Boswell to *flatter* himself is not clear.

In the same letter he says that he "can only express hopes of studying," so that the promise to Dr. Johnson would appear to have gone the way of so many others; but it is questionable if he had any serious intention of pursuing study, for, having quoted the wise man's saying regarding much of it, he asks Temple, "Now, if there is on the whole more pain than pleasure in advancing far into literature, would you advise me to do it?"

In truth, he was by nature as ill adapted for persevering study as he was to be a lawyer; but so great was his ambition to make a figure at the bar that, not satisfied with his Scottish practice, he had himself enrolled at the English bar. "But in truth," he says, "I am sadly discouraged by having no practice, nor probable prospect of it; and to confess fairly to you, my friend, I am afraid that, were I to be tried, I should be found so deficient in the forms, the *quirks* and the *quiddities*, which early habit acquires, that I should expose myself. Yet the delusion of Westminster Hall, of brilliant reputation and splendid fortune as a barrister, still weighs upon my imagination. I must be seen in the Courts, and must hope for some happy openings in causes of importance. . . . Could I be satisfied with being Baron of Auchinleck, with a good income for a gentleman in Scotland, I might, no doubt, be independent. But what can be done to deaden the ambition which has ever raged in my veins like a fever? In the country, I should sink into wretched gloom, or at best into listless dulness and sordid abstraction. Perhaps a time may come when I may by lapse of time be grown fit for it. As yet I really, *from a philosophical spirit*, allow myself to be driven along the tide of life with a good deal of caution, not to be much hurt."

His constant and unsuccessful attend-

ance in the courts recalls W. S. Gilbert's amusing lines : —

"In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury ;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance
Of addressing a British Jury."

And he never did.

His political aspirations were likewise fruitless, and having tried and failed to get into Parliament, he for a long time cherished the illusion that Pitt would do something for him. "I strongly suspect," he says in a letter to Temple, "that Pitt has been prejudiced against me." And he continues : "It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his Administration a man of my popular and pleasant talents, whose merit he has acknowledged in a letter under his own hand. He did not answer several letters, which I wrote at intervals, requesting to wait upon him ; I lately wrote to him that such behaviour to me was certainly not generous. 'I think it is not just, and (forgive the freedom) I doubt if it be wise. If I do not hear from you in ten days I shall conclude that you are resolved to have no farther communication with me ; for I assure you, sir, I am extremely unwilling to give you, or indeed myself, unnecessary trouble.' About two months have elapsed, and *he has made no sign*. . . . He is an insolent fellow, and has behaved very ill to me."

It is indubitable that the "utter folly" was on Boswell's side, and not with Pitt, and Dr. Johnson very delicately said as much in his letter to Boswell : "You must remember that what he has to give must, at least for some time, be given to those who gave and those who preserve his power. A new minister can sacrifice little to esteem or friendship : he must, till he is settled, think only of extending his interest."

The only political preferment that Boswell obtained was the recordership of Carlisle, which brought him little but degradation and insult, and which he

gladly resigned after a short but exceedingly painful experience.

His letters to Temple after this period tell of little else but domestic misfortunes, broken health, and shattered hopes and expectations. The death of Dr. Johnson, his truest and best friend, was followed, five years later, by the death of his wife, for whom, notwithstanding his numerous follies and shortcomings, he had a real and deep affection. The loss of these two good influences was a grievous one for poor Boswell, who more than any other man needed some one who loved him to keep him in the right path.

He drifted into despondency and dissipation, and not improbably would have been submerged but for the incentive to effort which he had in the *Life of Johnson*, on which he had been at work for a considerable time, and which was now almost ready for the printer. "You cannot imagine," he writes to Temple, — "you cannot imagine what labour, what perplexity, what vexation, I have endured in arranging a prodigious multiplicity of materials, in supplying omissions, in searching for papers buried in different masses, and all this besides the exertion of composing and polishing : many a time have I thought of giving it up. However, though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristical *anecdotes told with authenticity and in a lively manner*. Would that it were in the booksellers' shops ! Methinks, if I had this *magnum opus* launched, the Public has no further claim upon me, for I have promised no more, and I may die in peace, or retire into dull obscurity, *reddarque tenebris*. Such is the gloomy ground of my mind, that any agreeable perceptions have an uncommon, though but a momentary, brightness. But alas ! my friend, be the accidents as they may, how is the substance ? how am I ? With

a pious submission to God, but at the same time a kind of obstinate feeling toward men, I walk about upon the earth with inward discontent, though I may appear the most cheerful man you meet. I may have many gratifications, but the comfort of life is at an end."

In an earlier portion of this letter he thus describes his state: "With grief continually at my heart I have been endeavouring to seek relief in dissipation and in wine, so that my life for some time past has been unworthy of myself, of you, and of all that is valuable in my character and connections. . . . I cannot express to you, Temple, what I suffer from the loss of my valuable wife. While she lived, I had no occasion almost to think concerning my family; every particular was thought of by her, better than I could. I am the most helpless of human beings; I am in a state very much that of one in despair."

How thoroughly and accurately he realized the value of his great work is clearly proved by this letter; but nearly two years previously, on the publication of Mason's Life of Gray, he told Temple: "I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *History* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has ever yet appeared."

And on another occasion he tells him, "I think it will be without exception the most entertaining book you ever read."¹

The beginning of the year 1790 finds Boswell, in his own words, "wonderfully well at present. I cannot account for my healthful mind at this time; there is no change for the better in my

circumstances. I have no better prospect of gratifying my ambition, or of increasing my fortune. The irreparable loss of my valuable wife, the helpless state of my daughters, in short all that ever hung heavy upon me is still as it was; but my spirits are vigorous and elastic. I dine in a different company almost every day, at least scarcely ever twice running in the same company, so that I have fresh accessions of ideas. I drink with Lord Lonsdale one day; the next I am quiet in Malone's elegant study revising my Life of Johnson, of which I have high expectations, both as to fame and profit. I surely have the art of writing agreeably.² The Lord Chancellor told me he had read every word of my Hebridian Journal; he could not help it; adding, 'Could you give a rule how to write a book that a man *must* read? I believe Longinus could not.'"

That Boswell knew the secret we realize the oftener we turn to that truly wonderful book which *delectando pariterque monendo* gives renewed delight at every fresh perusal.

Three weeks before it was given to an expectant world he wrote to Temple, in a fit of depression: "I am at present in such bad spirits that I have every fear concerning it, — that I may get no profit, nay, may lose, — that the public may be disappointed, and think that I have done it poorly, — that I may make many enemies, and even have quarrels. Yet perhaps the very reverse of all this may happen."

These doubts and fears were not reflected in his introductory remarks, which are characterized by all his usual self-complacency, and very justly so; for, when not oppressed with transient gloom, he felt convinced that he had by the "single talent well employed" secured

¹ Writing to Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, of Dublin, who furnished him with some letters of Dr. Johnson, he said: "It is my design in writing the Life of that great and grand man

to put, as it were, into a Mausoleum all his precious remains that I can gather."

² Brief as is this letter, it reveals several idiosyncrasies.

that for which his soul thirsted, — fame. “I own,” he admitted, “I am desirous that my life should tell.”

And it has told. Never was the success aimed at more fully attained. But for this work nothing else that he has done would have saved him from oblivion: not his eccentricities; not his Corsican Journal or his Dorando, both of which are utterly forgotten; nor yet his Letters, which, for all their painful candor and unblushing openness, lack the qualities of mind which make letters literature. They are slovenly, and show abundant carelessness in phrasing, and are very often confused in thought and in expression. But letter-writing is an art, and the great letter-writers are exceedingly few, yet not so few as the great biographers. Toward explaining Boswell's superlative success in this most difficult form of literary composition many efforts have been made. “He was a great writer because he was a great fool,” paradoxically declared Macaulay; and if this were true, what a number of great writers we would have, to be sure, when we call to mind Carlyle's famous dictum! Rapid generalization and airy dogmatism on the surface of things were too frequent with Macaulay, who in this instance was only echoing what Gray had said sixty-three years earlier. It is not to be wondered that a man of Macaulay's nature could not understand so complex a character as Boswell's, which was not of a kind to be estimated and judged by cut-and-dried rules; a certain degree of sympathetic insight was needed, and in this very necessary adjunct to helpful criticism Macaulay was somewhat deficient. Carlyle, who had looked deeper into human nature, more justly appraised his countryman's abilities, while pointing a stern finger at his manifold defects. “Boswell wrote a good book,” he says, “because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; above

all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthly in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps.”

“His birth and education,” says his enthusiastic editor and able annotator, John Wilson Croker, “familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination. Even his foibles assisted his curiosity; he was sometimes laughed at, but always well received; he excited no envy, he imposed no restraint. . . . He united lively manners with indefatigable diligence, and the volatile curiosity of a *man about town* with the drudging patience of a *chronicler*. . . . Nor were his talents inconsiderable. He had looked a good deal into books, and more into the world.”

There is the point. This *coureur* had early recognized that “the proper study of mankind is man,” and he knew how to profit by the study “and catch the manners living as they rise.” His mind was always open and receptive of fresh ideas, which he had the wit to retain, improve, and develop.

A distinguished critic has credited him with having genius; qualifying it, however, by saying that it was of a peculiar kind. If there be still those who deny him the possession of that rare and precious gift, it must be admitted that he had a very good working substitute for it in the capacity to take pains; and what is the aptitude for long, unwearying attention but the genius of observation?

When a man does the work he is best fitted to do, and does it well, he has done all that can be reasonably expected of him, and it is peevish to abuse him for not being other than he was. Boswell has laid us under a deep debt of grati-

tude, and that is probably the reason why he has been so much abused.

"I like your son," said the Duke of Argyll, when the laird of Auchinleck introduced Boswell to him, clad in the uniform of the Guards; ¹ "this lad must not be shot at for 3s. 6d. a day." He has been shot at for much less ever since. Every puny scribbler has had his fling at the queer little figure that has bobbed down the stream of time, "pursuing the triumph and partaking the gale" which both Johnson and he have successfully sustained for over a century.

"Every man," said Swift, "is safe from evil tongues, who can be content to be obscure, and men must take Distinction as they take Land *cum onere*." Boswell brought himself before the world, and confessed that he eagerly courted fame, and "the public," says Carlyle, "were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said." It is true that in

what Carlyle calls "his corruptible part" he put a weapon into his assailants' hands, but when posterity is the richer for a man having lived, much should be forgiven him; and how incalculably poorer we should be had Boswell not given us his matchless work, which is a liberal education in itself! Never again can we have another such book, from lack both of a subject and an executant. Boswell was frequently the flint that produced the spark from the steel of Johnson's mind. "It was," says Croker, "a strange and fortunate concurrence that one so prone to talk, and who talked so well, should be brought into such close contact and confidence with one so zealous and so able to record," and who, to quote Boswell himself, "by recording so considerable a portion of the wisdom and wit of 'the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century,' has largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind."

P. A. Sillard.

TZINCHADZI OF THE CATSKILLS.

I was gazing at the mountain slopes across the ear-shaped valley, unable to decide whether they were extremely picturesque or extremely commonplace, when a queer-looking figure on horseback dived out of a wooded spot less than a mile to the right of me. It was a man with a full beard, wearing what in the distance looked like a turban, a cassock, and a sword. He broke into a spirited trot along the main road, but was soon swallowed up by a shaggy gap.

In the insupportable monotony of summer hotel life, the appearance of a cat would have been an event. The odd-looking horseman produced a sensation

¹ It was an early ambition of his to be a military man.

on the veranda. When the landlord's son arrived with the mail, he solved the riddle.

"He's a Circassian, an' he sells Oriental goods," he said. "He c'n play all kinds o' tricks on horseback, and he makes money hand over fist."

We feverishly hoped he would get around to our "farm," but he was kept busy peddling among the more fashionable cottagers. I learned that he lived with "Pity Pete," an ancient hemlock peeler, whose rickety shanty and stable, once by the side of a busy road, were now ensconced in the bosom of a young forest, and the next Sunday I went to call on him.

I knew the road well, for it led from

the boarding house of which I was so weary down to the lively town at the foot of the wooded hill; yet, as I thought of the man whose acquaintance I was going to make, the leafage which was thickening all around me took on a weird look. I had never spoken to a Circassian before, and the whole Caucasus was epitomized in my brain as a group of horsemen like those I used to see galloping after the Czar's carriage. They wore snow-white coats; the sun played on their gold and silver mountings, on the crimson silk of their fur caps, on the gilt lace of their purple shirts. Their horses almost touched the carriage; their heads hung over the Emperor's. It was glorious and it was terrible. As they bounded past, a hollow-voiced, awe-stricken "Hurrah!" lifted itself along either side of the street.

The young maples closed in on me, and the midday glare lapsed into a twilight of greenish gold.

Presently I heard the neigh of a horse. Then a sabre flamed, and a white figure glimmered through the gloom.

"Hay! Choo!" said a voice.

"Good-morning," I said, in Russian.

"What? Who's there? Good-morning!" came back from behind the trees.

The horse disappeared, and the white figure emerged from the darkness. I introduced myself to a stalwart, pale-faced man with a blond beard. He wore a long white coat, gathered in at the waist by a narrow girdle of leather and Caucasian silver. A white fur cap shaped into a truncated cone, its top covered with red satin and gold lace, was jauntily tilted back on his head. A shirt of cream-colored silk trimmed with gold showed through an opening at the bosom of the cassock, and dangling from the girdle were a dagger and a sabre. The silver tips of what looked like two rows of cartridges glistened at his breast. Things gleamed and sparkled all over him, but there was nothing obtrusively dazzling.

He welcomed me with joyous hospitality, and presently we sat on a fallen tree by the road, chatting of Russia. His Russian was thick with the velvety gutturals of his native tongue, but he spoke it with ease, and he threw himself into the conversation with the eagerness of one loosening his tongue after weeks of enforced silence.

When I asked him if he thought the Catskills pretty, he raised his clear eyes toward the peak looming blue between the trees, and said condescendingly, "They are good."

"Of course they don't come up to your mountains."

He smiled and held out both his index fingers as he said: "A butterfly is pretty, and the sea when sprinkled with sunshine is pretty. These mountains are a butterfly; ours the mighty sea."

He told me his name was David Tzinchadzi; that he was a Georgian nobleman, and that his grandfather once led his tribe against the Russians.

"See this?" he asked, passing his hand over the silver-tipped ornaments at his breast. "They are relics of our glorious past. They are mere sticks of wood, but they represent the powder boxes we used to carry in the mountains. We lost our independence in 1801, yet our horses are fleet, and our steel gleams undimmed. See this metal?" He unsheathed his sabre, and cut a swath in the air. "Four hundred rubles, sir! A Georgian who deserves to be a Georgian will rather be without a wife than without a faithful steed and a brave piece of steel." He paused, smiled ruefully, and added, "I had the two comrades, and I reached out for the third."

"What do you mean?" I asked bashfully. "Did you fall in love?"

"Yes, sir. I loved a dark-eyed maiden, and that's why I am now roaming about these strange mountains. You don't mind my talking about it, do you? My heart has been overflowing so long, I need a listener. Have you ever loved

a maiden? Have you ever been homesick? Ill luck has inflicted both wounds on me. They are burning me, they are stifling me, they are wringing my heart. Will you hear my tale, sir?"

His speech seemed to me oddly stilted, but, strange to say, I was beginning to feel its effect on my own.

"Even if it takes you three days and three nights," I answered; and he resumed:—

"Well, if your eyes ever behold a maiden, and your heart begins to ache, bear in mind a rule: don't— But no, I won't tell it to you just yet. First listen. All I will tell you is that I did n't know that rule myself, or I should not be here, a shadow among mountains that are not mine. Well, it was in my native town where my heart was touched, in a town called Khadziss. Ah, it's a lovely nest, sir! There are mountains there, and they are high and beautiful. Our valleys are deep, immense, filled with the echoes of heaven. Our rivers glisten like a sword and wind like a serpent; they murmur words into the Caucasian's ear; and as he flies along their banks on his dear one they speak to him, and he listens, and he flies and flies, and listens and listens. O Lord, have mercy on a poor Caucasian! Carry me back to Khadziss!" He dropped his head, in despair; then a dreamy look came into his eyes, and he went on in a whisper:—

"And our horses,—oh, you can't think how good they are. They are brave, the sweet ones, the best friends we have. Do you know what we say? 'A good steed is better than a bad wife.' But the wife I sought would not be mine."

"Was she the belle of the town?" I urged him on.

"Indeed she was,—a true Caucasian girl, beautiful as a new sword drawn under a million sunbeams, and she can sit in her saddle like the best of men. Our children, boys and girls alike, say 'Zkhem! Zkhem!' ¹ almost on the same

¹ A horse! A horse!

day as they first say 'Mamma!' but I never saw a girl who could ride like Zelaya.

"One evening I saw her ride past the bailiff's office. I signed to her to stop, and she did. 'Tell me to ride to the world's end for you, Zelaya,' said I. She gave me a sad look, and answered: 'I know you are good to me, but what am I to do? Azdeck says his heart, too, is sore, just like yours. Speak to my father. Let him decide. I know you are both good, but I am only a girl, so I am a fool!' That's the way she spoke, and, O Lord!" He smote his breast, and drew a heavy sigh.

"Did you speak to her father?" I asked.

"I did, but he said 'no,' the wolf. He's a stern old man, her father. The neighbors say he's wise, but he's as fond of sport as a bad boy. When I asked him why he would n't be my father-in-law, he said: 'You talk too much, my lad, and your talk is too fine. Sift it through a sieve, and out of a dozen words one will be to the point. You will make a poor husband, and a worse father.' 'And Azdeck?' I asked, and as I said the word I felt a load in my throat; and even now, as I speak to you, I seem to feel it choking me."

"And what was his answer?"

"He thought a little, and then he gave a laugh and said: 'Well, Azdeck is as bad as you, and as good. He talks to the point, but he is a fool. Yet a better fellow than you two I don't seem to see around. So run a race, and the one who wins will win Zelaya. Is it a go?' 'It is!' I answered. I was sure I could beat Azdeck, so my heart danced in me. Oh, the fool that I was!

"Well, the holidays were drawing nigh, and the great games were to take place on the square in front of the village church. Every fellow was to show his smartest djigits,² and then Azdeck and I were to ride for Zelaya. So I

² Feats of horsemanship.

thought to myself: 'Here is my chance. I will learn to ride so that the whole village will make the sign of the cross.' Away into the fields I went; on the mountain tops I hid; in deserted dales I passed my days, — riding, riding, riding. Oh, how I labored! I had never trained so hard before, and I invented the cleverest tricks that ever were shown by a Caucasian on his steed. 'T is for you, Zelaya!' I whispered to the wind, and the words gave wisdom to my brain and suppleness to my limbs.

"At last it came, the great day. We rode out" —

"How was the weather?" I could not help interrupting him. At first he started, with an annoyed look, but the next minute he smiled, saying: —

"I see you want to know how it all looked, but it's all a blur in my own brain. I do remember that the sky was overcast and a sharp breeze was blowing, — yes, and it blew the fire of my veins into a merry blaze. There were trumpeters on the mountain slope near by, and their blare is still in my blood. The Caucasians were out in their best silks, gold, silver, and steel. I remember I wore a coat of purple, and the man by my side said it seemed to be all aflame. Well, we unsheathed our swords and — But wait."

He suddenly disappeared, and in a minute or two he came back leading his white horse by the bridle. He paused, looked me over with a shamefaced smile, and then, suddenly leaping into his saddle, he said to the horse: "Tzadzacha! Tzadzacha!"

His face was set with a look of fury, his brow was contracted, his eyes sparkled, his beard seemed grown in size.

"Tzadzacha! Tzadzacha!" he shrieked, flung himself forward, struck the animal a savage blow, and was off, the skirts of his cassock fluttering and his scabbard and buckles twinkling between the trees. He disappeared down the narrow road, but he soon re-

emerged, and hurling himself down from the horse, he hung suspended by his feet as he was borne along and out of sight again. He rode with his feet in the air and his head on his saddle, and he rode facing his horse's tail; he turned somersaults and he jumped over the saddle; and he was about to perform a more complex djigit, when all at once he reined in the horse and dismounted.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied morosely. He clearly resented my failure to applaud, and I hastened to mend matters.

"It was wonderful," I said.

But he continued to frown, and after a little he murmured, with the air of an injured child: "Oh, you don't mean it; you need n't praise me if you don't like my riding. I don't ask you to say it's good, do I?"

"But it is. I was so absorbed watching your tricks that I omitted to tell you how I admired them," I assured him.

He brightened up.

"I know your circus riders can do better work," he said, with lingering resentment, "but perhaps if you had seen me ride in the Caucasus you would have liked it better. You must n't forget that these mountains are not mine, and the beast does n't know me. Anyway, the Caucasians did think I rode well; and Azdeck, he was so scared at sight of my djigits that he sat in his saddle like a fool, and never budged. Seeing that, I lashed myself to still hotter work, and flew off in a whirlwind of djigits. You might n't have liked it, but the Caucasians, such as they are, were wild with admiration, and — and there is where my great mistake comes in. The Caucasians began to tease Azdeck, to make mock of him, till he dismounted, and with bowed head and weeping he took his beast home."

"And Zelaya?" I asked impatiently.

"What about her? She came forward and said: 'Tzinchadzi, you have won the race. I am yours.'"

"Did she?" I inquired, perplexed.

Tzinchadzi burst into a triumphant laugh.

"You see, sir, although you know much about horsemanship, you don't seem to be very deep in some other kinds of wisdom. I had no trouble in getting you to believe that I won her; yet it was Azdeck who got her, not I, and all because of that accursed victory of mine!

"I tell you what," he continued softly, as he thrust out his two index fingers, and a thoughtful smile animated his queer, bloodless face. "There are many ways of bewitching a maiden, but beware of casting the wrong spell. Whatever else you do, beware of casting the wrong spell! I thought I should kindle her blood with admiration for my victory, but I only kindled it with pity for Azdeck. I should n't have let the villagers hoot and jeer at him the way they did. As it was, she walked up to me, pale, gloomy, and said, 'You are without a heart, Tzinchadzi;' and then she sent to tell Azdeck that she was sorry for him, and that she would be his."

He hung his head, and was silent awhile. Then he continued quietly:—

"I disappeared again. My horse was the only friend I had. I could not bear to stay near Zelaya, and I bade my friend, my steed, carry me away, away from my misery. Do you know how we speak to our horses? 'Speed, my oak! Run like a lion, tear mountains asunder for me, darling!' we say. 'Fly like an eagle, my love! Sweep over sea and waste, over mount and dale! Can there be an obstacle where the freedom and glory of your master are at stake? Take wing, birdie, take wing!'

"That's what I said to my mount; only I bade him take me away from my love, from the sun of my soul, from my black despair. But how can you realize the beauty and the thunders of our tongue unless you hear its echo in the Caucasian mountains, where the gales,

our horses, carry their riders uphill and down? So I flew over mountains, and flying I sobbed. You will say Zelaya's father was right, that I am really a fool. Maybe I am, but I am sure that my horse understood my tears,—I am sure he did. Poor darling, where art thou now? Alas, I am torn from thee even as I am from our birthplace!" He gazed up at the sky as he added, under his breath: "I was nine years old when I first mounted a horse and drew a dagger, and they have been my mates ever since. Have you heard of Iracly, our youthful king? He led our people on the Persians when he was a boy of thirteen, and he crushed his enemy into powder. Why? Because his men knew how to make friends of a steed and steel. Well, my friend brought me to Batum, and there the American consul picked me out as a rider for the World's Fair. So you see, although you don't think much of my horsemanship, the American consul did. A man was making up a party of skilled riders, and I was accepted at once. We showed what a Caucasian could do in Chicago. Then the other men went home. I did not. A fellow who came with us brought along a stock of Caucasian goods. He sold some in Chicago, and the rest I bought of him for a low price. He was homesick, like me; only he had a wife and children at home, and I—there was a maiden who would not let me love her.

"A Jew said, 'I tell you what, Tzinchadzi: go to the summer resorts and sell your wares,' and I came here. The Catskills are not up to much, but they are mountains; so I let them listen to the sighs of my pining heart. The Americans saw me ride, and although you, sir, don't seem to care for my djigits, they did. They went wild over them, sir. Then I bought a horse, and let them see what a Circassian could do.

"I sell all kinds of goods now. The Americans are kind: they like my horse-

manship and buy my trinkets. I make plenty of money, but can it buy me Zelaya? Can it turn the Catskills into the Caucasus? Oh!" He gnashed his teeth, smote the air with his fist, frowned, and compressed his lips.

I saw him often, but I confess his homesick outpourings began to pall on me. The next winter we met once or twice in New York, and then I lost track of him.

Six years passed. Last summer, as I sat on the upper deck of an overcrowded ferryboat, watching the splinters of a shattered bar of sunshine on the water, and listening to the consumptive notes of a negro's fiddle, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

It was Tzinchadzi, but how changed he was! His beard was gone, and instead of his picturesque costume of yore he wore an American suit of blue serge, a light derby, and a starched shirt front with a huge diamond burning in its centre. He had grown fat and ruddy; he glistened with prosperity and prose.

He told me he had changed his name to "Jones," because he had a busy store and owned some real estate, and the Americans found it difficult to pronounce "Tzinchadzi."

"Are you still homesick?" I joked him.

"I wish I were," he answered, without smiling.

"And Zelaya?"

"She married Azdeck. They are happy, but I bear them no grudge."

"Are you married?"

"No, but my heart is cured of Zelaya. I bear her no grudge."

"So you are all right?"

"Yes. America is a fine place. I expect to go home for a visit, but I won't stay there. A friend of mine went home, but he soon came back. He was homesick for America."

I inquired about his business and his associations, and he answered my questions in a quiet, sober, rather nerveless way, in which I vainly sought to recognize my companion of the Catskills; but suddenly he interrupted himself.

"Shall I tell you the real truth?" he asked, with his old-time vehemence. "I have money and I have friends, but you want to know whether I am happy; and that I am not, sir. Why? Because I yearn neither for my country nor for Zelaya, nor for anything else. I have thought it all out, and I have come to the conclusion that a man's heart cannot be happy unless it has somebody or something to yearn for. Do you remember how sore my soul was while we were in the Catskills? Well, there was a wound in me at that time, and the wound rankled with bitters mixed with sweets. Yes, sir. My heart ached, but its pain was pleasure, whereas now — alas! The pain is gone, and with it my happiness. I have nothing, nothing! O Zelaya, where are the twinges your name used to give me when I roamed around in the mountains that were not mine? Sweet twinges, where are you? Well, sir, I have thought about it often. It amounts to this: I do enjoy life; only I am yearning for — what shall I call it?"

"For your old yearnings," I was tempted to prompt him; but as I looked at his half-shut eyes and rapt face, my phrase-making ambitions seemed so small, so far beneath the mood for which he was vainly seeking a formula, that I remained silent.

"I can't tell you what I feel," he finally said. "Maybe if I could I should n't feel it, and there would be nothing to tell, so that the telling of it would be a lie. I have plenty of money; but if you want to think of a happy man, think of Tzinchadzi of the Catskills, not of Jones of New York."

Abraham Cahan.

AUDREY.¹X.²

HAWARD AND EVELYN.

MACLEAN put aside with much gentleness the hands of his surgeon, and, rising to his feet, answered the question in Haward's eyes by producing a slip of paper and gravely proffering it to the man whom he served. Haward took it, read it, and handed it back; then turned to the Quaker maiden. "Mistress Truelove Taberer," he said courteously. "Are you staying in town? If you will tell me where you lodge, I will myself conduct you thither."

Truelove shook her head, and slipped her hand into that of her brother Ephraim. "I thank thee, friend," she said, with gentle dignity, "and thee, too, Angus MacLean, though I grieve that thee sees not that it is not given us to meet evil with evil, nor to withstand force with force. Ephraim and I can now go in peace. I thank thee again, friend, and thee." She gave her hand first to Haward, then to MacLean. The former, knowing the fashion of the Quakers, held the small fingers a moment, then let them drop; the latter, knowing it too, raised them to his lips and imprinted upon them an impassioned kiss. Truelove blushed, then frowned, last of all drew her hand away.

With the final glimpse of her gray skirt the Highlander came back to the present. "Singly I could have answered for them all, one after the other," he said stiffly. "Together they had the advantage. I pay my debt and give you thanks, sir."

"That is an ugly cut across your forehead," replied Haward. "Mr. Ker had best bring you a basin of water. Or

stay! I am going to my lodging. Come with me, and Juba shall dress the wound properly."

MacLean turned his keen blue eyes upon him. "Am I to understand that you give me a command, or that you extend to me an invitation? In the latter case, I should prefer" —

"Then take it as a command," said Haward imperturbably. "I wish your company. Mr. Ker, good-day; and set me aside the plate of which we talked yesterday."

The two moved down the room together, but at the door MacLean, with his face set like a flint, stood aside, and Haward passed out first, then waited for the other to come up with him.

"When I drink a cup I drain it to the dregs," said the Scot. "I walk behind the man who commands me. The way, you see, is not broad enough for you and me and hatred."

"Then let hatred lag behind," answered Haward coolly. "I have negroes to walk at my heels when I go abroad. I take you for a gentleman, accept your enmity as it please you, but protest against standing here in the hot sunshine."

With a shrug MacLean joined him. "As you please," he said. "I have in spirit moved with you through London streets. I never thought to walk with you in the flesh."

It was yet warm and bright in the street, the dust thick, the air heavy with the odors of the May. Haward and MacLean walked in silence, each as to the other, one as to the world at large. Now and again the Virginian must stop to bow profoundly to curtsying ladies, or to take snuff with some portly Councillor or less stately Burgess, who, coming from

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page.

the Capitol, chanced to overtake them. When he paused his storekeeper paused also, but, having no notice taken of him beyond a glance to discern his quality, needed neither a supple back nor a ready smile.

Haward lodged upon Palace Street, in a square brick house, lived in by an ancient couple who could remember Puritan rule in Virginia, who had served Sir William Berkeley, and had witnessed the burning of Jamestown by Bacon. There was a grassy yard to the house, and the path to the door lay through an alley of lilacs, purple and white. The door was open, and Haward and MacLean, entering, crossed the hall, and going into a large, low room, into which the late sunshine was streaming, found the negro Juba setting cakes and wine upon the table.

"This gentleman hath a broken head, Juba," said the master. "Bring water and linen, and bind it up for him."

As he spoke he laid aside hat and rapier, and motioned MacLean to a seat by the window. The latter obeyed the gesture in silence, and in silence submitted to the ministrations of the negro. Haward, sitting at the table, waited until the wound had been dressed; then with a wave of the hand dismissed the black.

"You would take nothing at my hands the other day," he said to the grim figure at the window. "Change your mind, my friend, — or my foe, — and come sit and drink with me."

MacLean reared himself from his seat, and went stiffly over to the table. "I have eaten and drunken with an enemy before to-day," he said. "Once I met Ewin Mor Mackinnon upon a mountain side. He had oatcake in his sporran, and I a flask of usquebaugh. We couched in the heather, and ate and drank together, and then we rose and fought. I should have slain him but that a dozen Mackinnons came up the glen, and he turned and fled to them for cover.

Here I am in an alien land; a thousand fiery crosses would not bring one clansman to my side; I cannot fight my foe. Wherefore, then, should I take favors at his hands?"

"Why should you be my foe?" demanded Haward. "Look you, now! There was a time, I suppose, when I was an insolent youngster like any one of those who lately set upon you; but now I call myself a philosopher and man of a world for whose opinions I care not overmuch. My coat is of fine cloth, and my shirt of holland; your shirt is lockram, and you wear no coat at all: *ergo*, saith a world of pretty fellows, we are beings of separate planets. 'As the cloth is, the man is,' — to which doctrine I am at times heretic. I have some store of yellow metal, and spend my days in ridding myself of it, — a feat which you have accomplished. A goodly number of acres is also counted unto me, but in the end my holding and your holding will measure the same. I walk a level road; you have met with your precipice, and, bruised by the fall, you move along stony ways; but through the same gateway we go at last. Fate, not I, put you here. Why should you hate me who am of your order?"

MacLean left the table, and twice walked the length of the room, slowly and with knitted brows. "If you mean the world-wide order, — the order of gentlemen," — he said, coming to a pause with the breadth of the table between him and Haward, "we may have that ground in common. The rest is debatable land. I do not take you for a sentimentalist or a redresser of wrongs. I am your storekeeper, purchased with that same yellow metal of which you so busily rid yourself; and your storekeeper I shall remain until the natural death of my term, two years hence. We are not countrymen; we own different kings; I may once have walked your level road, but you have never moved in the stony ways; my eyes are blue, while

yours are gray; you love your melting Southern music, and I take no joy save in the pipes; I dare swear you like the smell of lilies which I cannot abide, and prefer fair hair in women where I would choose the dark. There is no likeness between us. Why, then?" —

Haward smiled, and drawing two glasses toward him slowly filled them with wine. "It is true," he said, "that it is not my intention to become a petitioner for the pardon of a rebel to his serene and German Majesty the King; true also that I like the fragrance of the lily. I have my fancies. Say that I am a man of whim, and that, living in a lonely house set in a Sahara of tobacco fields, it is my whim to desire the acquaintance of the only gentleman within some miles of me. Say that my fancy hath been caught by a picture drawn for me a week ago; that, being a philosopher, I play with the idea that your spirit, knife in hand, walked at my elbow for ten years, and I knew it not. Say that the idea has for me a curious fascination. Say, finally, that I plume myself that, given the chance, I might break down this airy hatred."

He set down the bottle, and pushed one of the brimming glasses across the table. "I should like to make trial of my strength," he said, with a laugh. "Come! I did you a service to-day; in your turn do me a pleasure."

MacLean dragged a chair to the table, and sat down. "I will drink with you," he said, "and forget for an hour. A man grows tired. It is Burgundy, is it not? Old Borlum and I emptied a bottle between us, the day he went as hostage to Wills; since then I have not tasted wine. It is a pretty color."

Haward lifted his glass. "I drink to your future. Freedom, better days, a stake in a virgin land, friendship with a sometime foe." He bowed to his guest and drank.

"In my country," answered MacLean, "where we would do most honor, we

drink not to life, but to death. *Crioch onarach!* Like a gentleman may you die." He drank, and sighed with pleasure.

"The King," said Haward. There was a china bowl, filled with red anemones, upon the table. MacLean drew it toward him, and, pressing aside the mass of bloom, passed his glass over the water in the bowl. "The King, with all my heart," he said imperturbably.

Haward poured more wine. "I have toasted at the Kit-Kat many a piece of brocade and lace less fair than yon bit of Quaker gray that cost you a broken head. Shall we drink to Mistress Truelove Taborer?"

By now the Burgundy had warmed the heart and loosened the tongue of the man who had not tasted wine since the surrender of Preston. "It is but a mile from the store to her father's house," he said. "Sometimes on Sundays I go up the creek upon the Fair View side, and when I am over against the house I hollo. Ephraim comes in his boat and rows me across, and I stay for an hour. They are a strange folk, the Quakers. In her sight and in that of her people I am as good a man as you. 'Friend Angus MacLean,' 'Friend Marmaduke Haward,' — world's wealth and world's rank quite beside the question."

He drank, and commended the wine. Haward struck a silver bell, and bade Juba bring another bottle.

"When do you come again to the house at Fair View?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very shortly. It is a lonely place, where ghosts bear me company. I hope that now and then, when I ask it, and when the duties of your day are ended, you will come help me exorcise them. You shall find welcome and good wine." He spoke very courteously, and if he saw the humor of the situation his smile betrayed him not.

MacLean took a flower from the bowl,

and plucked at its petals with nervous fingers. "Do you mean that?" he asked at last.

Haward leaned across the table, and their eyes met. "On my word I do," said the Virginian.

The knocker on the house door sounded loudly, and a moment later a woman's clear voice, followed by a man's deeper tones, was heard in the hall.

"More guests," said Haward lightly. "You are a Jacobite; I drink my chocolate at St. James' Coffee House; the gentleman approaching — despite his friendship for Orrery and for the Bishop of Rochester — is but a Hanover Tory; but the lady, — the lady wears only white roses, and every 10th of June makes a birthday feast."

The storekeeper rose hastily to take his leave, but was prevented both by Haward's restraining gesture and by the entrance of the two visitors who were now ushered in by the grinning Juba. Haward stepped forward. "You are very welcome, Colonel. Evelyn, this is kind. Your woman told me this morning that you were not well, else" —

"A migraine," she answered, in her clear, low voice. "I am better now, and my father desired me to take the air with him."

"We return to Westover to-morrow," said that sprightly gentleman. "Evelyn is like David of old, and pines for water from the spring at home. It also appears that the many houses and thronged streets of this town weary her, who, poor child, is used to an Arcady called London! When will you come to us at Westover, Marmaduke?"

"I cannot tell," Haward answered. "I must first put my own house in order, so that I may in my turn entertain my friends."

As he spoke he moved aside, so as to include in the company MacLean, who stood beside the table. "Evelyn," he said, "let me make known to you — and to you, Colonel — a Scots gentleman who

hath broken his spear in his tilt with fortune, as hath been the luck of many a gallant man before him. Mistress Evelyn Byrd, Colonel Byrd — Mr. MacLean, who was an officer in the Highland force taken at Preston, and who has been for some years a prisoner of war in Virginia."

The lady's curtsy was low; the Colonel bowed as to his friend's friend. If his eyebrows went up, and if a smile twitched the corners of his lips, the falling curls of his periwig hid from view these tokens of amused wonder. MacLean bowed somewhat stiffly, as one grown rusty in such matters. "I am in addition Mr. Marmaduke Haward's storekeeper," he said succinctly, then turned to the master of Fair View. "It grows late," he announced, "and I must be back at the store to-night. Have you any message for Saunderson?"

"None," answered Haward. "I go myself to Fair View to-morrow, and then I shall ask you to drink with me again."

As he spoke he held out his hand. MacLean looked at it, sighed, then touched it with his own. A gleam as of wintry laughter came into his blue eyes. "I doubt that I shall have to get me a new foe," he said, with regret in his voice.

When he had bowed to the lady and to her father, and had gone out of the room and down the lilac-bordered path and through the gate, and when the three at the window had watched him turn into Duke of Gloucester Street, the master of Westover looked at the master of Fair View and burst out laughing. "Ludwell hath for an overseer the scapegrace younger son of a baronet; and there are three brothers of an excellent name under indentures to Robert Carter. I have at Westover a gardener who annually makes the motto of his house to spring in pease and asparagus. I have not had him to drink with me yet, and t' other day I heard Ludwell give to the baronet's son a hound's rating."

"I do not drink with the name," said Haward coolly. "I drink with the man. The churl or coward may pass me by, but the gentleman, though his hands be empty, I stop."

The other laughed again; then dismissed the question with a wave of his hand, and pulled out a great gold watch with cornelian seals. "Carter swears that Dr. Contesse hath a specific that is as sovereign for the gout as is St. Andrew's cross for a rattlesnake bite. I've had twinges lately, and the doctor lives hard by. Evelyn, will you rest here while I go petition *Æsculapius*? Haward, when I have the recipe I will return, and impart it to you against the time when you need it. No, no, child, stay where you are! I will be back anon."

Having waved aside his daughter's faint protest, the Colonel departed, — a gallant figure of a man, with a pretty wit and a heart that was benevolently gay. As he went down the path he paused to gather a sprig of lilac. "Westover — Fair View," he said to himself, and smiled, and smelled the lilac; then — though his ills were somewhat apocryphal — walked off at a gouty pace across the buttercup-sprinkled green toward the house of Dr. Contesse.

Haward and Evelyn, left alone, kept silence for a time in the quiet room that was filled with late sunshine and the fragrance of flowers. He stood by the window, and she sat in a great chair, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes upon them. When silence had become more loud than speech, she turned in her seat and addressed herself to him.

"I have known you do many good deeds," she said slowly. "That gentleman that was here is your servant, is he not, and an exile, and unhappy? And you sent him away comforted. It was a generous thing."

Haward moved restlessly. "A generous thing," he answered. "Ay, it was generous. I can do such things at times,

and why I do them who can tell? Not I! Do you think that I care for that grim Highlander, who drinks my death in place of my health, who is of a nation that I dislike, and a party that is not mine?"

She shook her head. "I do not know. And yet you helped him."

Haward left the window, and came and sat beside her. "Yes, I helped him. I am not sure, but I think I did it because, when first we met, he told me that he hated me, and meant the thing he said. It is my humor to fix my own position in men's minds; to lose the thing I have that I may gain the thing I have not; to overcome, and never prize the victory; to hunt down a quarry, and feel no ardor in the chase; to strain after a goal, and yet care not if I never reach it."

He took her fan in his hand, and fell to counting the slender ivory sticks. "I tread the stage as a fine gentleman," he said. "It is the part for which I was cast, and I play it well with proper mien and gait. I was not asked if I would like the part, but I think that I do like it, as much as I like anything. Seeing that I must play it, and that there is that within me which cries out against slovenliness, I play it as an artist should. Magnanimity goes with it, does it not, and generosity, courtesy, care for the thing which is, and not for that which seems? Why, then, with these and other qualities I strive to endow the character."

He closed the fan, and, leaning back in his chair, shaded his eyes with his hand. "When the lights are out," he said; "when forever and a night the actor bids the stage farewell; when, stripped of mask and tinsel, he goes home to that Auditor who set him his part, then perhaps he will be told what manner of man he is. The glass that now he dresses before tells him not; but he thinks a truer glass would show a shrunken figure."

He sat in silence for a moment; then laughed, and gave her back her fan. "Am I to come to Westover, Evelyn?" he asked. "Your father presses, and I have not known what answer to make him."

"You will give us pleasure by your coming," she said gently and at once. "My father wishes your advice as to the ordering of his library; and you know that my pretty stepmother likes you well."

"Will it please you to have me come?" he asked, with his eyes upon her face.

She met his gaze very quietly. "Why not?" she answered simply. "You will help me in my flower garden, and sing with me in the evening, as of old."

"Evelyn," he said, "if what I am about to say to you distresses you, lift your hand, and I will cease to speak. Since a day and an hour in the woods yonder, I have been thinking much. I wish to wipe that hour from your memory as I wipe it from mine, and to begin afresh. You are the fairest woman that I know, and the best. I beg you to accept my reverence, homage, love; not the boy's love, perhaps, perhaps not the love that some men have to squander, but *my* love. A quiet love, a lasting trust, deep pride and pleasure" —

At her gesture he broke off, sat in silence for a moment, then rising went to the window, and with slightly contracted brows stood looking out at the sunshine that was slipping away. Presently he was aware that she stood beside him.

She was holding out her hand. "It is that of a friend," she said. "No, do not kiss it, for that is the act of a lover. And you are not my lover, — oh, not yet, not yet!" A soft, exquisite blush stole over her face and neck, but she did not lower her lovely candid eyes. "Perhaps some day, some summer day at Westover, it will all be different," she breathed, and turned away.

Haward caught her hand, and bending pressed his lips upon it. "It is dif-

ferent now!" he cried. "Next week I shall come to Westover!"

He led her back to the great chair, and presently she asked some question as to the house at Fair View. He plunged into an account of the cases of goods which had followed him from England by the Falcon, and which now lay in the rooms that were yet to be swept and garished; then spoke lightly and whimsically of the solitary state in which he must live, and of the entertainments which, to be in the Virginia fashion, he must give. While he talked she sat and watched him, with the faint smile upon her lips. The sunshine left the floor and the wall, and a dankness from the long grass and the closing flowers and the heavy trees in the adjacent churchyard stole into the room. With the coming of the dusk conversation languished, and the two sat in silence until the return of the Colonel.

If that gentleman did not light the darkness like a star, at least his entrance into a room invariably produced the effect of a sudden accession of wax lights, very fine and clear and bright. He broke a jest or two, bade laughing farewell to the master of Fair View, and carried off his daughter upon his arm. Haward walked with them to the gate, and came back alone, stepping thoughtfully between the lilac bushes.

It was not until Juba had brought candles, and he had taken his seat at table before the half-emptied bottle of wine, that it came to Haward that he had wished to tell Evelyn of the brown girl who had run for the guinea, but had forgotten to do so.

XI.

AUDREY OF THE GARDEN.

The creek that ran between Fair View and the glebe lands was narrow and deep; rocking upon it was a crazy boat belonging to the minister, and moored

to a stake driven into a bit of marshy ground below the orchard. To this boat, of an early, sunny morning, came Audrey, and, standing erect, pole in hand, pushed out from the reedy bank into the slow-moving stream. It moved so slowly and was so clear that its depth seemed the deep blue depth of the sky, with now and then a tranquil cloud to be glided over. The banks were low and of the greenest grass, save where they sank still lower and reeds abounded, or where some colored bush, heavy with bloom, bent to meet its reflected image. It was so fair that Audrey began to sing as she went down the stream; and without knowing why she chose it, she sang a love song learned out of one of Darden's ungodly books, a plaintive and passionate lay addressed by some cavalier to his mistress of an hour. She sang not loudly, but very sweetly; carelessly, too, and as if to herself; now and then repeating a line twice or maybe thrice; pleased with the sweet melancholy of the notes, but not thinking overmuch of the meaning of the words. They died upon her lips when Hugon rose from a lair of reeds and called to her to stop. "Come to the shore, ma'm'selle!" he cried. "See, I have brought you a ribbon from the town. Behold!" and he fluttered a crimson streamer.

Audrey caught her breath; then gazed, reassured, at the five yards of water between her and the bank. Had Hugon stood there in his hunting dress, she would have felt them no security; but he was wearing his coat and breeches of fine cloth, his ruffled shirt, and his great black periwig. A wetting would not be to his mind.

As she answered not, but went on her way, silent now, and with her slender figure bending with the motion of the pole, he frowned and shrugged; then took up his pilgrimage, and with his light and swinging stride kept alongside of the boat. The ribbon lay across his arm, and he turned it in the sunshine. "If you

come not and get it," he wheedled, "I will throw it in the water."

The angry tears sprang to Audrey's eyes. "Do so, and save me the trouble," she answered, and then was sorry that she had spoken.

The red came into the swarthy cheeks of the man upon the bank. "You love me not," he said. "Good! You have told me so before. But here I am!"

"Then here is a coward!" said Audrey. "I do not wish you to walk there. I do not wish you to speak to me. Go back!"

Hugon's teeth began to show. "I go not," he answered, with something between a snarl and a smirk. "I love you, and I follow on your path, — like a lover."

"Like an Indian!" cried the girl.

The arrow pierced the heel. The face which he turned upon her was the face of a savage, made grotesque and horrible, as war paint and feathers could not have made it, by the bushy black wig and the lace cravat.

"Audrey!" he called. "Morning Light! Sunshine in the Dark! Dancing Water! Audrey that will not be called 'mademoiselle' nor have the wooing of the son of a French chief! Then shall she have the wooing of the son of a Monacan woman. I am a hunter. I will woo as they woo in the woods."

Audrey bent to her pole, and made faster progress down the creek. Her heart was hot and angry, and yet she was afraid. All dreadful things, all things that oppressed with horror, all things that turned one white and cold, so cold and still that one could not run away, were summed up for her in the word "Indian." To her the eyes of Hugon were basilisk eyes, — they drew her and held her; and when she looked into them, she saw flames rising and bodies of murdered kindred; then the mountains loomed above her again, and it was night-time, and she was alone save for the dead, and mad with fear and with the quiet.

The green banks went by, and the creek began to widen. "Where are you going?" called the trader. "Where-soever you go, at the end of your path stand my village and my wigwam. You cannot stay all day in that boat. If you come not back at the bidden hour, Darden's squaw will beat you. Come over, Morning Light, come over, and take me in your boat, and tie your hair with my gift. I will not hurt you. I will tell you the French love songs that my father sang to my mother. I will speak of land that I have bought (oh, I have prospered, ma'm'selle!), and of a house that I mean to build, and of a woman that I wish to put in the house, — a Sunshine in the Dark to greet me when I come from my hunting in the great forests beyond the falls, from my trading with the nation of the Tuscaroras, with the villages of the Monacans. Come over to me, Morning Light!"

The creek widened and widened, then doubled a grassy cape all in the shadow of a towering sycamore. Beyond the point, crowning the low green slope of the bank, and topped with a shaggy-fell of honeysuckle and ivy, began a red brick wall. Halfway down its length it broke, and six shallow steps led up to an iron gate, through whose bars one looked into a garden. Gazing on down the creek past the further stretch of the wall, the eye came upon the shining reaches of the river.

Audrey turned the boat's head toward the steps and the gate in the wall. The man on the opposite shore let fall an oath.

"So you go to Fair View house!" he called across the stream. "There are only negroes there, unless" — he came to a pause, and his face changed again, and out of his eyes looked the spirit of some hot, ancestral French lover, cynical, suspicious, and jealously watchful — "unless their master is at home," he ended, and laughed.

Audrey touched the wall, and over

a great iron hook projecting therefrom threw a looped rope, and fastened her boat.

"I stay here until you come forth!" swore Hugon from across the creek. "And then I follow you back to where you must moor the boat. And then I shall walk with you to the minister's house. Until we meet again, ma'm'selle!"

Audrey answered not, but sped up the steps to the gate. A sick fear lest it should be locked possessed her; but it opened at her touch, disclosing a long, sunny path, paved with brick, and shut between lines of tall, thick, and smoothly clipped box. The gate clanged to behind her; ten steps, and the boat, the creek, and the farther shore were hidden from her sight. With this comparative bliss came a faintness and a trembling that presently made her slip down upon the warm and sunny floor, and lie there, with her face within her arm and the tears upon her cheeks. The odor of the box wrapped her like a mantle; a lizard glided past her; somewhere in open spaces birds were singing; finally a greyhound came down the path, and put its nose into the hollow of her hand.

She rose to her knees, and curled her arm around the dog's neck; then, with a long sigh, stood up, and asked of herself if this were the way to the house. She had never seen the house at close range, had never been in this walled garden. It was from Williamsburgh that the minister had taken her to his home, eleven years before. Sometimes from the river, in those years, she had seen, rising above the trees, the steep roof and the upper windows; sometimes upon the creek she had gone past the garden wall, and had smelled the flowers upon the other side.

In her lonely life, with the beauty of the earth about her to teach her that there might be greater beauty that she yet might see; with a daily round of toil and sharp words to push her to that

escape which lay in a world of dreams, she had entered that world, and thrived therein. It was a world that was as pure as a pearl, and more fantastic than an Arabian tale. She knew that when she died she could take nothing out of life with her to heaven. But with this other world it was different, and all that she had or dreamed of that was fair she carried through its portals. This house was there. Long closed, walled in, guarded by tall trees, seen at far intervals and from a distance, as through a glass darkly, it had become to her an enchanted spot, about which played her quick fancy, but where her feet might never stray.

But now the spell which had held the place in slumber was snapped, and her feet were set in its pleasant paths. She moved down the alley between the lines of box, and the greyhound went with her. The branches of a walnut tree drooped heavily across the way; when she had passed them she saw the house, square, dull red, bathed in sunshine. A moment, and the walk led her between squat pillars of living green into the garden out of the fairy tale.

Dim, fragrant, and old time; walled in; here sunshiny spaces, there cool shadows of fruit trees; broken by circles and squares of box; green with the grass and the leaves, red and purple and gold and white with the flowers; with birds singing, with the great silver river murmuring by without the wall at the foot of the terrace, with the voice of a man who sat beneath a cherry tree reading aloud to himself, — such was the garden that she came upon, a young girl, and heavy at heart.

She was so near that she could hear the words of the reader, and she knew the piece that he was reading; for you must remember that she was not untaught, and that Darden had books.

“ ‘When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,

And swelling organs lift the rising soul,

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight ’ ” —

The greyhound ran from Audrey to the man who was reading these verses with taste and expression, and also with a smile half sad and half cynical. He glanced from his page, saw the girl where she stood against the dark pillar of the box, tossed aside the book, and went to her down the grassy path between rows of nodding tulips. “Why, child!” he said. “Did you come up like a flower? I am glad to see you in my garden, little maid. Are there Indians without?”

At least, to Audrey, there were none within. She had been angered, sick at heart and sore afraid, but she was no longer so. In this world that she had entered it was good to be alive; she knew that she was safe, and of a sudden she felt that the sunshine was very golden, the music very sweet. To Haward, looking at her with a smile, she gave a folded paper which she pulled from the bosom of her gown. “The minister sent me with it,” she explained, and curtsied shyly.

Haward took the paper, opened it, and fell to poring over the crabbed characters with which it was adorned. “Ay? Gratulateth himself that this fortunate parish hath at last for vestryman Mr. Marmaduke Haward; knoweth that, seeing I am what I am, my influence will be paramount with said vestry; commendeth himself to my favor; beggeth that I listen not to charges made by a factious member anent a vastly magnified occurrence at the French ordinary; prayeth that he may shortly present himself at Fair View, and explain away certain calumnies with which his enemies have poisoned the ears of the Commissary; hopeth that I am in good health; and is my very obedient servant to command. Humph!”

He let the paper flutter to the ground, and turned to Audrey with a kindly

smile. "I am much afraid that this man of the church, whom I gave thee for guardian, child, is but a rascal, after all, and a wolf in sheep's clothing. But let him go hang while I show you my garden."

Going closer, he glanced at her keenly; then went nearer still, and touched her cheek with his forefinger. "You have been crying," he said. "There were Indians, then. How many and how strong, Audrey?"

The dark eyes that met his were the eyes of the child who, in the darkness, through the corn, had run from him, her helper. "There was one," she whispered, and looked over her shoulder.

Haward drew her to the seat beneath the cherry tree, and there, while he sat beside her, elbow on knee and chin on hand, watching her, she told him of Hugon. It was so natural to tell him. When she had made an end of her halting, broken sentences, and he spoke to her gravely and kindly, she hung upon his words, and thought him wise and wonderful as a king. He told her that he would speak to Darden, and did not despair of persuading that worthy to forbid the trader his house. Also he told her that in this settled, pleasant, every-day Virginia, and in the eighteenth century, a maid, however poor and humble, might not be married against her will. If this half-breed had threats to utter, there was always the law of the land. A few hours in the pillory or a taste of the sheriff's whip might not be amiss. Finally, if the trader made his suit again, Audrey must let him know, and Monsieur Jean Hugon should be taught that he had another than a helpless, friendless girl to deal with.

Audrey listened and was comforted, but the shadow did not quite leave her eyes. "He is waiting for me now," she said fearfully to Haward, who had not missed the shadow. "He followed me down the creek, and is waiting over against the gate in the wall. When I

go back he will follow me again, and at last I will have to cross to his side. And then he will go home with me, and make me listen to him. His eyes burn me, and when his hand touches me I see — I see" —

Her frame shook, and she raised to his gaze a countenance suddenly changed into Tragedy's own. "I don't know why," she said, in a stricken voice, "but of them all that I kissed good-by that night I now see only Molly. I suppose she was about as old as I am now when they killed her. We were always together. I can't remember her face very clearly; only her eyes, and how red her lips were. And her hair: it came to her knees, and mine is just as long. For a long, long time after you went away, when I could not sleep because it was dark, or when I was frightened or Mistress Deborah beat me, I saw them all; but now I see only Molly, — Molly lying there *dead*."

There was a silence in the garden, broken presently by Haward. "Ay, Molly," he said absently.

With his hand covering his lips and his eyes upon the ground, he fell into a brown study. Audrey sat very still for fear that she might disturb him, who was so kind to her. A passionate gratitude filled her young heart; she would have traveled round the world upon her knees to serve him. As for him, he was not thinking of the mountain girl, the oread who, in the days when he was younger and his heart beat high, had caught his light fancy, tempting him from his comrades back to the cabin in the valley, to look again into her eyes and touch the brown waves of her hair. She was ashes, and the memory of her stirred him not.

At last he looked up. "I myself will take you home, child. This fellow shall not come near you. And cease to think of these gruesome things that happened long ago. You are young and fair; you should be happy. I will see to it that" —

He broke off, and again looked thoughtfully at the ground. The book which he

had tossed aside was lying upon the grass, open at the poem which he had been reading. He stooped and raised the volume, and, closing it, laid it upon the bench beside her. Presently he laughed. "Come, child!" he said. "You have youth. I begin to think my own not past recall. Come and let me show you my dial that I have just had put up."

There was no load at Audrey's heart: the vision of Molly had passed; the fear of Hugon was a dwindling cloud. She was safe in this old sunny garden, with harm shut without. And as a flower opens to the sunshine, so because she was happy she grew more fair. Audrey every day, Audrey of the infrequent speech and the wide dark eyes, the startled air, the shy, fugitive smiles, — that was not Audrey of the garden. Audrey of the garden had shining eyes, a wild elusive grace, laughter as silvery as that which had rung from her sister's lips, years ago, beneath the sugar tree in the far-off blue mountains, quick gestures, quaint fancies which she feared not to speak out, the charm of mingled humility and spirit; enough, in short, to make Audrey of the garden a name to conjure with.

They came to the sundial, and leaned thereon. Around its rim were graved two lines from Herrick, and Audrey traced the letters with her finger. "The philosophy is sound," remarked Haward, "and the advice worth the taking. Let us go see if there are any rosebuds to gather from the bushes yonder. Damask buds should look well against your hair, child."

When they came to the rosebushes he broke for her a few scarce-opened buds, and himself fastened them in the coils of her hair. Innocent and glad as she was, — glad even that he thought her fair, — she trembled beneath his touch, and knew not why she trembled. When the rosebuds were in place they went to see the clove pinks, and when they had seen the clove pinks they walked slowly up another alley of box, and across a

grass plot to a side door of the house; for he had said that he must show her in what great, lonely rooms he lived.

Audrey measured the height and breadth of the house with her eyes. "It is a large place for one to live in alone," she said, and laughed. "There's a book at the Widow Constance's; Barbara once showed it to me. It is all about a pilgrim; and there's a picture of a great square house, quite like this, that was a giant's castle, — Giant Despair. Good giant, eat me not!"

Child, woman, spirit of the woodland, she passed before him into a dim, cool room, all littered with books. "My library," said Haward, with a wave of his hand. "But the curtains and pictures are not hung, nor the books in place. Hast any schooling, little maid? Canst read?"

Audrey flushed with pride that she could tell him that she was not ignorant; not like Barbara, who could not read the giant's name in the pilgrim book.

"The crossroads schoolmaster taught me," she explained. "He has a scar in each hand, and is a very wicked man, but he knows more than the Commissary himself. The minister, too, has a cupboard filled with books, and he buys the new ones as the ships bring them in. When I have time, and Mistress Deborah will not let me go to the woods, I read. And I remember what I read. I could" —

A smile trembled upon her lips, and her eyes grew brighter. Fired by the desire that he should praise her learning, and in her very innocence bold as a Wortley or a Howe, she began to repeat the lines which he had been reading beneath the cherry tree: —

"When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll" —

The rhythm of the words, the passion of the thought, the pleased surprise that she thought she read in his face, the gesture of his hand, all spurred her on from sentence to sentence, line to line.

And now she was not herself, but that other woman, and she was giving voice to all her passion, all her woe. The room became a convent cell; her ragged dress the penitent's trailing black. That Audrey, lithe of mind as of body; who in the woods seemed the spirit of the woods, in the garden the spirit of the garden, on the water the spirit of the water, — that this Audrey, in using the speech of the poet, should embody and become the spirit of that speech was perhaps, considering all things, not so strange. At any rate, and however her power came about, at that moment, in Fair View house, a great actress was speaking.

“‘ Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the
skies,
And Faith ’ ” —

The speaker lost a word, hesitated, became confused. Finally silence; then the Audrey of a while before, standing with heaving bosom, shy as a fawn, fearful that she had not pleased him, after all. For if she had done so, surely he would have told her as much. As it was, he had said but one word, and that beneath his breath, “*Eloïsa!*”

It would seem that her fear was unfounded; for when he did speak, there were, God wot, sugarplums enough. And Audrey, who in her workaday world was always blamed, could not know that the praise that was so sweet was less wholesome than the blame.

Leaving the library they went into the hall, and from the hall looked into great, echoing, half-furnished rooms. All about lay packing cases, many of them open, with rich stuffs streaming from them. Ornaments were huddled on tables, mirrors and pictures leaned their faces to the walls; everywhere was disorder.

“The negroes are careless, and to-day I held their hands,” said Haward. “I must get some proper person to see to this gear.”

Upstairs and down they went through

the house, that seemed very large and very still, and finally they came out of the great front door, and down the stone steps on to the terrace. Below them, sparkling in the sunshine, lay the river, the opposite shore all in a haze of light. “I must go home,” Audrey shyly reminded him, whereat he smiled assent, and they went, not through the box alley to the gate in the wall, but down the terrace, and out upon the hot brown boards of the landing. Haward, stepping into a boat, handed her to a seat in the stern, and himself took the oars. Leaving the landing, they came to the creek and entered it. Presently they were gliding beneath the red brick wall with the honeysuckle atop. On the opposite grassy shore, seated in a blaze of noon sunshine, was Hugon.

They in the boat took no notice. Haward, rowing, spoke evenly on, his theme himself and the gay and lonely life he had led these eleven years; and Audrey, though at first sight of the waiting figure she had paled and trembled, was too safe, too happy, to give to trouble any part of this magic morning. She kept her eyes on Haward's face, and almost forgot the man who had risen from the grass and in silence was following them.

Now, had the trader, in his hunting shirt and leggings, his moccasins and fur cap, been walking in the great woods, this silence, even with others in company, would have been natural enough to his Indian blood; but Monsieur Jean Hugon, in peruke and laced coat, walking in a civilized country, with words a-plenty and as hot as fire water in his heart, and none upon his tongue, was a figure strange and sinister. He watched the two in the boat with an impassive face, and he walked like an Indian on an enemy's trail, so silently that he scarce seemed to breathe, so lightly that his heavy boots failed to crush the flowers or the tender grass.

Haward rowed on, telling Audrey stories of the town, of great men whose

names she knew, and beautiful ladies of whom she had never heard; and she sat before him with her slim brown hands folded in her lap and the rosebuds withering in her hair, while through the reeds and the grass and the bushes of the bank over against them strode Hugon in his Blenheim wig and his wine-colored coat. Well-nigh together the three reached the stake driven in among the reeds, a hundred yards below the minister's house. Haward fastened the boat, and, motioning to Audrey to stay for the moment where she was, stepped out upon the bank to confront the trader, who, walking steadily and silently as ever, was almost upon them.

But it was broad daylight, and Hugon, with his forest instincts, preferred, when he wished to speak to the point, to speak in the dark. He made no pause; only looked with his fierce black eyes at the quiet, insouciant, fine gentleman standing with folded arms between him and the boat; then passed on, going steadily up the creek toward the bend where the water left the open smiling fields and took to the forest. He never looked back, but went like a hunter with his prey before him. Presently the shadows of the forest touched him, and Audrey and Haward were left alone.

The latter laughed. "If his courage is of the quality of his lace — What, cowering, child, and the tears in your eyes! You were braver when you were not so tall, in those mountain days. Nay, no need to wet your shoe."

He lifted her in his arms, and set her feet upon firm grass. "How long since I carried you across a stream and up a dark hillside!" he said. "And yet to-day it seems but yesternight! Now, little maid, the Indian has run away, and the path to the house is clear."

In his smoke-filled, untidy best room Darden sat at table, his drink beside him, his pipe between his fingers, and open before him a book of jests, propped

by a tome of divinity. His wife coming in from the kitchen, he burrowed in the litter upon the table until he found an open letter, which he flung toward her. "The Commissary threatens again, damn him!" he said between smoke puffs. "It seems that t'other night, when I was in my cups at the tavern, Le Neve and the fellow who has Ware Creek parish — I forget his name — must needs come riding by. I was dicing with Paris. Hugon held the stakes. I dare say we kept not mum. And out of pure brotherly love and charity, my good, kind gentlemen ride on to Williamsburgh on a tale-bearing errand! Is that child never coming back, Deborah?"

"She's coming now," answered his wife, with her eyes upon the letter. "I was watching from the upper window. He rowed her up the creek himself."

The door opened, and Audrey entered the room. Darden turned heavily in his chair, and took the long pipe from between his teeth. "Well?" he said. "You gave him my letter?"

Audrey nodded. Her eyes were dreamy; the red of the buds in her hair had somehow stolen to her cheeks; she could scarce keep her lips from smiling. "He bade me tell you to come to supper with him on Monday," she said. "And the Falcon that we saw come in last week brought furnishing for the great house. Oh, Mistress Deborah, the most beautiful things! The rooms are all to be made fine; and the negro women do not the work aright, and he wants some one to oversee them. He says that he has learned that in England Mistress Deborah was own woman to my Lady Squander, and so should know about hangings and china and the placing of furniture. And he asks that she come to Fair View morning after morning until the house is in order. He wishes me to come, too. Mistress Deborah will much oblige him, he says, and he will not forget her kindness."

Somewhat out of breath, but very

happy, she looked with eager eyes from one guardian to the other. Darden emptied and refilled his pipe, scattering the ashes upon the book of jests. "Very good," he said briefly.

Into the thin visage of the ex-waiting-woman, who had been happier at my Lady Squander's than in a Virginia parsonage, there crept a tightened smile. In her way, when she was not in a passion, she was fond of Audrey; but, in temper or out of temper, she was fonder of the fine things which for a few days she might handle at Fair View house. And the gratitude of the master thereof might appear in coins, or in an order on his store for silk and lace. When, in her younger days, at Bath or in town, she had served fine mistresses, she had been given many a guinea for carrying a note or contriving an interview, and in changing her estate she had not changed her code of morals. "We must oblige Mr. Haward, of course," she said complacently. "I warrant you that I can give things an air! There's not a parlor in this parish that does not set my teeth on edge! Now at my Lady Squander's" — She embarked upon reminiscences of past splendor, checked only by her husband's impatient demand for dinner.

Audrey, preparing to follow her into the kitchen, was stopped, as she would have passed the table, by the minister's heavy hand. "The roses at Fair View bloom early," he said, turning her about that he might better see the red cluster in her hair. "Look you, Audrey! I wish you no great harm, child. You mind me at times of one that I knew many years ago, before ever I was chaplain to my Lord Squander or husband to my Lady Squander's waiting woman. A hunter may use a decoy, and he may also, on the whole, prefer to keep that decoy as good as when 't was made. Buy not thy roses too dearly, Audrey."

To Audrey he spoke in riddles. She took from her hair the loosened buds, and looked at them lying in her hand. "I

did not buy them," she said. "They grew in the sun on the south side of the great house, and Mr. Haward gave them to me."

XII.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

June came to tide-water Virginia with long, warm days and with the odor of many roses. Day by day the cloudless sunshine visited the land; night by night the large pale stars looked into its waters. It was a slumberous land, of many creeks and rivers that were wide, slow, and deep, of tobacco fields and lofty, solemn forests, of vague marshes, of white mists of a haze of heat far and near. The moon of blossoms was past, and the red men — few in number now — had returned from their hunting, and lay in the shade of the trees in the villages that the English had left them, while the women brought them fish from the weirs, and strawberries from the vines that carpeted every poisoned field or neglected clearing. The black men toiled amidst the tobacco and the maize; at noontide it was as hot in the fields as in the middle passage, and the voices of those who sang over their work fell to a dull crooning. The white men who were bound served listlessly; they that were well were as lazy as the weather; they that were newly come over and ill with the "seasoning" fever tossed upon their pallets, longing for the cooling waters of home. The white men who were free swore that the world, though fair, was warm, and none walked if he could ride. The sunny, dusty roads were left for shadowed bridle paths; in a land where most places could be reached by boat, the water would have been the highway but that the languid air would not fill the sails. It was agreed that the heat was unnatural, and that, likely enough, there would be a deal of fever during the summer.

But there was thick shade in the Fair View garden, and when there was air at all it visited the terrace above the river. The rooms of the house were large and high-pitched; draw to the shutters, and they became as cool as caverns. Around the place the heat lay in wait: heat of wide, shadowless fields, where Haward's slaves toiled from morn to eve; heat of the great river, unstirred by any wind, hot and sleeping beneath the blazing sun; heat of sluggish creeks and of the marshes, shadeless as the fields. Once reach the mighty trees drawn like a cordon around house and garden, and there was escape.

To and fro and up and down in the house went the erst waiting woman to my Lady Squander, carrying matters with a high hand. The negresses who worked under her eye found her a hard taskmistress. Was a room clean to-day, to-morrow it was found that there was dust upon the polished floor, finger marks on the paneled walls. The same furniture must be placed now in this room, now in that; china slowly washed and bestowed in one closet transferred to another; an eternity spent upon the household linen, another on the sewing and resewing, the hanging and rehang-ing, of damask curtains. The slaves, silent when the greenish eyes and tight, vixenish face were by, chattered, laughed, and sung when they were left alone. If they fell idle, and little was done of a morning, they went unrebuked; thoroughness, and not haste, appearing to be Mistress Deborah's motto.

The master of Fair View found it too noisy in his house to sit therein, and too warm to ride abroad. There were left the seat built round the cherry tree in the garden, the long, cool box walk, and the terrace with a summer house at either end. It was pleasant to read out of doors, pacing the box walk, or sitting beneath the cherry tree, with the ripening fruit overhead. If the book was long in reading, if morning by morning Ha-

ward's finger slipped easily in between the selfsame leaves, perhaps it was the fault of poet or philosopher. If Audrey's was the fault, she knew it not.

How could she know it, who knew herself, that she was a poor, humble maid, whom, out of pure charity and knightly tenderness for weak and sorrowful things, he long ago had saved, since then had maintained, now was kind to; and knew him, that he was learned and great and good, the very perfect gentle knight who, as he rode to win the princess, yet could stoop from his saddle to raise and help the herd girl? She had found of late that she was often wakeful of nights; when this happened, she lay and looked out of her window at the stars and wondered about the princess. She thought that the princess and the lady who had given her the guinea might be one.

In the great house she would have worked her fingers to the bone. Her strong young arms lifted heavy weights; her quick feet ran up and down stairs for this or that before Mistress Deborah could turn around; she would have taken the waxed cloths from the negroes, and upon her knees and with willing hands have made to shine like mirrors the floors that were to be trodden by knight and princess. But almost every morning, before she had worked an hour, Haward would call to her from the box walk or the seat beneath the cherry tree; and "Go, child," would say Mistress Deborah, looking up from her task of the moment.

The garden continued to be the enchanted garden. To gather its flowers, red and white, to pace with him cool paved walks between walls of scented box, to sit beside him beneath the cherry tree or upon the grassy terrace, looking out upon the wide, idle river,—it was dreamy bliss, a happiness too rare to last. There was no harm; not that she ever dreamed there could be. The house overlooked garden and terrace;

the slaves passed and repassed the open windows; Juba came and went; now and then Mistress Deborah herself would sally forth to receive instructions concerning this or that from the master of the house. And every day, at noon, the slaves drew to all the shutters save those of the master's room, and the minister's wife and ward made their curtsies and went home. The latter, like a child, counted the hours upon the clock until the next morning; but then she was not used to happiness, and the wine of it made her slightly drunken.

The master of Fair View told himself that there was infection in this lotus air of Virginia. A fever ran in his veins that made him languid of will, somewhat sluggish of thought, willing to spend one day like another, and all in a long dream. Sometimes, in the afternoons, when he was alone in the garden or upon the terrace, with the house blank and silent behind him, the slaves gone to the quarters, he tossed aside his book, and, with his chin upon his hand and his eyes upon the sweep of the river, first asked himself whither he was going, and then, finding no satisfactory answer, fell to brooding. Once, going into the house, he chanced to come upon his full-length reflection in a mirror newly hung, and stopped short to gaze upon himself. The parlor of his lodgings at Williamsburgh and the last time that he had seen Evelyn came to him, conjured up by the memory of certain words of his own.

"A truer glass might show a shrunk-en figure," he repeated, and with a quick and impatient sigh he looked at the image in the mirror.

To the eye, at least, the figure was not shrunk-en. It was the figure of a man still young, and of a handsome face and much distinction of bearing. The dress was perfect in its quiet elegance; the air of the man composed, — a trifle sad, a trifle mocking. Haward snapped his fingers at the reflection. "The por-

trait of a gentleman," he said, and passed on.

That night, in his own room, he took from an *eseritoire* a picture of Evelyn Byrd, done in miniature after a painting by a pupil of Kneller, and, carrying it over to the light of the myrtle candles upon the table, sat down and fell to studying it. After a while he let it drop from his hand, and leaned back in his chair, thinking.

The night air, rising slightly, bent back the flame of the candles, around which moths were fluttering, and caused strange shadows upon the walls. They were thick about the curtained bed whereon had died the elder Haward, — a proud man, choleric, and hard to turn from his purposes. Into the mind of his son, sitting staring at these shadows, came the fantastic notion that amongst them, angry and struggling vainly for speech, might be his father's shade. The night was feverish, of a heat and lassitude to foster grotesque and idle fancies. Haward smiled, and spoke aloud to his imaginary ghost.

"You need not strive for speech," he said. "I know what you would say. *Was it for this I built this house, bought land and slaves? . . . Fair View and Westover, Westover and Fair View. A lady that will not wed thee because she loves thee! Zoons, Marmaduke! thou putttest me beside my patience! . . . As for this other, set no nameless, barefoot wench where sat thy mother! King Cophetua and the beggar maid, indeed! I warrant you Cophetua was something under three-and-thirty!*"

Haward ceased to speak for his father, and sighed for himself. "Moral: Three-and-thirty must be wiser in his day and generation." He rose from his chair, and began to walk the room. "If not Cophetua, what then, — what then?" Passing the table, he took up the miniature again. "The villain of the piece, I suppose, Evelyn?" he asked.

The pure and pensive face seemed to answer him. He put the picture hastily down, and recommenced his pacing to and fro. From the garden below came the heavy odor of lilies, and the whisper of the river tried the nerves. Haward went to the window, and, leaning out, looked, as now each night he looked, up and across the creek toward the minister's house. To-night there was no light to mark it; it was late, and all the world without his room was in darkness. He sat down in the window seat, looked out upon the stars and listened to the river. An hour had passed before he turned back to the room, where the candles had burned low. "I will go to Westover to-morrow," he said. "God knows, I should be a villain" —

He locked the picture of Evelyn within his desk, drank his wine and water, and went to bed, strongly resolved upon retreat. In the morning he said, "I will go to Westover this afternoon;" and in the afternoon he said, "I will go to-morrow." When the morrow came, he found that the house lacked but one day of being finished, and that there was therefore no need for him to go at all.

Mistress Deborah was loath enough to take leave of damask and mirrors and ornaments of china, — the latter fine enough and curious enough to remind her of Lady Squander's own drawing-room; but the leaf of paper which Haward wrote upon, tore from his pocket-book, and gave her provided consolation. Her thanks were very glib, her curtsy was very deep. She was his most obliged, humble servant, and if she could serve him again he would make her proud. Would he not, now, some day, row up creek to their poor house, and taste of her perry and Shrewsbury cakes? Audrey, standing by, raised her eyes, and made of the request a royal invitation.

For a week or more Haward abode upon his plantation, alone save for his servants and slaves. Each day he sent for the overseer, and listened gravely while

that worthy expounded to him all the details of the condition and conduct of the estate; in the early morning and the late afternoon he rode abroad through his fields and forests. Mill and ferry and rolling house were visited, and the quarters made his acquaintance. At the creek quarter and the distant ridge quarter were bestowed the newly bought, the sullen and the refractory of his chattels. When, after sunset, and the fields were silent, he rode past the cabins, coal-black figures, new from the slave deck, and still seamed at wrist and ankle, mowed and jabbered at him from over their bowls of steaming food; others, who had forgotten the jungle and the slaver, answered, when he spoke to them, in strange English; others, born in Virginia, and remembering when he used to ride that way with his father, laughed, called him "Marse Duke," and agreed with him that the crop was looking mighty well. With the dark he reached the great house, and negroes from the home quarter took his horse, while Juba lighted him through the echoing hall into the lonely rooms.

From the white quarter he procured a facile lad who could read and write, and who, through too much quickness of wit, had failed to prosper in England. Him he installed as secretary, and forthwith began a correspondence with friends in England, as well as a long poem which was to serve the double purpose of giving Mr. Pope a rival and of occupying the mind of Mr. Marmaduke Haward. The letters were witty and graceful, the poem was the same; but on the third day the secretary, pausing for the next word that should fall from his master's lips, waited so long that he dropped asleep. When he awoke, Mr. Haward was slowly tearing into bits the work that had been done on the poem. "It will have to wait upon my mood," he said. "Seal up the letter to Lord Hervey, boy, and then begone to the fields. If I want you again, I will send for you."

The next day he proposed to himself to ride to Williamsburgh and see his acquaintances there. But even as he crossed the room to strike the bell for Juba a distaste for the town and its people came upon him. It occurred to him that instead he might take the barge and be rowed up the river to the Jaquelins' or to Green Spring; but in a moment this plan also became repugnant. Finally he went out upon the terrace, and sat there the morning through, staring at the river. That afternoon he sent a negro to the store with a message for the storekeeper.

The Highlander, obeying the demand for his company, — the third or fourth since his day at Williamsburgh, — came shortly before twilight to the great house, and found the master thereof still upon the terrace, sitting beneath an oak, with a small table and a bottle of wine beside him.

"Ha, Mr. MacLean!" he cried, as the other approached. "Some days have passed since last we laid the ghosts! I had meant to sooner improve our acquaintance. But my house has been in disorder, and I myself," — he passed his hand across his face as if to wipe away the expression into which it had been set, — "I myself have been poor company. There is a witchery in the air of this place. I am become but a dreamer of dreams."

As he spoke he motioned his guest to an empty chair, and began to pour wine for them both. His hand was not quite steady, and there was about him a restlessness of aspect most unnatural to the man. The storekeeper thought him looking worn, and as though he had passed sleepless nights.

MacLean sat down, and drew his wine-glass toward him. "It is the heat," he said. "Last night, in the store, I felt that I was stifling; and I left it, and lay on the bare ground without. A star shot down the sky, and I wished that a wind as swift and strong would rise and

sweep the land out to sea. When the day comes that I die, I wish to die a fierce death. It is best to die in battle, for then the mind is raised, and you taste all life in the moment before you go. If a man achieves not that, then struggle with earth or air or the waves of the sea is desirable. Driving sleet, armies of the snow, night and trackless mountains, the leap of the torrent, swollen lakes where kelpies lie in wait, wind on the sea with the black reef and the charging breakers, — it is well to dash one's force against the force of these, and to die after fighting. But in this cursed land of warmth and ease a man dies like a dog that is old and hath lain winter and summer upon the hearthstone." He drank his wine, and glanced again at Haward. "I did not know that you were here," he said. "Saunderson told me that you were going to Westover."

"I was, — I am," answered Haward briefly. Presently he roused himself from the brown study into which he had fallen.

"'T is the heat, as you say. It enervates. For my part, I am willing that your wind should arise. But it will not blow to-night. There is not a breath; the river is like glass." He raised the wine to his lips, and drank deeply. "Come," he said, laughing. "What did you at the store to-day? And does Mistress Truelove despair of your conversion to *thee* and *thou*, and peace with all mankind? Hast procured an enemy to fill the place I have vacated? I trust he's no scurvy foe."

"I will take your questions in order," answered the other sententiously. "This morning I sold a deal of fine china to a parcel of fine ladies who came by water from Jamestown, and were mightily concerned to know whether your worship was gone to Westover, or had instead (as 't was reported) shut yourself up in Fair View house. And this afternoon came over in a periagua, from the other side, a very young gentleman, with money

in hand, to buy a silver-fringed glove. 'They are sold in pairs,' said I. 'Fellow, I require but one,' said he. 'If Dick Allen, who hath slandered me to Mistress Betty Cocke, dareth to appear at the merrymaking at Colonel Harrison's to-night, his cheek and this glove shall come together!' 'Nathless, you must pay for both,' I told him; and the upshot is that he leaves with me a gold button as earnest that he will bring the remainder of the price before the duel to-morrow. That Quaker maiden of whom you ask hath a soul like the soul of Colna-dona, of whom Murdoch, the harper of Coll, used to sing. She is fair as a flower after winter, and as tender as the rose flush in which swims yonder star. When I am with her, almost she persuades me to think ill of honest hatred, and to pine no longer that it was not I that had the killing of Ewin Mackinnon." He gave a short laugh, and stooping picked up an oak twig from the ground, and with deliberation broke it into many small pieces. "Almost, but not quite," he said. "There was in that feud nothing illusory or fantastic; nothing of the quality that marked, mayhap, another feud of my own making. If I have found that in this latter case I took a wraith and dubbed it my enemy; that, thinking I followed a foe, I followed a friend instead" — He threw away the bits of bark, and straightened himself. "A friend!" he said, drawing his breath. "Save for this Quaker family, I have had no friend for many a year! And I cannot talk to them of honor and warfare and the wide world." His speech was sombre, but in his eyes there was an eagerness not without pathos.

The mood of the Gael chimed with the present mood of the Saxon. As unlike in their natures as their histories, men would have called them; and yet, far away, in dim recesses of the soul, at long distances from the flesh, each recognized the other. And it was an evening, too, in which to take care of other

things than the ways and speech of every day. The heat, the hush, and the stillness appeared well-nigh preternatural. A sadness breathed over the earth; all things seemed new and yet old; across the spectral river the dim plains beneath the afterglow took the seeming of battlefields.

"A friend!" said Haward. "There are many men who call themselves my friends. I am melancholy to-day, restless, and divided against myself. I do not know one of my acquaintance whom I would have called to be melancholy with me as I have called you." He leaned across the table and touched MacLean's hand that was somewhat hurriedly fingering the wineglass. "Come!" he said. "Loneliness may haunt the level fields as well as the ways that are rugged and steep. How many times have we held converse since that day I found you in charge of my store? Often enough, I think, for each to know the other's quality. Our lives have been very different, and yet I believe that we are akin. For myself, I should be glad to hold as my near friend so gallant though so unfortunate a gentleman." He smiled and made a gesture of courtesy. "Of course Mr. MacLean may very justly not hold me in a like esteem, nor desire a closer relation."

MacLean rose to his feet, and stood gazing across the river at the twilight shore and the clear skies. Presently he turned, and his eyes were wet. He drew his hand across them; then looked curiously at the dew upon it. "I have not done this," he said simply, "since a night at Preston when I wept with rage. In my country we love as we hate, with all the strength that God has given us. The brother of my spirit is to me even as the brother of my flesh. . . . I used to dream that my hand was at your throat or my sword through your heart, and wake in anger that it was not so . . . and now I could love you well."

Haward stood up, and the two men

clasped hands. "It is a pact, then," said the Englishman. "By my faith, the world looks not so melancholy gray as it did awhile ago. And here is Juba to say that supper waits. Lay the table for two, Juba. Mr. MacLean will bear me company."

The storekeeper stayed late, the master of Fair View being an accomplished gentleman, a very good talker, and an adept at turning his house for the nonce into the house of his guest. Supper over they went into the library, where their wine was set, and where the Scot, who was no great reader, gazed respectfully at the wit and wisdom arow about him. "Colonel Byrd hath more volumes at Westover," quoth Haward, "but mine are of the choicer quality." Juba brought a card table, and lit more candles, while his master, unlocking a desk, took from it a number of gold pieces. These he divided into two equal portions: kept one beside him upon the polished table, and, with a fine smile, half humorous, half deprecating, pushed the other across to his guest. With an imperturbable face MacLean stacked the gold before him, and they fell to piquet, playing briskly, and with occasional application to the Madeira upon the larger table, until ten of the clock. The Highlander, then declaring that he must be no longer away from his post, swept his heap of coins across to swell his opponent's store, and said good-night. Haward went with him to the great door, and watched him stride off through the darkness whistling *The Battle of Harlaw*.

That night Haward slept, and the next morning four negroes rowed him up the river to Jamestown. Mr. Jaquelin was gone to Norfolk upon business, but his beautiful wife and sprightly daughters found Mr. Marmaduke Haward altogether charming. "'T was as good as going to court," they said to one another, when the gentleman, after a two hours' visit, bowed himself out of their drawing-room. The object of their

encomiums, going down river in his barge, felt his spirits lighter than they had been for some days. He spoke cheerfully to his negroes, and when the barge passed a couple of fishing boats he called to the slim brown lads that caught for the plantation to know their luck. At the landing he found the overseer, who walked to the great house with him. The night before Tyburn Will had stolen from the white quarters, and had met a couple of seamen from the Temperance at the crossroads tavern, which tavern was going to get into trouble for breaking the law which forbade the harboring of sailors ashore. The three had taken in full lading of kill-devil rum, and Tyburn Will, too drunk to run any farther, had been caught by Hide near Princess Creek, three hours ago. What were the master's orders? Should the rogue go to the court-house whipping post, or should Hide save the trouble of taking him there? In either case, thirty-nine lashes well laid on —

The master pursed his lips, dug into the ground with the ferrule of his cane, and finally proposed to the astonished overseer that the rascal be let off with a warning. "'T is too fair a day to poison with ugly sights and sounds," he said, whimsically apologetic for his own weakness. "'T will do no great harm to be lenient, for once, Saunderson, and I am in the mood to-day to be friends with all men, including myself."

The overseer went away grumbling, and Haward entered the house. The room where dwelt his books looked cool and inviting. He walked the length of the shelves, took out a volume here and there for his evening reading, and upon the binding of others laid an affectionate, lingering touch. "I have had a fever, my friends," he announced to the books, "but I am about to find myself happily restored to reason and serenity; in short, to health."

Some hours later he raised his eyes

from the floor which he had been studying for a great while, covered them for a moment with his hand, then rose, and, with the air of a sleepwalker, went out of the lit room into a calm and fragrant night. There was no moon, but the stars were many, and it did not seem dark. When he came to the verge of the landing, and the river, sighing in its sleep, lay clear below him, mirroring the stars, it was as though he stood between two firmaments. He descended the steps, and drew toward him a small rowboat that was softly rubbing against the wet and glistening piles. The tide was out, and the night was very quiet.

Haward troubled not the midstream, but rowing in the shadow of the bank to the mouth of the creek that slept beside his garden, turned and went up this narrow water. Until he was free of the wall the odor of honeysuckle and box clung to the air, freighting it heavily; when it was left behind the reeds began to murmur and sigh, though not loudly,

for there was no wind. When he came to a point opposite the minister's house, rising fifty yards away from amidst low orchard trees, he rested upon his oars. There was a light in an upper room, and as he looked Audrey passed between the candle and the open window. A moment later and the light was out, but he knew that she was sitting at the window. Though it was dark, he found that he could call back with precision the slender throat, the lifted face, and the enshadowing hair. For a while he stayed, motionless in his boat, hidden by the reeds that whispered and sighed; but at last he rowed away softly through the darkness, back to the dim, slow-moving river and the Fair View landing.

This was of a Friday. All the next day he spent in the garden, but on Sunday morning he sent word to the stables to have Mirza saddled. He was going to church, he told Juba over his chocolate, and he would wear the gray and silver.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

HEPHÆSTUS.

Hephæstus, finding that his wife Aphrodite is loved by his brother Ares, voluntarily surrenders the goddess to this younger brother, whom, it is said, Aphrodite herself preferred. — A. S.

TAKE her, O Ares! As Demeter mourned
Through many-fountained Enna, I shall grieve
Forlorn a time, and then, it may be, learn,
Some still autumnal twilight by the sea
Golden with sunlight, to remember not!
As the dark pine foregoes the pilgrim thrush,
I, sad of heart, yet unimpassioned, yield
To you this surging bosom soft with dreams,
This body fashioned of Ægean foam
And languorous moonlight. But I give you not
The eluding soul that in her broods and sleeps,
And ne'er was mine of old, nor can be yours.
It was not born of sea and moon with her,
And though it nests within her, no weak hand

Of hers shall cage it as it comes and goes,
 Sorrows and wakens, sleeps, and sings again.
 And so I give you but the hollow lute,
 The lute alone, and not the voices low
 That sang of old to some forgotten touch.
 The lamp I give, but not the glimmering flame
 Some alien fire must light, some alien dusk
 Enisle, ere it illumine your land and sea.
 The shell I give you, Ares, not the song
 Of murmuring winds and waves once haunting it;
 The cage, but not love's wings that come and go.
 I give you them, light brother, as the earth
 Gives up the dew, the mountain side the mist.

Farewell, sad face, that gleamed so like a flower
 Through Paphian groves to me of old, — farewell!
 Some Fate beyond our dark-robed Three ordained
 This love should wear the mortal rose, and not
 Our timeless amaranth. 'Twas writ of old, and lay
 Not once with us. As we ourselves have known,
 And well your sad Dodonian mother found,
 From deep to deep the sails of destined love
 Are blown and tossed by tides no god controls;
 And at the bud of our too golden life
 Eats some small canker of mortality.

I loved her once, O Ares, —
 I loved her once as waters love the wind,
 I sought her once as rivers seek the sea;
 And her deep eyes, so dream-besieged, made dawn
 And midnight one. Flesh of my flesh she was,
 And we together knew dark days and glad.
 Then fell the change. Some hand unknown to us
 Shook one white petal from the perfect flower,
 And all the world grew old. Ah, who shall say
 When Summer dies, or when is blown the rose?
 Who, who shall know just when the quiet star
 Out of the golden west is born again,
 Or when the Gloaming saddens into Night?
 'Twas writ, in truth, of old; the tide of love
 Has met its turn, the long horizon lures
 The homing bird, the harbor calls the sail.
 Home, home to your glad heart she goes, while I
 Fare on alone. And yet, when you shall tread
 Lightly the sunlit hills with her, and breathe
 Life's keener air, all but too exquisite,
 Or look through purpling twilight on the world,
 Think not my heart has followed nevermore
 Those glimmering feet that walked once thus with me,
 Nor dream my passion by your passion paled.

But lower than the god the temple stands ;
As deeper is the sea than any wave,
Sweeter the Summer than its asphodel,
So love far stronger than this woman is.
She from the untiring ocean took her birth,
And from torn wave and foam her first faint breath ;
Child of unrest and change, still through her sweeps
Her natal sea's tumultuous waywardness.
And losing her, lo, one thin drifting cloud
Curls idly from the altar in that grove
Where burn the fires that know not change or death.
Yet she shall move the strange desires of men,
For in her lie dim glories that she dreams
Not of, and on her ever broods a light
Her Cyprian eyes ne'er saw. And evermore
Round her pale face shall pleading faces press ;
Round her shall mortal passion beat and ebb.
Years hence, as waves on islands burst in foam,
Madly shall lives on her strange beauty break.
When she is yours, and in ambrosial glooms
You secretly would chain her kiss by kiss,
Though close you hold her in your hungering arms,
Yet will your groping soul but lean to her
Across the dusk, as hill to lonely hill ;
And in your warmest raptures you shall learn
There is a citadel surrenders not
To any captor of the outer walls ;
In sorrow you shall learn there is a light
Illumines not, a chamber it were best
To leave untrod !

O Ares, dread the word
That silences this timorous nightingale,
The touch that wakens strings too frail for hands !
For, giving her, I gain what you shall lose ;
Forsaking her, I hold her closer still.
The sea shall take a deeper sound ; the stars
Stranger and more mysterious henceforth
Shall seem ; the darkening sky line of the west
For me, the solitary dreamer, now shall hold
Voices and faces that I knew not of.
More, henceforth, shall all music mean to me,
And she, through lonely musings, ever seem
As beautiful as are the dead. But you, —
You in your hand shall guard the gathered rose,
Shall hold the riven veil, the loosened chord.
So love your hour, bright god, ere it is lost,
A swan that sings its broken life away.
In that brief hour, 't is writ, you shall hear breathe
Songs blown from some enchanted island home,
Then mourn for evermore life's silent throats, —

Ay, seek and find the altar when its fires
 Are ashes, and the worship vain regret.
 A mystic law more strong than all delight
 Or pain shall each delicious rapture chill,
 Exacting sternly for each ecstasy;
 And when her voice enwraps you, and in arms
 Luxurious your softest languor comes,
 Faintly torn wings shall flutter for the sun,
 Madly old dreams shall struggle toward the light,
 And, drugged with opiate passion, you shall know
 Dark days and shadowy moods when she may seem
 To some dusk underworld enchaining you.
 Yet I shall know her as she was of old,
 Fashioned of moonlight and Ægean foam;
 Some visionary gleam, some glory strange,
 Shall day by day engolden her lost face;
 The slow attrition of the years shall wear
 No tenderest charm away, and she shall live
 A lonely star, a gust of music sweet,
 A voice upon the Deep, a mystery!

But in the night, I know, the lonely wind
 Shall sigh of her, the restless ocean moan
 Her name with immemorial murmurings,
 And the sad golden summer moon shall mourn
 With me, and through the gloom of rustling leaves
 The shaken throats of nightingales shall bring
 Her low voice back, the incense of the fields
 Recall too well the odor of her hair.
 But lo, the heart doth bury all her dead,
 As Mother Earth her unremembered leaves.
 So the sad hour shall pass, and with the dawn
 Serene I shall look down, where hills and seas
 Throb through their dome of brooding hyaline,
 And see from Athens gold to Indus gray
 New worlds awaiting me, and gladly go,—
 Go down among the toilers of the earth
 And seek the rest, the deeper peace that comes
 Of vast endeavor and the dust of strife.
 There my calm soul shall know itself, and watch
 The golden-sandaled Seasons come and go,
 Still godlike in its tasks of little things;
 And, woven not with grandeurs and red wars,
 Wanting somewhat in gold and vermeil, shall
 The Fates work out my life's thin tapestry,
 As sorrow brings me wisdom, and the pang
 Of solitude, O Ares, keeps me strong.

Arthur Stringer.

A POINT OF HONOR.

I.

THE room was full of the scent of wood and field, that fine, warm breath of midsummer, and a white rose climbing round the east window made still more exquisite the fragrance. And as pleasantly suggestive as the outdoor odors was the room itself, — old as we Americans count time, — with its ample space, its pieces of fine mahogany, its family portraits, relieved by engravings and water colors, and its abundant glass and silver, which had a look of tranquil, ready hospitality.

In Maryland a summer evening is meant to be spent out of doors, and at My Lord's Rest the family usually assembled on the airy front portico. But Miss Miriam Hatley, now sole owner of the old Hatley place, was as insensible to heat as a salamander, and she preferred the dining room, a bright lamp, and a mellow book to the desultory talk and music of the young people. Then, too, it chanced just now that Miss Miriam's guests were reduced to three, — her niece Adela Hatley, Ethel Marsh, and a distant cousin, Stanley Hewes; and these three could very well dispense with their hostess's company.

On this special evening, however, Miss Hatley was by no means intent upon her book, which was obviously new. Every now and then she cut a leaf or two, turned it, sipping, skipping, taking the cream off in a finely superior fashion. She was a born reader, yet loved books none the less that she loved life more, and held herself largely independent of the printed word. And now and then Miss Miriam lifted her head, removed her glasses, and unconsciously listened to the sounds that came in from the portico. These sounds were chiefly musical notes, blent occasionally with

voices. After a time Miss Hatley pushed away her books, leaned back in her chair, and fell into thought. Her face had that fine poise of expression which means a ready and sympathetic interest in every form of life; and it was full, too, of the echoes of beauty, — echoes all the more delightful in that they were so hauntingly suggestive.

Presently her leisure was interrupted by the three young people, who came strolling in, the gentleman last, and most deliberate in movement.

"We've come to take you out," said Ethel Marsh's light, meagre young voice. "I insisted it was a shame that we should be enjoying the night and the cool" — The speaker paused.

"And I the lamp and the heat?" asked Miss Hatley.

"But aunt Miriam looks very comfortable," remarked Adela.

"And I said that you were like all other women, — only more so, — and liked your own way better than anything else," observed the gentleman.

They stood about the table, their eyelids drooping and quivering in the strong light, while Miss Miriam sat and looked at them with good-humored, imperturbable comprehension. They all interested her. Stanley and Ethel she liked; her niece Adela she loved; and with Miss Hatley love was a plant of rare and slow growth.

"When I want aunt Miriam, I join her; when you think of her, Ethel, you invite her to join you," said Adela. Her tone was rallying, but there was a slight constraint in it, a slight edge. Miss Miriam sent her niece a glance surprised and monitory, and Adela colored.

"On this occasion we all seem to have joined Miss Hatley," said Stanley Hewes easily.

Hewes was one of the men whom wo-

men call "interesting," and interest, like beauty, has never been defined. He was well made, of middle height, and gave a general impression of grace and versatility rather than of force and substance. He had a long, oval face, long, harmonious features, and a beautifully shaped head. His long features might have seemed melancholy but for his dancing, bright hazel eyes, and these, together with the red-brown hair, and close-cut beard and mustache of the same hue, gave color and warmth to his face. In manner Hewes was happily careless, inadvertently polite as it were, as if he might have missed the goal of courtesy, but never did; and he had the pleasant reputation of being ready for all emergencies. Though not exactly a ladies' man in the ordinary sense, Hewes was assuredly loved of the ladies, who showed him no little attention. He had "a way with him," they said, which has been from time immemorial woman's general explanation of what pleases her in man. Hewes had, certainly, little traits of expression and manner which proved very effective, — a long, slow side glance, for instance, which seemed to set the girl it was bestowed on apart to be the recipient of special favor; and a way of saying commonplace things in a lightly romantic, wooingly confidential fashion that seemed to surround the confidante with a soft atmosphere of vague possibility. Then he had, too, an unusually fine voice, whose outward sound was a caress, and whose inward truth was a command. Some women — Ethel Marsh, for instance — went so far as to call him "magnetic."

Ethel Marsh herself was a tall, slim girl, with no particular grace of figure, but her face was exquisite. It was a trifle overrefined, a thought too delicate, perhaps; but the perfect lines, the pellucid eyes, the fair abundant hair and flawless skin, were all of that rare quality of beauty which suggests fragrance.

Between Adela and her aunt there

was a strong family likeness: the same dark hair and vivid eyes, and in the younger woman a sun-brewed look which emphasized her rich coloring. The Hatley ladies were fine and handsome rather than pretty, and Adela's face had a leashed intensity of expression which made it memorable.

"I see you have all of Meredith," said Hewes, looking at the new books which Miss Hatley had scattered over the table.

"Yes, though I don't know what sort of housemate he'll prove," answered the lady.

"And do you like him?" asked Ethel, with a pretty, obvious air of making polite conversation.

Miss Miriam looked at her humorously. "Well, in the flood of printed matter in which we are drowning, I can at least hold on to Meredith and keep my head above water," returned she.

"Oh, do give him credit for being more than a mere mental support!" cried Hewes gayly. "I myself am quite a Meredithian, and am always on the *qui vive* for converts."

"I don't care for his somersault English," said Miss Hatley lightly; "but then, as our old mammy used to say, he has 'heaps o' book-learnin' layin' roun' loose,' to say nothing of that far finer learning, a knowledge of the human heart. But what chiefly interests and amuses me is his attitude toward women; for while he may strive to say a new thing, he unconsciously sets forth the immemorially old."

"And what is that?" asked Hewes eagerly.

"That the beauty of woman delighteth the countenance, and there is nothing the heart of man loveth better."

"Oh, Miss Hatley, surely he says much more than that. Wait till you read all the books!" cried Hewes deprecatingly.

"Aunt won't, unless they are amusing and not too spun out," said Adela, laugh-

ing. "For she thinks the reader has no responsibility toward the author, but that the author has every responsibility toward the reader."

Ethel looked at Hewes, as if to say: "Are you interested in all this? Suppose we go out again?" But Hewes did not move.

"When we have passed our sixtieth birthday," said Miss Hatley, smiling, "the general story of Life ought to have been fairly well learned. But the particular stories are well-nigh infinite, ever varied, and never wholly compassed. The pieces, the moves, and the motives are the same, but the game is forever different." She looked steadily at Adela. "Knowing the rules of the game and observing them, we may play with impunity ourselves, and watch others play with ever increasing comprehension, sympathy, and love." She paused for a moment, and then added: "A man of Mr. Meredith's wit, humor, and sagacity, however, cannot fail to be interesting; and his special theory—the need of courage in women—is, at all events, suggestive. But it requires courage to have courage; to him that hath shall be given, you know. The woman who has the courage of her affections ought, in poetic justice, I suppose, to marry the man who has the courage of his convictions. Both are rarer, perhaps, than we believe. Yet it is pleasant to see Mr. Meredith work out his theories."

"Oh," said Hewes, with a touch of authority, "no writer, perhaps, when it comes to individual men and women, can give more than an outline, which the imagination of the reader fills in. But every one concedes that Meredith's women are his strong point!"

"Well, I think his men are far in advance of his women," returned the lady. "As a rule, the men whom men draw, and the women whom women depict, are nearer the truth; for it is a blessed law of nature that men and women shall view one another through the eyes of the

imagination. 'He's all my fancy painted him,' 'She's all my fancy painted her,' is the universal" — Miss Hatley paused.

"Folly?" asked Hewes deprecatingly.

"Oh dear, no; wisdom," answered Miss Miriam, laughing.

"For most men," she continued, "the world of women is divided into two classes, those who prey on men, and those who pray to men, — Becky Sharps and Amelia Sedleys. Mr. Meredith's ladies appear to be the usual adjuncts to the masculine side of life. The much-vaunted courage is, as I said, the courage of the affections, and is to redound to the advantage of man. But life requires many kinds of courage, and has many more outlooks than the emotional one. Where is the civic and social conscience of these fair ladies? But we won't press the point. (Were you playing, Stanley, or was Ethel?) One thing I will admit, however: that, as a rule, women are apt to have more principle than honor, and men more honor than principle."

They all exclaimed, Adela with heightened color, and Hewes adding, "I think that that idea is equally uncomplimentary to both."

"It follows upon the assumption that all is fair in love and war. But wait till you reach my age, and you will see, perhaps, what I mean."

"Aunt Miriam, won't you come out presently and join us?" asked Adela wistfully.

"Perhaps," said the elder lady, smiling. "But remember, I have had my moonlight and guitar-playing. I have listened to the wash of the water on our shore; to the murmur of the light wind in the mimosa; to the talk, the laughter, the gentle sighs. I know something of the unspoken wishes, the disembodied dreams. It is your turn now. What counts are the memories you weave for yourselves by means of all these things."

She looked steadily at Adela, who returned the look with one of disquietude.

"Wait till you read all of Meredith," said Hewes, giving Ethel that long, particular side glance. She showed a consciousness of it by coloring and dropping her eyes. In going out, Hewes and Ethel walked together, and Adela slowly followed them, her head bent, and her under lip held close by the small white teeth.

II.

The night deepened. After a time the young people came reluctantly in, said good-night, and went their ways. Then old Uncle Zeke appeared to close and bar the shutters, and hint cautiously to his Miss Miriam that "'t was nigh on to twelve." But Miss Hatley, without lifting her head, said that she would attend to things, and, sending the man away, still sat on. Every now and then she listened as if with assured expectancy, and then bowed her face over her book again. Lured by the lamp, a moon moth floated in, dyed for a moment its rare pale translucence in the glowing light, and then, after a few agonized flutterings, sank to a disfigured death. Miss Hatley frowned. She loved summer; but the creatures that found death by her lamp troubled her. She picked the dead moth up, and put it gently out of the window. "You should have stayed with your sister spirit, the microphylla rose," she said.

Presently a light step was heard in the hall, and Adela, fully dressed, came in. She was pale now, and her face had that determinedly stilled look which means strong emotion strongly repressed.

"You were waiting for me?" she said briefly.

"Yes," replied Miss Miriam gently.

There was a long silence, during which Adela paced restlessly up and down the room.

"You thought I was n't nice to-night to Ethel Marsh?" she said at last, turning abruptly to her aunt.

"The satirical rogue says here," answered Miss Miriam, laying her hand on the book she had been gleaning from, "that all women are trained to cowardice. Perhaps they are. Yet it surely requires courage to be chivalrous, to forego our own strength of perception, never to put the deliberate finger on another's weakness. You called attention, as it were, to your own disinterestedness where I am concerned, and to her self-seeking."

"I lose patience," said Adela, speaking in low, vibrating tones, "with her continual selfishness, and her adroit way of making it appear that it is *she* who thinks of and for others."

Miss Hatley did not immediately reply.

"There is no atom of affinity between us," continued Adela sternly.

Miss Miriam lifted her brows. "Your friend," she returned warningly.

"My acquaintance, not my friend," replied Adela coldly. "She never thought of coming in for you until Stanley began talking, for the moment, exclusively to me. Then she immediately insisted that we should 'all go in and see what dear Miss Miriam was doing.'"

"Even toward our acquaintance I think we might exercise the grace of reticence."

"Why, aunt Miriam, don't you want me to tell you frankly how matters are between us?"

"I want you to see the truth, and to do simply the right thing," returned her aunt. "I have little faith in confessions, and still less in most confidences: they loosen the bands of self-respect, they dull the fine edge of sensibility. It is a great thing to know, and to know instantly, what are the expedient or lawful or necessary silences of life; and one learns by practicing on one's self. Do *you* really know what is between you and Ethel?"

The color flooded Adela's face, and her features quivered.

"Not even a woman should look upon another woman's heart," said Miss Hatley, with exquisite tenderness.

There fell a long silence, but at last, with a visible effort, Adela said: "Surely I'm not such a weakling that I can't bear to hear you voice the truth! Say it."

"Suppose I speak it, then, somewhat impersonally," returned Miss Hatley.

Adela sat down, but averted her head, and partly concealed her face with one hand. Her aunt thoughtfully regarded her.

"The primary emotions, like the primary colors, are always the same," said Miss Hatley presently, "and when Solomon said that there is nothing new under the sun, if he was speaking of the human heart with all its many issues, he spoke but a common truth. There were two young girls, then, friends, — or comrades, if you had rather, — who were made such by the easy bond of young girls' ordinary social interests. Inter-course between these two was pleasant enough until they paid a visit together to an old country house. Here Ethel, an exquisitely pretty girl, met for the first time Stanley Hewes. Hewes had known the other girl, Adela, all her life, and a few years previous, when, on his return from Europe, he had found her a woman, handsome, clever, intelligently sympathetic, the two had become good friends. There was nothing between them, however, — nothing but that indefinable warmth and confidence which seems, nevertheless, to the one who is really interested, prophetic of something more." Miss Miriam paused, and looked expectantly at her niece; but Adela did not turn her head. The silence of the night seemed to listen.

"Sometimes," continued Miss Hatley, "a man's liking for one woman sensitizes him just enough to make him fall in love with another. At all events, Hewes, artistic and impressionable, fell deeply in love with Ethel."

Adela involuntarily caught her breath. "You too, then, saw?" she said.

"My child, no one could have helped seeing," was the reply. "I know how prone we all are to think that love in itself constitutes some sort of claim; but it does not. It simply gives the right to stand aside or to serve, as the case may be. Looking the truth bravely in the face, what claim had Adela on Hewes?"

"None whatever," answered Adela quickly. Then, after a long pause, she added, "And yet I cannot help feeling that it might have been different if — if — if she had n't crossed our path just here and now."

"I am sorry for the woman who will take a man's liking in default of his possible loving," said Miss Miriam quietly.

Adela turned pale again. "Then you think his — his" — She stopped short.

"His feeling for Ethel is genuine and well founded?" finished Miss Hatley. "I cannot tell; it would be considering too curiously to consider that. The truth we are facing now is his love for her, not the quality of that love; that depends on the sort of man he is. Don't let us confound values. I have noticed that Ethel has been trying to placate you, as it were, and that you have been unconsciously feeding a smouldering resentment, as if to find justification for some sort of action."

As Adela turned her face it looked as if beaten by an inward storm. "I don't know which is worse, the pain or the shame of it," she gasped.

"The pain I know full well, but I see no reason for the shame. Our feelings — especially this feeling — come to us we know not how. What we are responsible for is the action to which we let the feeling give rise." The winged light as of the stars seemed to shine on Miss Hatley's face as she spoke.

"Don't pity me," said Adela brokenly, "don't excuse me."

"I'm not pitying you, — there's no need," — returned Miss Miriam, "and

I expect to have no cause for excusing. Pain is the great educator," she continued feelingly, "and in order to learn we must suffer. Shall I grudge you wisdom and future joy because they now cost you a heart pang? Of all the stories of Demeter, that is the subtlest and finest which represents her as the nurse of Demophon, whom, in order to fit for immortality, she was obliged to place upon live coals. Life, our nurse, does the same for all of us, — we must all undergo the fiery ordeal. I only want you to see the truth, and to act accordingly."

Adela crushed her hands together, and for a few moments made no reply.

"Do you think such a nature as Ethel's can satisfy Stanley?" she asked presently, in a smothered voice.

"I think you are not warranted in asking yourself that question," returned Miss Hatley quickly. "He must be sole judge of what suits him best."

"She has no literary, no artistic taste worth speaking of," said Adela bitterly, "and he has so much of both."

"Oh, my dear, that's the mistake so many women make. Men find uncomprehending devotion quite as helpful and soothing as intelligent sympathy. Ethel is the sort of woman who will idolize her husband, — especially a man she can be very proud of, such as Stanley."

Adela made no answer, and after a time Miss Miriam said, "She is very imitative, very adaptive, and her ready desire to please makes her seem sympathetic."

Still Adela kept silence.

"There have been many women who have had to stand by and see a man's fancy pass from them," said Miss Hatley gently.

"Does that make it easier?" rejoined Adela scornfully, and in the lamplight her eyes gleamed with fire. Presently she somewhat impatiently threw up her head. "Stanley is an honorable man," she said half hesitatingly. "If he knew

the truth, perhaps he would not care so much for Ethel."

Miss Hatley's face grew stern. "And Adela is an honorable woman," she said dryly. "Is it, then, because of Ethel's limited nature and supposed unsuitability for Stanley that you are trying to find justification for letting him know this derogatory truth?"

"The truth is the truth," returned Adela moodily. "Aunt Miriam, you don't know what it is to — to — to love and be a woman; never to lift your finger, never to look a look, even, and yet" — She broke off passionately.

Miss Hatley keenly regarded her. "What did I say? — that women have more principle than honor. Can you justify yourself to yourself? What is this antidotal truth which, like a love potion, you dare hope may turn Stanley's heart to you?"

At her aunt's tone and manner Adela changed countenance, yet said determinedly: "Ethel is already engaged to be married, — engaged to her cousin, Henry Carden. It is an indefinite, unacknowledged engagement, because he has nothing as yet to marry on."

"Did Ethel tell you this?" demanded Miss Miriam.

"Thrown together as we have been, I could not help knowing it."

"Then you, who learned this truth through the privacy and intimacy of ordinary friendship, are now willing to turn the knowledge to your own advantage as against her? This seems to me a point of honor." Miss Hatley's voice was like sunlight on ice, coldness and warmth commingled.

"It is Ethel who is dishonorable!" cried Adela hotly. "Fancy being engaged to one man, and encouraging another!"

Miss Hatley took up her paper cutter, and tapped impatiently for a few seconds on the table. Then she laughed suddenly, a little low, scornful laugh that had the effect of making Adela feel

as if she were being unexpectedly pelted with fine, cold rain.

"So, because your friend is dishonorable in a superlative degree, you are going to make it justify you in being dishonorable in a comparative?"

"I — Aunt Miriam, what do you mean?"

"That because she is dishonorable as regards her indefinite engagement, therefore you are justified in telling on her?"

"I am under no promise of secrecy," returned Adela quickly.

"Precisely; but the unspoken, understood confidence is all the more to be respected."

Miss Hatley's beautiful voice was like a soft bell buoy sounding a note of danger. There was another long silence, during which they looked steadily at each other, — two fine spirits struggling for the mastery.

"The conditions on which we are willing to accept life make life," said Miss Miriam. "I don't wish to *persuade* you, Adela; I wish simply that you should see the truth so clearly as to be able rightly to guide yourself. Are you willing to win Stanley Hewes on such terms as these, that, in order to detach him from Ethel, you shall tell him the truth? Suppose it had the effect of turning his heart to you: would you not wince always at the thought of the means you had used? Can you do it? Can you forfeit your own self-respect?"

The silence of the night seemed to vibrate like held harp strings. "And yet I'm half furious with myself that I cannot!" burst out Adela, her face glowing above her white dress in a flame of color. "It seems so easy, and yet it's impossible. The temptation has been so strong, and yet so despicable! I know it, but I wanted to come and hear you say it. I've had it all out with myself, but I thought you might as well spike the guns."

Her voice broke on the last word, and she hid her face. Miss Hatley quietly waited. The Hatleys were not demonstrative people; with them comprehension was demonstration enough.

In an altered voice, however, Miss Miriam presently said, "Will it be of any help, Adela, to know that in my youth I had a like experience?"

Adela started, and lifted her bowed head.

"I need n't tell you the particulars," continued Miss Hatley, — "they were more marked than yours; for I was actually engaged to the man whose affection I saw pass from me." She drew a long, deep breath. "I had my dark hour. I made my choice. And I learned that a clean-cut sorrow is far better than a mangled joy. I let life go, as I thought, and yet it all came back to me a thousandfold in other ways. What have you thought of doing, my Adela?" she asked tenderly.

The young girl rose and stood close to her aunt, and looked down on her with a face pale as it was resolute. "I can catch the early morning express at the Water Station," she said briefly. "I think I had better put myself beyond the reach of temptation. *They* won't miss me, or know or care why I've gone; and you can explain my absence, and apologize for it, just as you see fit, — will you, aunt Miriam?"

Miss Hatley took both the young hands in hers. "I respect you, Adela. I'll see that everything is ready, and will drive you over to the station myself." She drew her niece down, and for a moment held her close. Then Adela, without a word, went away. But Miss Miriam sat on, until a thrill of coolness stole into the room, a gray light shone through the east window, and the birds began to pipe up into song. Then she rose suddenly, swept off her books, put out the lamp, noiselessly closed the shutters, and went softly upstairs.

Ellen Duvall.

THE NEW PROVINCIALISM.

A CERTAIN provincialism has always been recognized as attaching to American history and life. It is a provincialism, as Lowell put it, more than thirty years ago, in *A Great Public Character*, due to the lack of "any great and acknowledged centre of national life," and hence to the lack of "the varied stimulus, the inexorable criticism, the many-sided opportunity, of a great metropolis, the inspiring reinforcement of an undivided national consciousness." Noting the persistence of American traditions and habits, the small and slow impressions of foreign contacts, Lowell surmises that "we shall have to be content for a good while yet with our provincialism;" querying, still farther on, Is it "in some great measure due to our absorption in the practical, as we politely call it, meaning the material"?

Thus far Lowell is discussing the long familiar notion of provincialism, — the notion associated with a rural habitat, as when Shakespeare describes "home-keeping youth" as having "homely wits," or as when Professor Barrett Wendell detects a note of provincialism in Emerson, paradoxical as that may seem in a Transcendentalist. The notion is that of the "narrowness or localism of thought or interest," as the *Century Dictionary* defines it for us, "characteristic of the inhabitants of a province as distinguished from the metropolis, or of the smaller cities and towns as distinguished from the larger." So geographical is still this notion as to lend subtle point to-day to the excuse for failing to visit his mother given by the man of fashion in *The Wanderer*, — Madame d'Arblay's forgotten story of perhaps a hundred years ago, — that it is "so rustic to have a mother." It remains true that demonstrative or conspicuous display of homely "old-fashioned" virtues, however spontaneous or

natural, suggests provincialism and provokes a smile, even when one at heart shares the sympathetic popular approval, — this, whether it be the case of President Garfield, who, in the presence of the immense throng at his inauguration, kissed his mother before he took the oath of office, or of President Loubet, who, on the day he first entered his native town as chief magistrate of the republic, stopped the procession on chancing to see his mother, descended from the carriage of state, and tenderly saluted her. This still persisting tradition of provincialism, which associates it with the "bringing up" of the "country boy" who became the American President, or of the "peasant boy" who became the French President, may soon be forced to give place to a new conception, that of the provincialism distinguishing the life of the metropolis and city even more than of the country. This new provincialism is hinted at by Lowell, in the essay already quoted, when he notes that "the stricter definition and consequent seclusion from each other of the different callings in modern times" obviously tend toward narrowing "the chance of developing and giving variety to character," and toward lessening "the interest in biography," on another side, — the interest which the people of any one calling feel in those of other callings. The trend of modern life, by the pressure of competition demanding expert skill as the price of great success, is clearly away from mutuality of contact and interest. The pressure being strongest in the largest centre, it is in the metropolis or city that one is most struck by those conditions which constitute "the social menace of specialism."

Perhaps the first conspicuous reference in current comment to the new provincialism is to be found in the lament of a

leading Boston paper over the decline in the art of club dining as practiced in that city, — an editorial jeremiad published some years ago. The critic describes these club dinners as functions “highly formal in character,” given up to “speeches and oratorical efforts,” and lacking all “originality and spontaneity.” On account of their “sameness and tame-ness,” their survival can only be attributed to those “gregarious feelings which so many men entertain, and which induce them to put themselves out, as cattle will, for the pleasure merely of rubbing their noses against each other.” The attraction secured for these dinners is almost exclusively “exotic talent,” for “few, if any, of the members have anything to impart; or if they have, their associates have no desire to hear it.” While most careful observers of urban social life would hardly risk going the length of this Boston editor in severe and sweeping arraignment, all would doubtless testify to a like general indifference to what concerns a calling not one’s own. Even eminence in one calling may fail of recognition among educated men of other callings. And this is one of the more hopeless aspects of the situation. The broadening influence of a higher education seems so often lost after but a few years of absorption in some special career, more particularly in a large city; the once intelligent interest in other kinds of careers having suffered apparent atrophy. The average college man of business or the money-getting profession — some professions are still left to us where money-getting is counted as secondary — is so close a copy of any other business or professional man that, in talk and point of view, a stranger would never guess his “superior education” but for a chance allusion. Take, for illustration, a university club in a large city, — perhaps it would not be unfair to take the largest city, New York, from its size and opportunity drawing to it men of brains and ambition from every

section and of every calling, thus “setting the pace” for, and in a growing sense representative of, American metropolitan and city life, — and do we find there evidence of that acquaintance with the best thinking of the day which, by Matthew Arnold’s standard, should mark a club of cultured men? Is it not often true that the one obvious distinguishing mark is the comparative emptiness of the really attractive club library? Is it not also often true that one may there encounter the most surprising ignorance of names which the magazine editor would call “household words”? It was at a dinner party at the University Club of New York, to cite a personal experience, that some one passed on a good story (“good” because of the person whom it concerned) of a well-known man of letters, a constant contributor to the magazines, one who has been talked of for the presidency of more than one leading university in the East, only to have the question asked, after the acquiescently polite laugh had subsided, “And who is Mr. Blank?” The man who had passed on the story had himself to give the answer, after a short but hopeless pause, — a case of humiliation in a way like explaining the point of one’s joke. It was on a “Story-Tellers’ Night” at the same club, when one of the best known writers in New York itself arose to speak, — a man known also for his practical services in reforming tenement house life, — that a little group of two lawyers, a doctor, and a business man leaned forward to whisper, in uncertainty: “He’s written some book, has n’t he? What is it?”

So far as these incidents are typical, — and they are easy to be matched by any critical observer of life in New York or our other largest cities, — they illustrate the absence of just what one would with reason expect to find in a club whose members are university men, that wide-ness of interest which a liberal education is supposed to give. That the same

spirit of absorption in one's own calling should invade and obsess such a club, no less than the ordinary club, reveals the extent of "that narrowness or localism of thought or interest" which was once the mark of rural provincialism, but is now even more the mark of metropolitan provincialism. The evidence, on entering the club, to one who knows the members, is a visual demonstration. It is like a scene on the stock exchange. As brokers gather about the posts of the various stocks, so here are groups of lawyers, doctors, business men, and perhaps, in a smaller corner, men of art and letters; those of each group talking "the shop" of their own calling. It is the law of natural selection, applied where the fittest feel most strenuously the struggle for survival, so that even in moments of relaxation they miss the contacts which it should be the peculiar mission of the place to give. If too much emphasis seems to have been placed on the club as a type, it is simply that the club images, as does no other institution, the social side of the city man's life. The place in it filled by the man of letters or art as such (that is, the man without special social connections or advantages) is brought home by the inconspicuous notice of his existence in the occasional newspaper item, — at a time when personalities of various sorts press for prominence in journalism, — or by the list of his associates, should he venture out of obscurity. Once, and not very long ago, it was different. In Trollope's day there was a London, of which, as Professor Peck notes, he was a part, including "all that was best of English intellect and English *bonhomie*." There he numbered among his friends the Earl of Derby, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley, Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Lord Beaconsfield, and George Bentinck, no less than his fellow craftsmen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Lewes, and Wilkie Collins. Is there such a New York to-day? At a recent large dinner given

there to an eminent man of letters, in recognition of an honor conferred upon him by a university, the list of some twenty of the more noteworthy names of those present, printed in the only paper that mentioned the dinner at all, included those of one doctor, one lawyer, and one bank president. The rest, as mentioned, were simply "distinguished writers." Yet that man is counted exceptional among his fellows for the closeness of his association with men of affairs.

It is, of course, true that incidents, illustrations, and the peculiar features of certain clubs cannot of themselves settle a question of status. The relation of the representatives of art and letters to the social life of our largest cities, under modern conditions, is obviously so much a matter of individual aptitude, disposition, and income that generalization is dangerous. With the fullest recognition of this, and making all possible allowance for it, these incidents, illustrations, and club peculiarities do, nevertheless, have great significance, because they are being constantly repeated here, and, as those who are most in touch with foreign life assure us, abroad as well. They point to a certain well-defined drift away from interest of contact so long as others are not "playing the same game" as ourselves. That is a happy phrase — was it not Mark Twain who first used it? — to describe the kind of absorbing activity characteristic of modern individualized life. It is a phrase in a certain sense absolving the individual's absorption from the charge of social obliquity, and saving this little study from being a preachment. What true golfer is expected to take great interest in a chess contest, if by chance he encounters a chess devotee? That is not the human nature of it. The fascination of the much-reprobated "game of money-making" as a game is something that even so acute an observer as Lord Rosebery seems to have missed. He charged that American millionaires go on accumulating when accumulation

means added burdens, as if this were something both ignoble and foolish. If one is playing the "game" of finance, having, like Mr. Morgan, all that money by the millions can buy, is there not something new in the game, quite as a matter of sport, if one chooses to put it that way, in changing the cards from railroads to steel, and in seeing what can be done by so manœuvring them as to create and set going a colossal trust? The extra money thus made, almost regardless of the amount, may be simply an incident. The unfortunate thing, of course, is that one form or another of the money-getting game claims so overwhelming a majority of the players that fewer are left all the time to appreciate the kind of prizes for which the other games are played; literature and art, for example. Mention is perhaps made to a Cræsus of a certain successful young author or painter, whose books or pictures find a modest market and appreciative criticism. "And what does the young man make?" Cræsus is most likely to ask. "Three thousand a year," is a probable reply. "Why, I pay my confidential shorthand man as much as that," has been the comment of Cræsus on more than one such occasion. Cræsus does not mean this for contempt, however contemptuous the sound. It is really a case of surprise. How can there be "success" in a game where the winnings are so insignificant? From the point of view of Cræsus no game of that sort can be "worth while." The fun the author or artist gets out of playing it passes the comprehension of Cræsus. He is too provincial to understand it, or to try to. So with the game of pretentious society, as it is played by the richest people in our largest cities. Such society is not of deliberate knowledge and malice aforethought contemptuous of literature, art, and music. Representatives of the arts are not purposely excluded. They do not know how to play the game; or, if they do, do not care for it.

The attitude of pretentious society, as a whole, toward the higher things, though one more of indifferent ignorance than of studied contempt, is by no means without its importance. The constant pose of this class before the public eye, through the exaggerated photography of the press, popularizes its Philistinism. This may be as grievous in London as in New York, — the late Dr. Creighton, the accomplished Bishop of London, held that the English have a positive contempt for knowledge of itself without practical results, — but in London Philistinism is restrained by institutions and conventions. There is in New York, for example, no club corresponding to the Athenæum Club of London; one that can confer the same prestige on a member, that can so determine his status. In New York, one of the great private balls of last winter was given on a "first night" at the Academy, — illustrating how little of an event a representative "picture show" was counted. In London, the convention of seeming to care for pictures is not to be disregarded, and the ball would have been given on some other night. In music, New York "society" can plead an apparent exception to this social indifference. But it is open to question whether, if music did not include grand opera, with its spectacular effects and its chances for display, it would not be in the same category with literature and art.

As one reckons up these and numerous other characteristics of modern life in our largest cities, one is impressed by the wide departure from its traditional meaning of the word "urbanity." It has come to denote something wholly different from what it once did. "Urbanity" was the distinguishing mark of Cardinal Newman in the view of Matthew Arnold, who explains: "In the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, . . . there is a note of provinciality," — something one never detects in Newman. The phrase fits the

reverse perversity of our growth. Our cities grow huger and huger, but the "intellectual metropolis" is still at a diminishing distance. Energized with an unequalled and astonishing activity of brain, the life of the modern non-intellectual metropolis divides itself more and more into separate callings and careers, each in turn narrowing still further as it

is further defined and specialized. The result of this new provincialism is summed up in a pregnant phrase of Matthew Arnold's, his final word on America: "What really dissatisfies in American civilization is the want of the interesting," — a charm that no individual or civilization can have without a widening appreciation of all that is interesting.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

THERE were people who wondered what Barton Foxcroft ever saw in Mary Tracy to inspire him with the love of his life, — a love that proved itself by an act of devotion so spectacular that lions and gloves and the holding of highways against all comers dwindle into a minuteness quite proportionate to the demands of perspective.

Possibly if, after this prelude, I announce that *I* was not surprised in the least, I may lay myself open to the charge of conceit. The fact is that most people viewed the whole affair as complex, and hunted for complex explanations; whereas, really, it was, as Mrs. Van Santvoord said, the very simplest and most natural thing in the world.

Society knew Foxcroft as a man of forty, of comfortable means and of well-employed leisure. That is, he had traveled pretty nearly everywhere, including a few places that men don't go to without the purpose of adding to the fund of human knowledge, and the courage to bear hardships and danger. He had volunteered on a North Pole expedition, and had been the leading factor in pulling it through without disaster; he had spent ten months among the hairy Ainos, on the island of Yezo, and had written a monograph which was the acknowledged authority on their curious tombs and ruins; he had climbed Mount

Aconcagua, and brought back a lot of meteorological data held by scientists to be of incalculable value. To all this may be added that he was handsome, well bred, and well mannered, and had safely weathered half a dozen flirtations, one of which, with the reigning belle of a New York season, and the heiress to untold millions, had been viewed by society as the certain shipwreck of his bachelorhood. There is little doubt that the heiress had viewed it in the same light, and a good many people criticised Foxcroft rather severely in the affair. I will only say in his defense that I knew the facts of the case, and that his conduct was unexceptionable. If she had really wanted *him*, she'd have won out, for I am sure Foxcroft cared for *her*. He deliberately put her out of his life; and it needed all his strength of character to do it, when he came to realize that what *she* cared for was his prominence and achievements. The truth was that she looked upon them pretty much as a good investment for her money, which, by the bye, she invested a year later in a titled attaché of one of the legations in Washington. All that society saw was that he was attentive, could have married her, and did n't, — which seemed shabby. What I saw was that he could have married her, wanted to, and did n't, — which may be quite a different thing.

Now, as to Mary Tracy, she came of good New England stock; and about the time she graduated from Jones College her father died, practically bankrupt. Then, being alone in the world, she got a position as teacher in Miss Francis' school at Winfield. She was a pretty girl, in a quiet, refined way, but under her gentle and very feminine look and manners there lurked a decided character and will. Heredity had produced an old-type woman in appearance and bearing; training and modern ideas had underlaid the good old mahogany veneer (I use the term advisedly) with the cheaper wood demanded by new fashions, — a wood well seasoned with independence of prejudice masquerading as thought, loyalty to her sex for a creed, and just the least little trace of priggishness resultant upon — well, several things.

Of course, a man, meeting her as a man meets a woman, would not be apt to note such details, — especially a man like Foxcroft, who had seen the world with its clothes off, and dealt with big thoughts and big passions and crude nature, human and otherwise. Something of the little he might see would only amuse him, and all the rest would be transformed by his sense of chivalry into positive virtues. The main points were that she was pretty, delicate, feminine, appealing; that she was plucky and poor, and had to drudge her life out with those callow, catty girls; and, above all, that Foxcroft had gone to spend two weeks, and had spent the whole summer, with an aunt who lived at North Merton, within a stone's throw of Mary Tracy's home. If any one who thinks he knows the kind of man Foxcroft was feels the least halt of surprise at his falling in love with her, why, he simply does n't know that kind of man, — that's all.

Just here is where the seemingly complex side of the affair begins. As I have said, any reasonably rational man ought to be able to understand Barton Foxcroft

falling in love with Mary Tracy, but only a clever woman could understand Mary Tracy not falling in love with Barton Foxcroft.

She certainly admired his person, his character, and his exploits; she enjoyed his society, and found it altogether congenial and entertaining; while as for his evident devotion, the blind could see that it was far from distasteful to her; — that she realized and liked and sought it, if one can use the word "sought" with reference to a well-bred woman's rather receptive attitude in such affairs.

The upshot was that he offered himself, and she refused him in a very kindly, gentle way. That did not turn him in the least. She wished to be his "friend." Very well, she should be; but *he* would be *her* lover, because that was *his* business. This, you will understand, is quite different from the position of the fellow who proposes and is rejected, and holds on, and proposes again and again, and wins in the end by sheer persistence. There was something undignified, servile, quite foreign to Foxcroft's nature, in such a course, and he wanted Mary Tracy so much that he did *not* want her unless she wanted him in equal measure. Therefore he ceased to be her suitor without ceasing to be her lover: and I think she rather appreciated his attitude, and took a certain satisfaction in it. This was the only return he asked. If at any time she should come to care for him, that also must be a free gift.

It was early in the spring following this understanding between the two. Foxcroft had been spending the Easter holidays at North Merton, and on that particular day he was walking along an old wood road with Mary Tracy. Several of her letters, of late, had seemed big with some exciting disclosure that she had in store for him, but Foxcroft had asked no questions beyond what seemed called for by the possibility of her wishing him to. He never asked questions. He appreciated confidences

more than any one I ever knew, but he never tried to force them.

Well, they were walking along the old wood road together. Suddenly she turned to him. "What do you think I'm going to do this summer?" she said.

Foxcroft smiled. "Something you want to, I hope."

"More than anything in the world!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

Foxcroft laughed a pleased laugh, glad in her gladness. "Well?" he said.

"I'm going abroad."

Now it always seemed to me that there was something almost brutal in this announcement. If you don't happen to see it so, I could never explain it satisfactorily; but I'm sure it hit Foxcroft pretty hard, despite the fact that he and I almost quarreled, afterward, because I intimated that, knowing his feelings as she did, her abruptness was selfish and self-centred and feminine.

When he got his breath, he expressed a sympathy with her pleasant anticipations, and asked about the details of her projected trip.

Then she showed him a sort of ticket and itinerary book, and for a moment he needed all his self-control. Probably she did not notice his effort. At any rate, she rattled on:—

"You see I could n't go alone, and I did n't know any one to go with who would just fit my ideas and means, and who was going and wanted me; and the circular said that Gazook's parties were all very select,—references required, and all that sort of thing; and they go to just the places I want to see, and everything is managed for you, so that you don't have a thing to worry about, and some one goes with each party to explain everything they see, and it's not very expensive, and, really, it seemed like just what I'd been waiting for; so I sent and got the ticket at once, for fear I might change my mind."

Then she paused, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

Meanwhile Foxcroft had gotten himself in hand, thanking his stars that no word had slipped from him to mar her satisfaction. The things he said voiced good wishes for her journey; and if they rang a bit hollow, her attitude was far too satisfied to detect the false note.

When they parted he began to think, — all the way to his room, all the evening, and far into the night.

Poor little girl! what did she know of the horrors of such parties, — their wild prance through time and space, their hopeless Philistinism, their inherent vulgarity? Brought up in a quiet New England town, with four years at a quiet New England female college as the only departure from a rigid application of the sheltered-life system; then a year's teaching at a quiet New England seminary; and, added to all this, a nature at once retiring and self-sufficient, — in the face of such an apology, even the half-formed attitude of critical astonishment faded from Foxcroft's mind, and the wave of sympathy gathered volume.

"To think of that crowd!" he pondered. "All sorts of odds that there won't be a congenial soul in the party. If there was only a reasonable chance of her meeting one person in the least satisfactory, either for companionship or information!" Suddenly his face lighted at the advent of a new idea.

What prevented his joining the party himself?

Then he lay back in his chair and laughed out at the absurdity of the combination. That he, who had been approximately everywhere, both within and without the boundaries of civilization; who had led others through difficult and often perilous shifts of travel; who was posted and equipped beyond nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand on art and history and points of local interest, — that *he* should be "personally conducted"! His laugh softened into a smile that meant even more; and yet the idea held its ground.

Why should he care for the personal end of the thing? It would be three months, — that was all; and meanwhile he would have Mary Tracy's presence, and the certainty that he was giving her something she could get in no other way.

That settled it. The next day he told her he had decided to join the party, and had written to that effect. It was some years, he said, since he had visited most of the points on the route, and he felt sure he would enjoy a renewal of old associations, especially in such charming company.

"How perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "Now I'm sure I shall not be absolutely friendless; and that risk is the only drawback to such trips. Of course there'll be lots of nice people, but there might not happen to be any that you or I could just chum with."

"Of course there might not," said Foxcroft.

"And, really," she went on, "you can't imagine how set up I feel, that an old traveler like you should have thought one of my ideas worth adopting. It *will* be nice, won't it?"

"Great," said he; and they talked travel from that on.

There were only a few of the people who knew Foxcroft who ever heard of his Gazook's tour. It was natural enough that he should keep quiet about it. Independent as he was, he shuddered at thought of the howl of mad mirth with which his friends and acquaintances would greet such an announcement, and worse than all he dreaded their inevitable inferences and innuendoes. His love for Mary Tracy seemed altogether discordant with the semi-humorous attitude which society assumes toward the courtships of its members. As it was quite within his habits to disappear for somewhere at no notice whatever, his disappearances had ceased to excite wonder; and so it was that only Mrs. Van Santvoord and I happened to know just what he was doing. I'm not so sure

that Mrs. Van Santvoord knew as much as I did; but she inferred pretty shrewdly, and talked just as if her inferences were knowledge. That was how she entrapped me into talking, especially as I knew that she and Foxcroft were intimate enough and friendly enough for him not to care. If he had n't told her everything himself, it was just because he had n't happened to feel like it, and not because he did not wish her to know.

Well, we talked, and we agreed and disagreed. I said that it was the most tremendous proof of devotion I had ever heard or read of, and that any woman with a chemical trace of womanliness in her nature must of necessity yield to it. She said that it was the most tremendous proof of devotion she had ever read or heard of — and then she stopped, and smiled, and thought a minute, with an almost sad expression on her face, and then she smiled again, and remarked that the modern woman was a curious creature, passing through a transition stage of development, and that she did n't believe even she, Theodosia Van Santvoord, understood herself half so well as she imagined she did. After that we drifted off into a sociological discussion.

Mrs. Van Santvoord never uses big words, or bothers about professorial abstractions or egotistical theories; but she's just about the brightest and most sensible woman I know, and her ideas never get tangled.

As for the tour, there is no necessity to go into painful details. The personal conductor, Mr. Albert George Billings, was a very capable, gentlemanly man of about thirty, a graduate of one of the Western universities, — I forget which, — and with Western "go," a glib tongue, and a fund of superficial, guidebook information admirably suited to the needs of "doing" big sights in little time.

I remember hearing of his entry into the Salon Carré of the Louvre, with an announcement approximately as follows: "This is the Salon Carré. Every pic-

ture here is a masterpiece. We have just twenty minutes to reach the tomb of Napoleon." And every one within an hundred yards heard him shout to his three stageloads in front of the Madeleine: "We will now go to the Palais Royal for luncheon. The price of luncheon will be three francs, including wine. Those who do not want wine can have coffee. It is to be hoped that you will all be in your places in the stages within three quarters of an hour, as any delay will curtail our time at the next point of interest. The price of luncheon will be three francs, including wine. Those who do not want wine can have coffee."

Naturally, much of this hen-and-chickens method of travel, useful enough in its way, proved both a revelation and a shock to Mary Tracy. The hurry, the loss of individuality, the conspicuousness of it all, were elements she had never happened to think of before she bought her ticket, and which erudite friends had kindly refrained from emphasizing after that irrevocable step had been taken.

It was Foxcroft, however, whose constant attendance and thoughtful devotion softened the humiliating features, and supplied material for rational guidance and true appreciation. His mind, stored with a wealth of traveler's experience and a fund of historical, legendary, personal, and artistic information, was always at her command; and when they two were able to drift out of the range of Mr. Billings' very capable voice, she saw and learned what Mr. Billings could never have taught, — won an insight which that gentleman could never have given. These, also, were the times when Foxcroft and Miss Tracy fell outside of the amused smile with which detached travelers followed Mr. Billings and his brood in their flutter through art, architecture, and antiquity.

Perhaps one of the hardest parts of the task Foxcroft had set himself was keeping Mary Tracy from suspecting his motive for joining the party, and from

appreciating the silent agony of such a martyrdom for such a man. I suppose his motive was partly consideration and partly pride. To his mind, half the value of his sacrifice consisted of his never allowing word or act to hint at it as such, or to place upon her shoulders the lightest straw of obligation. This was where Mrs. Van Santvoord lost all patience with him; but the attitude was Foxcroft, and it could never have been otherwise, and women always claim that their highest appreciation and love are to be won by just such delicate devotion.

That was what I told her when she talked; but she only looked at me with a sort of pity in her eyes, and sniffed scornfully.

Of course it was quite impossible that Mary Tracy should not occasionally question just how enjoyable to Foxcroft such a tour could be, but, with all her intelligence, she could never put herself within a league of his place. You see, she had never been abroad before, and she was bound to enjoy what she saw, even under the worst of conditions; while, thanks to her lover, the existing conditions were very far from the worst. Gazookery became less than half of Gazookery to her. Then, too, she was too busy and occupied to bother much about such questions, and it was easy for Foxcroft to laugh away her suspicions whenever they found voice.

I have spoken above of my friend's "sacrifice," and yet I am not quite sure that I should so term it. In a way it was certainly his highest pleasure, and the companionship of Mary Tracy was always a joy to him, save for the constant self-restraint which he felt called upon to exercise. That was undeniably a strain; but then, realizing that she knew he loved her, there seemed no need for him to embarrass her by emphasizing the fact. Perhaps it would all come out right in the end; and if it did not — well, surely he was a man big enough to give without return.

Here, again, Mrs. Van Santvoord held up her pretty hands in hopeless despair.

The end of the tour came at last. They boarded the home steamer, and they left it; and after Foxcroft had seen Miss Tracy and her steamer trunk to the Grand Central Station, and received her prettiest thanks for all his kindness, and watched the train for North Merton pull out, he took a cab to his apartment, and spent the night in silent communion with Scotch high-balls and tobacco.

A week later he went to North Merton, to spend a couple of days prior to the beginning of the Winfield term.

It was the last afternoon. They were walking along the same wood road where Foxcroft had first heard of "the tour." All through these two days even his masculine intuition had been alive to a certain change in Mary Tracy. She seemed like a delicate instrument tuned half a note above concert pitch. Still, he had attributed it to just "nerves."

And now, as they strolled along together, he was wondering whether she ever thought of what it all meant to him; and she was silent and —

Suddenly she turned, with a small red spot on each cheek.

"Mr. Foxcroft," she said; and her voice halted, with a queer, embarrassed little hitch. "There is something I must tell you before you go back to New York. I am going to be married in the spring."

By a tremendous effort Foxcroft kept his face in its lines. As for speech, even he dared not trust that. He was strong, one of the strongest men I ever knew; but for the brutal heedlessness of such a blow he could find no guard, and he stood like a boxer whose vulnerable point has been reached by a chance swing, — on his feet, smiling, his hands up,

but needing only a push to send him a crumpled heap upon the boards.

There was no science or intent, though, behind his assailant's attack. She never noted the condition of the man standing before her. Only she paused, waiting for him to say something. Every moment helped him to rally his self-control, and at last he heard himself speaking, in a voice that sounded weirdly strange in his ears: —

"You have certainly surprised me, Miss Tracy. Might an old friend ask whom he shall congratulate?"

He knew what he said was absurdly formal and stilted, but it was his very best, then; and the girl did not seem to remark either the voice or the words.

"It is Mr. Billings," she said, smiling; and then, as if the flood gates of speech had been opened, she burst out: "I was never much with him on the trip, — he was so busy about our comfort, you know; and I never dreamed he cared for me until he came here straight from the steamer, — in the next train after mine; and then, when he told me all about himself, and how he felt, and why he'd done as he had, I began to realize just how good he'd been to us all through those three months, and how he'd looked out for everything, and saved us from all the worries and trials of travel. Men can never understand, Mr. Foxcroft, how much such care and devotion mean to a woman; and such a position for such a man must be terribly trying. Think of all he has to know about everything! And, between you and me, most of the people in the party were pretty hopeless; and yet he never lost his temper, or even his patience, once. That's what shows character, does n't it? And then, with all his kindness, he was so masterful."

Duffield Osborne.

AD ASTRA.

LOVE, you are late.

Yea, while the roseleaves fall .
 In showers against the moonlit garden wall,
 My firm hand shuts the gate.
 The nightingale
 Has worn himself with pleading;
 The fountains' silvered tears are interceding,
 But what is their avail?

Love, you are late.

Long stood the postern wide
 With all my morning-glories twined; inside
 Bird called to bird for mate.
 Noon and the sun, —
 The loves of bees and flowers;
 With folded hands unclaimed I marked the hours
 That saw my youth undone.

Then evening star

And coming of the moon!
 Ah, not too soon, my soul, ah, not too soon
 Broke their soft grace afar!
 All consecrate,
 I chose my white path there,
 And took the withered roses from my hair.
 Love, you are late, — too late!

Thomas Walsh.

 THE SPIRAL STONE.

THE graveyard on the brow of the hill was white with snow. The marbles were white, the evergreens black. One tall spiral stone stood painfully, near the centre. The little brown church outside the gates turned its face in the more comfortable direction of the village.

Only three were out among the graves: "Ambrose Chillingworth, ætat 30, 1675;" "Margaret Vane, ætat 19, 1839;" and "Thy Little One, O God, ætat 2," from the Mercer Lot. It is called the "Mercer Lot," but the Mer-

cers are all dead or gone from the village.

The Little One trotted around busily, putting his tiny finger in the letterings and patting the faces of the cherubs. The other two sat on the base of the spiral, which twisted in the moonlight over them.

"I wonder why it is?" Margaret said. "Most of them never come out at all. We and the Little One come out so often. You were wise and learned. I knew so little. Will you tell me?"

"Learning is not wisdom," Ambrose answered. "But of this matter it was said that our containment in the grave depended on the spirit in which we departed. I made certain researches. It appeared by common report that only those came out whom desperate sin tormented, or labors incomplete and great desire at the point of death made restless. I had doubts the matter were more subtle, the reasons of it reaching out distantly." He sighed faintly, following with his eyes, tomb by tomb, the broad white path that dropped down the hillside to the church. "I desired greatly to live."

"And I. Is it because we desired it so much, then? But the Little One" — "I do not know," he said.

The Little One trotted gravely here and there, seeming to know very well what he was about, and presently came to the spiral stone. The lettering on it was new, and there was no cherub. He dropped down suddenly on the snow, with a faint whimper. His small feet came out from under his gown, as he sat upright, gazing at the letters with round troubled eyes, and up to the top of the monument for the solution of some unstated problem.

"The stone is but newly placed," said Ambrose, "and the newcomer would seem to be of those who rest in peace."

They went and sat down on either side of him, on the snow. The peculiar cutting of the stone, with spirally ascending lines, together with the moon's illusion, gave it a semblance of motion. Something twisted and climbed continually, and vanished continually from the point. But the base was broad, square, and heavily lettered: "John Mareschelli Vane."

"Vane? That was thy name," said Ambrose.

1890. ÆTAT 72.

AN EMINENT CITIZEN, A PUBLIC BENEFAC-
TOR, AND WIDELY ESTEEMED.

FOR THE LOVE OF HIS NATIVE PLACE RE-
TURNED TO LAY HIS DUST THEREIN.

THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

"It would seem he did well, and rounded his labors to a goodly end, lying down among his kindred as a sheaf that is garnered in the autumn. He was fortunate."

And Margaret spoke, in the thin, emotionless voice which those who are long in the graveyard use: "He was my brother."

"Thy brother?" said Ambrose.

The Little One looked up and down the spiral with wide eyes. The other two looked past it into the deep white valley, where the river, covered with ice and snow, was marked only by the lines of skeleton willows and poplars. A night wind, listless but continual, stirred the evergreens. The moon swung low over the opposite hills, and for a moment slipped behind a cloud.

"Says it not so, 'For the Love of his Native Place'?" murmured Ambrose.

And as the moon came out, there leaned against the pedestal, pointing with a finger at the epitaph, one that seemed an old man, with bowed shoulders and keen, restless face, but in his manner cowed and weary.

"It is a lie," he said slowly. "I hated it, Margaret. I came because Ellen Mercer called me."

"Ellen is n't buried here."

"Not here!"

"Not here."

"Was it you, then, Margaret? Why?"

"I did n't call you."

"Who then?" he shrieked. "Who called me?"

The night wind moved on monotonously, and the moonlight was undisturbed, like glassy water.

"When I came away," she said, "I thought you would marry her. You did n't, then? But why should she call you?"

"I left the village suddenly!" he cried. "I grew to dread, and then to hate it. I buried myself from the knowledge of it, and the memory of it was my enemy. I wished for a distant death, and these

fifty years have heard the summons to come and lay my bones in this graveyard. I thought it was Ellen. You, sir, wear an antique dress; you have been long in this strange existence. Can you tell who called me? If not Ellen, where is Ellen?" He wrung his hands, and rocked to and fro.

"The mystery is with the dead as with the living," said Ambrose. "The shadows of the future and the past come among us. We look in their eyes, and understand them not. Now and again there is a call even here, and the grave is henceforth untenanted of its spirit. Here, too, we know a necessity which binds us, which speaks not with audible voice and will not be questioned."

"But tell me," moaned the other, "does the weight of sin depend upon its consequences? Then what weight do I bear? I do not know whether it was ruin or death, or a thing gone by and forgotten. Is there no answer here to this?"

"Death is but a step in the process of life," answered Ambrose. "I know not if any are ruined or anything forgotten. Look up to the order of the stars, an handwriting on the wall of the firmament. But who hath read it? Mark this night wind, a still small voice. But

what speaketh it? The earth is clothed in white garments as a bride. What mean the ceremonials of the seasons? The will from without is only known as it is manifested. Nor does it manifest where the consequences of the deed end or its causes began. Have they any end or a beginning? I cannot answer you."

"Who called me, Margaret?"

And she said again monotonously, "I did n't call you."

The Little One sat between Ambrose and Margaret, chuckling to himself and gazing up at the newcomer, who suddenly bent forward and looked into his eyes, with a gasp.

"What is this?" he whispered.

"Thy Little One, O God, ætat 2,' from the Mercer Lot," returned Ambrose gently. "He is very quiet. Art not neglecting thy business, Little One? The lower walks are unvisited to-night."

"They are Ellen's eyes!" cried the other, moaning and rocking. "Did you call me? Were you mine?"

"It is written, 'Thy Little One, O God,'" murmured Ambrose. "That is a prayer."

But the Little One only curled his feet up under his gown, and chuckled contentedly.

Arthur Colton.

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT.

ONE interesting result of the British struggle in South Africa has been a revival among Englishmen of the spirit of self-examination. The unexpected duration and the staggering cost of the war have brought sharply home to them a realization of national shortcomings. When every allowance has been made for the natural difficulties against which the British troops have so gallantly contended, there remains a good deal of incontrovertible and unwelcome evidence

of defective preparation, of inadequate training. The War Office maps were incomplete; the Boer positions were ill reconnoitred; British officers of long experience were again and again outgeneraled by farmers. Of the many frank and manly endeavors to analyze the causes of such a surprising weakness, one of the most suggestive has been made by the Hon. George C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College. In an article published not long ago, he inquires

whether his countrymen may well be called, not, as formerly, "a nation of shopkeepers," but, with more justice, a nation of amateurs. "Conspicuous as are the virtues of British soldiers and British officers," he remarks, "these virtues are essentially the virtues of the amateur, and not of the professional, arising from the native vigor of our national temperament, and not from intelligent education or training."¹

The distinction here made between the amateur and the professional is one that, for ordinary purposes, is obvious enough. The amateur, we are accustomed to say, works for love, and not for money. He cultivates an art or a sport, a study or an employment, because of his taste for it; he is attached to it, not because it gives him a living, but because it ministers to his life. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, for instance, is classed as a professional actor and an amateur painter. Charles Dickens was an amateur actor and a professional novelist. Your intermittent political reformer is an amateur. His opponent, the "ward man," is a professional; politics being both his life and his living, his art and his constant industry.

In any particular art or sport, it is often difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between amateur and professional activity. The amateur athlete may be so wholly in earnest as to take risks and to endure hardships which no amount of money would tempt him to undergo. Amateur philanthropy is of great and increasing service in the social organism of the modern community. Many an American carries into his amusement, his avocation, — such as yachting, fancy farming, tarpon fishing, — the same thoroughness, energy, and practical skill that win him success in his vocation.

And yet, as a general rule, the amateur betrays amateurish qualities. He is unskillful because untrained; desultory because incessant devotion to his hobby

is both unnecessary and wearisome; ineffective because, after all, it is not a vital matter whether he succeed or fail. The amateur actor is usually interesting, at times delightful, and even, as in the case of Dickens, powerful; his performance gives pleasure to his friends; but, nevertheless, the professional, who must act well or starve, acts very much better. In a country where there is a great leisure class, as the Warden of Merton points out, amateurism is sure to flourish. "The young Englishman of this great leisure class," he says, "is no dandy and no coward, but he is an amateur born and bred, with an amateur's lack of training, an amateur's contempt of method, and an amateur's ideal of life." The English boy attends school, he adds, with other boys who are amateurs in their studies, and almost professionals in their games; he passes through the university with the minimum of industry; he finds professional and public life in Great Britain crippled by the amateur spirit; in the army, the bar, the church, in agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce, there is a contempt for knowledge, an inveterate faith in the superiority of the rule of thumb, a tendency to hold one's self a little above one's work.

Similar testimony has recently been given by Mandell Creighton, the late Bishop of London, in a posthumously published address entitled *A Plea for Knowledge*. "The great defect of England at present," confesses the bishop, "is an inadequate conception of the value of knowledge in itself, and of its importance for the national life. We have a tendency to repose on our laurels; to adopt the attitude that we are no longer professionals, but high-minded and eclectic amateurs. . . . We do not care to sacrifice our dignity by taking undue care about trifles."²

With the validity of such indictments against a whole nation we have no direct concern. But they suggest the im-

¹ *The Nineteenth Century*, October, 1900.

² *Contemporary Review*, April, 1901.

portance of the distinction between the amateur and the professional spirit; they show that a realization of this distinction may affect many phases of activity, personal and national, and how far reaching may be its significance for us as we face those new conditions under which the problems of both personal and national life must be worked out.

Amateurs, then, to borrow Mr. Brodick's definition, "are men who are not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may involve ruin, who seldom fully realize the difficulties of success against trained competitors, and who therefore rebel against the drudgery of professional drill and methodical instruction." One may accept this definition, in all its implications, without ceasing to be aware of the charm of the amateur. For the amateur surely has his charm, and he has his virtues, — virtues that have nowhere wrought more happily for him than here upon American soil. Versatility, enthusiasm, freshness of spirit, initiative, a fine recklessness of tradition and precedent, a faculty for cutting across lots, — these are the qualities of the American pioneer. Not in the Italians of the Renaissance nor in the Elizabethan Englishmen will one find more plasticity of mind and hand than among the plain New Englanders of 1840. Take those men of the Transcendentalist epoch, whose individuality has been fortunately transmitted to us through our literature. They were in love with life, enraptured of its opportunities and possibilities. No matter to what task a man set his hand, he could gain a livelihood without loss of self-respect or the respect of the community. Let him try teaching school, Emerson would advise; let him farm it awhile, drive a tin peddler's cart for a season or two, keep store, go to Congress, live "the experimental life." Emerson himself could muse upon the oversoul, but he also raised the best Baldwin apples and Bartlett pears in Concord, and

got the highest current prices for them in the Boston market. His friend Thoreau supported himself by making sand-paper or lead pencils, by surveying farms, or by hoeing that immortal patch of beans; his true vocation being steadily that of the philosopher, the seeker. The type has been preserved, by the translucent art of Hawthorne, in the person of Holgrave, the daguerreotypist of *The House of the Seven Gables*. Holgrave was twenty-two, but he had already been a schoolmaster, storekeeper, editor, peddler, dentist. He had traveled in Europe, joined a company of Fourierists, and lectured on mesmerism. Yet "amid all these personal vicissitudes," Hawthorne tells us, "he had never lost his identity. He had never violated the innermost man, but had carried his conscience along with him."

No doubt there is something humorous, to our generation, in this glorification of the Yankee tin peddler. Yet how much there is to admire in the vivacity, the resourcefulness, the very mobility, of that type of man, who was always in light marching order, and who, by flank attack and feigned retreat and in every disguise of uniform, stormed his way to some sort of moral victory at last! And the moral victory was often accompanied by material victory as well. These men got on, by hook or by crook; they asked no favors; they paid off their mortgages, and invented machines, and wrote books, and founded new commonwealths. In war and peace they had a knack for getting things done, and learning the rules afterward.

Nor has this restless, inventive, querying, accomplishing type of American manhood lost its prominence in our political and social structure. The self-made man is still, perhaps, our most representative man. Native shrewdness and energy and practical capacity — qualities such as the amateur may possess in a high degree — continue to carry a man very far. They have frequently

been attended by such good fortune as to make it easy for us to think that they are the only qualities needed for success. Some of the most substantial gains of American diplomacy, for instance, have been made by men without diplomatic training. We have seen within a very few years an almost unknown lawyer, from an insignificant city, called to be the head of the Department of State, where his achievements, indeed, promptly justified his appointment. The conduct of the War Department and the Navy has frequently been intrusted to civilians whose frank ignorance of their new duties has been equaled only by their skill in performing them. The history of American cabinets is, in spite of many exceptions, on the whole, an apotheosis of the amateur. It is the readiest justification of the tin peddler theory, — the theory, namely, that you should first get your man, and then let him learn his new trade by practicing it. “By dint of hammering one gets to be a blacksmith,” say the French; and if a blacksmith, why not a postmaster, or a postmaster general, or an ambassador?

The difficulty with this theory lies in the temptation to exaggerate it. Because we have been lucky thus far, we are tempted to proceed upon the comfortable conviction that if we once find our man, the question of his previous apprenticeship to his calling, or even that of his training in some related field of activity, may safely be ignored. The gambler is in our blood. We like to watch the performance of an untried man in a responsible position, much as we do the trotting of a green horse. The admitted uncertainty of the result enhances our pleasure in the experiment. In literature, just now, we are witnessing the exploitation of the “young writer.” Lack of experience, of craftsmanship, is actually counted among a fledgeling author’s assets. The curiosity of the public regarding this new, unknown power is

counted upon to offset, and more, the recognition of the known power of the veteran writer. Power is indeed recognized as the ultimate test of merit; but there is a widespread tendency to overlook the fact that power is largely conditioned upon skill, and that skill depends not merely upon natural faculty, but upon knowledge and discipline. The popularity of the “young writer” is, in short, an illustration of the easy glorification of amateur qualities to the neglect of professional qualities.

This tendency is the more curious because of our pronounced national distaste for ineffectiveness. The undisguisedly amateurish traits of unskillfulness and desultoriness have not been popular here. If we have been rather complaisant toward the jack-of-all-trades, we have never wholly forgotten that he is “master of none.” In the older New England vernacular, the village ne’er-do-well was commonly spoken of as a “clever” fellow; the adjective was distinctly opprobrious. And indeed, if the connoisseur is the one who knows, and the dilettante the one who only thinks he knows, the amateur is often the one who would like to know, but is too lazy to learn. Accordingly, he keeps guessing, in an easy, careless, “clever” fashion, which is agreeable enough when no serious interests are at stake. He has transient affections for this and that department of thought or activity; like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, he has “gone into that a good deal at one time.” Mr. Brooke is a delightful person in fiction, but in actual life a great many Mr. Brookes end their career at the town farm. Even this would not in itself be so lamentable a matter, if it were not in the power of a community of Mr. Brookes to create conditions capable of driving the rest of us to the town farm. “Dilettanteism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur search for truth, — this,” says Carlyle, “is the sorest sin.”

The amateur search for truth has al-

ways flourished, and is likely to flourish always, in the United States. That the quest is inspiring, amusing, sometimes highly rewarded, one may readily admit. But if it promotes individualism, it also produces the crank. If it brevets us all as philosophers, it likewise brands many of us as fools. Who does not know the amateur economist, with his "sacred ratios," or his amiable willingness to "do something for silver"? The amateur sociologist, who grows strangely confused if you ask him to define Sociology? Popular preachers, who can refute Darwin and elucidate Jefferson "while you wait," — if you do wait? Amateur critics of art and literature, who have plenty of zeal, but no knowledge of standards, no anchorage in principles? The lady amateur, who writes verses without knowing prosody, and paints pictures without learning to draw, and performs what she calls "social service" without training her own children either in manners or religion? Nay, are there not amateur college professors, who walk gracefully through the part, but add neither to the domain of human knowledge nor to the practical efficiency of any pupil?

But the roll call of these dependents and defectives is long enough. The failures of the amateur search for truth are often brilliant failures. Its occasional successes have often been brilliant, too. Yet the real workaday progress, the solid irretaceable advance in any art or profession, has commonly been made by the professional. He sums up in himself both connoisseurship and craftsmanship. He not only knows, but does. Pasteur was a professional, and Helmholtz, and Huxley. John Marshall was a professional. Mr. John Sargent is a professional, and so is Mr. Secretary Hay.

If the gifted amateur desires to learn his relative rank when compared with a professional, the way is easy. Let him challenge the professional! Play

a match at golf against the dour Scotchman who gives lessons for his daily bread. He will beat you, because he cannot afford not to beat you. Shoot against your guide in the North Woods. You will possibly beat him at a target, but he will hit the deer that you have just missed; you can cast a fly on the lawn much farther than he, but he will take more fish out of the pool. It is his business, your recreation. Some one dear to you is critically ill. It seems cruel to surrender the care of the sick person to a hireling, when you are conscious of boundless love and devotion. But your physician will prefer the trained nurse, because the trained nurse will do what she is told, will keep cool, keep quiet, count the drops accurately, read the thermometer right; because, in short, he can depend upon a professional, and cannot depend upon an amateur.

What is true of the sport, of the art, is even more invariably true in the field of scientific effort. How secure is the course of the *Fachmann*, who by limiting his territory has become lord of it, who has a fund of positive knowledge upon all the knowable portions of it, and has charted, at least, the deepening water where knowledge sheers off into ignorance! It is late in the day to confess the indebtedness of our generation to the scientific method. How tonic and heartening, in days of dull routine, has been the example of those brave German masters to whom our American scholarship owes so much! What industry has been theirs, what confidence in method, what serene indifference to the rivalry of the gifted amateur! I recall the fine scorn with which Bernhard ten Brink, at Strassburg, used to wave aside the suggestions of his pupils that this or that new and widely advertised book might contain some valuable contribution to his department. "Nay," he would retort, "*wissenschaftliche Bedeutung hat's doch nicht.*" Many a pretentious book, a popular book, even a very useful book,

was pilloried by that quiet sentence, "*It has no scientific significance.*" To get the import of that sentence thoroughly into one's head is worth all it costs to sit at the feet of German scholars. There speaks the true, patient, scientific spirit, whose service to the modern man was perhaps the most highly appraised factor when we of the western world tried to take an inventory of ourselves and our indebtedness, at the dawn of the new century.

For to be able to assess the scientific bearing of the new book, the new fact, upon your own profession proves you a master of your profession. Modern competitive conditions are making this kind of expert knowledge more and more essential. The success of German manufacturing chemists, for example, is universally acknowledged to be due to the scientific attainments of the thousands of young men who enter the manufacturing factories from the great technical schools. The alarm of Englishmen over the recent strides of Germany in commercial rivalry is due to a dawning recognition of the efficacy of knowledge, and of the training which knowledge recommends. It is the well-grounded alarm of the gifted amateur when compelled to compete with the professional. The professional may not be a wholly agreeable antagonist; he may not happen to be a "clubbable" person; but that fact does not vitiate his record. His record stands.

Is it possible to explain this patent or latent antagonism of the amateur toward the professional? It is explicable, in part at least, through a comparison not so much of their methods of work — where the praise must be awarded to the professional — as of their characteristic spirit. And here there is much more to be said for the amateur. The difference will naturally be more striking if we compare the most admirable trait of the amateur spirit with the least admirable trait of the professional spirit.

The cultivated amateur, who touches life on many sides, perceives that the professional is apt to approach life from one side only. It is a commonplace to say that without specialized training and accomplishment the road to most kinds of professional success is closed. Yet, through bending one's energies unrelentingly upon a particular task, it often happens that creation narrows "in man's view," instead of widening. Your famous expert, as you suddenly discover, is but a segment of a man, — overdeveloped in one direction, atrophied in all others. His expertness, his professional functioning, so to speak, is of indisputable value to society, but he himself remains an unsocial member of the body politic. He has become a machine, — as Emerson declared so long ago, "a thinker, not a man thinking." He is uninterested, and consequently uninteresting. Very possibly it may not be the chief end of man to afford an interesting spectacle to the observer. And yet so closely are we bound together that a loss of sympathy, of imagination, of free and varied activity, soon insulates the individual, and lessens his usefulness as a member of society. Surely we are playing an interesting comedy, here between heaven and the mire, and we ought to play it in an interested way. We can afford to be human. Scientific Method is a handmaiden whose services have proved indispensable. No one can fill her place. We should raise her wages. But, after all, Personality is the mistress of the house. Method must be taught to know her station, and

"She is the second, not the first."

No doubt there is a temptation, in such a comparison of qualities and gifts, to dally with mere abstractions. None of us have known a wholly methodized, mechanicalized man. But none the less we may properly endeavor to measure a tendency, and to guard against its excess. There are few observers of American life who believe that specialization

has as yet been carried too far. Yet one may insist that the theory of specialized functions, necessitated as it is by modern conditions, and increasingly demanded as it must be as our civilization grows in complexity, needs examination and correction in the interests of true human progress. It is not that we actually meet on the sidewalk some scientific Frankenstein, some marvelously developed special faculty for research or invention or money-making, which dominates and dwarfs all other faculties, — though we often see something that looks very much like it. It is rather that thoughtful people are compelled to ask themselves, How far can this special development — this purely professional habit of mind — proceed without injury to the symmetry of character, without impairing the varied and spontaneous and abundant play of human powers which gives joy to life? And the prejudice which the amateur feels toward the professional, the more or less veiled hostility between the man who does something for love which another man does for money, is one of those instinctive reactions — like the vague alarm of some wild creature in the woods — which give a hint of danger.

Let us make the very fullest acknowledgment of our debt to the professional spirit. Many of our best inheritances, such as our body of law, represent the steady achievements of professional skill, professional self-sacrifice. The mechanical conveniences and equipments in which the age abounds, all this apparatus for communication and transportation, have been wrought out for us by the most patient, the most concentrated activity of professionals. The young man who is entering medicine, the law, business, the army, the church, finds himself ranked at once by his power to assimilate the professional experience of older men. Some day, let us trust, the young man who desires to serve his country in her civil service, her consular and diplomatic

service, will find himself, not, as now, blocked by an amateurish system of rewards for partisan fealty, but upon the road to a genuine professional career. The hope of society, no doubt, depends largely upon those men who are seriously devoting their energies to some form of expert activity. They are the torch-bearers, the trained runners who bear the light from stage to stage of the heaven-beholden course. And at least in the immediate future the necessity for unwearying professional endeavor will be more pressing than ever before in the history of the world.

*"Cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line;
. . . The din will be more on its banks
Denser the trade on its stream."*

Ours must be, not "a nation of amateurs," but a nation of professionals, if it is to hold its own in the coming struggles, — struggles not merely for commercial dominance, but for the supremacy of political and moral ideals. Our period of national isolation, with all it brought of good or evil, has been outlived. The new epoch will place a heavy handicap upon ignorance of the actual world, upon indifference to international usages and undertakings, upon contempt for the foreigner. What is needed is, indeed, knowledge, and the skill that knowledge makes possible. The spirit with which we confront the national tasks of the future should have the sobriety, the firmness, the steady effectiveness, which we associate with the professional.

Yet is it not possible, while thus acknowledging and cultivating the professional virtues, to free ourselves from some of the grosser faults of the mere professional? The mere professional's cupidity, for instance, his low aim, his time-serving, his narrowness, his clanish loyalty to his own department only, his lack of imagination, his indifference to the religious and moral passions, to the dreams, hopes, futilities, regrets, of the

breathing, bleeding, struggling men and women by his side? It is not the prize-fighter only who brings professionalism into disrepute, nor the jockey that "pulls" a horse, the oarsman that "sells" a race, the bicyclist that fouls a rival. The taint of professionalism clings to the business man that can think only of his shop, the scholar that talks merely of letters, the politician that asks of the proposed measure, "What is there in this for me?" To counteract all such provinciality and selfishness, such loss of the love of honor in the love of gain, one may rightly plead for some breath of the spirit of the amateur, the *amator*, the "man who loves;" the man who works for the sheer love of working, plays the great complicated absorbing game of life for the sake of the game, and not for his share of the gate money; the man who is ashamed to win if he cannot win fairly,—nay, who is chivalric enough to grant breathing space to a rival, whether he win or lose!

Is it an impossible ideal, this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional? In the new world of disciplined national endeavor upon which we are entering, why may not the old American characteristics of versatility, spontaneity, adventurousness, still persist? These are the traits that fit one to adjust himself readily to unforeseen conditions, to meet new emergencies. They will be even more valuable in the future than in the past, if they are employed to supplement, rather than to be substituted for, the solid achievements of professional industry. If we are really to lead the world's commerce, — though that is far from being the only kind of leadership to which American history should teach us to aspire, — it will be the Yankee characteristics, plus the scientific training of the modern man, that will enable us to do it. The personal enthusiasm, the individual initiative, the boundless

zest, of the American amateur must penetrate, illuminate, idealize, the brute force, the irresistibly on-sweeping mass, of our vast industrial democracy.

The best evidence that this will happen is the fact that it is already happening. There are amateurs without amateurishness, professionals untainted by professionalism. Many of us are fortunate enough to recognize in some friend this combination of qualities, this union of strict professional training with that free outlook upon life, that human curiosity and eagerness, which are the best endowment of the amateur. Such men are indeed rare, but they are prized accordingly. And one need hardly say where they are most likely to be found. It is among the ranks of those who have received a liberal education. Every higher institution of learning in this country now offers some sort of specialized training. To win distinction in academic work is to come under the dominion of exact knowledge, of approved methods. It means that one is disciplined in the mechanical processes and guided by the spirit of modern science, no matter what his particular studies may have been. The graduates whose acquisitions can most readily be assessed are probably the ones who have specialized most closely, who have already as undergraduates begun to fit themselves for some form of professional career. They have already gained something of the expert's solid basis of accurate information, the expert's sureness of hand and eye, the expert's instinct for the right method.

But this professional discipline needs tempering by another spirit. The highest service of the educated man to our democratic society demands of him breadth of interest as well as depth of technical research. It requires unquenched ardor for the best things, spontaneous delight in the play of mind and character, a many-sided responsiveness that shall keep a man from hardening

into a mere high-g geared machine. It is these qualities that perfect a liberal education and complete a man's usefulness to his generation. Taken by themselves, they fit him primarily for living, rather than for getting a living. But they are not to be divorced from other qualities; and even if they were, the educated American can get a living more easily than he can learn how to live. The moral lessons are harder than the intellectual, and faith and enthusiasm, sympathy and imagination, are moral qualities.

Here is some young scholar who has been taught the facts of history, trained to sift historical evidence, to compare historical periods, to trace historical causes; but has he imagination enough to see into the mind and heart of the historical man? He has been taught to analyze the various theories of society and government; he has learned to sneer at what he calls "glittering generalities;" yet has he sympathy enough, moral passion enough, to understand what those glittering generalities have done for the men and the generations that have been willing to die for them? Such secrets forever elude the cold heart and the calculating brain. But they are understood by the generous youth, by the man who

is brave enough to take chances, to risk all for the sake of gaining all. It is for this reason that the amateur football game, for all its brutalities, has taught many a young scholar a finer lesson than the classroom has taught him, namely, to risk his neck for his college; yet no finer one than the classroom might afford him if his teacher were always an *amator*, — a lover of virility as well as of accuracy; a follower not of the letter only, but of the spirit which makes alive. "Our business in this world," said Robert Louis Stevenson, — a craftsman who through all his heart-breaking professional toil preserved the invincible gayety of the lover, — "is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." In this characteristically Stevensonian paradox there is a perfect and a very noble expression of the amateur spirit. He does not mean, we may be sure, that failure is preferable to success, but that more significant than either success or failure is the courage with which one rides into the lists. It is his moral attitude toward his work which lifts the workman above the fatalities of time and chance, so that, whatever fortune befall the labor of his hands, the travail of his soul remains undefeated and secure.

OUR BROTHER, THE MOUNTAIN.

I KNEW a hermit once. He lived in a little red hut among the mountains, but he said he liked the sea better. Perhaps he did. He insisted that those particular mountains were monotonous and uninteresting in summer, untidy and even ugly in winter; and yet he lived in the little red hut for as much as two years and a half, all alone, because he wanted to. And when the world called him, and he had to stop being a hermit,

he was very glum. In his last summer at the hermitage he said little, as always, but I saw that he knew his mountains better than he knew himself. And meanwhile he never ceased to assert his preference for the sea.

Some day, when I have as much as two years and a half at my disposal, I am going to be a hermit, too, and among those same monotonous New England mountains. But not at the edge of the

highroad, in a red hut, with an air-tight stove. No; we found my cell last August, a friend and I, — she is going to be another hermit. We came out under the ledges of a great ungainly mountain, — halfway up its side, — and straight before us rose a sheer precipice. For a little way we walked delicately, close between the high gray wall and the stems of the higher birch trees that stretched their flickering boughs to overtop the ledge. Below us, the shattered mountain side fell away to the ravine; beyond, the broken rocks offered a wider footing. We crept through a dim cavern, came out upon splinters set edgewise upon cracks and holes, tottered to an intermittent equilibrium, and lifted up our heads. There was a rustle, a quick scramble, and ten feet away a young deer leaped up and looked at us. We caught our breath and turned shamefaced before him; and he, snuffing the air, swept us with his wide, proud, anxious gaze, turned, and bounded down the ravine. As he went he waved his tail excitedly, and it was white and broad, fluffy like a feather, and astonishingly long. We found his little lair, all carpeted with twigs, under a shelving rock; and I am going to make my cell in the narrow cavern at the foot of the precipice. I shall not miss the air-tight stove; the dry crackle of burning branches in the open has a warmer, friendlier sound. There is no brook in that ravine; but, after all, what is a walk of a mile or two for a drink of water, when one is thirsty? And in the spring, when the snows melt, there is water everywhere. I could drink a great deal of water in the spring, and emulate the camel the rest of the year.

In the old time men had a good, grateful custom of blessing the brooks and fountains that met them and refreshed them on pilgrimage, and of late my friend — who hopes to be the other hermit — and I, pressed upon by the thought of all the little unblessed trickles

of water in Puritan New Hampshire, have revived this custom; it induces in us a recollected spirit, and the water is always sweet afterwards.

There are many of these little wells and water courses in our mountains, and the brooks we use as Theseus used Ariadne's ball of twine in the labyrinth, — to find our way out. The people who live in the valley shake their heads, and tell us these gently rising, broad-topped, wooded hills are dangerous; we hear of thirty miles of unbroken forest stretching back to Canada, — of the inevitable man who went forth and never returned. And we sling a blue canvas bag over our shoulders, and smile up at the rock-crowned summit that shall be ours at high noon. We are never lost; the trees and rocks are too friendly. Sometimes we lose the mountain and do not know where we are, but that is a different matter. We lost one last summer; it hid its head, and we wandered disconsolate all day, up, up, through unremembered forests, seeing close at hand, in broken glimpses, huge unfamiliar heights which we never attained. In the afternoon we dropped into a brook, and ran down with it to the valley; now beating through the underbrush along its banks, now treading its stepping-stones, now swishing ankle-deep through the soaked moss in its rocky bed. Yet we were not lost; for, after a bewildering mile, the brook, on a sudden, laughed down a waterfall, and we knew it for a friend.

But the days when we do not lose the mountain are the best days: when we follow the blazed trail through the woods, our eyes set on the green, tree-barred distance with a listening look, the smile of the explorer on our lips; when we grip the hardy twigs that grow out of the cracks of the ledges, and pull ourselves up, hand over hand, to the next little tree, and hug it, breathless. Such climbing Dante did when

"E piedi e man voleva'l suol di sotto."

And we, like him, grow rested as we

mount. So the boy Wordsworth climbed : —

“Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half inch fissures in the slippery rock
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh! at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud, dry
wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a
sky
Of earth, and with what motion moved the
clouds!”

And his were little hills like ours, — his friends and brothers. These are the things we think of as we lie against the tree trunk, leaning out with it over the precipice up which we have crawled.

On the bare gray summit we build a fire, perhaps, and toast our sandwiches, and lie under the sky, looking up and out, till the earth turns, and we are helplessly lying on the underside, looking down into blue depths, instead of up, and wondering, drowsily, why we do not drop off. We sit up, after that, and read Dante out of a little battered Florentine volume that has climbed up hither in the blue canvas bag. As we read we face the greater mountains which we do not climb. They rise on the other side of the valley. They seem all built of horizontal lines, and yet — they rise. One of them has a little peak, but the others are rounded on top. We tell each other that they are not sharp and rugged because they are so old, and their edges are worn off. “Older than the Alps!” — we say that with a little smile of satisfaction, and a little unsatisfied sigh. “They are very noble,” we say, “these elder brothers,” and we fall to gazing at them without more speech; till one of us — usually the other one — rises, scatters the ashes of the fire, stamps out the embers, and drops Dante into the blue canvas bag.

Going down, perhaps we miss the trail, and swim through half an acre of scrub (the progress cannot be dignified by

the term “walking”); we are scratched, our clothes are torn, our feet cannot find the ground, and our eyes are on a level with the top of the thicket; we are all but submerged in the pungent, prickly sea of green; we swallow spruce twigs, and plunge onward doggedly till the scrub breaks, and an old unused logging road, coming up to the surface of the earth for a few rods, affords us temporary relief. Out of the distance grows the sound of water dashing down the rocks. If the day is long enough, we go out to the waterfall and climb down the edge of it, and taste the foam; marveling that the poets spoke truth when they told us it was bitter.

The little lake that feeds this waterfall is on the broad, flat top of the mountain; its shores are made of bog and laurel bushes; in the soft mud by the water's edge are the prints of the feet of the creatures that have come down to drink. The hoofs of the deer have sunk in sharply, the little foxes must have pranced on the shore last night, and here is the mark of a great fat paw. We glance over our shoulders involuntarily, then back at the interesting discovery in the mud; there has been a little paw beside it, — a bear and her cub! One day, something like a big, clumsy black dog moved away from us, far off through the trees; we could only infer that it was not a dog, but we hardly like to say that we have seen a bear. Porcupines we have seen, fat and black and shaggy, sitting in the top of a tree, watching us with a baleful eye. And in the dusk, as we swing along the highroad, glad of a level three-mile stretch after a day of ups and downs, we hear the wild fox bark, and we clutch each other by the hand and stop still, and the bark comes again, — a yelp, a screech, and a long, thin sob.

We do not always read Dante on our mountains, although he always climbs with us. Sometimes we read *The High History of the Holy Grail*; sometimes

The Little Flowers of St. Francis, a bird book by John Burroughs, Travels with a Donkey, Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, or Shakespeare's Sonnets. Sometimes we do not read at all; we work. We have two or three little workaday hills near at hand, with convenient shade trees just under their summits. The birds fly up above, and peer at us through the leaves, we sit so still; but they do not ask questions.

We are very confidential with our mountains, our brothers; we tell them things; we are used to them. They are monotonous, maybe. We do not know this, but we are told that they are. It is true that they seldom startle us; but so much else in civilization is melodramatic that it is good to feel that our mountains are only dignified, and serene, and very noble, and very, very old. The ones that Francis knew in Italy were more romantic, gray in the skirts with olive, looking out east and west to the bright sea, — robber-haunted, with soft, mellifluous names. There are no banditti on our hills, and the democracy has

named them after Jones and Brown and Robinson, and a few other men; but they belong to us; we know them and love them. Sometimes we go on pilgrimage among them, as Francis went among his. In their solitudes it may be that one day we too shall see visions. Meanwhile we wait, and trust them. When we make a pilgrimage on the feast of the Transfiguration, or some other day, we like to think of how those earlier pilgrims read the Hours as they climbed: Prime beside a river in a valley, perhaps, under a bridge, where the chipmunks and the birds came to prayers. Tierce beneath a pine tree, facing the morning light on the hills, and praying open-eyed before the glories of God. We think they must have read Sext on the summit, and Nones by the brookside, after they had put their shoes from off their feet; and Compline a trifle early, on a great stone by the road, with the moon rising in the summer twilight, and the mist drifting up from the river.

Yes, it will be very worth while being a hermit.

Florence Converse.

QUESTS.

WHEN the sunshine filled the sky,
And the days were long,
Then we went, my heart and I,
Hunting, with a song,
For a Sigh.

Now, when all the nights are long,
And the winds are high,
Go we, though with faith less strong,
Hunting, with a sigh,
For a Song.

Margaret Vandegrift.

JOHN FISKE.

IN the death of John Fiske the Atlantic loses one of the most brilliant and honored names in the long roll of its contributors. His first contribution to the magazine, an unsigned review of Edward L. Youmans's *Class-Book of Chemistry*, appeared in August, 1864. Mr. Fiske was then twenty-two, and a member of the Harvard Law School, having received his A. B. degree from Harvard College the year before. Almost every quality that was to confer distinction upon his lifelong service to the magazine is apparent in this first article. It begins with a graphic illustration of the truth that Science is only a highly developed form of ordinary knowledge. It discusses the technical questions then under dispute among chemists with full comprehension of their relation to the general progress of scientific research. Generous in praise, courteous in criticism, simply phrased, yet never lacking in precision, giving evidence of wide reading in many fields, this review is in nothing more characteristic of its author than in the reverent enthusiasm with which it quotes that wonderful description of the world process in the song of the Earth Spirit in *Faust*. This large way of looking at things was what every one came later to expect from John Fiske, and it is as evident in the brief book review of 1864 as in his final contribution to the *Atlantic*, the *Reminiscences of Huxley*, which appeared in February last.

Among the more striking of these early papers, all of them unsigned, as was then the custom of the magazine, was his *Considerations on University Reform*, published in April, 1867, two years after Mr. Fiske's appointment as university lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. It contains an admirable plea for the preservation of humanistic and clas-

sical studies. His papers on *Origins of Folk-Lore* and *The Descent of Fire* — the latter being the first Atlantic article to bear his signature — appeared in 1871. For two years thereafter he had charge of the monthly review of scientific progress, which was then one of the departments of the magazine. He was already at work upon his *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, which, when published in 1874, commanded marked attention both in Europe and in America. During his service as assistant librarian at Harvard, from 1872 to 1879, he continued to contribute to the *Atlantic*; his best remembered articles of this period being on *Athenian and American Life*, *The Unseen World*, and *A Librarian's Work*.

The writing of American history, to which Mr. Fiske began to devote himself early in the eighties, made it natural for him to alter somewhat the general character of his Atlantic papers, and more frequently to choose historical subjects. But essays like his estimate of Charles Darwin, at the time of the latter's death, in 1882, and his *Idea of God*, printed in 1885, are evidence of his constant interest in science and philosophy, and of his endeavor to state, in terms comprehensible by the layman, the bearing of the doctrine of evolution upon the faith and practice of the modern man. Among his later contributions, the readers of the magazine will recall his essays upon *The Elizabethan Sea-Kings*, *The Arbitration Treaty*, *Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly*, *The Mystery of Evil*, and the charming *Story of a New England Town*, which appeared in December, 1900. His final paper, as we have said, was the *Reminiscences of Huxley*, in February, 1901, although he had promised the *Atlantic* the pleasure of printing the address on King Alfred which he was about to prepare for the

millennial celebration at Winchester this summer.

Such a rapid summary of John Fiske's activity in a single direction conveys, of course, but a scanty impression of his extraordinary gifts. The tale of his boyish precocity rivals that of Macaulay or of John Stuart Mill: at seven he was reading Cæsar and Josephus; at nine he had read the greater English authors, at thirteen all the greater Latin ones; then he proceeded to master Greek, German, and the Romance languages; at seventeen and eighteen he began Hebrew and Sanskrit, and in college he added a half dozen other languages to his list. In science, philosophy, and history he made astonishing acquisitions during youth and early manhood. He was a very glutton for facts, and managed somehow to turn most of his information to account. His stores were not only immense, but well ordered. There was nothing pedantic or mechanical about the operations of his mind; a glow of enthusiasm rested upon everything that he touched. In writing American history, for example, he often seemed to choose his immediate topic because of a sudden interest which he had conceived for that particular epoch or phase of development, but he never wholly lost sight of the larger outlines of his general plan for treating the evolution of our institutions and government. To this faculty for seeing a subject in the light of all its relations is due much of his unfailing suggestiveness as an author.

Mr. Fiske once remarked, with the absolute modesty that characterized his comments upon his own work: "I don't see how some men imagine things. All I can do is to state things." In saying this, he underrated, no doubt, that power of seeing things "steadily" and "whole" which is one of the truest functions of the imagination, and which he himself possessed to a singular degree. But there was never any question of his ability to state things. "I never in my life

read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are," wrote Darwin, upon finishing the *Cosmic Philosophy*. A luminous mind, expressing itself through perfectly transparent language, — that was the gift which made John Fiske such a rare magazinist and lecturer, which equipped him for the congenial task of transmitting to the great public the facts and theories that had hitherto been the property of the specialists.

For it was as an "expositor," to use Darwin's word, that Mr. Fiske served his generation most truly. He loved to communicate; and he gave the people of his best. In his historical writings he went back, indeed, to original sources, just as in his scientific books he was constantly dealing with first-hand knowledge; but, after all, what remains with his reader is rather a sense of what Fiske has taught him than a feeling that Fiske was himself a discoverer and pioneer. His usefulness as an historian lay largely in his ability to bring home to the average American a conviction of the continuity of the national life, and the significance of the crises that attended the various stages of its development. It was a triumph of teaching, of undogmatic and very brilliant pedagogy. In science and philosophy, in spite of some genuine contributions to theory, such as his detection of the part played by the lengthening of infancy in the genesis of the human race, he is best known as a mediator of those far-reaching ideas associated with the names of Darwin, Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. He had, it is true, his own interpretation of the "cosmic process," and no deeper debt of gratitude could be paid to him than came from the multitude of readers of his *Destiny of Man*, *Idea of God*, and *Through Nature to God*. In these great little books he defended theistic evolution in chapters so winning, so reasonable and reverent, that few writers of our day have performed a higher service in persuading

men of the reality of the spiritual life. But this is not the place to attempt an estimate of John Fiske's claim to "that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind." We are expressing merely the loss sustained by the magazine which he did so much to adorn. He can ill be spared. A friendly, very human man, fond of his home, his books, and his music, his life was that of the true scholar, and it must be measured by his high

aims and tireless industry. Endowed with greater powers than most of his contemporaries, he toiled but the more diligently to accomplish the gigantic tasks which he had set for himself. To those who knew how precarious was his health, there was a pathos in that Latin motto carved above the fireplace in his library, which exhorted him to live as if he were to die to-morrow, and to learn as if he were to live for evermore. Life and learning have now been cut short all too soon, both for his friends and for the world of letters.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN one of the newspaper advertisements of the July Atlantic, "And Others." I noticed that the fiction in that number was provided by several well-known writers "and others." Is there no way of persuading magazines not to use that odious phrase? It has done wearisome duty for many a year, and if no one else is courageous enough to protest against it, here is one of the "others" who will.

Let me begin with the free acknowledgment that the composer of magazine advertisements has a difficult task. Even Virgil, that unrivaled master of the decorative epithet, found it impossible to vary his phrases when he called the roll of his heroes. He fell back upon safe commonplaces, and made them all "brave," —

"fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum."

And Virgil's task was comparatively simple. He was only constructing an imaginary catalogue of shadowy swordsmen of the Trojan War; he had no living contributors to vex or please, no ticklish public to allure or repel, by his choice of adjectives. Where Virgil failed,

your modern "advertising man" may well be pardoned for not succeeding; and yet, what distinction might the Atlantic not confer upon its contributors, if it could manage to diffuse the impression that none of them belong in the "and others" class!

None of us like to be grouped as mere Citizens upon the playbill; it is infinitely more flattering to be a "Star," or what our friends of the vaudeville more picturesquely denote as a "Head-Liner." What long ambitions and hopes deferred, what intrigues and triumphs and "brief authorities," are represented by that petty difference in printer's type! Nor is the vaudeville artist your only head-liner. Was your name, my dear madam, "among those present" last evening? Mr. Howells, the founder of the Contributors' Club, has sternly rebuked this frivolous desire to be "among those present;" but it is at least more agreeable to be in that category than to be relegated to the ranks of "among others present," at the very bottom of the society reporter's list. Let us be either "head-lined" or ignored! There is something so rueful in those two words

that follow the names of the winners in a horse race: "Also ran, Castor, Pollux, Mercury, Sixteen-to-One," etc. Is this the best that Fate can do for us, horses and men alike, to post us up among the "also rans"? "So run that ye may obtain," was the apostolic injunction; but St. Paul was in this instance a trifle vague in his specific directions. If we knew precisely how to "obtain," trust us Americans for doing the running! We should appropriate all the head-lines for ourselves, and leave the "and others" class to — the others.

After all, I suspect that my own dislike for this phrase is partly personal. I have a boy, known to his family and to the university which he very recently adorned as "Bill." I have succeeded in carrying him through school and college by pretty steady literary industry. Indeed, for thirty years I suppose I have been what is known as a literary hack, — well bred, well broken to harness, sound and kind (and driven by a lady!), yet frankly a hack, and not a racer. My books have earned for me a fair income, and I have long contributed to the best magazines; though whenever their features of the month were announced, my contributions have been in the "and others" repository. I have grown quite used to it, for I should not have been so reliable a hack if I had not been by nature something of a philosopher. I have comforted myself by watching the rise and fall of many magazine meteors, whose names have been printed in varicolored ink on the outside covers, where my own has never stood. But mine keeps its unobtrusive place in the table of contents year after year, while the "day's distinguished names" appear and disappear. I have endeavored to be not only philosophical, but even poetical about it. In the days when we all turned Browningsites I used to read *Pictor Ignotus*, and murmur softly — so softly, indeed, as to be quite inaudible — to the literary hero of the month: —

"Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?"

Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?"

I tried to persuade myself that I was really a happier man, thus undistinguished and unadvertised.

This brings me back to Bill. A few months ago he published an historical novel. He began it, I believe, as a required college exercise, and finished it on a bet. It has already sold — I will not say how many thousand copies, for these paragraphs are not written to exploit the boy, but more copies than were ever sold of all his father's books put together. He has "become a name." And, to come at last to my personal grievance, he had a short story (and oh, Billy, but what a poor one!) in a recent magazine, which happened also to contain a contribution by his father. The issue was advertised to contain stories by Rudyard Kipling, F. Hopkinson Smith, Bill Blank, "and others," — and I was one of the others. The boy seemed to think that this was rather a joke on him. At any rate, he sent me a box of cigars, — paid for, I trust, out of his publishers' advances against the copyrights of his second (and unwritten) historical romance. But the incident has not lessened my animosity toward that offending phrase, and I wish the Atlantic might dispense with it.

ONE need not invoke the experience **On Brief Bio-** of a diner-out to learn that of **graphies.** all old stories those about famous men best bear repetition, and it is common experience that the lives of our national heroes seldom pall upon us, no matter how often they are retold. Even the changes of form they undergo are but slight. Each generation, to be sure, has its variations of style and fashion in the matter of history and biography, but they are seldom important. If our own time were conscious of having a biographical mode, it is likely that the concise and terse lives of the Beacon and

Riverside series of biographies would be in the height of fashion. In their brevity and directness they give the very accent of the time, — its impatience of preface, prologue, and all the cumbrous circumstance of three-volume leisure. Yet, by what seems at first too fortunate a chance to be anything but the luckiest coincidence, they have fallen into the same form as Plutarch's incomparable *Lives*.

At a further glance, however, one sees that this compact, convenient form is not less eminently apt and appropriate for American than it was for Roman biography. The records out of which the lives of our men of mark must be made are for the most part few, and often ill authenticated. The civilization in which many of them grew up was an austere one. Many of them came to maturity in that poverty of which annals are proverbially few. Of Daniel Boone and Stonewall Jackson there are few records, few letters, few mementos. These were men of action, taken up with strenuous toil; but even of a man quite of another stripe, and living in another environment, Francis Parkman, a similar thing is true. Apart from his labors which are in his books, there is little to say of him. For these men the natural, fit, and proper biography is a brief one, such as would fall well within the limits of these little series.

The obvious excellence of our brief biographies is the Plutarchan one of portability; something, to be sure, they leave to be desired of Plutarch's rare sense of proportion and gift of wise reticence. Sometimes, too, they obviously gain their portability with no gain of grace, as if their authors had forgotten that the precious may be as tempting as the convenient. At their best, however, they are not unworthy their high model. The life of Phillips Brooks in the Beacon series, by the editor of the series, and that of Andrew Jackson in the Riverside group, are notable successes. The former

is an admirable example of sound proportion and careful workmanship; the latter is as spirited and lifelike a portrait as we have of the grim Southern leader on any scale. These two successes are intimations that we may find in these brief biographies not only welcome reappearances of old favorites, but the permanent and final "lives" of some of our most famous men.

THE editor of the Contributors' Club has disappeared from view, carrying with him into retirement a green bag, full of Jack Rabbit sestets, a Rhyming Dictionary, and a masterly German treatise upon the Petrarchan sonnet. When he emerges, the friendly poets who have made haste to complete the sheep herder's sonnet, printed in the July Atlantic, may be confident that he will have canvassed their merits with a judicious eye. While no one has a right to anticipate his decision, we fail to see how he can refuse to award the palm for speed in composition to that Omaha rhymers whose sestet reached the Atlantic in less than three days after the publication of the magazine. And there is much to be said for the effort of a Pennsylvania Quaker, aged sixty-eight, whose sestet begins with the sprightly though most un-Quakerlike ejaculation,

"Damn that jack rabbit!"

But the editor of the Club may be trusted to make his own report in a future number.

FROM time to time the question arises whether certain nude statues *The Nude in Museums.* shall be exhibited in museums of art where they are to be seen by the general public, — by children from the schools as well as by scholars from the universities. And from time to time the answer to the question is hotly debated, usually without agreement. Those who are concerned about the morals of the public maintain that grave harm is done by such exhibitions. Those who believe that beauty is its own excuse

for being have scornful words for spectators who find evil where, most certainly, no evil was intended. Such controversies usually start from *a priori* assumptions, and seldom lead to any useful end.

The question is capable of a practical solution that will be accepted by every one. It is universally admitted that public libraries must reserve certain books from general circulation. In the same way, it is reasonable to affirm that a public museum of art may be justified in excluding certain statues. There need be no discussion of the first principles of morals or of beauty. The solution reached must rest on practical grounds. Moralists will justify it for one set of reasons; artists will accede to it for another.

Every librarian knows what books to reserve for the exclusive use of persons of mature age; and every curator of a museum is likewise bound to admit that his public must be considered. The general principle is entirely clear. There is no great difficulty in carrying it out in its details. The analogy between public libraries and public museums helps us to decide as to special points.

If a certain book offends any considerable number of persons, it should be placed on the reserved list, even though a considerable number of other persons may find no harm in it. No librarian would seek to enforce his private judgment in such a matter against the protests of a large group of respectable persons of a different opinion. The same procedure should be followed in arranging the statues in a museum open to the general public.

I, personally, find no harm in the statue of ——— from Pompeii. It interests me in itself, as a thing of beauty, and as an index of the feeling of the people who produced it. It was, in Pompeii, so placed that only adults saw it, probably. If the citizen of a modern American town, two thousand years later, finds offense in it, for himself or

for his children, I will not blame him. His point of view is essentially different from that of the Roman of that earlier day. His child's point of view is utterly different. He, as a citizen, pays the taxes that support his museum.

His opinion, therefore, deserves respect, even though he may be, from my point of view, uncultivated, intolerant, and unreasonable. If any considerable number of such citizens are offended, for themselves or for their children, I, for one, will not object if their opinions are respected by the public officer who is their servant as well as mine. Let the offending statue go to a reserved room, just as an offending book in the public library goes to a reserved shelf. Any one who has a right to use the book is permitted to do so by the librarian. Any one who has a right to see the statue will be admitted to do so by the curator. The general public is, on the whole, better off without access to the book, and, on the whole, the general public will be better off without access to the statue.

I can remember when Balzac's novels were kept on the top shelf, though now they are freely given out in many public libraries. It was, in my opinion, a loss that they were so long reserved. I acquiesced in the reservation, however, since it was demanded by a considerable number of intelligent people. I do not think they are good food for children, even now. The same principle can be, and should be, applied in public museums of art. If the public demands that the Discobolus should be relegated to an attic because it is unclothed, very well, let it go there. Let me have the key to the attic when I wish it. If the statue is really good and pure, as thousands of good people believe, it will, by and by, be brought down to the main hall.

In the meantime, let us wait. There is no hurry. Do not let us oppose our canon of taste, however cultivated, to a

canon of morals held by a considerable number of sincere persons, however mistaken.

It is the modern habit to sneer at the relations that used to exist between the literary man and his patron. We are told of the "servility" of writers like Horace and Erasmus in addressing natural compliments to Mæcenas and Henry VIII. Yet the situation pleased both parties as long as it lasted, and it had certain merits to which we seem rather blind. It is a pregnant saying of Dr. Johnson, a supreme critic of life, if not of letters, "He who pleases to write must write to please." Were it not better, then, to seek to please a wealthy gentleman of taste and culture than a vast rabble who demand so many million pages of writing per annum, to supply a mental opiate in the intervals of toiling, eating, and sleeping? A group of scholars like Colet, More, and Erasmus knew that the young King Henry VIII. took a personal interest in their work, and could also give excellent criticism. But the modern man of letters is a mere name to his readers, who are so far from being critics that the quality of his work comes to vary inversely with the extent of its circulation. The works of great masters like Scott are indeed read by the mob; but that very rarely happens while the master is alive, and so long as he lives he is discouraged by financial and all other considerations from doing his best work.

The results reach farther than may at first appear. The public are too busy to hire their own entertainers, and so we have a special class of men called publishers and editors, who are indeed in some instances endowed with literary judgment, but far oftener exercise the functions of the popular showman in an itinerant exhibition. They will of course provide the ordinary programme, — the theological novel, the problem play, and the humanitarian poem; and they will probably also have a few freaks to amuse

more volatile minds, — short-haired women who write of other worlds than ours, long-haired men of eccentric morals, and sexless beings whose thoughts run on nothing but sex.

This arrangement leaves the writer no means of subsistence, unless he contributes to some "series" emanating from the taste and fancy of the publisher, such as *The World's Greatest Boozefighters*; and in any case he is usually thrown back upon journalism, — a process which only a few men like John Morley have survived.

The best work of the rising generation bears indelible marks of the editorial pencil, which is mainly responsible for its glaring defects. Mr. Dooley's inimitable remarks on Rudyard Kipling might be applied to a whole school of popular novelists and poets. Many a modern novel reads, and is perhaps meant to read, as if it had been cabled across the Atlantic by an incompetent operator. The tendency is invading other departments of literature. There are ominous indications that the philosopher and the historian may also become little better than literary acrobats performing a regular round of circus tricks.

Something might be expected of men who wish to write, and have independent means. But how are they to be read except through the medium of publishers and editors? The competition of the bread-winners is too strong, and the writers become merely a drug in the market. The republic of letters may share the experience of some other republics, and lose the services of her best citizens.

This is of course only one side of the situation, but it is sufficiently grave because it seems to be enlarging. The remedy might well be to do something toward the restoration of the old system of enlightened patronage; and here is a chance for the cultured millionaire to subsidize a group of publishers and editors, who may be able to look to other matters besides circulation.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO
Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE DURING RECONSTRUCTION.

THE Southern people, prior to the war, were almost exclusively of English, Scotch, and Irish blood; the last being mainly that Puritan strain that came originally from Scotland by way of Ireland, and is known among us as the "Scotch-Irish," a term wholly American. The only infusion, except in Louisiana, that need be taken into account was that of French Huguenots who had left France after the failure of their cause and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, — a virile and sturdy stock. The population was almost entirely native-born. Even now, according to the last census, when the foreign-born population in some of the old states runs up from one fourth to one third of the whole, the foreign-born population of the South is so small as scarcely to be worth considering.

These people inherited the traits and tendencies of those from whom they had sprung; were bred on the traditions of the past, and loved the land on which they had been reared with a devotion little short of idolatry. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, remarked that the Saxon, on his first settlement in England, as soon as a footing was made good, selected a hill or a grove beside a spring, built there a habitation, and was prepared to defend it to the death. The same instinct had survived among his descendants who settled in the South. The life there had fostered the inherent tendencies. While at the North the people lived in communities,

at the South they took up lands in separate parcels and lived on them, apart from their neighbors. This tended to develop individuality, and thus each man became in some sort a master and ruler of a domain, however small and mean it was. They were habituated to rule, to ride, to shoot, and to maintain their rights. The Duel existed among those of the upper class; those of the more common sort were equally prepared to assert their rights in another form of contest. Lands and negroes were the principal kinds of property.

The majority of the whites of the South were not slaveholders. Indeed, only a relatively small proportion of them were such. The census of 1850 showed that, of the entire white population of the South, those who owned slaves or hired slaves — if only one — were but about a half million, or one sixth of the adult population. Some of these would have been glad to see Slavery abolished, if it could have been done in any way by which whites and blacks could be equitably provided for; and there was a more or less constant agitation to enlarge the work of the colonization societies that had long existed. The interference of the Abolitionists and the invention of the cotton gin together nullified the work of the colonizers. A far larger proportion were landowners. It is probable that ninety-nine per cent of them had been bred on the maxim that every man's house is his castle, and were ready to stand on that maxim to the death.

The existence of Slavery among them had tended to discredit manual labor, but it had given the superior race the habits and the character of domination. Burke, in studying this same people nearly a hundred years before, had pointed out that the tendency of Slavery was to create an aristocracy of the governing people, and to give to the dominant race a feeling of superiority and the habit of control.

They knew little more of the modern outside foreign world than they knew of Assyria and Babylon; that is, they knew it almost exclusively from books. They knew no more of New England and the rest of the North than New England knew of them, and that is a large measure. The time was to come when both were to know each other somewhat intimately, and their misconception of each other was to be rudely disposed of.

The contest between the North and the South that had gone on for years had been of a kind to touch the Southerners nearly; it related to their property rights, and through these to their other rights under the Constitution. The Constitution itself was a matter of compromise, and with all its wisdom and adaptableness was, unhappily, in some particulars, liable to two diverse constructions. This early became a practical matter, chiefly owing to diverse interests growing out of the existence of slave-labor in half the states, and two different schools of interpretation almost from the first sprang up in the Country; the one teaching primary allegiance to the State, the other to the National government. Owing to natural causes, the latter had come to have its chief adherents in the North; the belief in state rights found its stronghold in the South.

Gradually, as the economic conditions became more pressing and the questions became more practical, the struggle was carried on with a heat and acrimony

that tended always to inflame passions already burning; and the breach that had existed from the first steadily widened, until at last the split was absolute and irremediable. In this contest, as the preponderance grew on the side of the North, the power of the National government was beginning to be more and more thrown, or was liable to be more and more thrown, against the South, while the influence of the several states was exerted on behalf of its contention. Thus the state eclipsed, for the Southern people, the National government, and became more and more the representative of their principles and the object of their devotion.

Even when the final convulsion came, a large percentage of the people of the South were devoted to the Union and opposed to Secession. For example, in Virginia, for the first time, perhaps, in her history, the convention that was elected to consider the great questions at issue had a majority of Whigs. Virginia, in the shadow of the portentous cloud that was threatening her, had chosen her most conservative advisers, and refused to secede until all her efforts at pacification had failed, and she was called on to furnish her quota of troops to coerce the already seceded states back into the Union. Then, having to fight on one side or the other, she elected to side with the South. She could not tolerate Invasion.

In Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri the Union element was very large. Even in the other states it was not as insignificant as has been considered. Though bells had been rung and salutes of joy fired when the Ordinances of Secession were adopted, there was a large and conservative element to whom the sound bore only sorrow.

The storm of war swept everything along in its track. The whole of the South rose in arms. Men who had been the most earnest advocates of the Union went into the Southern army. Even men

like Governor Perry of South Carolina and Mr. Wickham of Virginia, who had fought Secession to the last moment, at length went with the people of their states; "ready," as the former said, "to go to the devil with his own people."

The war closed in the spring of 1865, after having lasted about four years. It cost the South even more than it cost the North, and its cost had no counterbalance. The actual expenditures of the Confederate government from February 18, 1861, to October 1, 1864 (the date of the last report accessible), were \$2,099,768,707. To this must be added the loss to the people of the South of their personal property, of which the four millions of slaves constituted only a part, and the destruction of all taxable values. This was a total loss; for at the close of the war the repudiation of the bonded debt of the Confederate government was enforced. Its currency was extirpated, as an incident. The railways, canals, and other public works were worn out and dilapidated. To the whole must be added the complete disorganization of the labor system, and, later, the imposition of its proportionate part of the immense pension tax, which absorbed its money like a vast sponge, to pour it out in other parts of the country. When the whole is reckoned, the amount is almost too great to be comprehended.

The reconstruction period lasted about eight years, — reckoning to 1876, when the whites, on the removal of the United States troops, resumed control of all the Southern states. Its cost to the South has never been accurately calculated, — perhaps because it is incalculable. It is, however, not impossible — indeed, in the opinion of many it is probable — that, reckoning the indirect loss, it cost the South, even in those values which may be measured by figures, more than the war itself had done.

When the war closed, the armies of the Confederacy, composed of well-nigh

the entire manhood of the South, had been destroyed, but the remnants had gone home, prepared to apply all their energies to building up the South afresh; the personal property of the South had been largely swept away, but the lands, the chief basis of its former wealth, remained.

The slaves had been emancipated, and labor had been disorganized; but the laborers yet survived, full of health, skilled in many kinds of manual work, trained to habits of industry, and disciplined to good order. Besides its equipment of able-bodied field laborers, almost every plantation possessed its smiths, wheelwrights, and carpenters; its spinners and weavers and cobblers. Moreover, outside of the question of emancipation, the blacks were generally in full sympathy with the whites, and the ties of personal association and affection were recognized on both sides. It was not unknown for officers returning from the war to give their body servants the horses they rode. The tool chests were opened to the mechanics. Jewels and plate, which had been held through all the hardships of war time, were sold to feed the population of the plantations.

When reconstruction was completed, what personal property had remained at the close of the war had, speaking generally, almost wholly disappeared; the laboring population of the South had been diverted from its former field, and changed from a blessing to a curse; the former relation of dependency and sympathy had been changed to one of distrust and hostility; their habits of industry had fallen into those of idleness and worthlessness; the lands had been taken from the former owners by taxation, or rendered valueless in their hands; and the white people of the South found themselves alienated from the government, — or, more properly, from those who then conducted the government, — impoverished beyond hope, their former slaves turned from friends to enemies, and them-

selves fighting with their backs to the wall for the very existence of Civilization in their section.

Happily for all classes and sections, they won at last; but it was at a terrible cost. Among the items of loss was the old civilization of the South, with its ideals and its charm.

The rest of the country has never had a very accurate idea of what this civilization was; the present generation certainly has none, and it is not to be wondered at. Remnants of it yet remain; but they are to be sought for and found only in secluded places, as relics of antique art are discovered amid ruins or tangles in out-of-the-way parts, or are exhumed from beneath the desolation and the heaps of decayed cities, or under new cities built on the ancient sites.

Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the South held by the rest of the country is that drawn from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a work which, whatever its truth in detail, — and there was doubtless much truth, — yet, by reason of its omissions and its grouping, contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization. As an argument against the evils inherent in Slavery, it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror, it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream, and possibly even the intention, of its author; it did much to hasten the overthrow of Slavery; it did no less to stain the reputation of the South, and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the South were regarded, outside its own borders, much as — shall we say, China is regarded to-day? — as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance, and possibly, among many, as an object of righteous spoil. Is it too much to say that the general idea of the people of the South held by the

people of the North was that they were lazy, self-indulgent, and frequently cruel; that they passed their time in the indulgence of their appetites, supported by the painful labors of slaves to whose woes they were worse than indifferent?

What the South really was she gave no small proof of during the war; she gave even stronger proof of after the war. Without ships; without money; without machinery that could produce a knife, a blanket, or a tin cup; without an ally; without even the sympathy of a single nation; without knowledge of the outside world, or indeed of her able and determined opponent, she withstood to the final gasp the vast forces thrown against her, — enduring all things, hoping all things, until she was not only overthrown, but was actually destroyed. When Sherman marched across the South to the sea, he found it to be an empty shell. At that same time the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox cost Grant 124,000 men, — about two men for every man that Lee had in his army.

But as notable as were the intrepidity of her soldiery in the field and the endurance of her people at home, they were not equal to the resolution and courage that her people displayed in the great and unrecorded struggle afterwards. The one was a fight of disciplined armies, with an open sky and a fair field, the endurance of a people animated by hope; the other was a long and desperate struggle, with shackled hands, against a foe that, in the darkness, unknown to the rest of the world, or with a sort of blind approval on its part, fastened on its vitals and slowly sapped its life blood.

The several classes of which the population of the Southern states at the close of the war were composed were rapidly merged into two, — the whites and the blacks. The whites had, with few exceptions, been in the war, and, trained in its stern school, were inured to hardship and self-reliance. Class distinctions had been diminished; for the poor as well as the

rich had borne their part bravely in the struggle, and every man, irrespective of social condition, had the consciousness of having imperiled his life and given his all to serve his state.

It was a veteran soldiery that repeopled the plantations and the homesteads of the South, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of reconstruction. In addition to such racial traits as personal pride, self-reliance, and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle. This race pride the war had only increased. However beaten and broken they were, the people of the South came out of the war with their spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable.

A story used to be told of an old Confederate soldier who was trudging home, after the war, broken and ragged and worn. He was asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home.

"Oh, they ain't goin' to trouble me," he said. "If they do, I'll just whip 'em agin."

The South, after the war, was ready for peace. Its leaders accepted the terms of capitulation without a single mental reservation.

The terms had been equally honorable to both the victors and the vanquished; and the troops returned home fully prepared to abide by those terms in every particular. They were sustained by the consciousness of having been animated by the highest of motives, — love of country and of home, — of having made an unsurpassed struggle, and of being able to meet and endure every fortune that could befall. Their idolized general refused all proffers of aid and tenders of attention, and retired to the little college town of Lexington, Virginia, to devote the rest of his life to educating the young men of the South. George Washington had given the first endowment to the college there, and the next greatest Vir-

ginian now endowed it with his presence and his spirit. Here the sons of his old soldiers flocked to be under the command of the man who had led their fathers in battle, and to learn from his life the high lesson of devotion to duty.

The writer can speak from personal knowledge when he records that his teaching was the purest patriotism. As was said by a distinguished divine who came to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon the year after General Lee's death: "The oath sworn at that shrine was more solemn than that of Hannibal: it was not to destroy Rome, but to rebuild Carthage."

The example of General Lee was inestimable. It possibly did as much as the garrisons that filled the South to prevent the lawlessness that almost always follows the close of war and the disbandment of armies.

The worst that the people of the South anticipated was being brought back into the Union with their property gone and their wounds yet smarting. The sense of defeat, together with the loss of property by force of arms, which left them almost universally impoverished, and the disruption of their social system, was no little burden for them to bear; but it was assumed bravely enough, and they went to work with energy and courage, and even with a certain high-heartedness. They started in on the plantations, where by reason of the disorganization of all labor they were needed, as wagoners or ploughmen or blacksmiths. They went to the cities, and became brakemen or street-car drivers, or watchmen or porters. Or they sought employment on public works in any capacity; men who had been generals even taking places as axemen or teamsters till they could rise to be superintendents and presidents. But they had peace and hope.

On the 18th of December, 1865, General Grant, who had been sent through the South by the President to inspect and make a report on its condition, in his report said: —

"I am satisfied the mass of thinking men in the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have hitherto divided the sentiment of the people of the two sections — slavery and state rights, or the right of the state to secede from the Union — they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal, that of arms, that man can resort to."

He also made the wise suggestion that negro troops should not be employed in garrisoning the Southern states, as they tended to excite the people and intensify their animosity.

It is possible that but for the race questions that existed, the South would have been pacified within a few years; the process of reconstruction, if it was tried at all, would have been carried out in a wiser and less disastrous way; the South would have resumed its normal place in the Union with the net results of the war, — an indissoluble Union and a homogeneous people, freed from the canker of Slavery and bound together by ever closer ties.

The whites numbered, roughly, about 8,000,000, and the other class, the negroes, about 4,000,000. A relationship too singular to be understood by the outside world existed between the races. It bore on the side of the masters a sort of feudal coloring, — the right to demand duty, and the duty to give protection; on the part of the slaves it had a tinge that has been well said to resemble a sort of tribal instinct. The outside world, including the North, saw only a relation of brute power and of enforced subservience. The examples which came to their attention were, in the main, only the worst cases. The proportion of negroes who, during the war, availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from Slavery and seek asylum within the Union lines was by no means a large one. Doubtless they comprised many who were ambitious and enterprising; but, speaking generally, they were the idle and the vi-

cious. Others went because of the scarcity on the plantations, caused by war, or of the new hardship, due to the absenteeism of their masters, and the rumors of gilded rewards awaiting them, — rewards beyond freedom, — which reached them in their homes. Many Confederate officers had their colored servants with them in the field. It was almost unheard of for one to desert. It was not unknown for them to avail themselves of their color to forage within the enemy's lines for their masters' mess.

The negroes had, as slaves, indeed, have often done during wars, borne themselves admirably all during the war, — a fact which speaks with equal force for their loyalty and for their knowledge of the resolution of their masters. Even those who, under the temptation of freedom and bounties, had gone into the Union army had never been charged with exceptional violence. Emancipation had brought no outbreak. They had generally gone off from their old homes, — perhaps as a practical proof of freedom, — most of them slipping away in the night; but the first taste of freedom over, and the first pinch of poverty experienced, they had come straggling back with a certain shamefacedness, and had been received with cordiality.

The writer can recall now the return of some of these prodigals, and the welcome they received.

In many cases they had their old cabins assigned them; in others, at their option, they were given a lodgment on a piece of land on some part of the plantation more or less removed from the mansion, where they could build and live independent whilst they worked as laborers for hire. Almost universally, the relation reestablished after the first break was one of friendship and good will. Their return was marked by a revival of the old plantation life, and in a short time the old régime appeared to have begun again, with every prospect of continuing. Land, the only property which had sur-

vived the war, rose in value, until it was as high as it had ever been. Loans were negotiated on it to repair the ravages of war and restock the plantations; cotton, wheat, and tobacco were at prices that promised well for the agricultural interest; and the people of the South began to experience the awakening of hope.

The machinery, however, had hardly got started when new factors injected into the new conditions began to make themselves felt. The treatment in prison of the ex-President, who was put in irons and subjected to the constant presence of a sentinel, aroused bitter resentment at the South. A very considerable faction there had always been opposed to Mr. Davis. But he had done no more during the Secession period than half the people of the South had done, and no more during the war than all of them had done, and his treatment now was taken as an intention to humiliate them. It had, moreover, as an object lesson, a disastrous effect on the negro population, who drew from it the not unnatural inference that the North was able and willing to go to any lengths.

The severity visited on Mr. Davis at once destroyed every vestige of resentment in those who had opposed him, and from that time to his death he stood to the South as a vicarious victim, sacrificed for her act.

Unhappily, the work of a madman cut down, in the very hour of success, the leader who had brought the country safely through the war, and who might, with his calm foresight and his gift for conciliation, have guided it through the troubled times that were to follow. The assassination of President Lincoln, with the murderous attack on his advisers, filled the North with consternation and rage, and gave the chief haters of the South an opportunity to vent their wrath, which they were not slow to use.

Under a plan devised by Mr. Lincoln, the recently seceded states had set to work to reorganize themselves, and their civil

governments were in full operation a few months after the close of the war. The next step was the election of representatives in Congress. In the main, men known nationally to be of conservative views, many of them old Union men, were selected. It was, however, to be long before Southern representatives were to be admitted.

Now, in its struggle, the South had no such potent friend as Lincoln might have been. The first official act of Secretary Stanton after Mr. Lincoln's death had been to reverse one of his decisions, and issue an order for the arrest of a member of the late Confederate Cabinet who was on his way to Canada. On Lincoln's death, Andrew Johnson, who had come into note as the war governor of the newly reconstructed state of Tennessee, had begun by breathing threatenings and slaughter against the South. His first measures had been so severe that Mr. Seward had felt it necessary to restrain him. His proposed action had been so violative of the terms accorded by Grant at Appomattox to Lee and his army that Grant, always magnanimous and courageous, had felt himself compelled to threaten him with the surrender of his command. In a short time, however, a contention had arisen between Johnson and the Congress, growing, on his side, partly out of his attempt to exercise the power claimed for the Executive by Mr. Lincoln, partly out of his ambition to be reëlected, and the necessity he was under to secure the votes of the Southern states as a part of his electoral machinery; on the other side, out of the wish of the Congress to control the reorganization of the South, and the determination of its ablest leaders to secure at all cost perpetual control of the government. Johnson, who had been among the most virulent enemies of the South, and assuredly not the least hated, was thrown by this contest into the anomalous position of its advocate, and the Congress was hurried along, with its passions in-

flamed by its most radical leaders, until reason was lost, moderation was thrown to the winds, and it found itself paramount, indeed — with the South prostrate, the Constitution a thing to be tinkered with or overridden as partisan expediency suggested, and “the party of the Union” burdened in the South with the most ignorant, venal, and debauched representatives that ever cursed a land. The white race of the South, the constituent part of the great race that had made the country and was to help hold it in the coming years against the world, were outraged almost beyond cure. With every divergence of opinion forgot, every possibility of wholesome division on economic or other public questions buried, they were consolidated in the passionate desire to hold their homes and save their race.

The blacks had not been less injured by the political debauchery into which they had been wiled. Withdrawn from the field of activity in which they had been trained, and in which they might have attained continued success, the close of the reconstruction period found them estranged from the whites, their habits of industry impaired, their vision obscured, their aims turned in directions in which they have shown neither the genius nor the training to compete successfully. They were legislated into a position where they did only harm to themselves and others, and in which they could be maintained only by outside power.

It was the South’s misfortune that the new problems could not be worked out on their own merits. The negro question, “the direful spring of woes unnumbered,” almost at once became the paramount issue, and from that time to the present has tinged nearly every measure in which the South has been concerned. Emancipation had been accepted readily enough; but emancipation brought new problems. The proper solution of the new questions, which would have been a

delicate and difficult task under any circumstances, was rendered impossible by the ignorance of the elements to be handled, and the passion infused into every act touching them.

The institution known as the Freedmen’s Bureau, and its work in the South, played a not inconsiderable part in the trouble that arose. The motive for its origin was, no doubt, a good one, and, no doubt, a part of its work was beneficial to one of the races. It had the “supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen.” It issued rations to freedmen; regulated all matters of labor and contract in which the freedmen were interested; administered justice wherever they were concerned; and had power to take charge of all “abandoned lands” and parcel them out to negroes as homes, and generally to administrate the negro and his affairs. Incident to these duties was the power to arrest and imprison. The Bureau began its work with an idea which was fatal to its success: that the negro was a poor oppressed creature who was to be treated as the nation’s ward, and that the white was a hardened tyrant who had to be restrained.

The officials of the Bureau were of various kinds: honest men, more or less fair-minded and wise; honest men, hopelessly prejudiced and bigoted; and men without honesty, wisdom, or any other qualification. All were absolutely ignorant of the true relation between the old masters and slaves; all had a bigoted people behind them, and a bigoted people before them. Unhappily, the largest, or at least the most active element among the officials were the last class: sutlers, skulkers, and other refuse of a great army, who had no sooner found the dangers of war over than they had begun to look about them to see what spoil they could appropriate, and, recognizing in the newly freed negroes the most promising instrument at hand for their purposes,

had ingratiated themselves with the Freedmen's Bureau. One of the first evidences of their malign influence was the idea disseminated among the negroes, which grew out of the provision relating to abandoned lands, that every freedman was to be given by the government, out of the lands of his old master, forty acres and a mule, — a teaching which was productive of much danger to the whites, and of much evil to the blacks. Among other things, it prevented the former from settling the negroes on the old plantations, as they would otherwise have done very generally.

The Freedmen's Bureau and its work soon had the whole South in a ferment. The distribution of rations relieved the slaves, but misled them into thinking that the government would support them, whether they worked or not. The officials began inquisitorial investigations. They summoned the best and the most stately of the old gentry before them, as if they had been schoolboys. If the officials were of the last class mentioned above, they hectorred them before crowds of gaping negroes, which taught another lesson. They interfered with the administration of courts that had begun to work again, even taking convicted prisoners out of the hands of the officers of the law. As an illustration: In Virginia, an old magistrate, who had tried and sentenced a negro for some crime, was peremptorily ordered by the military authority to release the prisoner, and appear himself before the provost to explain his action. He replied that the prisoner had been tried fairly, convicted justly, and sentenced legally; and though he might be released by the military power, it would only be after he had summoned the whole power of the county to resist it. Naturally, such action tended to excite the negroes and embitter the whites.

The negroes in some places began to hold night meetings, and parcel out the lands of their former masters.

On one of the finest plantations in Virginia this nocturnal partition went along amicably enough until the mill was reached. Here trouble arose at once. The idea of being able to sit and watch the meal spurt down from under the hopper, with nothing to do but to take the tithe, was so attractive that there were too many claimants to agree to its disposal to any one of them, and the meeting broke up in a row. Knowledge of what was going on thus reached the master, who sent at once to the court house for the Federal officer stationed there, who then represented law and order in the county; and the officer soon settled the matter, and disposed of all apprehension of further trouble on that plantation.

No one would say that army officers make generally ideal rulers; for, after all, military rule subjects government to the will of one man. In the pacification of a people, the questions are so difficult and delicate that only wisdom, firmness, singleness of purpose, and an inherent sense of equity avail. These did not always exist. But a dispassionate reading of the records shows that the army officers in the South endeavored, in the main, to perform their duties with wisdom, equity, and moderation. Conditions, however, were to grow worse. The army officers were soon to be supplanted by worse rulers.

The carcass was recognized, and the eagles gathered together. The sutlers, skulkers, and refuse, who had been given a chance, under the working of the Bureau, to ingratiate themselves with the negroes, soon were chosen as the political leaders. The ignorance and the credulity of the negro became the capital of these creatures, and with it they traded to their own enrichment and the impoverishment of every one else. The misapprehension on the part of the Southern people of the changed conditions played into their hands.

The laboring population had been

withdrawn from the fields, but were still present in the community, while the fields were untilled and the plantations were going to waste. History had shown that such an element might change from a useless to a dangerous one. The legislatures of the various states, assuming that, after a successful war to preserve the Union, the Union still existed, and unable to recognize the completeness of their overthrow, began to pass labor laws directed at the negro, some of which certainly were calculated to impair his freedom of action. Similar laws existed in some of the Northern states, such as Maine, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. But these new statutes were frankly aimed to control the newly emancipated slaves. An impression of profound distrust was created throughout the North, the people of which, with their sympathies quickened for an entire race turned adrift, without homes or property, had almost begun to consider that the war had been fought for the emancipation of the blacks. Unhappily, at the same time state representatives were chosen whose votes might have a decisive influence on the fortunes of those leaders who now esteemed themselves the saviors of the country. It was determined by these leaders to perpetuate their power at every hazard, even if it were found necessary to overthrow the white race altogether, and put the black over them. The South was intractable and uncompromising. The North was blinded by passion, and led by partisan leaders bent on domination and without scruple in their exercise of power. A large element of the people of the North believed that they were doing God and man service in supporting them, and putting down a rancorous people who were, they thought, still ready to destroy the Union, and were trying to effect by shift what they had failed to do by force. But so far as the leaders were concerned it would appear that along with other motives was an implacable resentment

against the white people of the South, and a deliberate determination to humiliate them and render them forever powerless. The result was one of the mistakes that constitute what in the life of a nation is worse than a national crime, — a national blunder. Those who had been the masters, and had given proof by their works that they were behind no people in the highest fruits of civilization, — who had just shown by their constancy, if by no other virtue, that they were worthy of being treated with consideration, — were disfranchised and shut out from participation in the government, while their former slaves were put over them.

For instance, in the county that had produced Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, one of the most noted of the old gentlemen stood as a conservative candidate for the first General Assembly held in Virginia after the war. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and culture. He had traveled abroad, — a rare thing in those days, — and had translated the poems of Ariosto. He was one of the largest property owners in the state; had been a Union man, and one of the stoutest opponents of Secession. He was the head of one of the few old families in Virginia who, immediately after the war, announced their determination to accept the new conditions and act with the Republican party. This gentleman was beaten for the General Assembly by the brother of his negro carriage driver. This was early in the period following the war. Later on, when "ironclad oaths" had been devised, and the full work of disfranchisement had been effected, no whites but those who had had their disabilities specially removed could hold office or vote. For a time, only the negroes, the carpet-baggers, and those who disregarded perjury voted.

The white race were disfranchised, and were not allowed the franchise again until they had assented to giving the

black race absolute equality in all matters of civil right. This the leaders of the other side vainly imagined would perpetuate their power, and for a time it almost promised to do so.

The result of the new régime thus established in the South was such a riot of rapine and rascality as had never been known in the history of this country, and hardly ever in the history of the world. It would seem incredible to any but those who have investigated it for themselves. The states were given over to pillage at the hands of former slaves, led largely by adventurers whose only aim was to gratify their vengeance or their cupidity. The measure of their peculation and damage, as gauged by figures alone, staggers belief.

The cost to the state of Louisiana of four years and five months of carpet-bag rule amounted to \$106,020,337. Taxation went up in proportion. The wealth of New Orleans during the eight years of carpet-bag rule, instead of increasing, fell from \$146,718,790 to \$88,613,930. The governor himself, who, when he stood for the governorship, had a mite chest placed beside the ballot box, to receive contributions from the negroes to pay his expenses to Washington, had been in office only a year when it was estimated that he was worth \$225,000. When he retired, he was said to have one of the largest fortunes in Louisiana.

In Mississippi, the state levy for 1871 was four times what it was in 1869. For 1873 it was eight and one half times as great. For 1874 it was fourteen times as great, and 640,000 acres of land, comprising twenty per cent of all the land in the state, had been forfeited for non-payment of these extraordinary taxes.

In South Carolina, the taxable values in 1860 amounted to about \$490,000,000, and the tax to a little less than \$400,000. In 1871 the taxable values had been reduced to \$184,000,000, and the tax had been increased to \$2,000,000. A large percentage of the lands

of the state were sold for unpaid taxes, and a land commission was established to take them and distribute them among the freedmen and their friends on terms that substantially placed them at the disposal of the commission.

But as extraordinary as the mere figures would appear, and as strong as they are to show the extent of the robbery to which the people of the South were subjected, they give little idea of the bitterness of the degradation that they underwent. The true measure of injury to the people of the South was the humiliation to which they were subjected during the progress of this system of rapine. Some states were subjected to greater damage and, if possible, deeper humiliation than others. The people of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, perhaps, suffered the most; but all underwent the humiliation of seeing their states given over to pillage by miscreants and malefactors, of having their slaves put over them and kept over them by armed power, whilst they themselves were forced to stand bound, helpless witnesses of their destruction.

Virginia escaped in a measure some of the most extreme consequences. For instance, there were no continued incitements to riot and no wholesale arrests of an entire community, as took place in South Carolina; there was no general subjection to an armed and insolent militia of former slaves who terrorized the country, as happened in the more southerly states. Virginia never had a governor, as Arkansas had, who issued to his adjutant general proscription lists of leading citizens, accompanied by a notification that he had marked with asterisks the names of the most obnoxious persons, and that if they could be tried by court-martial and executed while the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, the finding would be approved by the governor. The Ku Klux Klan, with its swath of outrage and terrorism, never obtained the footing in Virginia that it

had in states farther south, where life had been made more unendurable. But the people of Virginia, like those of the other Southern states, drank from the same cup of bitterness in seeing their civilization overthrown, — intelligence, culture, and refinement put under the heel of ignorance and venality, and a third of the people, who had comprised most of the laboring population and all the domestic servants, and had lived in the past in amity and affection with their masters, turned for a time into violent enemies.

Unhappily, the credulity and ignorance of the negroes threw them into the hands of the worst element among the adventurers who were vying to become their leaders. The man who was bold enough to bid the highest outstripped the others. Under the teaching and with the aid of these leaders, the negroes showed signs of rendering considerable parts of the Southern states uninhabitable by the whites. Had the latter given the slightest sign of being cowed or of yielding, they probably would have been lost forever; but, fortunately for the South, they never yielded.

Unable to resist openly the power of the National government that stood behind the carpet-bag governments of the states, the people of the South resorted to other means which proved for a time more or less effective. Secret societies were formed, which, under such titles as the "Ku Klux Klan," the "Knights of the White Camellia," the "White Brotherhood," etc., played a potent and, at first, it would seem, a beneficial part in restraining the excesses of the newly exalted leaders and their excited levies.

Wherever masked and ghostly riders appeared, the frightened negroes kept under cover. The idea spread with great rapidity over nearly all the South, and the secret organizations, known among themselves as the "Invisible Empire," were found to be so dangerous to

the continued power of the carpet-bag governments, and in places so menacing to their representatives personally, that the aid of the National government was called in to suppress them.

In a short time every power of the government was in motion, or ready to be set in motion, against them. "Ku Klux Acts" were passed; presidential proclamations were issued; the entire machinery of the United States courts was put in operation; the writ of habeas corpus was suspended in those sections where the Ku Klux were most in evidence, and Federal troops were employed.

The testimony taken before what was known as the "Ku Klux Committee," with the reports made by that committee, is contained in thirteen volumes, and makes interesting reading for the student of history. The investigation covered every state in the South.

One who studies those reports is likely to find his confidence in human nature somewhat shaken. It will appear to him that gross and palpable perjury was almost common before that committee, and that the story contained in those reports is so dreadful that if published now it would not be believed. It serves to illustrate, at least, the violence of party feeling at that time, that, under the stress of passion which then prevailed, the Republican members of the Committee of Investigation all signed one report laying the entire blame on the Southern people, and the Democratic members all signed a minority report charging the blame wholly on the other side.

With Congress passing penal acts against all connected with the secret societies, the army of the United States at hand to put them down, and the United States courts ready to push through the convictions of all participants in their work, the constituency and purposes of the secret societies soon changed. The more law-abiding and self-respecting element dropped out, and such organiza-

tions as remained were composed only of the most disorderly and reckless element. Under conduct of such a class, the societies, whatever their original design, soon degenerated into mere bands of masked ruffians, who used their organization and their disguises for the private purposes of robbery and revenge. As might have been foreseen, they became a general pest in the regions which they infested, and the better element of native Southerners were as concerned to put a stop to their action as was the government. This class, later on, found it necessary to keep themselves banded together; but it was no longer in a secret association. During the later phases of the struggle the meetings of the whites were open. Fortunately for them, by this time the debauchery of those who had formerly been sustained by the government had become so openly infamous that it began to be known at the North for what it really was, and the people of the North began to revolt against its continuance. The indorsement of the government leaders at Washington became more and more half-hearted; and as this was recognized, the white people of the South began to be reanimated with hope.

The action of the other side at the South generally played into their hands. The leaders lacked the first element of wisdom; their moderation was only the limit to their power.

The women and children of the Southern states, during the utmost excitement of war, had slept as secure with their slaves about them as if they had been guarded by their husbands and fathers, but under the new teaching the torch became a weapon. A distinguished leader of the colored race, a native white man in South Carolina, said, in a public speech to his constituents, that the barns had been built by them, and their contents belonged to them; and if they were refused the distribution of those contents, matches were only five cents a box. Is

it to be wondered at that, with such suggestion, the burning of houses became more or less frequent in the belts subject to the domination of the excited race? This man, who had many crimes to answer for, after passing through numberless dangers, became the victim of a foul assassination. A story is told that some years ago two men were sitting together in a well-known restaurant in Washington. One of them, who was from a Northern state, said to the other, who was from South Carolina, "Tell me, now that it is so long past, who murdered So-and-So," mentioning the name of the leader who has been spoken of. "Well," said the other quietly, "I was tried for it."

Amiable and orderly as the colored race were when the whites were in control, as soon as an election approached they showed every sign of excitement. When they were in power, life became intolerable, and a clash was imminent at every meeting; men and women went armed; many families, unable to endure the strain, abandoned their homes, and moved to other communities or other states. The distinguished pastor of a large church in the North, one of the godliest of men, who had a church during this period in one of the Southern states, has said that when he went to his night services he as regularly put a pistol in his pocket as he took his Bible. Even funerals were liable to be interrupted by the half-maddened creatures, and instances occurred when the hearse had to be driven at full speed to outstrip a mob bent on the last extremity of insult.

It was notable that even during the periods of greatest excitement, when the negroes were stirred almost to frenzy, the old family servants ever stood ready to prevent personal harm to their former masters and mistresses; and that when the excitement had passed, the entire race were ready to resume, and even to seek, friendly relations with the whites.

When, at last, with their homes ren-

dered unsafe and their life intolerable, the people of the South finally threw off the yoke under which they had been bowed, it is hardly strange that they should thenceforth have remained solidified to withstand the possibility of such a condition ever being repeated.

It is not probable that any wholly sane man of any section or race, who knows the facts, would ever wish its repetition. The last governor of South Carolina under that régime (who has recently written a paper in this series) stated, during his incumbency, that when, in May, 1875, he entered on his duties as governor, two hundred trial justices were holding office by executive appointment (of his predecessor) who could neither read nor write. No wonder that he should have declared, as he did, in writing to the New England Society, that the civilization of the Puritan and Cavalier, of the Roundhead and Huguenot, was in peril.

In the last stages of their existence, these governments were sustained solely by the bayonet. As soon as the United States troops were removed they melted away. As an illustration: In South Carolina, in 1876, after the extraordinary Wade Hampton campaign, in which the whites had won a signal victory, two distinct state governments performed their functions in the State House; a small guard of United States soldiers marched their beats back and forth, representing the power that alone sustained one of those governments. An order was issued by the President of the United States removing the troops, and in twenty-four hours, without a drop of blood shed, without a single clash, the government of the carpet-bagger and the negro had disappeared, and the government of the native South Carolinian and of the white man had quietly, after a lapse of years, resumed control. But during those years the people of the South had seen their most cherished traditions traversed, their civilization overthrown.

All this is now matter of history. The fierce passions of that time have almost, or quite, burned out. Even the memory of the enforced humiliation through which the people of the South passed is blunted by the passage of time, by the ever increasing friendliness between the sections, which grows steadily under the influences of a greater community of interest, a better understanding of each other, and a wider patriotism. The old life of the South, of the kind which made it distinguished, has more or less passed away; a new life, and possibly one that embraces a larger section of the people in its advantages, is taking its place. A more practical spirit is growing up, prepared to utilize present conditions, and avail itself of all the material advantages that may be offered. The waste and the anguish of that time have long since been passed to the account of profit and loss, which only the historian or the student ventures to open. Many of the old houses which were the chief charm of the South went down under the ploughshare of reconstruction. The people who made them and gave them their sweetness have passed or are passing away.

One riding through the stretches of country where the fields have reverted to forest, or are worked by the small cropper, can form little idea of the time when they were a part of a wide and well-tilled domain which supported the whole population of a teeming plantation. He might as well imagine that the quiet, grizzled farmer whom he sees in the field or meets on the road, in friendly intercourse with some dusky neighbor, once fought in battles that marked the high tide of Anglo-Saxon courage, or rode with a band of night-riders, resolute to withstand for his race those who threatened it, backed by the dread power of the United States.

The present generation is, as is, of course, every generation, the product of heredity and environment. Its members

are said to exhibit qualities which were once wanting, or which, if they existed, were despised; but, in reckoning their virtues, a deeper student is likely to conclude that the best that is in them is the inheritance from their fathers: devotion to duty, the sense of honor, and a passion for free government.

The senior Senator from Massachusetts passed, years ago, a judgment upon the Southern people which was not lacking in vigorous criticism; but his criticism was tempered by a piece of characterization which it seems not impertinent to quote here.

"They have," he said, "an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only, but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them, and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they come the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth. They are lovers of home. They have not the mean traits which grow up somewhere in places where money-making is the chief end of life. They have, above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without regard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired and without getting diverted, can pursue a great public object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

Looking at the other race in the South, — who must be reckoned, if they will allow themselves to be so, as a part of the Southern people, — whilst there is much to cause regret and even disappointment to those who are their truest friends, yet there is no little from which to draw hope. No other people ever had more disadvantages to contend with on their issue into freedom. They were seduced, deceived, misled. Their habits of industry were destroyed, and they were fooled into believing that they could be legislated into immediate equality with

a race that, without mentioning superiority of ability and education, had a thousand years' start of them. They were made to believe that their only salvation lay in aligning themselves against the other race, and following blindly the adventurers who came to lead them to a new Promised Land. It is no wonder that they committed great blunders and great excesses. For nearly a generation they have been pushed along the wrong road. But now, in place of political leaders who were simply firebrands is arising a new class of leaders, who, with a wider horizon, a deeper sagacity, and a truer patriotism, are endeavoring to establish a foundation of morality, industry, and knowledge, and upon these to build a race that shall be capable of availing itself of every opportunity that the future may present, and worthy of whatever fortune it may bring.

Many of the baleful fruits of reconstruction remain among us. Inability to divide freely on great public questions is a public misfortune.

Obedience to law is one of the highest qualities of a people, and one of the first elements of national greatness. However strong the necessity may appear, law cannot be overridden without creating a spirit that will override law, — a spirit which is liable to end by substituting for law its will, and by confounding with right its interest.

Among the baleful fruits is whatever fraud or evasion has appeared in the electoral system in any part of the South. In old times this evil was not known among the people of the South. Fighting the devil with fire may be the only effective mode of such warfare; but fire is a dangerous weapon to use under any circumstances.

Something has been said in these papers on the subject of lynching in the South. It is not too much to say that nearly every black victim of lynching and nearly every victim of that person

may be set down to the not yet closed account of reconstruction. This, too, was a crime which in old times was not known in the South.

Among the better signs is the increasing feeling that it is best, on the whole, to leave every section to work out its own problems. Many years ago Mr. Seward said of the negro race: "They will find their place; they must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those."

Congress attempted to contravene them; but though for a brief period it appeared to have succeeded, the lapse of time has shown its failure. It might as well have attempted to contravene the law of gravitation.

That intelligence, virtue, and force of character will eventually rule is as certain in the states of the South as it is elsewhere; and everywhere it is as certain as the operation of the law of gravitation. Whatever people wish to rule in those states must possess these qualities.

Thomas Nelson Page.

HUNTING BIG REDWOODS.

THE Big Tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) is nature's forest masterpiece, and, as far as I know, the greatest of living things. It belongs to an ancient stock, as its remains in old rocks show, and has a strange air of other days about it, a thoroughbred look inherited from the long ago, the auld lang syne of trees. Once the genus was common, and with many species flourished in the now desolate Arctic regions, the interior of North America, and in Europe; but in long eventful wanderings from climate to climate only two species have survived the hardships they had to encounter, the *gigantea* and *sempervirens*: the former now restricted to the western slopes of the Sierra, the other to the Coast Mountains, and both to California, excepting a few groves of redwood which extend into Oregon. The Pacific coast in general is the paradise of conifers. Here nearly all of them are giants, and display a beauty and magnificence unknown elsewhere. The climate is mild, the ground never freezes, and moisture and sunshine abound all the year. Nevertheless, it is not easy to account for the colossal size of the Sequoias. The largest are about three hundred feet high, and

thirty feet in diameter. Who of all the dwellers of the plains and prairies and fertile home forests of round-headed oak and maple, hickory and elm, ever dreamed that earth could bear such growths? — trees that the familiar pines and firs seem to know nothing about, lonely, silent, serene, with a physiognomy almost god-like, and so old, thousands of them still living had already counted their years by tens of centuries when Columbus set sail from Spain, and were in the vigor of youth or middle age when the star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle. As far as man is concerned, they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, emblems of permanence.

No description can give any adequate idea of their singular majesty, much less of their beauty. Excepting the sugar pine, most of its neighbors with pointed tops seem to be forever shouting "Excelsior!" while the Big Tree, though soaring above them all, seems satisfied, its rounded head poised lightly as a cloud, giving no impression of trying to go higher. Only in youth does it show, like other conifers, a heavenward yearning, keenly aspiring with a long quick-grow

ing top. Indeed, the whole tree, for the first century or two, or until a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high, is arrowhead in form, and, compared with the solemn rigidity of age, is as sensitive to the wind as a squirrel tail. The lower branches are gradually dropped, as it grows older, and the upper ones thinned out, until comparatively few are left. These, however, are developed to great size, divide again and again, and terminate in bossy rounded masses of leafy branchlets, while the head becomes domeshaped. Then, poised in fullness of strength and beauty, stern and solemn in mien, it glows with eager, enthusiastic life, quivering to the tip of every leaf and branch and far-reaching root, calm as a granite dome, — the first to feel the touch of the rosy beams of the morning, the last to bid the sun good-night.

Perfect specimens, unhurt by running fires or lightning, are singularly regular and symmetrical in general form, though not at all conventional, showing infinite variety in sure unity and harmony of plan. The immensely strong, stately shafts, with rich purplish-brown bark, are free of limbs for a hundred and fifty feet or so, though dense tufts of sprays occur here and there, producing an ornamental effect, while long parallel furrows give a fluted, columnar appearance. The limbs shoot forth with equal boldness in every direction, showing no weaker side. On the old trees the main branches are crooked and rugged, and strike rigidly outward, mostly at right angles from the trunk, but there is always a certain measured restraint in their reach which keeps them within bounds. No other Sierra tree has foliage so densely massed, or outlines so finely, firmly drawn, and so obediently subordinate to an ideal type. A particularly knotty, angular, ungovernable-looking branch, five to eight feet in diameter, and perhaps a thousand years old, may occasionally be seen pushing out from the trunk, as if determined to break across

the bounds of the regular curve; but, like all the others, as soon as the general outline is approached, the huge limb dissolves into massy bosses of branchlets and sprays, as if the tree were growing beneath an invisible bell glass, against the sides of which the branches were moulded, while many small varied departures from the ideal form give the impression of freedom to grow as they like.

Except in picturesque old age, after being struck by lightning and broken by a thousand snowstorms, this regularity of form is one of the Big Tree's most distinguishing characteristics. Another is the simple sculptural beauty of the trunk, and its great thickness as compared with its height and the width of the branches; many of them being from eight to ten feet in diameter at a height of two hundred feet from the ground, and seeming more like finely modeled and sculptured architectural columns than the stems of trees, while the great strong limbs are like rafters supporting the magnificent dome head.

The root system corresponds in magnitude with the other dimensions of the tree, forming a flat, far-reaching, spongy network, two hundred feet or more in width, without any taproot; and the instep is so grand and fine, so suggestive of endless strength, it is long ere the eye is released to look above it. The natural swell of the roots, though at first sight excessive, gives rise to buttresses no greater than are required for beauty as well as strength, as at once appears when you stand back far enough to see the whole tree in its true proportions. The fineness of the taper of the trunk is shown by its thickness at great heights, — a diameter of ten feet at a height of two hundred being, as we have seen, not uncommon. Indeed, the boles of but few trees hold their thickness so well as Sequoia. Resolute, consummate, determined in form, always beheld with wondering admiration, the Big Tree always

seems unfamiliar, standing alone, unrelated, with peculiar physiognomy, awfully solemn and earnest. Nevertheless, there is nothing alien in its looks. The *madroña*, clad in thin smooth red and yellow bark and big glossy leaves, seems, in the dark coniferous forests of Washington and Vancouver Island, like some lost wanderer from the magnolia groves of the South, while *Sequoia*, with all its strangeness, seems more at home than any of its neighbors, holding the best right to the ground as the oldest, strongest inhabitant. One soon becomes acquainted with new species of pine and fir and spruce as with friendly people, shaking their outstretched branches like shaking hands, and fondling their beautiful little ones; while the venerable aboriginal *Sequoia*, ancient of other days, keeps you at a distance, taking no notice of you, speaking only to the winds, thinking only of the sky, looking as strange in aspect and behavior among the neighboring trees as would the mastodon or hairy elephant among the homely bears and deer. Only the Sierra juniper is at all like it, standing rigid and unconquerable on glacial pavements for thousands of years, grim, rusty, silent, uncommunicative, with an air of antiquity about as pronounced as that so characteristic of *Sequoia*.

The bark of full-grown trees is from one to two feet thick, rich cinnamon-brown, purplish on young trees and shady parts of the old, forming magnificent masses of color with the underbrush and beds of flowers. Toward the end of winter the trees themselves bloom, while the snow is still eight or ten feet deep. The pistillate flowers are about three eighths of an inch long, pale green, and grow in countless thousands on the ends of the sprays. The staminate are still more abundant, pale yellow, a fourth of an inch long, and when the golden pollen is ripe they color the whole tree, and dust the air and the ground far and near.

The cones are bright grass-green in

color, about two and a half inches long, one and a half wide, and are made up of thirty or forty strong closely packed rhomboidal scales, with four to eight seeds at the base of each. The seeds are extremely small and light, being only from an eighth to a fourth of an inch long and wide, including a filmy surrounding wing, which causes them to glint and waver in falling, and enables the wind to carry them considerable distances from the tree.

The faint lisp of snowflakes, as they alight, is one of the smallest sounds mortal can hear. The sound of falling *Sequoia* seeds, even when they happen to strike on flat leaves or flakes of bark, is about as faint. Very different are the bumping and thudding of the falling cones. Most of them are cut off by the Douglas squirrel, and stored for the sake of the seeds, small as they are. In the calm Indian summer these busy harvesters with ivory sickles go to work early in the morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and nearly all day the ripe cones fall in a steady pattering, bumping shower. Unless harvested in this way, they discharge their seeds, and remain on the tree for many years. In fruitful seasons the trees are fairly laden. On two small specimen branches, one and a half and two inches in diameter, I counted four hundred and eighty cones. No other California conifer produces nearly so many seeds, excepting perhaps its relative, the redwood of the Coast Mountains. Millions are ripened annually by a single tree, and the product of one of the main groves in a fruitful year would suffice to plant all the mountain ranges of the world.

The dense tufted sprays make snug nesting places for birds, and in some of the loftiest, leafiest towers of verdure thousands of generations have been reared, the great solemn trees shedding off flocks of merry singers every year from nests like the flocks of winged seeds from the cones.

The Big Tree keeps its youth far longer than any of its neighbors. Most silver firs are old in their second or third century, pines in their fourth or fifth, while the Big Tree, growing beside them, is still in the bloom of its youth, juvenile in every feature, at the age of old pines, and cannot be said to attain anything like prime size and beauty before its fifteen hundredth year, or, under favorable circumstances, become old before its three thousandth. Many, no doubt, are much older than this. On one of the Kings River giants, thirty-five feet and eight inches in diameter, exclusive of bark, I counted upwards of four thousand annual wood rings, in which there was no trace of decay after all these centuries of mountain weather. There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Their death is due to accidents, not, as of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age, — their fall is foretold in their structure; but the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the other essential organs, wood, roots, bark, buds. Most of the Sierra trees die of disease. Thus the magnificent silver firs are devoured by fungi, and comparatively few of them live to see their three hundredth birth year. But nothing hurts the Big Tree. I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. It lives on through indefinite thousands of years, until burned, blown down, undermined, or shattered by some tremendous lightning stroke. No ordinary bolt ever seriously hurts Sequoia. In all my walks I have seen only one that was thus killed outright. Lightning, though rare in the California lowlands, is common on the Sierra. Almost every day in June and July small thunderstorms refresh the main forest belt. Clouds like snowy mountains of marvelous beauty grow rapidly in the calm sky about midday, and cast cooling shadows and showers that seldom last more than an hour. Nevertheless, these brief, kind storms wound or

kill a good many trees. I have seen silver firs, two hundred feet high, split into long peeled rails and slivers down to the roots, leaving not even a stump; the rails radiating like the spokes of a wheel from a hole in the ground where the tree stood. But the Sequoia, instead of being split and slivered, usually has forty or fifty feet of its brash knotty top smashed off in short chunks about the size of cord wood, the beautiful rosy-red ruins covering the ground in a circle a hundred feet wide or more. I never saw any that had been cut down to the ground, or even to below the branches, except one in the Stanislaus Grove, about twelve feet in diameter, the greater part of which was smashed to fragments, leaving only a leafless stump about seventy-five feet high. It is a curious fact that all the very old Sequoias have lost their heads by lightning. "All things come to him who waits;" but of all living things Sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning. Thousands of years it stands ready and waiting, offering its head to every passing cloud as if inviting its fate, praying for heaven's fire as a blessing; and when at last the old head is off, another of the same shape immediately begins to grow on. Every bud and branch seems excited, like bees that have lost their queen, and tries hard to repair the damage. Branches that for many centuries have been growing out horizontally at once turn upward, and all their branchlets arrange themselves with reference to a new top of the same peculiar curve as the old one. Even the small subordinate branches halfway down the trunk do their best to push up to the top and help in this curious head-making.

The great age of these noble trees is even more wonderful than their huge size, standing bravely up, millennium in, millennium out, to all that fortune may bring them; triumphant over tempest and fire and time, fruitful and beautiful, giving food and shelter to multitudes of

small fleeting creatures dependent upon their bounty. Other trees may claim to be about as large or as old: Australian gums, Senegal baobabs, Mexican taxodiums, English yews, and venerable Lebanon cedars, trees of renown, some of which are from ten to thirty feet in diameter. We read of oaks that are supposed to have existed ever since the creation, yet, strange to say, I can find no definite accounts of the age of any of these trees, but only estimates based on tradition and assumed average rates of growth. No other known tree approaches the Sequoia in grandeur, height and thickness being considered, and none, as far as I know, has looked down on so many centuries, or opens such impressive and suggestive views into history. The majestic monument of the Kings River Forest is, as we have seen, fully four thousand years old, and, measuring the rings of annual growth, we find it was no less than twenty-seven feet in diameter at the beginning of the Christian era, while many observations lead me to expect the discovery of others ten or twenty centuries older. As to those of moderate age, there are thousands, mere youths as yet, that

"saw the light that shone
On Mahomed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present,
... saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches,
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches."

Great trees and groves need to be venerated as sacred monuments and halls of council and worship. But soon after the discovery of the Calaveras Grove one of the grandest trees was cut down for the sake of the stump! The laborious vandals had seen "the biggest tree in the world;" then, forsooth, they must try to see the biggest stump and dance on it.

The growth in height for the first two centuries is usually at the rate of eight to ten inches a year. Of course all very large trees are old, but those equal in

size may vary greatly in age, on account of variations in soil, closeness or openness of growth, etc. Thus, a tree about ten feet in diameter that grew on the side of a meadow was, according to my own count of the wood rings, only two hundred and fifty-nine years old at the time it was felled, while another in the same grove, of almost exactly the same size, but less favorably situated, was fourteen hundred and forty years old. The Calaveras tree cut for a dance floor was twenty-four feet in diameter, and only thirteen hundred years old; another, about the same size, was a thousand years older.

One of my own best excursions among the Sequoias was made in the autumn of 1875, when I explored the then unknown or little-known Sequoia region south of the Mariposa Grove for comprehensive views of the belt, and to learn what I could of the peculiar distribution of the species and its history in general. In particular, I was anxious to try to find out whether it had ever been more widely distributed since the glacial period; what conditions, favorable or otherwise, were affecting it; what were its relations to climate, topography, soil, and the other trees growing with it, etc.; and whether, as was generally supposed, the species was nearing extinction. I was already acquainted in a general way with the northern groves, but, excepting some passing glimpses gained on excursions into the high Sierra about the head waters of Kings and Kern rivers, I had seen nothing of the south end of the belt.

Nearly all my mountaineering has been done on foot, carrying as little as possible, depending on camp fires for warmth, that so I might be light and free to go wherever my studies might lead. But on this Sequoia trip, which promised to be long, I was persuaded to take a small wild mule with me, to carry provisions and a pair of blankets. The friendly owner of the animal, having no-

ticed that I sometimes looked tired when I came down from the peaks to replenish my bread sack, assured me that his "little Brownie mule" was just what I wanted, — tough as a knot, perfectly untirable, low and narrow, just right for squeezing through brush, able to climb like a chipmunk, jump from boulder to boulder like a wild sheep, and go anywhere a man could go. But tough as he was, and accomplished as a climber, many a time in the course of our journey, when he was jaded and hungry, wedged fast in rocks or struggling in chaparral like a fly in a spider web, his troubles were sad to see, and I wished he would leave me and find his way home alone.

We set out from Yosemite about the end of August, and our first camp was made in the well-known Mariposa Grove. Here and in the adjacent pine woods I spent nearly a week, carefully examining the boundaries of the grove for traces of its greater extension without finding any. Then I struck out into the majestic trackless forest to the southeastward, hoping to find new groves or traces of old ones in the dense silver fir and pine woods about the head of Big Creek, where soil and climate seemed most favorable to their growth; but not a single tree or old monument of any sort came to light until I climbed the high rock called Wamellow by the Indians. Here I obtained telling views of the fertile forest-filled basin of the upper Fresno. Innumerable spires of the noble yellow pine were displayed rising one above another on the braided slopes, and yet nobler sugar pines with superb arms outstretched in the rich autumn light, while away toward the southwest, on the verge of the glowing horizon, I discovered the majestic domelike crowns of Big Trees towering high over all, singly and in close grove congregations. There is something wonderfully attractive in this king tree, even when beheld from afar, that draws us to it with indescribable enthu-

siasm, — its superior height and massive smoothly rounded outlines proclaiming its character in any company; and when one of the oldest of them attains full stature on some commanding ridge, it seems the very god of the woods. I ran back to camp, packed Brownie, and steered over the divide and down into the heart of the Fresno Grove. Then choosing a camp on the side of a brook where the grass was good, I made a cup of tea, and set off free among the brown giants, glorying in the abundance of new work about me. One of the first special things that caught my attention was an extensive landslip. The ground on the side of a stream had given way to a depth of about fifty feet, and with all its trees had been launched into the bottom of the stream ravine. Most of the trees — pines, firs, incense cedar, and Sequoia — were still standing erect and uninjured, as if unconscious that anything out of the common had happened. Tracing the ravine alongside the avalanche, I saw many trees whose roots had been laid bare, and in one instance discovered a Sequoia, about fifteen feet in diameter, growing above an old prostrate trunk that seemed to belong to a former generation. This slip had occurred seven or eight years ago, and I was glad to find not only that most of the Big Trees were uninjured, but that many companies of hopeful seedlings and saplings were growing confidently on the fresh soil along the broken front of the avalanche. These young trees were already eight or ten feet high, and were shooting up vigorously, as if sure of eternal life, though young pines, firs, and libocedrus were running a race with them for the sunshine, with an even start. Farther down the ravine I counted five hundred and thirty-six promising young Sequoias on a bed of rough bouldery soil not exceeding two acres in extent.

The Fresno Big Trees covered an area of about four square miles, and while wandering about, surveying the bounda-

ries of the grove, anxious to see every tree, I came suddenly upon a handsome log cabin, richly embowered, and so fresh and unweathered it was still redolent of gum and balsam, like a newly felled tree. Strolling forward, wondering who could have built it, I found an old, weary-eyed, unspeculative, gray-haired man on a bark stool by the door, reading a book. The discovery of his hermitage by a stranger seemed to surprise him; but when I explained that I was only a tree lover sauntering along the mountains to study Sequoia, he bade me welcome, and made me bring my mule down to a little slanting meadow before his door and camp with him, promising to show me his pet trees and many curious things bearing on my studies.

After supper, as the evening shadows were falling, the good hermit sketched his life in the mines, which, in the main, was like that of most other pioneer gold hunters, — a succession of intense experiences, full of big ups and downs, like the mountain topography. Since "49" he had wandered over most of the Sierra, sinking innumerable prospect holes like a sailor making soundings, digging new channels for streams, sifting gold-sprinkled boulder and gravel beds with unquenchable energy, — life's noon, the meanwhile, passing unnoticed into late afternoon shadows. Then, health and gold gone, the game played and lost, like a wounded deer creeping into this forest solitude, he awaits the sundown call. How sad the undertones of many a life here, now the noise of the first big gold battles has died away! How many interesting wrecks lie drifted and stranded in hidden nooks of the gold region! Perhaps no other range contains the remains of so many rare and interesting men. The name of my hermit friend is John A. Nelder, a fine, kind man, who in going into the woods has at last gone home; for he loves nature truly, and realizes that these last shadowy days, with scarce a glint of gold in them, are

the best of all. Birds, squirrels, plants, get loving natural recognition, and delightful it was to see how sensitively he responded to the silent influences of the woods. His eyes brightened as he gazed on the trees that stand guard around his little home; squirrels and mountain quails came at his call to be fed; and he tenderly stroked the little snow-bent sapling Sequoias, hoping they might yet grow straight to the sky and rule the grove. One of the greatest of his trees stands a little way back of his cabin, and he proudly led me to it, bidding me admire its colossal proportions and measure it, to see if in all the forest there could be another so grand. It proved to be only twenty-six feet in diameter, and he seemed distressed to learn that the Mariposa Grizzly Giant was larger. I tried to comfort him by observing that his was the taller, finer formed, and perhaps the more favorably situated. Then he led me to some noble ruins, remnants of gigantic trunks of trees that he supposed must have been larger than any now standing; and though they had lain on the damp ground, exposed to fire and the weather for centuries, the wood was perfectly sound. Sequoia timber is not only beautiful in color, — rose-red when fresh, and as easily worked as pine, — but it is almost absolutely unperishable. Build a house of Big Tree logs on granite, and that house will last about as long as its foundation. Indeed, fire seems to be the only agent that has any appreciable effect on it. From one of these ancient trunk remnants I cut a specimen of the wood, which neither in color, strength, nor soundness could be distinguished from specimens cut from living trees, although it had certainly lain on the damp forest floor for more than three hundred and eighty years; probably more than thrice as long. The time in this instance was determined as follows: when the tree from which the specimen was derived fell, it sunk itself into the ground, making a ditch about

two hundred feet long and five or six feet deep; and in the middle of this ditch, where a part of the fallen trunk had been burned out of the way, a silver fir, four feet in diameter and three hundred and eighty years old, was growing; showing that the Sequoia trunk had lain on the ground three hundred and eighty years plus the unknown time that it lay before the part whose place had been taken by the fir was burned out of the way, and that which had elapsed ere the seed from which the monumental fir sprang fell into the prepared soil and took root. Now, because Sequoia trunks are never wholly consumed in one forest fire, and these fires recur only at considerable intervals, and because Sequoia ditches, after being cleared, are often left unplanted for centuries, it becomes evident that the trunk remnant in question may have been on the ground a thousand years or more. Similar vestiges are common, and, together with the root bowls and long straight ditches of the fallen monarchs, throw a sure light back on the postglacial history of the species, bearing on its distribution. One of the most interesting features of this grove is the apparent ease and strength and comfortable independence in which the trees occupy their place in the general forest. Seedlings, saplings, young and middle-aged trees, are grouped promisingly around the old patriarchs, betraying no sign of approach to extinction. On the contrary, all seem to be saying, "Everything is to our mind, and we mean to live forever." But, sad to tell, a lumber company was building a large mill and flume near by, assuring widespread destruction.

Day after day, from grove to grove, cañon to cañon, I made a long wavering way; terribly rough in some places for Brownie, but cheery for me, for Sequoias were seldom out of sight. We crossed the rugged, picturesque basins of Redwood Creek, the North Fork of the Kaweah, and Marble Fork, gloriously for-

ested, and full of beautiful cascades and falls, sheer and slanting, infinitely varied with broad curly foam fleeces and strips of embroidery in which the sunbeams revel. Thence we climbed into the noble forest on the Marble and Middle Fork divide. After a general exploration of the Kaweah basin this part of the Sequoia belt seemed to me the finest, and I then named it the Giant Forest. It extends, a magnificent growth of giants, grouped in pure temple groves, ranged in colonnades along the sides of meadows, or scattered among the other trees, from the granite headlands overlooking the hot foothills and plains of the San Joaquin back to within a few miles of the old glacier fountains, at an elevation of five thousand to eight thousand four hundred feet above the sea.

When I entered this sublime wilderness the day was nearly done; the trees, with rosy glowing countenances, seemed to be hushed and thoughtful, as if waiting in conscious religious dependence on the sun, and one naturally walked softly and awestricken among them. I wandered on, meeting nobler trees where all are noble, subdued in the general calm, as if in some vast hall pervaded by the deepest sanctities and solemnities that sway human souls. At sundown the trees seemed to cease their worship and breathe free. I heard the birds going home. I too sought a home for the night on the edge of a level meadow, where there is a long open view between the evenly ranked trees standing guard along its sides. Then, after a good place was found for poor Brownie, who had had a hard, weary day, sliding and scrambling across the Marble cañon, I made my bed and supper, and lay on my back, looking up to the stars through pillared arches finer far than the pious heart of man telling its love ever reared. Then I took a walk up the meadow to see the trees in the pale light. They seemed still more marvelously massive and tall than by day, heaving their colossal heads into

the depths of the sky among the stars, some of which seemed to be sparkling on their branches like flowers. I built a big fire, that vividly illumined the huge brown boles of the nearest trees, and the little plants and cones and fallen leaves at their feet; keeping up the show until I fell asleep to dream of boundless forests and trail-building for Brownie.

Joyous birds welcomed the dawn, and the squirrels, now their food cones were ripe, and had to be quickly gathered and stored for winter, began their work before sunrise. My tea-and-bread-crumb breakfast was soon done, and leaving jaded Brownie to feed and rest, I sauntered forth to my studies. In every direction Sequoia ruled the woods. Most of the other big conifers were present here and there, but not as rivals or companions. They only served to thicken and enrich the general wilderness. Trees of every age cover craggy ridges as well as the deep moraine-soiled slopes, and plant their magnificent shafts along every brookside and meadow. Bogs and meadows are rare or entirely wanting in the isolated groves north of Kings River; here there is a beautiful series of them lying on the broad top of the main dividing ridge, imbedded in the very heart of the mammoth woods, as if for ornament, their smooth plushy bosoms kept bright and fertile by streams and sunshine.

Resting awhile on one of the most beautiful of them, when the sun was high, it seemed impossible that any other forest picture in the world could rival it. There lay the grassy, flowery lawn, three fourths of a mile long, smoothly outspread, basking in mellow autumn light, colored brown and yellow and purple, streaked with lines of green along the streams, and ruffled here and there with patches of ledum and scarlet vaccinium. Around the margin there is first a fringe of azalea and willow bushes, colored orange-yellow and enlivened with vivid dashes of red cornel, as if painted. Then up spring the mighty walls of verdure,

three hundred feet high, the brown fluted pillars so thick and tall and strong they seem fit to uphold the sky; the dense foliage, swelling forward in rounded bosses on the upper half, variously shaded and tinted, — that of the young trees dark green, of the old yellowish. An aged lightning-smitten patriarch, standing a little forward beyond the general line, with knotty arms outspread, was covered with gray and yellow lichens, and surrounded by a group of saplings whose slender spires seemed to lack not a single leaf or spray in their wondrous perfection.

Such was the Kaweah meadow picture that golden afternoon; and as I gazed every color seemed to deepen and glow, as if the progress of the fresh sun work were visible from hour to hour, while every tree seemed religious and conscious of the presence of God. A freeman revels in a scene like this, and time goes by unmeasured. I stood fixed in silent wonder, or sauntered about, shifting my points of view, studying the physiognomy of separate trees, and going out to the different color patches to see how they were put on and what they were made of; giving free expression to my joy, exulting in nature's wild immortal vigor and beauty, never dreaming any other human being was near. Suddenly the spell was broken by dull bumping, thudding sounds, and a man and horse came in sight at the farther end of the meadow, where they seemed sadly out of place. A good big bear or mastodon or megatherium would have been more in keeping with the old mammoth forest. Nevertheless, it is always pleasant to meet one of our own species, after solitary rambles, and I stepped out where I could be seen and shouted, when the rider reined in his galloping mustang and waited my approach. He seemed too much surprised to speak, until, laughing in his puzzled face, I said I was glad to meet a fellow mountaineer in so lonely a place. Then he abruptly asked: "What are you do-

ing? How did you get here?" I explained that I came across the cañons from Yosemite, and was only looking at the trees. "Oh, then I know," he said, greatly to my surprise. "You must be John Muir." He was herding a band of horses that had been driven up a rough trail from the lowlands to feed on these forest meadows. A few handfuls of crumb detritus was all that was left in my bread sack, so I told him that I was nearly out of provisions, and asked whether he could spare me a little flour. "Oh yes, of course you can have anything I've got," he said. "Just take my track, and it will lead you to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two or three miles from here. I must ride after some strayed horses, but I'll be back before night; in the meantime make yourself at home." He galloped away to the northward. I returned to my own camp, saddled Brownie, and by the middle of the afternoon discovered his noble den in a fallen Sequoia hollowed by fire, — a spacious log house of one log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weather-proof, earthquake-proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle, and commanding views of garden and grove grander far than the richest king ever enjoyed. Brownie found plenty of grass, and I found bread, which I ate, with views from the big, round, ever open door. Soon the Good Samaritan mountaineer came in, and I enjoyed a famous rest, listening to his observations on trees, animals, adventures, etc., while he was busy preparing supper. In answer to inquiries concerning the distribution of the Big Trees he gave a good deal of information of the forest we were in, with little in general. He had heard that the species extended a long way south, — he knew not how far.

In the forest between the Middle and East Fork of the Kaweah I met a grand fire; and as fire is the master scourge and controller of the distribution of trees,

I stopped to watch it and learn what I could of its works and ways with the giants. It came racing up the steep chaparral-covered slopes of the East Fork cañon with passionate enthusiasm in a broad cataract of flames: now bending down low to feed on the green bushes, devouring acres of them at a breath; now towering high in the air, as if looking abroad to choose a way; then stooping to feed again, — the lurid flapping surges and the smoke and terrible rushing and roaring hiding all that is gentle and orderly in the work. But as soon as the deep forest was reached the ungovernable flood became calm, like a torrent entering a lake; creeping and spreading beneath the trees, where the ground was level or sloped gently, slowly nibbling the cake of compressed needles and scales with flames an inch high, rising here and there to a foot or two on dry twigs and clumps of small bushes and brome grass. Only at considerable intervals were fierce bonfires lighted, where heavy branches broken off by snow had accumulated, or around some venerable giant whose head had been stricken off by lightning.

I tethered Brownie on the edge of a little meadow beside a stream, a good safe way off, and then cautiously chose a camp for myself in a big stout hollow trunk, not likely to be crushed by the fall of burning trees, and made a bed of ferns and boughs in it. The night, however, and the strange wild fireworks were too beautiful and exciting to allow much sleep. There was no danger of being chased and hemmed in; for in the main forest belt of the Sierra, even when swift winds are blowing, fires seldom or never sweep over the trees in broad all-embracing sheets, as they do in the dense Rocky Mountain woods and in those of the Cascade Mountains of Oregon and Washington. Here they creep from tree to tree with tranquil deliberation, allowing close observation, though caution is required, in venturing around the burning giants, to avoid falling limbs

and knots and fragments from dead shattered tops. Though the day was best for study, I sauntered about night after night, learning what I could, and admiring the wonderful show vividly displayed in the lonely darkness: the ground fire advancing in long crooked lines, gently grazing and smoking on the close-pressed leaves, springing up in thousands of little jets of pure flame on dry tassels and twigs, and tall spires and flat sheets with jagged flapping edges dancing here and there on grass tufts and bushes; big bonfires blazing in perfect storms of energy, where heavy branches mixed with small ones lay smashed together in hundred-cord piles; big red arches between spreading root swells and trees growing close together; huge fire-mantled trunks on the hill slopes glowing like bars of hot iron; violet-colored fire running up the tall trees, tracing the furrows of the bark in quick-quivering rills, and lighting magnificent torches on dry shattered tops; and ever and anon, with a tremendous roar and burst of light, young trees clad in low-descending feathery branches vanishing in one flame two or three hundred feet high.

One of the most impressive and beautiful sights was made by the great fallen trunks lying on the hillsides, all red and glowing like colossal iron bars fresh from a furnace; two hundred feet long, some of them, and ten to twenty feet thick. After repeated burnings have consumed the bark and sapwood, the sound charred surface, being full of cracks and sprinkled with leaves, is quickly overspread with a pure rich furred ruby glow, almost flameless and smokeless, producing a marvelous effect in the night. Another grand and interesting sight are the fires on the tops of the largest living trees, flaming above the green branches at a height of perhaps two hundred feet, entirely cut off from the ground fires, and looking like signal beacons on watch towers. From one standpoint I sometimes saw a dozen

or more, those in the distance looking like great stars above the forest roof. At first I could not imagine how these Sequoia lamps were lighted, but the very first night, strolling about, waiting and watching, I saw the thing done again and again. The thick fibrous bark of old trees is divided by deep, nearly continuous furrows, the sides of which are bearded with the bristling ends of fibres broken by the growth swelling of the trunk; and when the fire comes creeping around the foot of the tree, it runs up these bristly furrows in lovely pale blue quivering, bickering rills of flame, with a low, earnest, whispering sound, to the lightning-shattered top of the trunk, which, in the dry Indian summer, with perhaps leaves and twigs and squirrel-gnawed cone scales and seed wings lodged on it, is readily ignited. These lamp-lighting rills, the most beautiful fire streams I ever saw, last only a minute or two; but the big lamps burn with varying brightness for days and weeks, throwing off sparks like the spray of a fountain, while ever and anon a shower of red coals comes sifting down through the branches, followed at times, with startling effect, by a big burned-off chunk weighing perhaps half a ton.

The immense bonfire, where fifty or a hundred cords of peeled, split, smashed wood have been piled around some old giant by a single stroke of lightning, is another grand sight in the night. The light was so great I found I could read common print three hundred yards from them, and the illumination of the circle of on-looking trees is indescribably impressive. Other big fires, roaring and booming like waterfalls, were blazing on the upper sides of trees on hill slopes against which limbs broken off by heavy snow had rolled, while branches high overhead, tossed and shaken by the ascending air current, seemed to be writhing in pain. Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of all was the quick death of childlike Sequoias only a cen-

tury or two of age. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady fire work, one of these tall beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, booming, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the top of the tree, and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free-flowing wind. To burn these green trees, a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast, bristled and roughened with down-curling boughs. Nearly all the trees that have been burned down are lying with their heads uphill, because they are burned far more deeply on the upper side, on account of broken limbs rolling down against them to make hot fires, while only leaves and twigs accumulate on the lower side, and are quickly consumed without injury to the tree. But green resinless Sequoia wood burns very slowly, and many successive fires are required to burn down a large tree. Fires can run only at intervals of several years, and when the ordinary amount of firewood that has rolled against the gigantic trunk is consumed, only a shallow scar is made, which is slowly deepened by recurring fires until far beyond the centre of gravity; and when at last the tree falls, it of course falls uphill. The healing folds of wood layers on some of the deeply burned trees show that centuries have elapsed since the last wounds were made.

When a great Sequoia falls, its head is smashed into fragments about as small

as those made by lightning, and are mostly devoured by the first running hunting fire that finds them, while the trunk is slowly wasted away by centuries of fire and weather. One of the most interesting fire actions on the trunk is the boring of those great tunnel-like hollows through which horsemen may gallop. All of these famous hollows are burned out of the solid wood, for no Sequoia is ever hollowed by decay. When the tree falls, the brash trunk is often broken straight across into sections, as if sawed; into these joints the fire creeps, and, on account of the great size of the broken ends, burns for weeks or even months without being much influenced by the weather. After the great glowing ends fronting each other have burned so far apart that their rims cease to burn, the fire continues to work on in the centres, and the ends become deeply concave. Then, heat being radiated from side to side, the burning goes on in each section of the trunk independent of the other, until the diameter of the bore is so great that the heat radiated across from side to side is not sufficient to keep them burning. It appears, therefore, that only very large trees can receive the fire auger and have any shell rim left.

Of all the Tule basin forest the section on the North Fork seemed the finest, surpassing, I think, even the Giant Forest of the Kaweah. Southward from here, though the width and general continuity of the belt is well sustained, I thought I could detect a slight falling off in the height of the trees and in closeness of growth. All the basin was swept by swarms of hoofed locusts, the southern part over and over again, until not a leaf within reach was left on the wettest bogs, the outer edges of the thorniest chaparral beds, or even on the young conifers, which, unless under the stress of dire famine, sheep never touch. Of course Brownie suffered, though I made diligent search for grassy sheep-proof spots. When I turned him

loose one evening on the side of a carex bog, he dolefully prospected the desolate neighborhood without finding anything that even a starving mule could eat. Then, utterly discouraged, he stole up behind me while I was bent over on my knees making a fire for tea, and in a pitiful mixture of bray and neigh begged for help. It was a mighty touching prayer, and I answered it as well as I could with half of what was left of a cake made from the last of the flour given me by the Indians; hastily passing it over my shoulder, and saying: "Yes, poor fellow, I know, but soon you'll have plenty. To-morrow down we go to alfalfa and barley," — speaking to him as if he were human, as through stress of trouble plainly he was. After eating his portion of bread he seemed content, for he said no more, but patiently turned away to gnaw leafless ceanothus stubs. Such clinging, confiding dependence, after all our scrambles and adventures together, was very touching, and I felt conscience-stricken for having led him so far in so rough and desolate a country. "Man," says Lord Bacon, "is the god of the dog." So also he is of the mule and many other dependent fellow mortals.

Next morning I turned westward, determined to force a way straight to pasture, letting Sequoia wait. Fortunately, ere we had struggled down through half a mile of chaparral we heard a mill whistle, for which we gladly made a bee line. At the sawmill we both got a good meal; then, taking the dusty lumber road, pursued our way to the lowlands. The nearest good pasture, I counted, might be thirty or forty miles away. But scarcely had we gone ten when I noticed a little log cabin, a hundred yards or so back from the road, and a tall man, straight as a pine, standing in front of it, observing us as we came plodding down through the dust. Seeing no sign of grass or hay, I was going past without stopping, when he shouted, "Travelin'?" Then,

drawing nearer: "Where have you come from? I did n't notice you go up." I replied I had come through the woods from the north, looking at the trees. "Oh, then you must be John Muir. Halt; you're tired; come and rest, and I'll cook for you." Then I explained that I was tracing the Sequoia belt; that on account of sheep my mule was starving, and therefore I must push on to the lowlands. "No, no," he said. "That corral over there is full of hay and grain. Turn your mule into it. I don't own it, but the fellow who does is hauling lumber, and it will be all right. He's a white man. Come and rest. How tired you must be! The Big Trees don't go much farther south, nohow. I know the country up there; have hunted all over it. Come and rest, and let your little doggone rat of a mule rest. How in heavens did you get him across the cañons? Roll him, or carry him? He's poor, but he'll get fat; and I'll give you a horse, and go with you up the mountains, and while you're looking at the trees I'll go hunting. It will be a short job, for the end of the Big Trees is not far." Of course I stopped. No true invitation is ever declined. He had been hungry and tired himself many a time in the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Sierra. Now he owned a band of cattle, and lived alone. His cabin was about eight by ten feet; the door at one end, a fireplace at the other, and a bed on one side, fastened to the logs. Leading me in without a word of mean apology, he made me lie down on the bed; then reached under it, brought forth a sack of apples, and advised me to keep "chawing" at them until he got supper ready. Finer, braver hospitality I never found in all this good world, so often called selfish.

Next day, with hearty, easy alacrity, the mountaineer procured horses, prepared and packed provisions, and got everything ready for an early start the following morning. Well mounted, we

pushed rapidly up the South Fork of the river, and soon after noon were among the giants once more. On the divide between the Tule and Deer Creek a central camp was made, and the mountaineer spent his time in deer-hunting, while, with provisions for two or three days, I explored the woods, and, in accordance with what I had been told, soon reached the southern extremity of the belt on the South Fork of Deer Creek. To make sure, I searched the woods a considerable distance south of the last Deer Creek grove, passed over into the basin of the Kern, and climbed several high points commanding extensive views over the sugar-pine woods, without seeing a single Sequoia crown in all the wide expanse to the southward. On the way back to camp, however, I was greatly interested in a grove I discovered on the east side of the Kern River divide, opposite the North Fork of Deer Creek. The height of the pass where the species crossed over is about seven thousand feet, and I heard of still another grove whose waters drain into the upper Kern, opposite the Middle Fork of the Tule. It appears, therefore, that though the Sequoia belt is two hundred and sixty miles long most of the trees are on a section to the south of Kings River, only about seventy miles in length. But though the area occupied by the species increases so much to the southward, there is but little difference in the size of the trees. A diameter of twenty feet and height of two hundred and seventy-five is perhaps about the average for anything like mature and favorably situated trees. Specimens twenty-five feet in diameter are not rare, and a good many approach a height of three hundred feet. Occasionally one meets a specimen thirty feet in diameter, and rarely one that is larger. The majestic stump on Kings River is the largest I saw and measured on the entire trip. Careful search around the boundaries of the forests and groves and in the gaps of the belt failed to discover any trace

of the former existence of the species beyond its present limits. On the contrary, it seems to be slightly extending its boundaries; for the outstanding stragglers, occasionally met a mile or two from the main bodies, are young instead of old monumental trees. Ancient ruins and the ditches and root bowls the big trunks make in falling were found in all the groves, but none outside of them. We may therefore conclude that the area covered by the species has not been diminished during the last eight or ten thousand years, and probably not at all in postglacial times. For admitting that upon those areas supposed to have been once covered by Sequoia every tree may have fallen, and that fire and the weather had left not a vestige of them, many of the ditches made by the fall of the ponderous trunks, weighing five hundred to nearly a thousand tons, and the bowls made by their upturned roots would remain visible for thousands of years after the last remnant of the trees had vanished. Some of these records would doubtless be effaced in a comparatively short time by the inwashing of sediments, but no inconsiderable part of them would remain enduringly engraved on flat ridge tops, almost wholly free from such action.

In the northern groves, the only ones that at first came under the observation of students, there are but few seedlings and young trees to take the places of the old ones. Therefore the species was regarded as doomed to speedy extinction, as being only an expiring remnant, vanquished in the so-called struggle for life, and shoved into its last strongholds in moist glens where conditions are exceptionally favorable. But the majestic continuous forests of the south end of the belt create a very different impression. Here, as we have seen, no tree in the forest is more enduringly established. Nevertheless, it is oftentimes vaguely said that the Sierra climate is drying out, and that this on-coming, constantly

increasing drought will of itself surely extinguish King Sequoia, though sections of wood rings show that there has been no appreciable change of climate during the last forty centuries. Furthermore, that Sequoia *can* grow and *is* growing on as dry ground as any of its neighbors or rivals we have seen proved over and over again. "Why, then," it will be asked, "are the Big Tree groves always found on well-watered spots?" Simply because Big Trees give rise to streams. It is a mistake to suppose that the water is the cause of the groves being there. On the contrary, the groves are the cause of the water being there. The roots of this immense tree fill the ground, forming a sponge, which hoards the bounty of the clouds, and sends it forth in clear perennial streams instead of allowing it to rush headlong in short-lived, destructive floods. Evaporation is also checked and the air kept still in the shady Sequoia depths, while thirsty robber winds are shut out.

Since, then, it appears that Sequoia can and does grow on as dry ground as its neighbors, and that the greater moisture found with it is an effect rather than a cause of its presence, the notions as to the former greater extension of the species and its near approach to extinction, based on its supposed dependence on greater moisture, are seen to be erroneous. Indeed, all my observations go to show that in case of prolonged drought the sugar pines and firs would die before Sequoia. Again, if the restricted and irregular distribution of the species be interpreted as the result of the desiccation of the range, then, instead of increasing in individuals toward the south, where the rainfall is less, it should diminish.

If, then, its peculiar distribution has not been governed by superior conditions of soil and moisture, by what has it been governed? Several years before I made this trip, I noticed that the northern groves were located on those parts

of the Sierra soil belt that were first laid bare and opened to preëmption when the ice sheet began to break up into individual glaciers. And when I was examining the basin of the San Joaquin, and trying to account for the absence of Sequoia where every condition seemed favorable for its growth, it occurred to me that this remarkable gap in the belt is located in the channel of the great ancient glacier of the San Joaquin and Kings River basins which poured its frozen floods to the plain, fed by the snows that fell on more than fifty miles of the summit peaks of the range. Constantly brooding on the question, I next perceived that the great gap in the belt to the northward, forty miles wide, between the Stanislaus and Tuolumne groves, occurs in the channel of the great Stanislaus and Tuolumne glacier, and that the smaller gap between the Merced and Mariposa groves occurs in the channel of the smaller Merced glacier. The wider the ancient glacier, the wider the gap in the Sequoia belt, while the groves and forests attain their greatest development in the Kaweah and Tule River basins; just where, owing to topographical conditions, the region was first cleared and warmed, while protected from the main ice rivers that flowed past to right and left down the Kings and Kern valleys. In general, where the ground on the belt was first cleared of ice, there the Sequoia now is; and where, at the same elevation and time, the ancient glaciers lingered, there the Sequoia is not. What the other conditions may have been which enabled the Sequoia to establish itself upon these oldest and warmest parts of the main soil belt I cannot say. I might venture to state, however, that since the Sequoia forests present a more and more ancient and long-established aspect to the southward, the species was probably distributed from the south toward the close of the glacial period, before the arrival of other trees. About this branch of the

question, however, there is at present much fog, but the general relationship I have pointed out between the distribution of the Big Tree and the ancient glacier system is clear. And when we bear in mind that all the existing forests of the Sierra are growing on comparatively fresh moraine soil, and that the range itself has been recently sculptured and brought to light from beneath the ice mantle of the glacial winter, then many lawless mysteries vanish, and harmonies take their places.

But notwithstanding all the observed phenomena bearing on the postglacial history of this colossal tree point to the conclusion that it never was more widely distributed on the Sierra since the close of the glacial epoch; that its present forests are scarcely past prime, if indeed they have reached prime; that the postglacial day of the species is probably not half done; yet when, from a wider outlook, the vast antiquity of the genus is considered, and its ancient richness in species and individuals, — comparing our Sierra giant and *Sequoia sempervirens* of the coast, the only other living species, with the many fossil species already discovered, and described by Heer and Lesquereux, some of which flourished over large areas around the Arctic Circle, and in Europe and our own territories, during tertiary and cretaceous times, — then indeed it becomes plain that our two surviving species, restricted to narrow belts within the limits of California, are mere remnants of a genus both as to species and individuals, and that they probably are verging to extinction. But the verge of a period beginning in cretaceous times may have a breadth of tens of thousands of years, not to mention the possible existence of conditions calculated to multiply and reëxtend both species and individuals. No unfavorable change of climate, so far as I can see, no disease, but only fire and the axe and the ravages of flocks and herds threaten the existence of these noblest

of God's trees. In nature's keeping they are safe, but through man's agency destruction is making rapid progress, while in the work of protection only a beginning has been made. The Mariposa Grove belongs to and is guarded by the state; the General Grant and Sequoia National Parks, established ten years ago, are efficiently guarded by a troop of cavalry under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior; so also are the small Tuolumne and Merced groves, which are included in the Yosemite National Park; while a few scattered patches and fringes, scarce at all protected, though belonging to the national government, are in the Sierra Forest Reservation.

Perhaps more than half of all the Big Trees have been sold, and are now in the hands of speculators and millmen. Even the beautiful little Calaveras Grove of ninety trees, and so historically interesting from its being the first discovered, is now owned, together with the much larger South or Stanislaus Grove, by a lumber company.

Far the largest and most important section of protected Big Trees is in the grand Sequoia National Park, now easily accessible by stage from Visalia. It contains seven townships, and extends across the whole breadth of the magnificent Kaweah basin. But, large as it is, it should be made much larger. Its natural eastern boundary is the high Sierra, and the northern and southern boundaries the Kings and Kern rivers; thus including the sublime scenery on the head waters of these rivers, and perhaps nine tenths of all the Big Trees in existence. Private claims cut and blotch both of the Sequoia parks as well as all the best of the forests, every one of which the government should gradually extinguish by purchase, as it readily may, for none of these holdings is of much value to the owners. Thus, as far as possible, the grand blunder of selling would be corrected. The value of these

forests in storing and dispensing the bounty of the mountain clouds is infinitely greater than lumber or sheep. To the dwellers of the plain, dependent on irrigation, the Big Tree, leaving all its higher uses out of the count, is a tree of life, a never failing spring, sending living water to the lowlands all through the

hot, rainless summer. For every grove cut down a stream is dried up. Therefore all California is crying, "Save the trees of the fountains!" Nor, judging by the signs of the times, is it likely that the cry will cease until the salvation of all that is left of *Sequoia gigantea* is sure.

John Muir.

HIS ENEMY.

DR. ST. JOHN was traveling down to Hartsdale by the express. A man of world-wide mark, he had also a local following, and wherever he might go, within a day's journey from home, some one was sure to name him as "St. John, the oculist." A stranger, even, might have guessed at his profession from the keen glance, the considered movements, of a man used to meeting emergencies. The doctor's face wore a veil of reserve: friendly to the present, it indicated a guarded past; and the iron-gray hair, the sunken temples, showed, with some likelihood of exactness, how remote a past it had been. On that journey memory gripped him hard. He was retracing twenty-odd years, and wondering how, in all that time, he could have been so sure God would deliver his enemy into his hand. He put it so, not from any belief in God's immediate justice, but because a formulated saying was easily remembered, and stood by him when he scorned to recall the poor old drama which had at once impoverished and enriched him.

In that past, so far removed now that childhood seemed the nearer, he was a young man with a good deal of money, some knowledge of medicine, and a beautiful wife. Now, with his perceptions quickened under the lash, he realized how dull he must have been in those old days; not so much with the facile dullness of youth, articulate because it

has so little to say, but from that inertia born of prosperity and a belief in the permanence of tangible things. His practice lay among a class whose forbears had hobnobbed with his. He had a serious house full of ancestral gods, on the sacredness of which he most devoutly reckoned; and he had, to hold until Judgment Day, the beautiful wife. Then the other man appeared, the man who delighted in a changing universe, and preached the irony of fixed beliefs; and he, while St. John considered lenses in the office, made romantic love to the wife in the parlor. St. John never knew how it began. If he had known, it would have seemed to him far less dignified than he allowed himself to call it, even when he reflected that his wife had a great-grandmother of unknown extraction, though indisputably French. It was at first only a foolish little game, born of a man's greed and a woman's vanity, full of roses, echoing regrets, sighs over coming absence, and deification of chivalry and beauty. The woman was a flower plucked too soon; the man a martyr denied the wearing of her. These were theories easily engendered in a wife who had been wooed too coldly, and a free lance frankly amorous, and lately become an epicure at the feast. Whether the two would have sought each other, had they found no barriers, will not be known; but the frowning

wall of her vow and his dishonor piqued and tempted them. At last they were in love ; and, with the enormous egotism of that state, they flaunted their banners and cried out to the world, " Make way ! " St. John was slow in discovering the invasion of his home. His wife was cold to him, — that, at least, he knew ; and when, in a moment of hysteria, she told him how she stood upon the ruins of what her life might have been, he suffered that pang of sexual jealousy which is perhaps a man's most terrible inheritance from the fighting male. For him, however, the horror of the situation was only equaled by its simplicity. He walked away from her without dwelling, even in fancy, upon the crass revenges of an earlier age, and as soon as the law would let him presented her with the legal document he thought she craved. She was free. Then he settled half his property upon her, and she and Ferguson, pushed into each other's arms, married and went away, rather dazed, with the wages of indiscretion in their pockets. He had not seen them since, and he had never ceased to believe that God would deliver Ferguson into his hands. He felt quite easy in expecting it, because, it seemed to him, he did it quite impersonally, as an on-looker who has paid dearly for a place at the game.

People were amazed when he gave his wife her freedom and her fee in that simple fashion. At first they laughed ; then they called it quixotism, and because he kept a steady front they gave up talking about it. But actually no one in the round world dreamed how he bled at the heart, not more from losing the woman than the wounding of an armored pride and the consciousness that his respectable life was wrapped about in bathos. He had inherited unsmirched traditions, and a woman had turned them into a lampoon. The lampoon would never be forgotten. So, in his defeated state, he carried himself invulnerably, and bent his wits to the

practice of medicine. That ill-used mind of his — befogged by the dictum that the St. Johns are a chosen people, bound to intermarry with other chosen people and breed decorum — arose to shine. Necessity had touched him on the shoulder. At first he looked around scornfully, to say, What fellow is this ? But the messenger did not quail ; and he began to realize that the world is made up of men and women, — not St. Johns and others. After his intellect had expanded to take in that idea, it took in a few more, and his colleagues, wondering, said that St. John was not such a fool, after all. A few years later they hailed him with acclaim. He had given them something ; he was the equal of other men who had given. At last he might enter that splendid republic where crowns are won only by desert ; and at last, they knew, he loved the equality he had learned to understand. For the first time in a thousand years of arrogance St. John was a great name, and the man who had made it so wore it with humility.

To-day the doctor's heart beat hard with a personal excitement it was seldom called upon to register. In spite of himself, he seemed to be reaching forth to a triumph from which, at the same time, he shrank. It was a tawdry situation, and yet quite inevitable. He hated it ; but he would no more have refused it than any other step in the appointed way. For, through long comparison of deeds and their results, he believed in the constraining power of one act upon another. The germ of this afternoon's event had been planted in his youth. He could not refuse the harvesting.

Taking out the letter, he held it secure from cursory eyes behind him, and read it over. There was not a word in it to be concealed, yet the phrases flamed in fire. It was from Ferguson, begging him to come down and see Mildred. She was alarmingly nervous, and, doubt-

less for that reason, imagined that something was the matter with her eyes. It was one of her whims that nobody but Dr. St. John could give her a trustworthy verdict, and Ferguson had no resource save to convey her wishes. The letter was sincerely worded, yet, even at his first reading, St. John caught himself threading into it a tone of inevitable shame. He had responded with complete simplicity, believing that, in some way, this was God's method of handing over his fettered foe.

The day was warm with the grace of Indian summer. A haze dwelt upon the distance, mysteriously purpling above the russet of the fields. For the last two months St. John had been working in the city; and looking to find the year where he left it, he saw how it had fled away into this soft magnificence of change. His eyes grew wistful over the transmuting of remembered beauty, where uplands, warm in ripened grasses, swelled beside the track, and fences marked a line of seething underbrush. He felt suddenly alive to every atom of the rolling earth. Some keener sentience had responded to the turmoil of the little world within his brain.

The express drew into the station, where Ferguson himself sat waiting in a speckless trap. St. John knew him at once, in spite of the betraying years. He did not think of the change in himself, as he walked across the platform, bag in hand, with the alert step of one whose arrival bears a meaning. He was the only passenger to alight, and Ferguson knew him: that was the only reason. He nodded, and offered a hand which St. John, setting his bag in the trap, did not see.

"Thought I'd drive you over myself," said Ferguson, as the doctor took the place beside him. "It's rather necessary — see you beforehand, you know. You've got to be prepared."

St. John nodded, not looking at him again, but really almost overthrown by

the keenness of his wonder. For fate was being fulfilled. The man had worked out his destiny. Disease had stricken him, and left her cruel marks. Ferguson was heavy; his broad shoulders, once so alluring to the feminine fancy, were shrugged forward under excess of brawn, and his head crouched close between them. But it was the face where, to the practiced eye, Tragedy had taken up her dwelling. The unwholesome flesh, the baggy outline, the tattling color, — St. John shrank under the implication, as if a curse had fallen there, and he had wrought it. Ferguson pulled the horses into a walk, and, watching them keenly, tried to tell his story.

"It's damned good of you to come!" he burst out, turning for an instant toward St. John.

"We always answer professional calls," said the doctor, unreasonably irritated that, having meant to speak neutrally, he only managed a cold constraint.

"Yes, I know, but — However, here's the whole thing in a nutshell. She's been breaking down, one way or another, for a number of years. I saw it, — God! I guess I did! Everybody saw it, — but there didn't seem to be anything to do, except stand from under. Tantrums, you know, that sort of thing. I've been a brute; that is, I suppose so. I used to think she could help it; so I gave her what-for. But that was when she was 'round on her feet. Now she lies and shudders, and says she's going to be blind; and, good Lord! a man can't stand that, you know. I'd cut off my right hand."

Involuntarily the doctor glanced at the strong hand in its driving glove, and read honesty in the husky tone, though it was not yet apparent whether Ferguson would make that sacrifice to benefit the woman or to save himself her complaints.

"Have her eyes been examined?" he asked curtly.

"No; she would n't consent to it unless I'd send for you. Said she could n't bear to hear it from anybody else. The fact is, I don't believe there's anything the matter. It's her general health. She's had a hundred imaginary diseases since she broke down. Now it's her eyes. Is n't that possible?"

"Quite possible."

"It's all hysteria, I tell her," said Ferguson, letting the horses go, and, quite unconsciously to himself, brightening into pleasure over their action. "Bad enough, but still it does n't kill, now does it?"

"No, it does n't kill," said the doctor; and the two men watched the horses in silence until, driving up a long avenue, they stopped before a colonial house, and a man ran out to meet them. Ferguson became warmly hospitable. He made as if to take the doctor's bag; but St. John, with a little dissenting gesture, laid hands on it himself, and followed him up the steps. In the great hall he took off his overcoat, with the stiffness of one who is breathing an alien air, and then accompanied his host upstairs. He felt as if he should pay exorbitantly for the interview. Still, he told himself rigidly, he could not refuse it. Midway of the flight Ferguson paused.

"Won't you have something before you go in?" he asked. "Glass of wine? brandy?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, dinner 'll be on the table presently."

They stopped before a closed door, and Ferguson knocked, saying, at the same instant, in a whisper, "You go in alone."

"No!" responded St. John sharply. It was a tone quite familiar to his assistant and some of the nurses. His face changed swiftly to a tense command. He had entered his own ground, where he was accustomed to be obeyed. "I may need you," he added. "You will stay."

"All right," complied Ferguson, shrugging his shoulders with the air of one who is never permitted to escape.

Meantime a woman's voice had called twice, "Come in!" and Ferguson opened the door.

"Here he is, Milly," he said; and St. John, advancing with composure, went up to her couch. He had forbidden himself to look at her with the eyes of the heart or memory.

She was lying there, a graceful length, all white lace and light blue ribbons. She rose on one elbow, and a sleeve, in falling, showed the wasting of her arm. She was in the pathetic stage of a woman who has been beautiful, and still retains the charm which is more than beauty. Her black hair had only a thread or two of gray; her black lashes were long and beguiling, but the blue eyes they shaded held an alien look. That was fear. St. John, with a quick professional air, took the seat in readiness at her elbow. For all his manner told, he might never have seen her until this moment. She put out her hand in an impulsive way, and he, accepting it, laid it gently on the couch.

"Now for the eyes," he said, in a tone of perfunctory cheerfulness. "What seems to be the matter with them?"

They were dwelling on his face.

"How you have changed!" she murmured, her voice touching upon awe.

Ferguson turned quickly on his heel, and, in spite of himself, St. John felt a hot flush mount wretchedly to his brow.

"Just draw up that shade," he said peremptorily to the other man. "Help me fix these pillows. Stay by, please. I shall want you."

Then, insisting upon trivial services not in the least needful, he proceeded to an examination. By the time it was three quarters over she had begun to talk, uncontrollably, like one who finds relief in words.

"It is true, is n't it?" she kept repeating. "Just what I knew before."

I'm going to be blind. But don't tell me to-day. I could n't bear it yet. I suppose you've told hundreds of people the same thing. It does n't mean anything to you. Shall you want me to have an operation? I could n't bear it! I could n't bear it!"

This was her cry, — the cry of fear. She could not bear it, whatever it was to be. Meantime, his large white hands, almost divine in their trained gentleness, were upon either side her head, as he placed it on the pillow. He knew there was some virtue either in his touch or in the acquiescent minds of patients, for he could always soothe them. And then, unprepared for speech, he opened his lips and said lightly, surprising himself as much as he did her, —

"Well, I don't think you need to be afraid of blindness just yet."

"There!" cried Ferguson. "By Jove! what did I tell you? Last week it was pneumonia, and the week before, your head buzzed. By George! I wish there was a pill for hysteria!" But his tone was kindly and full of relief. St. John guessed that the little eyes, half hidden within their fleshy caverns, were wet with tears.

Mildred was looking at the doctor.

"How can you tell me so?" she asked calmly. "How can you?"

He returned her gaze.

"I don't say you haven't more or less trouble with your eyes," he continued, "but my theory would be that you must build up your general health."

"Just what I said," interposed Ferguson. "The general health!"

"Who is your family doctor?"

"I hate him," she remarked indifferently.

"Has n't seen him for three years," put in Ferguson. "Just lies here and thinks up diseases, and won't let me call anybody in."

"I should suggest your taking to yourself a doctor," advised St. John gravely. "You need to lie in bed awhile; milk,

eggs, massage, trained nurse, — that sort of thing. Then, after a time, have your eyes looked at again. I could send somebody down, if I could n't come myself." He had privately resolved not to come himself. The test was overpowering him. "Now," he concluded, rising, "if I were you, I'd take a little bromide or something, — got any bromide in the house? — and try to go to sleep. You are going through a strain. Give up to it. Rest."

She reached forward and caught his hand, clinging to it with both hers, drawing it toward her until he thought she meant to touch it with her lips.

"No! no!" she sobbed. "Don't go. I am so afraid when I am alone. If you go, I shall be alone."

Ferguson drew nearer, not excited by the appeal, as the other man could see, but only wistfully sorry. St. John sat down again, holding her hand.

"You are not to be alone," he said, compelling her attention. "You are not to be alone at all. And you are not to be afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of."

She lay still, her forehead contracted into delicate lines, her lips pitiful. Her lids were down, but the tears trickled underneath them. St. John sat silent until she breathed more calmly, and then took out his tablet and wrote a prescription.

"You'd better send down to the village for this," he said. "It's very simple. Now, remember, you're not going to be afraid or alone. We will take care of you." He touched her hand softly, and her fingers clung.

"When will you come again?" she asked feverishly. And, in spite of himself, he answered, —

"When you need me."

Then he got out of the room, Ferguson behind him. When they were outside the door, he said peremptorily: —

"Send somebody in to her. Who is there here?"

"Her maid."

"Sensible woman?"

"Yes."

"Very well, send her. Have this put up, and give it to her."

Ferguson summoned the woman, and, from the hall below, dispatched a boy for the medicine. Then he drew a long breath, and wiped his forehead.

"By George!" he breathed, "that's a good job well over. The fact is, she was so keen on it I half believed she was right. Her eyes, you know, — something the matter with them."

They turned into the library, and St. John sank into a chair.

"There is," he said hopelessly.

Ferguson sat down opposite, and looked at him.

"It takes it out of you," he remarked untactfully, but with a kindliness St. John could not resent. "You're as white as a ghost. Wait a jiff. There's a decanter across the way."

St. John stopped him with a gesture.

"I don't want anything," he said.

"As to her eyes, she is right."

Ferguson was staring at him. His own eyes were almost bulging. With his bulk and terror, he looked, St. John saw with an idle interest, almost froggy.

"Right?" repeated Ferguson. "Then there is something serious?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean she's going 'o be blind?"

"Inevitably."

"You thought it best to deceive her?"

"I don't know."

Ferguson looked at him as if he wondered what key would unlock him.

"You don't know?" he repeated.

"No; I had no intention in speaking. I simply didn't tell her."

There was a dark silence, and Ferguson said to himself, "Well, I shan't tell her."

"No," St. John acquiesced.

They fell into a maze of thought, and

seemed to forget each other. The moment was broken by a soft-voiced maid, coming in to announce that dinner was served. Ferguson rose with a start, and St. John rose also, saying: —

"Where did I leave my coat? I must be getting on."

"Of course, after dinner; though I'd like you to stay the night. I believe they're ready for us in the dining room."

"Thank you," said St. John, now in the hall, struggling into his coat. "But I lunched late, and I'm rather depending on the walk. I want a breath of country air."

Ferguson looked worried and defeated.

"Oh, come, now!" he urged; "have a bite of something, and I'll drive you the twelve miles to the flag station. You can take the train there. You'll find lashings of country air."

But St. John was on the outer step now, bag in hand, looking his determination. The moist cold of the twilight struck upon his face, and recalled him to professional demands.

"She should see a doctor," he said. "Hamerton's a good general practitioner. As I remember, he's only a mile or so from here. Put her into his hands. But first send him up to consult with me." He turned away, and then, with the uncontrollable impulse of a non-impulsive nature, turned back. "Pardon me for saying that you should see a doctor yourself," he added. "Borrowdale, for example."

Ferguson started, as if the words had stung him. His face grew livid.

"Good God!" he sibilated. "Can you see through stone walls? How do you know what's the matter with me?"

The doctor was drawing his gloves through his chilling hands.

"I should see Borrowdale," he repeated, and walked away down the steps.

Ferguson was beside him; he was

trembling, and his voice, too, shook pathetically.

"For God's sake," he was entreating, "don't leave a man like this! How did you know I'd seen Borrowdale?"

"I did n't. I recommended your doing it."

"Well, Hamerton recommended it, too. I went last week."

"So!" said St. John, with an unhappy attempt at lightness. "Then you haven't got to do it again."

Ferguson stopped short, with so compelling an air that St. John stopped, also, and looked at him. The man was gazing off into the west, where windy clouds were parted by a line of light.

"No, I have n't got it to do again," he said savagely. "I've paid my scot. I've been told to live moderately, cultivate a cheerful mind, keep a medicine bottle at my elbow and some little pills in my pocket. Want to see 'em? There they are." He took out a small pasteboard box, and glanced at it with a curious distaste. "I did n't know I had any imagination," he continued, drawing the words, with difficulty, from some fund of hateful experience, "but that box has given me D. T. I'd rather see snakes under the bed. I'm afraid of it, but I don't dare to stop carrying it 'round, and I don't dare to stop taking the pills." He looked full at his listener, with the stare of one summoning a familiar horror. St. John could see that he was under the spell of a breaking mortality. This is the moment when the soul is beckoned from a body still robust. It has not reached the stage when gravity is overcome, and it rises from the earth of its own lightness. St. John, like all doctors, had read the moods of those who are to be reft away. He knew how terrible the pang may be in anticipation; how simple and natural it is when it really comes.

"This is the first stage," he said, hardly knowing how he spoke. "You won't mind it later."

"Not mind it! Great God!" breathed Ferguson. "Give up all this, and not mind it!" He looked about at the trees, and then beyond to the horizon and the upper sky, as if he owned them all.

"Have you told — any one?" St. John hesitated.

"Mildred? No. That's the devil of it. What am I going to leave her to?" Again the tears came into his eyes, and the doctor, hardly knowing he did so, put out his hand to his enemy; and so they parted.

St. John walked to the station with a determined haste. His blood flowed quickly. He was conscious of that deep excitement which rises inevitably as a tide obedient to spiritual issues; but action had ceased to express even the index of what he felt. Blinding possibilities stared him in the face. He could not as yet guess at their outcome; he could only quiver under their terrible concrete potency.

The next day, when time had served him as time will, and enabled him to settle into a habit of thought, it was not quite the same. Yet he could only see himself in the midst of a moral puzzle. His enemy and his enemy's wife were not to be formulated. Hitherto, they had seemed to him two creatures set in the universe in relation to himself alone. He smiled with an awestricken amusement born of the discovery that he had overrated the forces of this vastness called life. He had regarded it from the one centre made by himself, only to find that this was no centre at all, but only another fluent atom. For many years Ferguson and Mildred had borne the part of sinners whom he was presently, by some righteous necessity, to judge. Now they insisted on appearing as well-defined individuals, who belonged neither to him nor, perhaps, to each other. Each seemed to be clinging to some uncertain spar, quite isolated, quite out of relation to anything human,

— companioned only by that mystery whence being springs. More than that, the professional conscience, rising up in him, bade him remember that there was something practical to be done, and bound him, by all forms of honor, to do it.

In a few days Dr. Hamerton came up to consult with him, and they agreed that, in the woman's present state, nothing should be said to disturb her. The blow must fall, but time itself might soften it. Then followed daily bulletins, irksome to St. John in welding a tie he left unrecognized, and at the same time assuaging the anxiety he had to feel. For a time Hamerton said she was better, and, as he boldly assumed, from having seen St. John and receiving from him some impulse of cure. But now she was falling into uncontrolled hysteria; and he felt with her that she needed to see the oculist again. At least it was an experiment to be made. So the other man went down, and got off at the little station where bare tree trunks were blackened under melting frost. This time Ferguson did not meet him. He was keeping his room a good deal, the coachman said.

At the house a nurse stood visibly in waiting, and her look hurried St. John up the stairs. Mildred lay on her couch, a handkerchief across her eyes.

"You have come!" she cried, in shrill welcome. "I thank God! I thank God!"

He sat down by her, and took her wrist in a reassuring grasp. She drew a long breath, as if, in that, she relinquished all the responsibilities of life.

"They are worse, you see," she whispered. "I have to keep them covered now. They feel safer in the dark. But sometimes I scream and tear the bandage off, for fear the dark is real."

"And it never is," he returned quietly. "You have n't any right to dread things until I tell you to. You must meet it calmly."

"Meet it! Meet what?"

"Whatever comes. Life. The whole business."

"But I am afraid of meeting it alone."

This interchange seemed quite simple, as things do in extreme emotion, and it never occurred to him to wonder whether she had ceased counting Ferguson in at all. Like a priest, he recognized the power of his office. To her he was the doctor, potent, if not to save, to establish, by virtue of inherited usage, some commerce between life and death.

"You shall not be alone," he said calmly.

"Do you promise that?"

"Yes, I promise."

She sighed, this time with glad abandonment; and, lifting the bandage, he held his beneficent hands at her temples, to shield her from the light. A smile dawned on her face.

"How kind you look!" she whispered. "How kind you are!"

Yet this apparently had nothing to do with the man he had been twenty years before, or the woman who betrayed him. It was all strangely impersonal. He went through a perfunctory examination, and then, calling in the nurse, made much of certain harmless measures calculated to impress the patient's mind. When he had finished his visit Mildred was quite composed, though a little flush had risen in her cheeks, and she showed some of the eagerness of renewing life.

"Will you come whenever I send?" she asked him.

"I will try," he answered gravely. "I am very busy."

"But if I send because I can't bear it another instant, then you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

There was no vestige of her former coquetry. He remembered her, with a sting of hurt pride, as a woman who, in her most unconsidered moods, had waved, though always delicately, the challenge of her sex. She was provocative of

flattery, an exaggerated devotion, all the fleeting bloom of life. Now she regarded her prerogative no more than if she had been a shipwrecked creature clinging to a plank. Salt seas had washed the Lilith out of her. He left her still smiling, and in the hall was told that Mr. Ferguson wanted him. There, in an upper room, he found him sitting, his feet stretched on a chair. He had changed with the later stages of an unyielding malady.

"I tell you what it is, St. John," he began, with no civil preamble; "this won't do. It's too much for me. Sometimes I think I'll blow my brains out for good and all."

"Oh no!" said St. John, taking a chair near him. "You can't do that, you know."

"Why can't I?"

"I don't precisely know the reason, but you can't."

At that moment St. John failed to summon moral arguments of any color. He passed a weary hand over his forehead, and reflected, with a certain irritation, upon the inadequacy of creeds. "Besides, the shot would be heard downstairs."

"I know," said Ferguson, as if that established a soul-satisfying reason. "I moved up here to be out of her way. I go down half a dozen times in the forenoon or afternoon. She thinks I'm out the rest of the time, — driving, what-not, — and I spend the evening with her. But it's got to end. Who's going to tell her?"

"We seem to have refrained from telling most things, so far," said St. John miserably.

"There's money enough," continued Ferguson, as if he meditated aloud. "She's all tight and snug, so far as that's concerned." And, ironical as it might have seemed, neither of them considered whose money it had been that made the safety.

St. John got away without being, as

he fancied, of any practical use; and he lived for weeks thereafter in expectance of the crisis which inevitably came. The news of it was sent him at once by the attending physician. Ferguson had taken to his bed for good, and nobody had been willing to tell his wife the reason. St. John accepted the summons, and went down; but before he reached her she had guessed, and met him in the hall, strained with apprehension.

"He is very sick," she said rapidly. "I'm afraid he's been sick for a long time."

"Yes." St. John was regarding her with that loving-kindness wrought in him by the study of human needs. "He concealed it to spare you. Now you must spare him."

Her face fell into lines of unmistakable horror; he could not tell whether it was that of grief, or distaste for a distasteful situation.

"I ought not to have neglected him!" she whispered.

"You need n't neglect him any more."

"But what can I do?"

"Be steady. Be patient. You know what it is to be afraid. Help him not to be."

"Will you stand by me?"

"Yes."

Then it became evident to St. John that Ferguson had got his second wind. He had fallen into that acquiescence which belongs to the last victory of the soul, and was showing a stubborn courage more to be desired than the gallantry of assault. Some unexpected joy seemed to fall into his cup through the strength of the woman who ministered to him. His eyes followed her. She did not flag.

"Good old girl!" he whispered more than once. "I did n't think she had it in her."

The disease fulfilled every condition of prophecy, and hardly seemed to interest the sick man in any degree, now that he had once looked into that dark-

ening vista at the end. St. John's frequent visits gave him some counterfeit of pleasure, though they talked of nothing more significant than the level of stocks or paces of a horse. So far as words went, St. John found him a very good fellow; and, however much he avoided retrospect, he began to see more and more clearly how Mildred had been moved and carried by that assertive strength. It stood for a great deal, little as it might fulfill, — earthly delight, action, joy. Coupled with youth, Ferguson's equipment might well have proved irresistible. Once St. John would have drawn from that residuum of Puritanism, which served him for imagination, a certainty that they two could hardly have met thus at the gates of death without a clashing of spiritual weapons, question and answer, accusation and dull reply. From the smitten man there should be remorseful groping toward the forsaken path of honor, hidden by his own sad choice. And the victorious foe? He was meant to stand unmoved, looking on at God's fashion of requital. But this mortal progress proved, in fact, as lacking in sensationalism as if it were a journey to market. Ferguson's rebellion against his sentence had only lasted out the strength given him to rebel; and finally, a man of simple courage to the end, he gave up the ghost and was buried.

That night, St. John found himself in his office staring at the fire, and remembering nothing save that his enemy was dead. The fact, in its completeness, affected him only with helpless incredulity. The flaming chapter had not ended with bugle and drum; it had not ended in bathos. It looked exceedingly like the life we live every day.

For three weeks he heard nothing of Mildred, though Dr. Hamerton reported that she had collapsed into nervous misery; but when he had begun to wonder how he was to meet her growing trouble, she sent for him. This was, in every

lineament, the first winter day. Abundant snow had softened outlines, and re-created a virgin earth. A last flooding sunlight lingered on the fields. St. John shrank from its gay well-being. It seemed too bright a world for those other failing eyes to meet. Nevertheless, he was more tranquil than for many years. Life seemed to him very satisfying, as it does when we have once guessed at the beautiful equilibrium of things, and the only right of the striving atom, — the right to sacrifice.

Mildred was in the library, standing motionless to meet him. Her white dress gleamed in curious contrast with the wanness of her face. Perhaps, absorbed as he was in large issues, he had not expected to see her in widow's weeds; at any rate, the lack of them bore no significance. Her trouble had endowed her with something womanly and new. That haggardness had aged her, but it made her sweet. He could trace in it the immemorial look of grief lent by the Mother of Sorrows to all her daughters after her.

"You must tell me the truth to-day," she said, when they had clasped hands. "I know it now. They are worse. Can anything be done?"

"Sit down," he bade her gently; and she sank into a chair, yet still with her imperfect gaze upon his face.

"Do you want me to keep saying it over and over?" she continued, with a touch of reproach. "Well, I've got the courage. I am going to be blind. Do you deny it?"

"No, Mildred," he answered, using her name for the first time. "No, I do not deny it."

She swayed a little in her chair, and then recovered. She had expected the answer, and yet it shook her. She moistened her dry lips, and pressed her hand upon them.

"How long?" she asked huskily.

"That I cannot say. It will not be sudden. You will have time to accus-

tom" — There he stopped, appalled by the brutality of the phrase.

"I wonder what I am going to do?" she murmured to herself.

His answer sprang, not from considered thought, but with a lifetime's cumulative force. It seemed quite simple to him.

"Will you come and live with me?"

She turned upon him, her face flooded, quickening into youth.

"Why? why?" she asked hurriedly.

There was no reason to give, and he did not invent any. Gallant subterfuges had died, with many other buds unfolding in old days.

"I wish it," he said courteously. "It will be — what I wish."

Her eyes still dwelt upon his face, incredulously, yet with a struggling joy. She bent forward, and thrilled him with a whisper: —

"Is it — do you love me?"

She waited for her answer. In that instant, what thronging memories beset him! Love! He saw it in the roseate apotheosis of youth, announced by chiming bells, crowned with unfading flowers, the minister to bliss. He followed it through stony paths marked by other blood-stained tracks up to the barren peaks of pain. Was it the same creature, after all, rose-lipped or passion-pale, starving with loss or drunken on new wine? Was it the love of one soul accompanying him through all, or was this his response to the individual need, and only a part of the general faithfulness to what demands our faith? He was not silent long enough to bring her to confusion, and yet it seemed to him an age of retrospect. He recalled himself.

"Mildred," he said gently, with a complaisance so exquisite as to seem like love itself, "I don't know how to define things. I stopped a good while ago. It is n't possible, when you have much to do with life. But whatever happiness I am capable of would result from your coming to me."

"I cannot believe it," she said slowly to herself. "I never dreamt you were this kind of man."

He might have answered that, had she not laid his former life in ruins, he never would have been this kind of man. But even the thought was far from him. He only waited for her to speak, and then, as she palpably could not, he went on:

"Perhaps conventionalities signify as little to you as they do to me. They are not important to me now, if they stand in the way of something greater. Perhaps you would be willing to come to me as soon as possible. Then, if we were under the same roof, you would feel safe. I fancy you would not be nervous. You would accept things."

"Ah!" she breathed quickly. This was the first gleam of hope in all her darkening lot. But through her gains and losses she had kept some accountability to the world. "It would seem," she began — "people would say" — Then a scarlet shame beset her. She remembered who had betrayed their common life to vulgar tongues.

The doctor took her speech precisely at its face value. That was easy, for he had left himself outside the question. Life had resolved itself into a hurried progress, wherein his only duty was to act. There was no time, between this and death, even to listen for the world's dull verdict.

"It is true," he said. "The memory of the dead must be respected; but extraordinary cases demand like remedies. When you consider that his one thought, through his illness, was to save you pain, you can imagine that your safety would give him more pleasure than anything else."

But she was not thinking of the other man. Her mind had wandered, woman fashion, to the past, piecing it, with unreasoning precision, to the living hour. St. John was beginning here.

"I don't want to urge it unduly," he continued, "but it is only fair to tell you

that you would have a sheltered life, a free one. I should wish to be regarded as your friend, one who would make no demands on you."

She seemed to suffer under a secret sting. Perhaps, without even sketching for herself the outlines of that most thrilling dream, she craved the urgency of love as it is in youth, eager and uncontrolled. Even his kindness left her a woman scorned; but the next words, though spoken awkwardly, disarmed her.

"I should be," he said, "your debtor — always. I need n't say that."

"Robert," she whispered, with sudden passion, "when did you forgive me? You *have* forgiven me? Then — at once — or lately?"

He started up in irrepressible feeling, and stood there gripping the back of a chair until his hands blanched under the pressure.

"We can't say those things," he answered huskily. "We can't go back. We must begin now. Mildred, won't you take it, — what I have to offer you? Won't you come?"

Her face softened into something pathetic, and yet grateful.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I will come."

She held out her hand, and he gave it a little pressure. But instead of putting it to his lips, he drew her gently up from her seat and led her to the window.

"Come," he said, "let us take a look at the eyes."

Alice Brown.

BEAUTY.

THE part of Darwin's exposition of his theory of the origin of species which has most given me question is that in which he deals with the relation of beauty to the evolution of a more perfectly from a less perfectly organized and individualized life, and denies the reality of beauty independent of individual tastes. Without in the least dissenting from Darwin's general thesis or questioning his accuracy of observation, I shall venture to point out that, in respect to the relation of beauty and design in creation, his philosophy has not kept pace with his scientific acumen. Some of his most faithful and eminent disciples, as, for instance, Professor Asa Gray and the Duke of Argyll, have recognized an hiatus in the demonstration, which they have been compelled to fill by the hypothesis of creative design, — an hypothesis which Darwin neither supported nor denied, while his expressed approbation of Gray's teleology shows that it was not repugnant to him or inconsistent with his conclusions.

When, therefore, Darwin says "the sense of beauty obviously depends on the nature of the mind, irrespective of any real quality in the admired object; and the idea of what is beautiful is not innate or unalterable. We see this, for instance, in the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women,"¹ he states the problem incompletely; for the only logical conclusion of such a statement would be that no one object is more beautiful than another. No person of a taste however perverted will admit this, and the collective experience of the world disproves it. For although one individual taste may differ from another in the priority it may give to one or another element of beauty, there is no man, and (if we may accept the conclusion of Darwin himself as to the effect of beautiful plumage on sexual attraction with birds) there are few animals, on whom the æsthetic sense has not

¹ The Origin of Species, chap. vi.

a certain power. The care of the bower bird to decorate the nest shows that to him, at least, the "idea of what is beautiful is innate,"¹ if not unalterable, and that beauty is to a certain extent the probable basis of sexual attraction. It would seem that he has the consciousness of its force, though in the case of the beauty of his plumage the male bird may be absolutely unconscious of its efficiency.

Now, the question of the actuality of a sense of beauty, or, as it is commonly called at present, with a wider meaning than the visual appeal, the "æsthetic faculty," is here shown to be quite separate from that of the existence or non-existence of an "ideal" or special and invariable type of beauty;² but the investigation in either case is one which escapes entirely the scientific faculties, properly speaking, and comes within the exclusive cognizance of the philosophic; and a considerable personal acquaintance with scientists enables me to assert with confidence that the high development of the scientific faculties excludes the development of the æsthetic, as the analytic excludes the synthetic. I never knew a specialist in physical science who possessed in an eminent degree a taste in art or feeling for it, as distinguished from the representation of nature, which is an entirely different thing; and the expert opinion in the question of the nature and existence of an ideal is not to be expected from the physicist, but from the artist and the art critic. Like evolution, the ideal cannot be demonstrated, but must rest on the basis of the highest probability. In the one case, however, the expert and weighty opinion is that of the physicist; in the other, that of the artist and art student, — Darwin or Ruskin, Aristotle or Plato. Darwin's position, quoted above, logically leads to the

affirmation that no woman is more beautiful than any other woman, no landscape is more beautiful than any other, and that any charm which the eye finds in one or the other is purely the result of the mental constitution of the spectator, — a conclusion which, thus stated, is contrary to the experience of every educated mind, and which Darwin himself would no doubt have rejected if stated as a practical conclusion.

That Darwin had never given the subject the necessary consideration is shown by the following statement, — a confutation of an hypothetical assumption which I for one am not prepared to maintain: "If beautiful objects had *been created solely for man's gratification*, it ought to be shown that before man appeared there was less beauty on the face of the earth than since he came on the stage." If any one had put forward such a theory, Darwin's reply is insufficient. If beautiful objects had "been created solely for man's gratification," as they preceded him in the scheme of creation, they would have been prepared for him before his appearance on the earth, and the hypothetical deliberation of the Creator to create them for him would have comprehended the anticipation of his coming, and therefore all the beauty must have been on the face of the earth before "he came on the stage." It is like saying that a house could not have been so comfortable before the tenant took possession, because he was not there to enjoy the comfort. Yet a little further on Darwin says: "On the other hand, I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently colored butterflies, have been rendered

¹ It may be said, in passing, that this development of the æsthetic sense in the bird is a conclusive proof that it is pure instinct, and therefore not due to any mental association or education.

² The æsthetic sense as developed in art responds to two distinct appeals, — that of a decorative character and that of embodiment of the ideal. Art begins with the former, and ends with the latter.

beautiful for beauty's sake; but this has been effected through sexual selection, — that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, — and not for the delight of man." But if "the sense of beauty obviously depends on the nature of the mind, irrespective of any real quality in the admired object, and the idea of what is beautiful is not innate or unalterable," how can the female, even in the lower orders of creation, have "continually preferred" the same qualities in the appearance of the males? Is not this admission tantamount to the further admission that for each species of animal at least the idea of what is beautiful is innate and unalterable? If the idea of beauty be not innate, how do the lower animals, to whom education is impossible, attain to it? And if it be not unalterable, how shall the same characteristics of beauty continue to augment until they become the dominant and distinguishing marks of the species? It would seem that each species of animals has its distinct ideal of the beautiful; otherwise, the male of the goldfinch might be the most attractive to the female of the greenfinch; and the variations in coloration, instead of being as we see them, always in the direction of the intensification of the same scheme of coloration, might be expected to vary, and add the charms of novelty to those of color. But the assumption by Darwin, that the idea of beauty is not innate or unalterable *is proved* by the fact of "the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women," is premature. We have no information on which to base any conclusions as to the ideal of beauty in the undeveloped races of mankind, but we have the right to conclude that with a low intellectual and social condition the æsthetic sense could never be so far developed as to constitute a primary and recognizable appeal to the crude mind, irresponsive to any refined

emotion. We do not know what motives or conflicting instincts enter into its estimate of attractiveness. The fact that a dark-complexioned man may find his ideal in a brilliant blonde, and *vice versa*, does not show that there is no ideal, but rather that considerations of temperament (and, it may be added, education, fashion of the day, and other partial influences) often enter into the judgment and influence the formation of the personal ideal, independently of the existence or non-existence of an absolute ideal.

The question to be answered is this: Does the consensus of the varying and individual conceptions of the perfectly beautiful, as seen in actual examples of physical attainment, indicate a tendency toward agreement on an absolute ideal, as, for instance, in the ideal of Greek sculpture? The consequences of the affirmative resolution of this problem are interesting and important. Darwin himself, in the chapter from which I have quoted, seems to recognize in it a possible negation of his theory of derivation by natural selection. I consider his apprehension to be unfounded, and that there is really no incongruity between the two hypotheses; for, as should never be forgotten, the theory of evolution by natural selection is yet only a theory, a large hypothesis, resting thus far on no firmer basis than the highest probability and the consensus of scientific opinion, — the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that on which must repose the theory of the ideal. If anybody would dispute this, I have only to quote the words of that Darwinian *par excellence*, Professor Asa Gray: "Those, if any there be, who regard the derivative hypothesis as satisfactorily proved must have very loose notions as to what proof is."¹ And again: "Here proofs, in the proper sense of the word, are not to be had. We are altogether beyond the region of demonstration, and have only probabilities to

¹ Darwiniana, p. 135.

consider."¹ Darwin's absolute and magnificent scientific honesty (which was as rare as were his patience and powers of observation) suggested every objection to, and qualification of, his theory, and their possible weight. The theory of the ideal will not unsettle that of natural selection, but will simply extend the meaning of the word "nature" to include (as Professor Gray does) the agency of nature's Designer, and extend our conception of His majesty and perfections.

As the most accessible field for our investigation in view of a demonstration (which can never be "satisfactorily proved," to borrow Professor Gray's words) we may take the question of personal beauty in the human race; not because demonstration there is easier than in the lower fields, but because the general consensus of intelligent and cultivated persons is more easily arrived at. What we should ask such persons is, Of several women brought into comparison, do you consider one more beautiful than the others? If the number of persons consulted were large, the reply would probably be that they were divided as to the choice between two, or possibly three; but it would certainly be that the much greater number were excluded from the competition, which would be a qualified affirmation that one woman is more beautiful than another. Even Darwin would hardly have maintained the absolute contrary. If we suppose a jury of one hundred men to be called to decide on the relative beauty of twenty women equally strangers to the jurors, at least ninety of the hundred would agree on five or less of the candidates for the award. Many would decide for a blonde and many for a brunette, and we should then put all the blondes into one class and the brunettes into another, when the decision would in all probability be given for one, or, if divided, it would be on a question of tall or short, beauty of the eyes or mouth;

¹ Darwiniana, p. 107.

but the vote would recognize negatively the question of beauty by exclusion of the less beautiful as completely as by the agreement of all on an affirmative verdict. When we have determined by an universal judgment that one woman is more beautiful than another indicated woman, we have determined to the best of our comprehension that beauty is absolute as well as comparative in its incarnations. And it will be the observation of every man of large experience in life that there has appeared from time to time, in society, a woman whose transcendent beauty compelled the admission of everybody. There will be the almost equally frequent appearance of a woman of whom it is said that, in certain expression of character, she has "what is better than beauty;" which is not only an affirmation of the positive nature of beauty, but a declaration that it is not in the expression of the mental qualities that it finds its definition and root. This relation between beauty and "what is better" remains for our future investigation; for the present, all that I desire is the admission that one woman may be more absolutely beautiful than another, and this I think very few, if any, men will dispute.

But as I wish to evade none of the difficulties of my task, I will point out such difficulties as I see to the ready acceptance of my theory of the ideal. And a prominent one is in the profound difference between the types of male and female beauty. I once asked Mrs. H. K. Brown — one of the wisest women in all that pertains to this subject that I have ever known, yet intensely feminine — how she was affected by feminine beauty as compared with masculine. She replied, "The female beauty seems as nothing to me, the other to be almost everything." I shall have to note this observation in its proper place. As a distinction recognized by a woman of great moral and intellectual insight, it has a high significance, as will presently be

shown. The objection that Darwin raises, that of "the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women," only proves that there are variations in the type of personal beauty, which appeal to different temperaments and to varied associations without in the least invalidating the claim of the different variations to be included under the common term of "beautiful," any more than the difference between a rose and a lily prevents both from an equal right to the qualification. No most tenacious adherent to the theory of the ideal will pretend that it has ever been embodied in a living individual; but when we have made allowance for the differences of temperament and association, we find that occasionally the suffrages of men of widely different nationalities and races do agree in regarding certain women as extraordinarily beautiful. We need not go to mythology and call in evidence Helen of Troy, or even that famous beauty who inflamed the hearts of the Romans so greatly that they besieged her native town to secure possession of her, and when repulsed consented to withdraw from the siege on condition of her appearing on the battlements before their army, that all might at least see her before giving up the siege. Instances of minor fragrance will occur in the experience of every man of the world. Questions of taste are not to be submitted to the judgment of savages or people without culture. Indeed, they depend more than any others upon a certain culture, and it is therefore that we always submit them naturally to artists and people who have made art and beauty in some way or other a special study. As the researches of the physicist are limited to the observance of fact, and truths that are demonstrable to the scientific faculties, he is not qualified for the authoritative exercise of æsthetic judgment. Even Agassiz, the man who, of all scientists I have ever known, had the widest cultivation and most catholic judgment, was

incapable of appreciation of the results of art when they transcended nature; and all people who study art know that there are phases of it which have only a relative reference to nature. The new psychology may help us; the new science certainly will not. Other objections I shall meet when I come to examine the various theories of the beautiful which have been advanced from time to time by those who have made it a study; but if we examine the question broadly, we shall see that, whatever variation of it the individual may prefer, most men, at one time or another in their lives, have been overpoweringly assailed by the mysterious power we term beauty. I remember that once, during a journey in the mountains of Crete, I saw by chance, in the way, a young girl of such transcendent beauty that, physically, I was impressed so strongly that the sensation of delight did not leave me for two or three days. And the emotion was as far from anything allied to a sensual feeling as that caused by a beautiful statue would have been. It was pure æsthetic delight.

One scientist will say that it is a sensual attraction. Those in whom the cultivation of it has been carried to a high point know that it has nothing to do with sensuality, and I am prepared to say that the intensity of appreciation of it of which the art student is capable is in an inverse proportion to his sensuality. Every man of the world knows that the sensual attraction which a woman may exert on him bears no relation to her personal beauty, the most ideally beautiful women being in most cases the coldest and least stimulating to the passions. That beauty may, and often does, ally itself to sexual attraction in the material sense is true; but this is due to a feeling of infinitely wider range, — the desire of possession of a beautiful object. But nothing is more certain than that the strength of instinctive sexual attraction bears no relation to beauty in the person,

and cannot therefore explain the ideal. That beauty does evoke love, and ultimately intensify sexual attraction, is true, and it thus possibly serves the purpose which Darwin supposes in the birds, — that of stimulating the pairing instinct; but I think the experience of most pure-minded men will support me in saying that the beginnings of love are widely separated from animal passion. If Swedenborg had done nothing else of service to psychology, he would have greatly deserved by showing us the mystery of this. If beauty have any relation to sexual attraction, it must be due to something not explained by the instinct of reproduction, and dis severed from the animal economy. We can find this only in a spiritual appeal to something which has been termed "spiritual affinity," and which is sufficiently well understood by those to whom it has come.

As my present object is to show the grounds for assuming that beauty is a real quality, irrespective of the quality of the mind of the observer, I shall now only observe that this appeal, even if its spiritual source be denied, must be instinctive; for our rational powers do not find any connection between the fact that an object is beautiful and the other fact that it appeals to our sex instincts, there being no discoverable relation between beauty and sex function. As we know nothing of bird psychology, we cannot reason from or assume, as Darwin does, the æsthetic sense in birds, and in this stage of our investigation we must limit ourselves to man. But if in man the appeal of beauty is a sensual appeal, one man would never be aware of the beauty of another man, or of that of a child in whom the sex is not yet apparent; and in no creature is beauty more exquisitely developed than occasionally in a child. And descending to the realm of inanimate nature, from which sexual attraction is so remote as to be undiscoverable, we find the distinction equally clear, if less striking. The commonest experience of

art shows that the universal judgment decides that in a comparison between two landscapes one is more beautiful than the other, and when, in selecting the point of view of a particular landscape, we change the foreground, we often succeed in making a beautiful composition and a beautiful picture from a subject which from another point was indifferent, — and this without any regard to truth to nature. The cultivated world has long ago decided this question as far as it has the power to do so, if only by its judgment on Greek art, as being the most beautiful that has existed. But the comparative and superlative imperatively impose a positive standard to which the appeal is made, which is the ideal. Even the bird, under Darwin's theory, in choosing the more beautiful of two males as its mate, recognizes that one is more beautiful, — a phenomenon impossible if the beauty were subjective purely; and children, to whom sense does not yet appeal, and to whom conscious associations do not exist, but whose intellectual life consists of sensations and instincts, are kindled at the sight of bird or flower as their elders are not, or only exceptionally; for this childish ecstacy of emotion at the sight of beautiful objects is one of those which

"die away,

And fade into the light of common day,"

with all the other intimations of immortality. The recognition and enjoyment of the beauty of nature in bird and flower will be, to all minds susceptible to the finer sentiments, among the most delightful associations of childhood; and I do not remember the time in my childhood when they were not to me a rapture surpassing all other emotions, and far more keenly felt than now.

To most cultivated minds I am knocking at an open door, but the more material sciences have so greatly taken possession of the field of thought that it is necessary to insist to extremes on the evidences of the existence of faculties

which are amongst the strongest arguments for that recognition of the presence of the great Designer in our universe, the "Conscious Mind in creation," in which lies the assurance of human immortality, — that revelation of the Divine written "in fleshy tables of the heart," and so ever legible beyond the danger of becoming lost or corrupted texts.

Darwin makes a remark which indicates that he saw the intricacy of the subject, but he never followed it up to a definite conclusion. He says: "How the sense of beauty in its simplest form — that is, the reception of a peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds — was first developed in the mind of man and of the lower animals is a very obscure subject. . . . Habit in all these cases appears to have come to a certain extent into play; but there must be *some fundamental cause* in the constitution of the nervous system in each species." Undoubtedly, the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds" is the same in its foundation in the three cases. It must always be an "obscure subject," if it be attributed to purely physical causes, for it is intuitive, and therefore, in the constitution of the individual sensibility, universal, and, though variable in individuals, as temperament and intellectual character are variable, the result of the same law; and the determination of that law decides the question of the nature of beauty. Habit, in the sense of cultivation, comes largely into play; but the experience of mankind, prolonged over many generations, shows that it has the effect, as in the case of Greek sculpture, of indicating an universal ideal, superior to all the variations of individual taste or temporary fashion.

I think, therefore, that I am justified in asserting that the unanimous experience of cultivated humanity proves the power of beauty, and, at the same time, of a tendency of individual tastes to a

central and definite ideal. As with the instincts, the "fundamental cause" is innate; the development and all consequent differences and vagaries, as well as the degree of cultivation, a matter of education. But when Darwin says, "I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently colored butterflies, have been *rendered beautiful for beauty's sake*," he admits that beauty is innate, — that is, instinctive, — as also he does in admitting the fundamental cause; for, otherwise, why should a bird prefer the more beautiful mate, or how recognize it to be so? The intuitive preference implies infallibly the coeval existence of a positive quality in beauty.

What is the secret of the power of beauty? Beauty being real, innate, and having a fundamental cause, what is it? That is what we have to understand.

Victor Cousin, in his elaborate and thoughtful study, states his conclusions as follows: "Thus, on all sides, — on that of metaphysics, on that of æsthetics, especially on that of ethics, — we elevate ourselves to the same principle, the common centre, the last foundation of all truth, all beauty, all goodness. The true, the beautiful, and the good are only different revelations of the same Being." But the trinity of Cousin is an illusion. Goodness cannot be predicated of the Supreme Being, for that is a matter of conduct, not of attributes of absolute being. It depends on having something to be "good" to, obedience to conditions. It is a consequence of certain relations which are not to be included in the final analysis of Being. Truth likewise is relative, something to be told or believed, and it implies something beyond. Beauty, again, is a matter of form, and it is only confusion of language to talk of moral beauty, the beauty of a mathematical problem or of a demonstration. As we have no conception of form in relation to Supreme Be-

ing, we can have no notion of its beauty, for beauty is in the form of something. Therefore there is no trinity of the absolute, as Cousin supposes, each of his elements in it being secondary qualities. But we may thank him for pointing the way to the solution in the spiritual cause of beauty.

Ruskin, in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, was the first writer on æsthetics who indicated the solution of the problem. His distinction between the two forms of beauty is, like that between moral and physical beauty, inadmissible, and confounds the perception of the true solution. He says: "By the term Beauty, then, properly are signified two things: first, that external quality of bodies already so often spoken of, and which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical, which, as I have already asserted, may be shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes, and which therefore I shall, for distinction's sake, call typical Beauty; and, secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfillment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man. And this kind of Beauty I shall call vital Beauty." Here, again, he complicates the subject by the introduction of an utterly extraneous matter which he calls "vital Beauty." This is neither more nor less than the evidence of vitality, which is not, as we may see by supposing a concrete example, in the most indirect or shadowy manner to be confounded with beauty. The plainest and most ill-favored of milkmaids that ever was seen may exhibit an unique vitality, and be accepted as the type of this form of what Ruskin calls beauty; but the least refined boor of her surroundings would throw Ruskin's theory to the winds, and give his heart's devotion to a far weaker and more fragile rival, in defiance of his obligation to vitality. The first social assembly of men and women will

give the *démenti* to this ascription. Like association or novelty, vitality has a charm, and when associated in the same object with beauty will heighten its effect; but to confound the two is to lose sight of the object of our quest. One of Ruskin's concrete examples may be adduced, the better to show his manner of confounding the pleasure one may derive from a perception of function or a fallacy of the imagination with the perception of beauty. "The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful, because it is happy," contains the union of all the "pathetic fallacies" which he has condemned in another part of his work. We do not know that the trunk is happy, and we may with equal authority say that it is unhappy, at being waved to and fro in the wind, or at being hung over a waterfall instead of being planted in a tranquil meadow, out of the tumult of elements; and, in fact, we have no reason to say of it that it is happy or the reverse, but have every reason to suppose that it is neither one nor the other, for we have no knowledge of its emotions, or if it have any.

The degree of beauty in an object (for we may suppose all beauty to be far removed from the absolute ideal, and comparative) is absolutely independent of our impression of it or association with it. We do not make a thing beautiful by admiring it, or the contrary; it is beautiful or not, whether we see it or not. Function, which is the concise definition of Ruskin's "vital Beauty," is a matter of scientific knowledge, and Ruskin's attribution of happiness in it is a question of association, which we have seen has nothing to do with beauty. In the conception of "typical Beauty," however, the great critic touches the root of the matter, and approaches Darwin's fundamental cause. Typical beauty, which remains as the synonym of ideal or positive beauty, he has defined as "in some sort typical of the

Divine attributes." It remains for us to follow up the indication to its full significance; but it is first necessary to clear the subject of a possible cause of confusion which he introduces as a branch of "vital Beauty," namely, the evidence of beauty in mankind as resulting from moral growth, — that is, the perfecting of character. "But the sweetness which that higher serenity (of happiness), and the dignity which that higher authority (of Divine law, and not of human reason), can and must stamp on the features it would be futile to speak of here at length, for I suppose that both are acknowledged on all hands, and there is not any beauty but theirs to which men pay long obedience; at all events, if not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable with what Divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which even momentarily will not impress a new fairness upon the features; neither on them only, but on the whole body, both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation, for even all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained."

Here Ruskin, as in so many details of his exposition, and to a certain extent in his perception of truth, is influenced by his personal preferences and education so far as to substitute his way of seeing things for a general truth; confounding the standard of beauty, the ideal beauty, with the charm which has been called "something better than beauty," and

which is due to sympathy alone. But the expression "moral beauty" applied to it betrays an analogy which will help us on the way to the desired solution. What we are in search of, and not finding which our quest is fruitless, is the secret of physical beauty as seen in a statue or a landscape as well as in a human face or form. We want to know what is the fundamental cause of the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors, forms, and sounds," composing in their union or singly what we call the beauty of a given object. Why, for instance, do we feel the æsthetic emotions which all cultivated tastes have come to recognize as fitting the sight of the Venus of Melos? Here is no question of moral beauty or mental qualities. The statue is beautiful, if beautiful, by purely physical quality; for it conveys no trace of a mental quality, much less moral, in the original. To confuse, in the search for the reason of this, the question of how moral qualities may affect the human race or form is simply diversion from the essential issue. Such an investigation may have, and no doubt has, its grave importance, but the true solution of the problem is lost sight of in the confusion. One question is that of beauty made; the other, probably, of beauty in the making; and the analogy that binds them is too fine for use in determining the solution we seek. The answer to the former may indeed help confirm that to the latter, but it would be unsafe to trust to it for the leading.

The reply to our question is necessarily given *a priori*, being universally applicable, and the analysis of the concrete example being impossible until we have an idea of the law.¹ Having accepted the definition of Ruskin, that beauty is "in some sort typical of the Divine attributes," we must, to arrive at a definition of philosophical (I do not say

perience, but is valid absolutely *a priori*." — KANT.

¹ "If, therefore, a judgment is thought with strict universality, so that no exception is admitted as possible, it is not derived from ex-

practical) utility, determine "in some sort" what attribute it signifies to us. Cousin suggests the Divine Goodness. But goodness in the superior Being is only another word for benevolence; in the inferior, for duty, which latter we may dismiss at once. And benevolence is, in fact, only a manifestation of love; and in our ultimate analysis of the conceivable attributes of Deity we arrive at that of Swedenborg as the, to our comprehension, final definition, — God is love and wisdom. To which of these two shall we assign beauty as effect? Primarily not to wisdom, to feel the quality of which an appeal to the purely intellectual qualities is necessary. On the other hand, the recognition of love, coming to the emotional nature, appeals to the faculties which we have to recognize as the basis of all *a priori* judgments.¹ As any adequate conception of God must be intuitive, and as the sensorium of all our recognitions of beauty is intuitive, the cause we seek and the effect we recognize belong to the same faculties as subject of thought. And so we reach finally the definition of Swedenborg: "Because all beauty is from good² which is in innocence; essential good, when it flows in from the internal man into the external, constitutes what is beautiful, and hence is all human beautifulness."³ "Hence it is that the angels of heaven are of ineffable beauty, being, as it were, loves and charities in form."⁴ The definition I seek for I will put in the simplest form: Beauty is the form of love. And Swedenborg, not being a metaphysician, and having quite another object in view, has confounded, as Ruskin did, two objects in one definition, — the ultimate and final beauty, and the proximate and resultant beauty in the

process of development. But we have the recognition of the cardinal truth that beauty has its root in love; for charity, which he, like the early Bible translators, erroneously made a different thing from love, is, in the original, love in a sense higher than the *agape* which the timid theologians were afraid to employ. The new translation of the New Testament corrects the error.

The fundamental cause which Darwin indicated is the intuitive recognition of the Divine Love in creation, the human soul organically responding in this way to the message of its Creator, being made in His image.⁵ This recognition must not be confounded with the intellectual determination which is the subject of our quest, for this must be derived from experience and is a deduction. Rather is it one of the fundamental intuitions (intuition being the spiritual form of instinct) of the spiritual man. But as God is Wisdom as well as Love, I may be asked, Why distinguish the one from the other, and why should not the intuition find in the form of things the former as well as the latter? The reply was given by one who was always, in the theological days of thought, regarded as a severe rationalist, Edmund Burke, who was the first to recognize the fundamental distinction between the sublime and the beautiful. He bases his antithesis on what I must consider an erroneous estimate of the sensation of the sublime, assigning love as the emotion of beauty, and fear as that of sublimity. Fear does not enter into, except to paralyze, the emotion which we derive from the sublime. That which in the sublime corresponds to the instinct of the Divine Love in the beautiful is the intuition of organization, the root of the intuition of

¹ "Whatever the process and the means may be by which knowledge reaches its objects, there is one that reaches them directly, and forms the ultimate material of all thought, namely, intuition." — KANT.

² Not Goodness in the sense Cousin uses the word, but good as distinguished from evil.

³ *Arcana Cœlestia*, 3080.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 4986.

⁵ If Darwin is right, all sentient creatures have in their degree the same response.

causality. And here I would recall that memorable distinction of Mrs. H. K. Brown, that "the female beauty seems as nothing to me, the other to be almost everything;" for, in effect, the ideal of masculine perfection tends to the sublime, that of feminine to the beautiful, and we come to the conclusion that the beautiful and the sublime are two types of coördinate attributes of creation, as love and wisdom are coördinate attributes of the one God, and masculine and feminine are one Humanity.¹ Made in His image as we are (I take this as absolute and granted, and they who refuse this premise will not go a step with me), every cause in Him has its correspondence in effect in us, and the sensation of beauty which is at the root of all our emotions before the external creation is the seal of the Creator on His creature, and the final signature of the great Artist on His perfected work.

We might follow indefinitely the analysis of the beautiful-sublime, but we cannot here do more than glance at the characters of it, and the distinction between the wedded elements. Leaving apart humanity, in which the problem is too complicated for a ready solution, let us analyze landscape, in which we shall find that the elements which appeal the most strongly to the emotions of beauty are those which tend to repose: the sweet lines of scenes in which Nature has finished her work, the wayside flowers, the varying tree forms, and the modulated tints of the foreground, the gradations of distance and the proportions of the curves which are indispensable to any degree of beauty; in the distance the graduated sweep of the hillsides into the valleys, and in the valleys the recognition of the harmony of the lines, the obedience to an organic impulse of Nature, but over all the sense of repose. We find the sublime in the mountain, with its lift

and its grand system of crystallization, the long straight lines of geological structure, evidence of organization and power; and as the one melts into the other, or rises from the bed of repose to the majesty of arrested action, we recognize in the combination the ideal landscape. If the philosophers with whom we have dealt had been women, we might have had the sublime as the type and the beautiful as the satellite, as with Mrs. Brown. Nature has wedded them into one, as in the completed work of Him who is neither male nor female, but both, in the human soul, in its ultimate perfection become, of two, one.

It cannot be too clearly understood or stated that the sense of the beautiful, the "peculiar pleasure from certain colors and forms" (setting aside, for the convenience of simplicity in our discussion, the "sounds"), is in no sense an act of the rational faculties; for, in truth, the attempt to analyze those emotions we receive from the beautiful, and render to ourselves an account of their *modus operandi*, results in instant dissipation of the pleasure. It is as purely instinctive as the animal's delight in the sunshine or the little child's delight over a pretty flower, and is as essential a portion of our spiritual natures as the joy in sunshine and the green fields is of our physical. The "eye for form," the "sense of color," and the "ear for harmony and melody" are endowments of the temperament, given in our inmost natures; and the fundamental cause of them is the instinctively recognized expression of the divine attributes, — a recognition so deeply founded in our spiritual and mental natures that we can by no intellectual effort seize it, and by no study develop it, where it is not in the original nature. It has nothing to do with morality in the individual. Some of the best men have no sense of the

¹ There is, however, a fundamental difference in our relation to the beautiful and the sublime. Love is one, ours as His; but our wis-

dom is not as His, and our sympathy with the former is fundamental and primary, with the latter consequent and secondary.

beautiful, and some of the most indifferent to morality have it in great strength. It was probably once the universal endowment of humanity, now obscured in various ways and in various degrees, from various causes, to us absolutely undiscoverable. Few healthfully active minds are entirely destitute of it. The causes of its diminution, or the possibility of its restoration and the methods thereof, are questions with which we have nothing to do. At the risk of being considered mystical (which does not disturb me, for nothing is so mystical as life), I shall offer a solution of the problem of the fundamental cause in the organic response of the human mind to the evidence in created things of the presence of the Creator. They seem beautiful to us because we feel, in some way which the intellectual analysis fails to discover, the impress of something on them which corresponds to a something in our own souls, as wax responds to the seal.¹ What we are corresponds *pro tanto* with what our Creator is, — faintly and far away, but still, as deeply as it goes, the same. If Deity had been different, and we by consequence, the quality of beauty would have been different by as much; but for what it is the instinctive recognition delights us, and we call it beautiful. There is of course no question of "God creating things beautiful for the delight of man;" such a belief argues a very low conception of the relation between the Creator and creation. Beauty appeals to man because the Divine nature appeals to the human; for the characters are the same, and when they appear to us even in the accidents of the universe the sensorium responds as a string to its accord. In music we feel the appeal more potently, because it reaches the

nervous system somewhat more than in color, and far more than in form; yet in color it sometimes happens that the appeal is like that of a harmony in music. Ruskin hit the true solution in principle; where he failed to get at the roots of the question was in mistaking his personal, individual emotions for the fundamental cause, and in attempting to analyze a feeling which is fundamental, and therefore beyond analysis. He failed in his analysis of beauty because he attempted to explain it by analyzing God; and of God no analysis more minute than that which recognizes His love and His wisdom is possible. We can enumerate our emotions, but we can find in ourselves, in ultimate analysis, only the same two gifts, love and intellect; all the emotions are secondary results, and the Divine attributes of Ruskin's doctrine have too much the appearance of anthropomorphic attribution. But the conclusion at which he arrives as to the investigating faculty is so strong a confirmation of my position that I quote it entire: "No intellectual operation is here of any avail. There is not any reasoning by which the evidences of depravity are to be traced in the movements of muscle or form of feature; there is not any knowledge nor experience nor diligence of comparison that can be of any avail. Here, as throughout the operation of the theoretic faculty, the perception is altogether moral, an instinctive love, and clinging to the lines of light. Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy catch the sound; there is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart."

Darwin's conclusion, then, that the beauty of animals "has been effected

¹ "He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering it part to part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature thus becomes to him the measure of his own attainments. So much of

nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own soul does he not yet possess. And we find the ancient precept 'Know thyself' and the modern precept 'Study Nature' become at last one maxim." — R. W. EMERSON.

through sexual selection, — that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females,” — though it might be admitted as accounting for the preservation of the more beautiful types of the male, will account neither for the origin of beauty nor for the sense of the beautiful in the female. The beauty must have been there before it attracted the female, and the sense of beauty must have been in the female from the beginning, or the beauty would not have attracted; and we end, where we end in accounting for life, in a mystery fathomed alone by the imagination, the “active power for the synthesis of the manifold which we call imagination” of Kant. Darwin himself says: “Few objects are more beautiful than the minute siliceous cases of the diatomaceæ.” Can these be accounted for by sexual selection? Why do we find

them beautiful; and why do we agree with the female birds as to the beauty of their males? There are sea shells which have designs of great beauty, invariable in the species, but which are hidden under an epidermis; so that even if the sexual appreciation existed in the animal, the beauty could not excite it. Why are they beautiful, and why does the pattern always persist? Inexplicable puzzles are all these problems, unless we can admit the presence behind the process of evolution of a fundamental cause in the very foundation of the universe, — Design and an Ideal. If, however, the signature of the Divine Artist is set on all His work, if all created objects are “embodiments of Divine thought in material forms,” then are we at the threshold of the mystery which veils, and still discloses, Beauty, the Ineffable, the Eternal.

W. J. Stillman.

MOULD AND VASE.

GREEK POTTERY OF AREZZO.

HERE in the jealous hollow of the mould,
Faint, light-eluding, as templed in the breast
Of some rose-vaulted lotus, see the best
The artist had — the vision that unrolled
Its flying sequence till completion's hold
Caught the wild round and bade the dancers rest —
The mortal lip on the immortal pressed
One instant, ere the blindness and the cold.

And there the vase: immobile, exiled, tame,
The captives of fulfillment link their round,
Foot-heavy on the inelastic ground,
How different, yet how enviously the same!
Dishonoring the kinship that they claim,
As here the written word the inner sound.

Edith Wharton.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

II.

THE first few years of my experience were memorable for their wealth of interest, for the splendor and variety of their histrionic material, for the significant changes of the lines upon which the American theatre was to develop. Within the half decade between 1870 and 1875, Charles Fechter, Carlotta Leclercq, and Tommaso Salvini first appeared in this country; Charles James Mathews, in admirable form, revisited our stage after a long absence; Charlotte Cushman, having reestablished her primacy over all our native actresses, was playing her most celebrated parts; Nilsson and Lucca and Parepa-Rosa were first seen and heard here in opera; Edwin Booth was approaching the zenith of his fame and power; Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle was causing itself to be accepted as the highest achievement of American comedy; Sothorn's unique art, especially in Lord Dundreary, its most original expression, had prevailed over the two great English-speaking nations, but was still as fresh as the dew of morning; Madame Janauschek's superior ability was beginning to be appreciated; Adelaide Neilson, the incomparable, entered upon her American career; W. S. Gilbert's peculiar gifts as a dramatist were in process of acceptance on this side of the Atlantic; and our country, through Mr. Bronson Howard and his Saratoga, was making a new essay of originality in the creation of a play of contemporaneous "society." This was the period, also, of a great revival of dramatic versions of Dickens's novels, in the best of which, Little Em'ly, there was much good acting in Boston: first at Selwyn's Theatre, by Mr. Robinson as Peggotty, Mr. Le Moyne as Uriah Heep, Mr. Pearson as Ham Peg-

gotty, Mrs. Barry as Rosa Dartle, and Miss Mary Cary as Emily; and later, at another house, when John T. Raymond gave his delicious interpretation of Micawber. Also, it may be stated in parenthesis, midway of these years, to wit in 1872, occurred in Boston the Peace Jubilee, with its huge chorus and orchestra, its foreign bands of instrumentalists, and its presentation of Madame Peschka-Leutner; the necessary machinery having been set in motion by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, most persistent and tireless of conductors and *entrepreneurs*.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM AND ITS STOCK COMPANIES.

It was at "about this time" — the familiar quotation from the Old Farmer's Almanac is apropos — that that breaking up of stock companies, which had previously begun, took on a precipitate speed. There were still, however, a dozen or so regularly established troupes in the whole land, and of these this city had three of the best, placed at the Boston Theatre, the Globe, and the Boston Museum. The last of these houses was in a distinctive and peculiar sense the theatre of the capital of Massachusetts: partly because of its age and unbroken record as a place of amusement; even more because of the steady merit of its performances and the celebrity of many of its performers. At the outset, as every Bostonian knows, this establishment was conducted on the plan of Barnum's of New York. The word "theatre" was not visible on any of its bills, programmes, or advertisements. It was a museum, and justified its title by an edifying exhibit of stuffed animals, bones, mummies, minerals, wax figures, and other curios; making, through these "branches of learning" and its long-continued obeisance to Puritan tradition —

after that tradition had ceased from the Municipal Ordinances — by closing its doors on Saturday nights, an eloquent appeal to the patronage of sober persons, affected with scruples against the godless theatre. The appeal was as successful as it was shrewd. To this day, I doubt not, there are citizens of Boston who patronize no other place of theatrical amusement than its Museum, though the stuffed beasts and the observance of the eve of the Lord's Day are things of the past.

But, howsoever disguised or preferred by the children of the Puritans, the Museum was a theatre, if ever there was one. Those who can recall its earliest days will find clinging to their memories swarms of names, generally well mixed up as to dates and sequences: Mr. Tom Comer, leader of the orchestra, accomplished musician and genial gentleman; W. H. Smith, an old-time actor and manager of stately style; Mrs. Thoman, a charming performer of light comedy; Mr. Finn, droll son of a much droller father; the graceful and vivid Mr. Keach; Mr. J. Davies, who was a very "heavy" villain on the stage, but, off it, lightly wielded the barber's razor; the blazing Mrs. Barrett, whose life went out in darkness; J. A. Smith, who did stage fops, always with the same affected drawl and rising inflection, and, an actor at night, was a tailor by day, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when he was an actor; Miss Kate Reynolds, a very brilliant player, who, as Mrs. Erving Winslow, now enjoys the highest reputation as a reader; the dryly effective Mr. Hardenbergh; Mr. Charles Barron, a careful and versatile leading man; Miss Annie Clarke, who made herself an accomplished actress, despite the handicaps of a harsh voice and native stiffness of bearing; Mrs. Vincent, the perennial, the great-hearted, who for years was never mentioned except in close connection with the adjectives "dear" and "old;" and, finally, William Warren, the comedian.

WILLIAM WARREN AND HIS RECORD.

Boston was fortunate, indeed, to be the home and workshop of William Warren for the better part of half a century. His career as an actor covered exactly fifty years, extending from 1832 to 1882; and during the entire period between 1847 and 1882, except for a single break of one year, he was the central sun of the stock company of the Boston Museum. Of the modern mode of histrionic vagabondage he had no experience, — no experience, of course, of the mercenary "star" system, which binds the artist to very numerous repetitions of a very few plays. When his seventieth birthday was celebrated, a little while before the close of his professional career, the tale of his work was told: he had given 13,345 performances, and had appeared in 577 characters! What a record is this, and how amazingly it contrasts with the experience of other noted modern players! It may be safely presumed, I think, that no other American actor, even in the early part of the nineteenth century, ever matched Mr. Warren's figures. But compare them with those of his eminent kinsman, Joseph Jefferson, who within the latter half of his life as an actor, say from 1875 to 1900, has probably impersonated not more than a dozen parts in all; limiting himself, at ninety-nine out of every hundred of his performances, to exactly four characters.

Something is gained, something is lost, of course, by the pursuit of either of the professional courses which have been indicated. But as I look back upon Mr. Warren and his playing, the lives of all his rivals seem narrow, monotonous, and unfruitful. His art touched life, as life is presented in the drama, at ten thousand points. His plays were in every mode and mood of the Comic Muse, and ranged in quality from the best of Shakespeare to the worst of Dr. Jones. In old-fashioned farces, with their strong,

sometimes vulgar, often noisy, usually vital fun; in tawdry patriotic or emotional melodramas; in standard old English comedies; in cheap local pieces, narrow and petty in their appeal; in delicate French comediettas, whose colors are laid on with a brush like Meissonier's; in English versions of the best Parisian dramas, subtle, sophisticated, exigent of *finesse* and *adresse* in the player, — in each and all of these Mr. Warren was easily chief among many good actors; to the demands of each and all he was amply adequate. The one fault of his style was a slight excess in the use of stentorian tones, — the result, I suspect, of his early immersion in farce, — and his gift of pathetic suggestion, though generally sure, did not always have the deepest penetrative power. Otherwise, it may be said, with sober scruple for the exact truth, that Mr. Warren was nearly faultless. His acting seemed the fine flower of careful culture, as well as the free outcome of large intelligence and native genius. His enunciation and pronunciation of English were beyond criticism. His Latin was perfect, even in its quantities. His French was exquisite in intonation, and its accent was agreeable to Parisian ears. In all details of costume and "make-up" he showed the nicest taste and judgment, and the results of scholarly pains. So Mr. Warren was a School and Conservatory of acting in himself. In him Boston had a Théâtre Français, situated on Tremont Street, as long as he lived and played; and Boston ought to be ashamed of itself that it did not derive more profit from the inspection and enjoyment of his masterly art than the present time gives any proof of.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

Apropos of the large attribution of the last two sentences, I wish to submit here a piece of Gallic testimony that I cited in the essay on Mr. Warren which was

printed in the Atlantic a few years ago. With Rachel, on her visit to America in 1855-56, came M. Leon Beauvallet, as one of the *jeunes premiers* of her troupe, and historiographer of the expedition. On his return to Paris he published a thick duodecimo, entitled Rachel and the New World, which is one of the liveliest books ever written by a lively Frenchman. His strictures upon American life and manners were a queer mixture of flippancy, ignorance, and shrewdness. But of acting he was a keen and lucid critic, educated in the best Gallic school, familiar with all the best work of the Parisian stage. On the first Saturday afternoon of the company's first season in Boston, Rachel played Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Boston Theatre; and M. Beauvallet, being "out of the bill," repaired, with much curiosity, to the Museum to see Adrienne the Actress, cast with Miss Eliza Logan as the heroine, and Mr. Keach as Maurice de Saxe. He found the performance, as a whole, anything but to his taste, and expressed his displeasure with unsparing frankness. But of Mr. Warren he said: "Mr. W. Warren, who played the rôle of Michonnet, has seemed to me *exceedingly remarkable*." [*Italics in the original.*] He acted the part of the old stage manager with versatile talent, and I have applauded him with the whole house." And after a sweeping expression of disgust concerning the various anachronisms in dress, he was careful to add, "I do not allude to Mr. Warren, who was irreproachably costumed."

MR. WARREN'S VARIED ABILITY.

My contemporaries will heartily commend my insistence upon the greatness of this artist and the greatness of his product, and the readers of the younger generation must submit to a recital which is, after all, nothing but a bit of the history of the American stage, with a margin of just attribution to a rare actor. Think for a moment upon the marvel of

it all, — so trebly wonderful in this day of the sparse-producing player, — remembering that Mr. Warren's record stands equally for the highest skill and the richest productivity. Imagine the mental speed and acumen, the temperamental sensibility, the extraordinary power of memory both in acquisition and in grip, the complete mastery of all the symbols and tools of the profession, the huge mimetic and plastic gift, the *vis comica*, all of which are involved in the almost perfection with which the total feat was accomplished. Here was an unrivaled exemplar, also, of the docility and facility which were once supposed to be essential to the equipment of a great comedian. It was a part of the scheme, a condition which he accepted as inseparable from the work of his vocation, that, within recognized limits, he should be like a French falconer, whose agents were trained to fly at any kind of game, from the noblest to the very mean. It is not to be doubted that Mr. Warren's refined taste was frequently and for long periods of time offended by the stuff of his text. But no contempt which he felt ever tainted his work; he was always faithful in every particular to play, playwright, and public, making the best of every character by doing his best in and for it. He would work — the reader must permit the use of many metaphors — with a palette knife in distemper, if he could not get a brush and oil paints; in clay and granite, when marble was not to be had; with a graver's finest tool upon an emerald, or a shipwright's broad axe upon a timber; now play merrily upon the tambourine or bones, and anon draw soul-stirring music from "the gradual violin" or the many-voiced organ. There seemed to be absolutely no limit to his sympathy, practically none to his adaptability as an actor. Pillicoddy and Touchstone, Jacques Fauvel and Polonius, John Duck and M. Tourbillon, Mr. Ledger and Michonnet, Templeton Jitt and Jesse Rural, Sir Harcourt Courtly

and Tony Lumpkin, Triplet and Dogberry, Goldfinch and Sir Peter Teazle, — that is the list of Mr. Warren's contrasting impersonations, which I took for one of my texts in the Atlantic a dozen years ago. Fifty other pairs would have served about equally well, and the thought of any half a dozen of the coupled impersonations will avail to move my memory to glorious laughter, or to thrill it with the delicious pain of acute sympathy, or to enchant it with the recognition of consummate beauty. It is impossible to estimate how much such an actor has added to the pure pleasure of the community, or how potent a factor he was as an educator of the general heart and mind. To a pupil of the highest sensibility, Mr. Warren's deep-hearted Sir Peter Teazle, in whom Sheridan's conception was at once justified, reproduced and developed, might of itself have gone far to furnish a liberal education. Surely, no decently appreciative spectator who sat at the artist's feet for a score of years could have failed to learn something of the difference between sincerity and affectation, breadth and narrowness, ripeness and crudity, in the practice of the histrionic art.

WARREN AND JEFFERSON COMPARED.

The temptation presents itself, and may properly be yielded to, to compare Mr. Warren and the other most distinguished American comedian, Mr. Warren's relative and close friend, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. To speak the truth will nothing wrong either of these illustrious players. It is to be conceded at once by a partisan of our local comedian that no single achievement of his career approached, in depth and suggestiveness, in significance as an interpreter of the deeper things of the spirit, in resulting potency over the general heart of man, that Rip Van Winkle which, in the teeth of a thin text and fantastic plot, Mr. Jefferson has caused to be accepted as the supreme achievement in comedy of the latter half

of the nineteenth century. The touch of genius is here to be seen and to be revered. It follows, also, as a sure consequence, that Mr. Jefferson will be remembered longer than Mr. Warren. The power of an artist to attain or approach immortality in any art is the power of his one most effectual work. To reach this end, a large number of very good things are as nothing beside one superlatively excellent thing. Who doubts that Joseph Blanco White's sole achievement, his matchless sonnet, *Night and Death*, will linger on the lips and in the hearts of men, when the whole mass of Spencer's beautiful poems in the same kind exist, if they exist at all, as studies in prosody? But these large concessions do not concede everything. Our Mr. Warren, by his vastly superior wealth, variety, and scope, has earned the higher title to the sacred name of artist, of what treason soever to his fame the ungrateful memories of men shall prove to be capable. Personally, I make little account of that cheerful, chirping libel upon Dickens's creation which Mr. Jefferson has labeled Caleb Plummer, and no very great account of that effervescent *petit maître*, light of step and glib of tongue, into whom he has transformed Sheridan's clod-born Bob Acres, though I admit the actor's delicate drollery in both impersonations. Mr. Jefferson can point, it seems to me, to but one work of supreme distinction, the sole and single product of his life, the masterpiece of our stage, — the figure of the immortal Rip. Our Warren, like another Rubens, could conduct you through a vast gallery, crowded with noble canvases, of which at least a hundred glow with the beauty and the truth of life, every one bearing his firm signature.

THE COMEDIAN'S PERSON AND MANNERS.

For many years Mr. Warren was a most interesting figure in Boston, not only upon the stage, but upon the streets over which he took his deliberate and but

slightly varied walks. His tall, large, well-formed figure, and his easy, rather peculiar gait, which seemed always about to become, but never quite became, a roll or swagger; his noble head, with the bright penetrating eyes and the extraordinarily sensitive mouth, made equally to utter mirth or pathos or wisdom, produced the effect of a unique personality. His manners were the finest I ever saw in a man. With actors almost all things seem to be in extremes, to be of the best or the worst. The bad manners of "the profession" are the most intolerable manners in the world. On the other hand, an experienced English *grande dame* spoke once with knowledge when, observing at a public assembly the rare charm of bearing of a beautiful lady whose face was strange to her, she said, "That person is either a member of the royal family or an actress." Mr. Warren's whole "style" — if the vulgar word may be permitted — seemed to me faultless. His grace, ease, refinement, perfect modesty, absolute freedom from affectation, coupled with his swift responsiveness in facial expression and in speech, made conversation with him a delight and a privilege. And to the traits which have been mentioned is to be added a peculiar simplicity, which appeared to be the quintessence of the infinite variety of his life. I remember hearing it said, at a time near the close of the Great War, by some men who were native here, and to the best Boston manner born, that Edward Everett, A. B., A. M., LL. D., ex-Governor of Massachusetts, ex-United States Senator from Massachusetts, ex-President of Harvard College, ex-Minister to England, *littérateur*, orator, statesman, was, in respect of distinction of manners, in a class with but one other of his fellow citizens: that other one appeared in the local directory as "Warren, William, comedian, boards 2 Bulfinch Place." It is to be added that Mr. Warren was the most reserved and reticent of mortals about everything

pertaining to himself, and that he was extremely, perhaps unduly, sensitive to adverse criticism. When he bled, he bled inwardly, and of the wound he permitted no sign to escape him. He was a first favorite with all the actors and actresses of his acquaintance, and was most gentle, helpful, and tolerant to players who came to him for advice or comment.

TRAINING IN AN OLD-FASHIONED STOCK COMPANY.

The career of William Warren as a histrionic artist is of special interest for the light which it throws upon the vexed question of education for the stage. His exceptional record implies, of course, in the man, those exceptional native gifts which have been considered. But it is equally plain that his powers had been industriously developed by training and practice, and that his art had been enriched and refined by intelligent and industrious culture. It is true that he had the right ancestral bent, and was born to the passion of the stage, and that the force of the inherited instinct and aptitude of the actor seems to be more potent than any other that is transmitted through the blood. Mr. Warren was the son of an English player and of an American lady of an acting family, and counted among his near relatives a father, an aunt, four sisters, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins, who attained good positions upon the stage; Joseph Jefferson being one of the cousins in the second degree. His professional training, from sources exterior to himself, was obtained wholly within the only "Conservatory" of his youthful period, to wit, the regular old-fashioned stock company. Here he was brought into contact with the best acting of his day; here he had the opportunity to study at close quarters the speech, gesture, bearing, and general method of the dramatic leaders, in a vast variety of characters, changing from night to night; and here, as a beginner, he was subjected to the caustic criticism of the stage man-

ager. From an occasional specialist he might take lessons in fencing and dancing, practicing with his companions what he learned from his masters; through observing other actors, and with the help of some of the humble servants of the stage, he would begin to acquire the arts of "making up." That is literally all the schooling that Mr. Warren had. His assiduous industry did the rest. But experience shows that this schooling, limited and imperfect as it was in some respects, was adequate to make of good material a highly finished product. I doubt if Mr. Warren ever took a lesson in what is known as elocution; yet, by practice and imitation of good speakers, he made himself master of an exquisite enunciation of English, which was a source of pure pleasure to sensitive ears.

MODERN EDUCATION FOR THE STAGE.

The resident stock company as a school of histrionic instruction must be said to have passed away. Actors in traveling troupes learn from one another by snatches, of course; private teachers—often retired actors, and sometimes of considerable skill—are fairly numerous in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston; separated by long intervals, in two or three of our largest cities, are Conservatories or Schools of Expression, of which a very few in terms profess to train for the stage. To the person who wishes to become an actor only the last two means of instruction are accessible, until he has got a foothold in some company. I shall have something to say by and by concerning our great national aptitude for the stage; but it is plain to any clear eyesight that the condition of chaos in respect of instruction, and the want of fixed standards at almost every point, are interfering seriously with our progress in the art of acting, and make the attainment of distinction in that art in the largest way, for the American stage, practically impossible. It is unfortunate that the actors themselves are barren of

helpful suggestions. As a class they have little capacity for generalization, and scarcely one of them appears to be capable of transcending the limits of his own personal experience. Mr. Richard Mansfield, lately, in a talk intended for publication, with elaborately insincere irony disparaging his own "poor" acting, scoffed at the Conservatories, which did not succeed in sending out graduates as competent even as himself, who, as everybody knows, picked up his art pretty much at haphazard. There was truth as well as error in his strictures, — the truth being more important than the error. Thus far, our Schools of Acting, though conducted in some instances by men of ability, have failed in training candidates for the stage. One fatal criticism upon the graduates of these schools was made from the first, and continues to be made: their fault in action and in utterance is declared to be a stiffness of style, which is generally hopeless. The explanation is obvious: the students of acting are not brought into touch at the right times, and kept in touch for a sufficiently long time, with the stage itself. The French have solved the problem. The Gallic actor of high ambition acquires the machinery or skeleton of his art in the Conservatory, and, contemporaneously, in the theatre, learns to rid himself of the mechanical stiffness which is almost sure to follow technical drill in enunciation, pose, and gesture. If he did not get the lightening up and limbering out of the stage, with the resulting freedom of movement and utterance, the French say, he would, in nine cases out of ten, continue, as long as he acted, to suggest the operation of a machine, whose works are heard, and sometimes even seen. On the other hand, if he were not disciplined in the Conservatory, his art, in many of its particulars, would be wanting in clarity and precision. The actor of the highest grade must receive, therefore, the twofold training, — the scholastic and the theatrical. They order

all these things in France much better than we in America, and their success has demonstrated the justness of their method. Our actors have the root of the matter in them, — are sensitive, facile, intelligent, and richly endowed with the mimetic gift; but they lack the highest finish and certainty of touch, and the moment they pass outside the rapid give-and-take and short speeches of the modern comic or romantic drama they fail at many important points, especially in gesture, in clean enunciation, and in the ability to declaim passages of moderate length, wherein a nice adjustment and proportion of emphasis are essential. A hundred instances might be cited. It will suffice to mention two: Miss Maude Adams, whose impersonation of the Duc de Reichstadt in *L'Aiglon* — an impersonation of much beauty and pathos — is marred by the artist's powerlessness to enunciate intelligibly when extreme passion and speed are demanded by a "tirade;" Mr. Mansfield, who, in the long speeches of *Henry V.*, frequently so misplaces and misproportions his emphasis that the finer shades or larger powers of the Shakespearean text are lost. If our stage were to be wholly given up to trivial and unimportant plays, such a want of the best technical training might not much matter, though still it would matter. But the demand for the best dramas has not wholly disappeared, and there is no knowing what the future may bring forth. Whenever Shakespeare or Goldsmith or Sheridan is "revived," and when a Rostand is born to us, we shall need a corps of actors trained with the finer precision and larger style of the Conservatory which is attached to a great theatre.

MR. J. L. TOOLE AND SOME OTHER ENGLISH PLAYERS.

Recalling the work of our great comedian reminds me of his contemporary, Mr. J. L. Toole, the English actor, who long held in London the primacy which

was Mr. Warren's in Boston and New England. Mr. Toole visited America in 1874, being one of many British players whose pinnacles sailed to our golden shores in the years between 1870 and 1880. These visitors presented strong contrasts in professional ability, — the ladies being alike, however, in possessing great personal beauty. The alien artists, weighed in just scales, showed a preponderance of merit. On the side of mediocrity: Mrs. Scott-Siddons; the brisk Mrs. Rousby, who in Tom Taylor's *'Twixt Axe and Crown* presented the Princess Elizabeth Tudor, afterward Queen of England, in the mode of an amateur, with occasional flashes of brilliancy; Miss Cavendish, a large, ponderous, unimportant belle, who plodded sturdily over the dusty highway of commonplace; and Mrs. Langtry, the absurdest of actresses, whose professional stock in trade consisted of her social notoriety, her face, her figure, and the garments and jewels wherewith said figure was indued, — the garments being tagged with their "creators'" names, and bearing price marks still intentionally legible. In the scale of merit were Miss Neilson, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Irving, and Miss Terry. Mr. Toole's name ought, I suppose, to be added to the list of honor. But his tour in this country was far from fortunate, and he made no deep impression either upon the critics or the public. I remember his acting, and vaguely recall his solid comic power, his humanness, and his variety, with some pleasure, but with no feeling that his art was great or distinguished. The plays which he produced in Boston were, with scarcely an exception, flimsy things, whose vogue had depended upon his success in their leading parts. I fancy that he was not happy in his American environment, and that he by no means did himself justice here. The testimony of my own memory is strong only upon a single point, and that the worst point in his entire

method. He persisted in repeating over and over again queer little tricks of voice or action, which were funny for perhaps once hearing or seeing, but would not bear reiteration. His British audiences encouraged him in this habit by their naïf acceptance of it, I suspect; his American audiences would not tolerate it. In all my other experience of the theatre, I never saw a company of spectators freeze with such steady rapidity against an actor as on one of Mr. Toole's nights at the Globe Theatre, when, in *Ici On Parle Français*, he used a senseless piece of stage "business," — which caused a light laugh because of its unexpectedness, — and thrice repeated the absurdity. On the fourth recurrence of the offense, it was not only not rewarded with a single snicker, but provoked many expressions of annoyance.

MR. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

In marked contrast with my faint recollections of Toole are my vivid impressions of Charles James Mathews. Mr. Mathews revisited this country in 1871, when he was sixty-eight years of age, and he seemed to me then, and seems to me now, an unequaled incarnation of the spirit of youth and jollity. The dazzling Wyndham, at less than half the age of the senior actor, was no fresher or gayer than he, and in speed of tongue and wit was only a good second to Mr. Mathews. The elder artist was not to be compared with Mr. Warren in the breadth and reach of his art, though he did some great things, of which I recall his impersonation, at one and the same performance, of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, in *The Critic* of Sheridan. But as a producer of mirth of the volatile, effervescent variety I have never seen his equal. Nothing happier, wholesomer, or sweeter in this light kind can be imagined, and the receptive spectator of the comedian's playing often found himself affected with a delicious cerebral intoxication, which

passed away with the fall of the curtain, and left naught that was racking behind. The laugh cure is the only mode which is accepted by the physicians of every school, and Mr. Mathews must have been a potent therapeutic and prophylactic agent in the health of Great Britain. He inherited his histrionic talent, and had been finely trained in the old methods. Even in France his style was considered admirable in grace, finesse, and dexterity. Sometimes he played in French. His enunciation was a marvel of incisive and elegant precision, effected with perfect ease, and often with extreme velocity. In his utterance of the lines of Captain Patter, in his father's comedietta, *Patter vs. Clatter*, he performed an amazing feat. There were in the play six parts besides his own, the total speeches of the six others being uttered in three hundred words. The drama occupied twenty minutes in representation. Mr. Mathews's portion of the dialogue was practically an unbroken monologue of between seven thousand and eight thousand words, which were delivered in eleven hundred seconds. His talk went as a whirlwind moves, or as the water used to come down at Lodore when Southey's encouraging eye was on it; but no ear of ordinary acuteness needed to lose a syllable of his text.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Near the time when Mr. Mathews made his last visit to our country Miss Charlotte Cushman was approaching the close of her great professional career, which had been broken by many withdrawals and returns, and marked by more misuses of the word "final" than were ever in the history of the world charged against any other artist. I saw her in her assumptions of Meg Merrilies, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine, and in some of her less important characters. I thought her then, and still think her, the only actress native to

our soil to whom the adjective "great" can be fitly applied. As I remember her, she was a woman of middle age, gaunt of figure and homely of feature, who spoke with a voice naturally high in pitch and of a peculiar hollow quality, but of great range. The beauties and all the other women of the American stage were mere children beside her. Miss Mary Anderson, perhaps the most celebrated of our other home-born actresses, bore about the same relation to her that a march of Sousa bears to a symphony of Beethoven. Her assumption of Meg Merrilies, in the stage version of *Guy Mannering*, was the most famous and popular of her efforts, and well merited the general favor. It was one of the few impersonations I have seen which appeared to me to deserve to be called "creations." The queer old beldame of Sir Walter's novel, a figure strongly outlined by his strong pen, furnished Miss Cushman with little more than the germ of her conception. The Meg Merrilies of the actress was sometimes of the order of the Scandinavian Norns or of the Grecian Fates, sometimes a fierce old nurse bereft of her nursing. At moments she was merely a picturesque gypsy hag, with a grim sense of humor; anon, in speech with Harry Bertram, her crooning, brooding tenderness and yearning were more than maternal, and were poignantly pathetic; at the height of her passion she was a terrible being, glaring or glowering with eyes that reflected the past and penetrated the future, a weird presence dominating the dark woods and the cavernous hills, an inspired Prophetess and an avenging Fury. The wonder of wonders was that the performance was absolutely convincing. It was impossible to laugh at it at any point, even in its most fantastic aspects; impossible to withhold from it either full credit or entire sympathy. In it Miss Cushman, by the magic of her art, compelled the natural and the supernatural to fuse.

Her interpretation of Lady Macbeth was great, the actress attempting nothing novel or eccentric in her conception of the character. The lines in the performance which have fastened themselves with hooks of steel upon my memory are the four of Lady Macbeth's soliloquy near the opening of the second scene of the third act of the tragedy:—

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

I never knew a voice so capable as Miss Cushman's of saturation with anguish; and in no other text do I remember her equally to have used her gift in this kind. The words were accompanied by the wringing of her hands; and through the first couplet, as she gave it, the listener was made to gaze into the depths of a soul, soon to enter the night of madness, already enduring the torments of hell. In the same scene, the affectionate solicitude of her speeches to her husband produced an indescribable effect of the terrible and the piteous in combination. A spectacle it was of a great love, driven by its impulse to minister to the loved object; being itself utterly and fatalistically hopeless and barren of comfort and of the power to comfort.

But, on the whole, Miss Cushman's impersonation of the Queen Katharine of Henry VIII. must be accounted her crowning achievement, and, therefore, the highest histrionic work of any American actress. I shall merely note, with little detailed comment, the grandeur and simplicity of the character as she presented it in the first three acts of the play. Here, her Katharine was a document in human flesh, to show how a heavenly minded humility may be a wellspring of dignity, how true womanly sensibility may exalt the queenliness of a sovereign. The bearing of Katharine at the trial, in the second act, has been discussed till the theme is trite, and Mrs. Siddons's interpretation of the

scene and of its most famous line has been enforced, I suppose, upon her successors. The great daughter of the house of Kemble may, perhaps, have made the attack upon Wolsey, in

"Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak,"

more prepotent and tremendous than it was possible for her transatlantic sister in art to make it; but it is not to be believed that any player could have surpassed Miss Cushman in the unstudied eloquence of the appeal of the wife and mother to the hard heart of the Royal Voluptuary, who sat "under the cloth of state," his big red face, as Mademoiselle de Bury says, almost "bursting with blood and pride."

It was in the second scene of the fourth act that Miss Cushman's genius and art found their loftiest and most exquisite expression. Katharine—now designated in the text as "dowager," since Anne Bullen wears the crown—is led in, "sick," by her two faithful attendants, Griffith and Patience. The careful reader of the text will mark the transition from the previous scene, filled with the pomp and throng of Anne's coronation and with sensuous praises of the young queen's beauty, to the plain room at Kimbolton, whence a homely, discarded wife of middle age is passing into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Nothing of its kind that I have heard surpassed the actress's use of the "sick" tone of voice through all of Katharine's part of the fine dialogue. "Querulous" is the only adjective that will describe that tone, and yet "querulous" is rude and misdescriptive. The note was that which we all recognize as characteristic of sufferers from sickness, after many days of pain, or when an illness has become chronic. In Katharine this tone must not be so pronounced as to imply mental or moral weakness or a loss of fortitude: it was but one of the symptoms of the decay of the muddy corporal vesture in which her glorious soul was

closed. Miss Cushman avoided excess with the nicest art, but quietly colored the whole scene with this natural factor of pathos. A finely appealing touch was made on the words in her first speech, —

“Reach a chair:

So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease,” —

which were spoken first with the breaks and halts of an invalid, then with a slight comfortable drop in pitch, succeeded by a little sigh or grunt of relief at the period. All that followed was exceedingly noble, — her pity for Wolsey in his last humiliations, her pious prayer for his soul, her just, intuitive comment upon his grievous faults, her magnanimous acceptance of Grif-fith’s attributions of merit to her implacable foe. As the shadows deepened about the sick woman, Miss Cushman’s power took on an unearthly beauty and sweetness, which keenly touched the listener’s heart, often below the source of tears. Her cry, out of the depths of her great storm-beaten heart, of infinite longing for the rest of paradise, after her vision of the “blessed troop,” who invited her to a banquet, —

“Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all
gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind
ye?” —

will be recalled to-day by thousands of men and women, and at this mere mention the lines will echo and reëcho through the chambers of their memories. Katharine’s one flash of indignation at the rudeness of a messenger — queenly wrath, for an instant clearing her voice and lifting her form — made more effective the rapid lapse in strength which naturally followed. Capucius, the gentle envoy of her “royal

nephew,” the Emperor Charles V., has entered with messages of “princely commendations” and comfort from King Henry. To him she gave her last charges, all for deeds of loving-kindness to those about her, with an eagerness of desire which carried through her broken voice. Her messages of meekness and unfaltering affection to her false husband were, of all her touching words, the most poignant. In her commendation of her daughter Mary to the king, who is besought “a little to love” the child, —

“for her mother’s sake, that lov’d him,
Heaven knows how dearly,” —

and in her word of farewell to Henry, —

“Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
*Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless’d him,
For so I will,”* —

the supreme point of pathos was reached. The throb and sob of her voice in the italicized lines deserve never to be forgotten.

Throughout the final fifty verses of the scene Miss Cushman caused Katharine’s voice to grow slowly and gradually thicker, as the night of death closed in upon sight and speech. But Katharine’s last command, that she “be used with honour” after her death, and, “although unqueen’d,” be interred “yet like a queen, and daughter to a king,” given slowly and with the clutch of the Destroyer upon her throat, was superb and majestic. The queenly soul had prevailed, and wore its crown despite the treason of king, prelates, and courts. After Miss Cushman, all recent attempts, even by clever actresses, to impersonate Katharine of Aragon seem to me light, petty, and ineffectual.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY AT NIGHT.

It is a poetic circumstance, I take it, that the day's work, which begins with a very secular jargon of factory whistles, should end with a clangor of church bells. At six of the clock their benediction falls upon intermitted labor, and the world goes home thus blessed. In such an hour (the month was June, — the last June of the nineteenth century, — and the place that splendid inland seaport since made famous by the Pan-American) I stood where the two main arteries of traffic divide, and there saw the workers come thronging.

The bells had freed the city, — not one city, but two : East Side, mainly German ; West Side, well-to-do American. The one was going to supper, the other to dinner ; the one to doff its overalls, the other to don its Tuxedo ; the one to enjoy its sauerkraut, schwarzbrod, and lager, the other to partake of gentle fare, followed by demi-tasse and cigars. All Buffalo is divided into two parts ; mingling in the crowded streets, they touch at the elbow, with all the world between them. Each took presently its own path, and for any sympathy you could find, they might have traveled a thousand leagues apart. "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Erelong there fell a solemn hush. For a certain space the hush continued, — a pleasant, suggestive, even a redolent hush, calling to mind the delicate verses of Stevenson : —

"It is so very nice to think
The World is full of meat and drink,
And little children saying grace
In every Christian sort of place."

I dined (none too frugally) at the Iroquois, and then rode forth to see the early evening. Uptown folk, I observed, had emerged from their mansions to sit in armchairs and loll luxuriously in ham-

mocks within the broad, deep porches, where wistaria hung in lovely clusters, or palms rose magnificent. Here was that gracious, silent calm that parts the day from the night, — at least that was what Buffalo intended it should be. But alas for that kindly intention ! Yonder a ragged Fra Diavolo turned the handle of his hideous hurdy-gurdy to the tune of Mascagni's *Intermezzo* ; another, half a square away, struck up Sweet Rosy O'Grady ; while a third predicted A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night. The law would abate this nuisance at half past eight. Till then, oh, pity the wretched Buffalonians, who had palaces to live in, and exquisite lawns spread wide about the palaces, and tall trees to shade the lawns, and jubilant robins to sing in the trees, but who, for all that, must suffer the curse of the organ grinder ! Yet this was not all. Hither came cycling the vulgar East Side, in couples mostly, the men kindly "helping" the girls. Hans had Gretchen gripped by the arm, as if under arrest, or laid a guiding hand on Gretchen's shoulder or on Gretchen's farther shoulder, or rode with an arm about Gretchen's waist. Vain are the frowns of veranda folk ; in vain will enraged editors thunder rebuke in the *Morning Express* or the *Evening Commercial Advertiser*. Here are two hundred asphalt miles, consequently some ninety thousand wheels, and they who ride make law for themselves. As well chide the magnificent victorias and barouches, which at this early evening hour roll through endless elm-shaded avenues toward Park or Front. As well rebuke the gay red-and-green tallyho coach, returning, with much clatter of hoofs and blare of brass, from Niagara Falls.

Now, you would say, was the whole town given over to frivolous enjoyment. I found the truth far otherwise. Some

must work that others may play. The thronging idlers who begin their parade of the downtown streets, — what joy have they, save as the kindly solicitude of trade waits attendant? So I drove through Main Street, watching what shops were open. I discovered two separate kinds: those that sell chiefly to laborers, who cannot buy till the day's task is done; and those that sell to the triflers, who buy when the mood is on them, or not at all. For instance, two thirds of the bicycles are sold after six, for the working class are now almost the sole purchasers of bicycles; the vendors of cheap jewelry keep open doors for analogous reasons; likewise the "misfit" clothier, the "painless" dentist, the low-class barber, and the glib fakir or charlatan. The other sort deal in luxuries, — a glass of ale, a cigar, a copy of *Life*, a rose, a sip of soda water, an orange, a box of bonbons, — things to coddle the whim of the passing moment. Then said I, "Considering the avid greed of our merchants, I'm amazed that so many have shut up their shops."

Hear now the tale of the Retail Clerks' Union which made the shops close. Approaching the merchants with diplomatic calmness and amiability, the unionists "made representations." They urged that short hours, with an evening for normal recreation, would make them far livelier. Hence they would wheedle the customer with unprecedented loquacity, and would sell as much in short hours as in long. "Besides," they promised, "we shall persuade your competitors to the early-to-bed policy, and patrons will soon learn to buy by daylight." That sounded plausible. A few employers acceded, and the eating proved the pudding. The unions gratefully responded by tacking a union ticket upon the door of every acquiescent proprietor. Union tickets drew union trade; and when acquiescence became profitable, it was not long before acquiescence became very general. Thus, without strike or

lockout or boycott or any hard feeling, the end was won. Would that the retail clerks might have their will with the poor, driven, hard-toiling East Side; but that is too much to hope.

"Driver," said I, breaking in upon my own reflections, "take me to Fort Porter in time for the sunset gun." So we passed to the Front, and witnessed the official salutation of the night, — a shining brass fieldpiece, a single blue soldier, a jerk of a cord, a round white powder puff growing bigger and bigger, a flag hauled down while the bugler blew his call, and a strange booming sound still echoing and reëchoing through the city. Yet high enough still rode the sun, now "robed in flames and amber light," and sinking, oh, so slowly, down toward his Majesty's Canadian shore! "Straight was a path of gold for him" — a path all radiant and shimmer-fine — across the broad Niagara.

But now I seemed to hear Buffalo saying, "The play's the thing," and then to see hundreds of pleasure-loving Buffalonians posting away, by carriage or trolley car, to some charming comedy or light opera. I seemed also to see clubs showing signs of vivacity, — Saturn Club, University Club, Buffalo Club, even the Twentieth Century Club (a club of women). I seemed to see evening callers awaiting in dainty drawing-rooms their hostess's welcome. I seemed to see wealth and prosperity arrayed in their richest (for night, the patrician, goes finer clad than day). And then I thought of many little children — wee exiles from the world's sweet merriment — suffering themselves to be deftly tucked into bed, each one bemoaning so grievous a fate, as who should say: —

"Now does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
I have to go to bed by day?"

Clear and blue was the sky overhead, to be sure, though gold and fire were piled together in the west; and I lin-

gered on the bluff above the river till gold and fire were gone, and the beautiful stars peeped out of heaven. The whole scene changed before me. The blue of lake and river passed through gray to black; white yachts, mellow-tinted with the sunlight, became mere tiny gleaming gems of yellow and red and green; the lighthouse tower on the end of the breakwater utterly vanished, and out of the place where it had stood flashed warning to sailors. Innumerable lights flickered feebly from Canadian farmhouses, and in the very midst of the Niagara a pretty, colored constellation marked the "crib" where the water-works take their supply. And beneath me, along the retaining wall which divides the river from Black Rock Harbor, I beheld an endless chain of bonfires, lanterns, torches, and student lamps, set in readiness by countless modern Waltons to lure the inquisitive perch and bass.

At last it was night in good faith, and I rode once more through the city, beholding a fine miracle of illumination, — Pennsylvania coal in tremulous gas flames, natural gas from that same Pennsylvania, feeding the incandescent Welsbach burners, while electrical power from Niagara Falls glowed in twenty-six thousand golden bulbs and sputtered in twenty-five hundred purplish arc lamps, and I knew that those "biddable stars" were at once a modern convenience and a means of grace. No longer need women lean on the arms of men, for fear of the dark. No longer need your sturdy night watchman stand guard. A single arc lamp fills all the place with so searching an illumination that thieves may not break through nor steal.

Now it seemed that a sort of set season had begun, and must run its course. From eight o'clock the night was all uneventfully alike until eleven, or near that hour, when the curtains of theatres fell, and the throngs of flushed playgoers strode forth under the stars. To be sure, the moon came up, pouring soft

splendors upon that noble city, and made the drooping elms a melancholy mystic wonder, made modern palaces grand with a dignity not their own, made the harbor a twice-told tale of marvel and delight; for all the ships and all the great blackened granaries that crowd the wharves became reduplicated in the quivering, moonlit water. Yes, the rise of the moon, — was not that eventful? And the clear spaces of heaven, through which the moon shone resplendent, — was there not in them, also, the making of history which might change the map of the world, so that where otherwise there would be bachelor apartments and cheerless boarding houses, there should instead be pretty cottages, and decent lawns about the cottages, and little children at play upon the lawns? Yes, a very eventful moonrise beyond peradventure of doubt; and yet it seemed to me that the evening of theatre hours was outwardly all of a piece, — coherent, continuous, even monotonous: same lighted, busy shops; same crowded streets; same parks filled with pleasers; same pool rooms, beer gardens, and German bowling alleys, where the youthful East Side made merry; same clubs and drawing-rooms, where the West Side found relaxation and recreation. The play over, the city suffered a marked transformation, for now must the good be demurely pillowed in bed.

Homeward, then, turned many thousands. Standing outside a theatre, I observed, not without curious interest, that the trolleys in waiting exactly accommodated the crowds that came forth. "How is this?" said I; and I'll tell you the answer. The master motorman posts an inspector at the door of each theatre in the early evening, to count the people who come by trolley. The master motorman deducts from the inspector's report a certain percentage sure to go home in carriages, another percentage destined to turn themselves loose upon "the town," and a still further percent-

age who will withdraw to the pretty cafés of neighboring hotels to partake of such viands as no man in his senses will dream of — till afterwards ! Then the master motorman knows just how many cars each theatre needs.

It seemed to me almost incredible that in less than an hour the streets should be altered beyond compare, and that sleep should have fallen upon a whole municipality, now got safely to bed with such amazing promptitude. And no less astonishing was the infinite variety of devices by which the town had laid itself down to rest. I thought of polished brass and dainty white counterpanes, and wise heads "full of the foolishhest dreams ;" of hard and narrow cots where the destitute were sheltered by the Salvation Army ; of hospital wards where nurses went silently a-tiptoe ; of lodging houses where tramps and rogues and every sort of social derelict lay stowed together, to swelter and snore ; of police-station cellars where wayfarers and miscreants sought comfort on couches upholstered with Portland cement ; of hotels — "clanging hotels," Mr. Kipling would say — in which all known species of disturbance await the trusting guest ; of prison cells — damp, hideous, awesome — where sin gets its wage, which is death. All this I seemed to-see, and recalled with no small delight the teaching of Buddha : "Thou shalt use no luxurious bed." Good Buddhists are we, or at least a great part of us.

Now it was even as I have told you : the wise and the good lay dreaming, and I saw that the others, loving darkness because their deeds were evil, strode forth in the night. Knaves, courtesans, fools, and numberless delinquents filled the streets, or failed to fill them, leaving many a highway unfrequented and many a byway quite empty. And as I mused on the change of things, I thought of all that had changed during the evening. The faces had undergone a most singular metamorphosis : tired, work-

day faces giving room to gay, pleasure-loving faces ; these to anxious, wan, homeless faces ; and these, again, to brutish faces, — faces utterly repugnant, and such, indeed, was their physiognomy that you felt for your watch. So of morals : amusement shaded off into mild Bohemianism, and that into dissipation. So of the intellect : newspapers, fiction, and solid reading filled the early evening ; now only the sensational novel had power to charm. Even food met a change : "beefeaters" yielded to frivolous supper parties, and these, in turn, to the eaters of lobsters and rare-bits. The later the hour, the less discreet the man. That was natural. The discreet went to bed, the reckless kept awake ; for all his sage looks, the owl, as I learn, is but a silly bird. And late at night human nature becomes singularly venturesome ; hatching huge, bubble-tinted schemes, which look quite unbelievable next morning ; and giving itself over on the one hand to an utterly romantic idealism, and on the other hand to a pessimistic philosophy whose portals would scare away the most aggressive of all fiends that are under the earth. Proposals and suicides occur at night, generally late at night ; at midnight we are all of an age, yet scarcely of age. Schopenhauer has somewhere a maxim which compares a day to a lifetime : we are young in the morning, middle-aged in the afternoon, old in the evening. But I cannot receive it. Evening, especially the farther verge of evening, seems to me like to senility in one point only : it is then that we are garrulous and egotistic. People say confidences come easiest in the dark ; but the truth is, confidences come easiest in the night, be the gaslight never so brilliant ; for then is the soul unloosened, and then are its inhibitive faculties brought to naught.

Seeing still a vast deal of stir in the city, I called a cabman to show me the cause. I sat at his side on the box, while he took me through terrible streets

whose names are names to shudder at. Yet be not intolerant, good reader. What with twenty-eight railroads, enormous fleets of lake shipping, and an innumerable flotilla of canal boats, Buffalo becomes a rendezvous for hordes of drifting men. Being the sixth port of the world, next to the largest cattle market, itself the most important grain and lumber port, Buffalo invites a throng of traveling men; and it is these itinerants, not the four hundred thousand inhabitants, who debauch the town. It is the stranger within the gates, not the good man of the house, who exacts night work of the Salvation Army and the rescue mission.

Next I said, "Music halls, cabman," and we flitted from one horrid den to another, in quick succession. A boy would have called it "seeing life," not knowing it was death we were seeing. And yet I found here and there a touch of odd humor. A sign read thus: "No pipe-smoking in this theatre!" In another place I discovered notices declaring: "We don't want no sleepers hanging around here," "We don't want no knockers and boosters in this joint," "Order lunch at the counter and dig in," and "Leave your valuables behind the bar, or we are not responsible for them." These were music halls of precisely the Bowery type, though I found them in Main Street, and in streets as accessible. The most elaborate has since changed management or gone out of existence; but it was then the property of Mr. Steve Brodie, who leaped to fame and fortune from the Brooklyn Bridge. A moral maxim posted behind his bar impressed me deeply. It read: "Cursing and swearing don't make you any tougher in the eyes of people that hears you. STEVE BRODIE." And when the small hours drew near, I visited a miserable, downtrodden gin palace, to discern how the Raines law might work. When, as the Frenchman said, "the clock slapped one," there was much pushing of

chairs, much running hither and yon, and in a twinkling the place had become a "hotel." Not a drop of liquor might pass over the bar, and that very dispensable dispensary was veiled like a veiled lady. But — untold quantities might go around the end of the bar. Hence thirst was slaked and slaked again, and the law and the prophets were fulfilled.

Dismissing my cabman, I walked again through the streets, feeling the strange fascination of the night. Emerson speaks of the "tumultuous privacy of storm," and I thought there was also a tumultuous privacy of night, — an exaggeration of the soul, an odd riot of outer impressions. Tall buildings leaned forward, with brows bent toward the street; sounds of conversation carried half a block and more; the infrequent trolleys, tail in air, sang a chromatic scale as they started, and their bells rang reverberant chimes as they passed me by; my own footsteps came back clamorous from over the way; moths flitted about the hissing arc lights, and ratlike shadows ran to and fro on the pavement beneath them. The effect was weird, melancholy, bizarre, as befitted the time. The soul, turned inward upon itself, brooded morbidly. Thought, less sequacious than by day, sought strange, unwonted channels. I was never more myself, never more alone.

But now I said, "We will examine those things which neither slumber nor sleep." There are many such things, and they fall into three broad classes, — the perennially necessary, the necessarily nocturnal, and the things whereby night prepares for day. I looked first at the perennially necessary, and I soon enough saw them personified in a hulking big policeman, who came lumbering down Main Street, trying every door as he passed it.

The Buffalo police are organized according to the three-platoon theory, and, in a sense, the night platoon have the lightest as well as the darkest task. Most people are good when they are

asleep, and at night the most people are asleep. You would say, no doubt, that night is the time for the burglar, and so it is; burglaries occur commonly during the three hours following midnight; but burglars are far less numerous than sneak thieves, and sneak thieves rob by day. And though crimes of violence are more frequent in the night, because they that are drunken are drunken in the night, crimes of violence comprise but a very small fraction of humanity's misbehavements. Nevertheless, it is late at night that the solitary patrolman seems most grandly a hero. It is then that you say that

" makin' mock o' uniforms
That guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms,
And they're starvation cheap."

The firemen, too, are quite indispensable; and a sorry life is theirs, the same men serving by night and by day. Cat-like, they sleep with one eye open, and, for such reason as no man may fathom, the whole vast department is twitched out of bed at every alarm, awaiting the "joker's" numerical announcement. Even the horses sleep bitted. Making my way to a neighboring station, I chatted with the watchman in low tones, lest I break some one's rest. He, however, spoke loudly as ever. The point was this: the sleeping firemen get so used to familiar voices as never to be disturbed by them, while a strange voice wakes the sleepers at once. And presently I was admitted to the dormitory over the engine room, where, by sheer luck, the bell rang as I entered. A dozen men sprang from their cots and into their clothes, and slid down a steel bar through a hole in the floor, before I could wink. Distant alarm — blaze in a woodshed five miles away — a dozen sleepy guardsmen sent back to their bunks! Tell me, can men thus used keep fit for active service?

Less dramatic, though not less indispensable, is the guardianship of health.

Doctors and apothecaries leap up in readiness at the most ridiculous hour. The ambulance waits ever the call. And so are we watched over, that the moon shall not smite us, nor the pestilence that walketh by night. And should we foolishly venture forth upon the lake in a squall, there are watchful eyes to keep us from drowning. The life-saving people tell me that fools serve as final cause of their task. Might not policemen and firemen say the same?

Furthermore, the mobility of human society is indispensable, and abhors paralysis. Cabs run day and night; not the same cabs, but cabs. And the cab is the tippler's friend. The great barns keep their vehicles moving till midnight; the purely nocturnal gigs and coaches go privateering. I inquired how the horse fared under so Parisian a reversal of night and day. "'E do fare well," said the cabby. "'E canna be bit nights by flies, an' 'e canna be 'urt nights by 'eat." But at this point I sighted a familiar face. Mr. Richard Danforth, operating superintendent of the trolley lines, rode by in his "hurry-up" cart, going home from an electrical complication. He very kindly picked me up, and told me things. The night crews, it seems, mount the cars at ten and work till six, getting ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor, though without "relief." They eat their supper at two in the morning. These must be trusty souls, the best twentieth of the whole army of trolley-men; for the cars run at high speed, and many of the passengers are also very "fast," — so fast, indeed, that they sometimes give trouble, and the disorder is to be cured only by the laying on of hands. The management instructs conductors to fight only when necessary, but never to be beaten. "Punch, brothers," but "punch with care." Yet, on the whole, the world is so constituted that the conductors establish rather an intimate *entente* with the "rounders." The rounder calls the conductor by his Christian name; the conductor puts the

rounder down at his accustomed stopping place, no matter how hilariously unaccountable that particular rounder may have become. This is possible, because the rounder always comes home on the same car; there is nothing so uniform as the regularity of the irregular. Moreover, there is work to be done all night at the car barns, — cars to be groomed, endless details and particularities to be inspected. There would also be work for the power house, did not Niagara furnish the power.

I bade Mr. Danforth good-night (good-morning, I mean) in front of a brilliantly lighted railroad station, and therein beheld many scores of sleepy passengers leaning awry in the most uncomfortable postures known to unhappy science. A sorry sight, thought I, and I perceived that the sufferers were of two sorts, — laboring people and ministers of the gospel; alike poor, and alike possessors of second-class tickets not serviceable on through trains with sleepers. Jaded as I then was with much running hither and yon, I thought it to be tragic, that common herding of soldiers of the cross with ignorant Poles and Italians, that degradation of cultured, sensitive souls amongst semi-barbarians. But perhaps it was chiefly my mood, for late hours heighten the melodramatic instinct; the *matinée*, you will admit, must at least mimic night. Perhaps, too, it was the unaccustomed weirdness of it all. There are no such scenes in Boston, for Boston is in no sense a way station.

And now I said, "Let us see what consequences result from all this night activity of a station." For one thing, the cut-rate ticket man kept open doors, to buy from who might come; for another, the express office had lights; still again, freight sheds rumbled with moving trucks; mail carts clattered to and fro; and, most impressive of all, the hotels had each a very perceptible lathstring hung out. Seeking out a hostelry whose clerk I knew for an affable fellow, I

learned much in little. "Same as the day," said he, "except that the bar and café close up."

At this juncture a prolonged blast from a steam whistle, many times repeated, resounded through the city; it came from the harbor. So thither I hastened, and found a huge grain hulk lustily calling for an extra towboat to take the stern line and get her tethered to the wharf. There is no night in the harbor. Tug captains, wharfingers, stevedores, scoopers, colliers, freight handlers, machinists, — all must be fit for the job when the job pulls in. What with frozen lakes for five months in the year, the utmost haste is needed lest the summer traffic fail to pay dividends. To unload speedily is to be off again, loaded to the line, a day later, earning one's salt and more. The lake freighters, like Kipling's "little cargo boats, that sail the wet seas round," have "got to do their business first, and make the most they can."

Now I protest that nowhere in North America will you come on a more thrilling night scene than the fresh-water cargo tank unloading. Here she lies, beneath the towering grain elevator, which thrusts a long pumping pipe (called the "leg") down through her hatchway. Mount the gangplank, dodging the spinning ropes that make your head reel; stumble about on the dark deck; look down, down, down, through the open hatch, and — zounds, what a sight! The hold glows with electricity; it is misty with blown dust; it roars with mechanical activity. An enormous steel "shovel," big as the side of a house, and manipulated by countless flying ropes, charges back and forth through the whole length of the ship, pitching the yellow grain before it, and heaping it up where the leg can get hold of it, to whisk it into the bin that is somewhere up in the sky. Beneath, in the hold, an army of blue-clad men, with wooden "scoops," barely dodge the deadly shovel as they swing the grain into its path.

A tug lay hard by, and the captain added his bit to my newly acquired knowledge, as I sat in the pilot house and peered out on the water, where red lights and green lights, with many of yellow and white, dripped zigzag fashion down from the wharves and ships. "Where do you sleep?" questioned I. "Why, here," he replied, "in this very pilot house, on that nice fluffy bunk you're a-settin' on; an' sometimes I sleep at that wheel, a-steerin' this boat, sir. Can't be helped, sir. The hours we work would stave in a trained nurse, an' send a sentinel to be shot. Why, man, I've seed the time when I've stuck by that wheel twenty grim hours at a stretch; once it was forty-two hours. And when you read in the paper about towin' a big propeller clean through a dock, or jammin' her into her next-door neighbor fer keeps, don't you say us tug folks are Johnnie Raws. Just say we're worked and worked till we sleep at the wheel. For that's God's truth, sir." Transportation, then, is that golden hinge upon which hangs the nation's wealth. The hinge must be ever ready. Even canal boats run day and night, the night mule working while the day mule sleeps. Board such a boat, and no doubt the skipper will lift a warning forefinger, saying, "S-s-sh! You'll wake the mule!"

Now, if you will stop and think a moment, you will see that next to the importance of nocturnal transportation ranks the importance of the nocturnal transmission of intelligence. Quite indispensable is the "night trick" at the telegraph office; equally so the "blue-coat boys," who go about on bicycles. (Happy thought: if the boy dawdles, the wheel tips over!) Besides, the "phone" must be ready. "Central" has a bass voice at night, and there are comparatively few of him, but the few would be grievously missed. And of course we must keep the post office open. Thither I trudged, to find men sorting letters by such miraculous methods that only one

is missent in twenty thousand, though the writers thereof lie dreaming. Leaving the post office, I noticed lights in a sombre office where the faithful undertaker awaited summons. He received me with a face as long as the Union Pacific, but, learning my business, cheered up somewhat and answered questions. "People mostly die between midnight and five in the morning. We have to be ready."

I found the undertaker rather a depressing companion, and speedily got quit of him. Calling a cab, I flitted once more to the Front, and saw that the waterworks ceased not at night. Eternally those gigantic black engines groan and heave and sweat at their toil; eternally the strong steel arm turns the thirty-foot balance wheel, while the hiss and ca-chug of eccentrics mark the endless revolutions, each registered automatically on a dial plate. Near by, a brewery showed signs of activity, and there I saw wonderful machines making artificial ice to keep the vats cool. And then the whole sky turned crimson. Far to the east a huge blast furnace belched fire. The furnace must never cool, lest the molten ingredients become hardened beyond remedy.

"This," said I to myself, "closes the list of the perennial indispensables; now for the necessarily nocturnal."

And then I beheld a most singular spectacle,—a train of cars in Main Street, dazzling lights in the cars, and in lieu of an engine a curious Juggernaut-looking affair, which had power to blend steel with steel by the force of electricity. This they called electric welding, and the train was gradually transforming a thousand rails into one long one. As I stood gazing, a hissing sound, accompanied by no little rumbling and tramping, announced something significant approaching. A span of flap-eared mules, a sulky-like vehicle, an immense rotary toothbrush beneath it, a dirty, round-shouldered driver, a cloud of dust,—

all this denoted that cleanliness which is close akin to piety. Spotless Town is chiefly groomed and glossed at night, for that is the time that the streets are deserted. Likewise, I saw a most untimely glow in the windows of many a tall building; offices were being dusted and scoured by a "scrub team" of dienstmädchen. Similarly, the marble-paved hotel lobbies received their nocturnal bath at the hands of innumerable kneeling devotees.

Such, then, were the things that must needs be done solely at night. But the night had aged perceptibly, and I must hasten to see the city prepare for dawn. Breakfast already loomed large in the future. "Cabby," said I, hailing that fail-me-never, "a steam bakery, or we perish!" A beautiful scene I found there, — white walls, white floors, white-clad bakers, white dough, and the glare of white light from Welsbach burners. Whistler, unless he has repented of the White Girl, would delight his eye in so arctic a color scheme. At three come the wagons to fetch a load of fragrant bread and rolls. And it is at this early hour that the outermost districts of Buffalo hear clattering carts that bring garden truck from the surrounding country; a little later the picturesque market in Elk Street assumes an air of most extraordinary activity; and likewise the milkman bestirs himself, to the serious irritation of the multitude.

I turned now to think of the morning paper, and, through the courtesy of Mr. David Gray, I beheld how it is made. His paper, the Enquirer (owned by a millionaire who once shoveled grain on the docks), boasts of its "yellowness." I beg to qualify: it is saffron, not yellow. Its sensationalism amounts mainly to staring lettering, the framing of news with bordering of stars, and the achievement of a lurid, not to say flamboyant "lay-out." The news editor, when I arrived, was "freaking it up" — to use his own phrase — in the compos-

ing room. He stopped freaking long enough to explain that almost no editorials are written at night; that reporters come in after supper; that they prowling till midnight; and that they hold their midnight moot council at police headquarters. I visited their lair in that imposing establishment, and found a banjo, a mandolin, three packs of cards, and several masters of fiction. "Yes," said one of them, "this is where things happen." But it is after midnight that the nervous fun sets in. Each paper attempts to cover the town with a single "dog," and, however agile the movements of that faithful mastiff, some things will escape him. For instance, a death — an important, and from a journalistic standpoint an eminently desirable death — may occur when the paper is just going to press. You have then a highly edifying race between "dogs," and all honor to him who wins a "beat" on his rival. Once upon a time, the owner of the Buffalo Courier died at four in the morning. The Buffalo Express dog, passing the house, saw an ominous stir. Getting his facts, he telephoned his editor, who drew from the "boneyard" a lengthy biography of the late lamented. Next morning the Courier came out with no mention of its own proprietor's demise. This led to a journalistic maxim still current in Buffalo: "A man who will die at four o'clock in the morning is no gentleman."

The night was now far spent. Birds twittered uneasily; pavements turned a sickly greenish white; the moon, long since set, seemed to draw away the stars, who bore affectionate attendance in her train; the east grew faintly light. Yes, it was morning. A little lad with a little ladder trotted nimbly down the street. There were lights before him, none behind. "I puts out sixty-two lights, sir; works from three to three forty-five; they's ninety boys like me; g'by!" and he skipped blithely away.

Just then a trolley car, with electric

bulbs still glowing, flashed round a corner, and its lonely conductor hailed me lustily. Most fortunate! I would ride to Delaware Park and wake up the Zoo. A pleasant ride it was, — long, white-paved avenues, slumbering elms, houses where as yet not a soul was astir, and at last the Park. A delicate rose pink tinged the sky, and birds caroled buoyantly. The swans came out of their nesting places, and rippled the lake. "Buccaneering bumblebees," half awake, clung lazily to lilacs and azaleas. The meadow, moist with dew and fragrant with sweet morning odors, seemed lovelier than ever. I was not alone, for wheelmen — or, more properly, wheelwomen, "well nine and twenty in a company" — drew up at the Zoo, and "I was of their fellowship anon." Each had a kodak; each had ambition; and no sooner had broad day come than those fair disciples of Seton-Thompson devoted themselves to portraiture. Wolves, prairie dogs, moose, and polar bears fell victims. In the case of the wolves I cared little, for wolves are a nuisance. The Belt Line trains wake the wolves; the wakened wolves howl, and the howl wakes the neighborhood. But I pitied the sensitive fawns, startled thus rudely. "That's nothin'," said the keeper; "it's the people that orter to be pitied. They're clean gone daffy. Only yesterday a loidy came over that there spiked railin' an' got in wid de grizzly, a-takin' his pitcher. If I had n't come when I did, he'd of 'ad 'er oder ear off; see?"

I whisked downtown again by the Belt train, and as I rode reflected. I had beheld the night work of a city. Arduous I had found it, — arduous, but not unnecessarily cruel. The night toiler's song is no Song of the Shirt. Never do the avaricious rich wantonly compel the poor. I had seen, too, a very intricate system cunningly devised to mollify hard conditions, — one shift relieving another shift, one man at work

that another might sleep, sometimes a weekly or biweekly change of venue. Yet arduous it remained, and ever must so remain. To many I said, "Can you keep your health?" Some answered, "Yes, but not our spirits. The habitual night worker feels like the whitened grass under a plank." The majority declared they could see no ill effect; but I noticed that no one ventured to defend night work as more healthful than day work.

Leaving the train at the Terrace Station, I clapped eye on the man I wanted, — a judge on a bicycle, riding to sunrise court. I followed. At police headquarters the cell room had opened its hideous grating, and a sorry file of the misguided — ragged, dirty, bleary-eyed, and breakfastless — slouched across the corridor, and seated themselves with an air of accustomed composure (such as chapel-going folk acquire) upon the hard wooden benches of a dingy court room. Several enormous patrolmen mounted guard, while the judge — called, for what reason I know not, the "justice" — ascended a rostrum surrounded (guess why) with a stout brass lattice, and opened an immense Doomsday Book, wherein the names of offenders were duly enrolled. Then the justice, without so much as lifting his eyes from the page, roared out, "John Dolan!" A hungry-looking, hollow-eyed workman shambled to the front. "Charge iv dhrunk an' intoxicated," said the judge.

"Intoxicated I was, yer honor, but dhrunk, niver!"

"Tin days," said the judge, and a loud guffaw went round the room.

"Michael Moonahan!" A poor bruised remnant of what had once been a man limped forward. "Charge iv assault an' bathtry."

"Yer honor, this ain't fair! I gets licked be Pat Flannagan, an' then the copper nabs me, and lets Pat go."

"I fine yez wan dollar."

The next three cases were discharged.

Then came the case of Schwartzmann *vs.* McSorley; Schwartzmann being a diminutive Teuton, while Officer McSorley stood six feet three without boots. "Heinrich Schwartzmann, I charge yez with assault forninst an officer iv the law. Misther McSorley, phat have yez to say?"

"This man took me cloob from me, an' insulted me outrageous."

"Dot vass one pig lie," rejoined the diminutive Teuton. "Your honor, I vass standin' on de corner uv Ellum Streedt und Vranklin, und dot bolice-man say to me, 'Gwan oud uv here, or I vill trag you to der station house.' I say to eem, 'Mein Gott, I vill arrest you!' Und now I vass heer." Discharged.

And so it went. Sunrise court they call a merciful device, which permits the discharged offender or the man who has paid a fine to get free in time to go to his labor. A pretty theory: see how it works. Policemen, eager to show their mettle, arrest whom they like "on suspicion." In winter they become most voracious, snapping up the innocent with unexampled eagerness, as an excuse to get in out of the cold while their victim waits trial. At best you have here a star-chamber procedure; "justice" administered while the town sleeps. The word of the well-fed, well-washed patrolman set over against that of the piti-

ful dazed wretch, who has spent half the night in a cell, and who all but faints for want of his breakfast. Witnesses there are none.

But what, think you, goes on at this very hour, within a stone's throw of the sunrise court? Early mass at St. Joseph's. Dockers, white with grain dust, red with ore, or black with coal; day laborers in blue overalls; hatless women with Polish shawls or bright Italian fichus, — these throng the echoing aisles; and there went I, not without sense of sweet relief, for there might Longfellow have written that noblest of all his sonnets: —

"I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the housetops and through heaven
above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!"

And when I came out of that solemn, sacred place, the sunlit highways were full of the workers. A thousand discordant whistles declared the hour. "Morning's at seven," said I.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE leading political parties, both in the United States and Europe, have been undergoing a process of evolution within the past two years, which has radically transformed, or seems about to transform, their character and party programmes. This transformation is none the less real because it has been, to a certain degree, unconscious, and has been

obscured by the perpetuation of old party names and the continued use of old formulas.

For nearly a score of years, from 1876 to 1896, American politics were in what may be described as a state of transition. Both the great parties often professed the same devotion to administrative reform and to sound money, and

sought to create artificial issues rather than to accept those growing inevitably out of the progress of events. Both parties had practically fulfilled, as early as 1876, the mission for which they were organized, and the succeeding twenty years were spent largely in the pursuit of factitious issues which would attract votes and hold the party organizations together, rather than in the adoption of issues logically created by events. There was a groping for new issues, without that sharp division of parties which develops naturally from conflicting economic policies or opposing moral convictions.

Recent events have created new issues, which seem likely to shape the policies of the two great parties in the United States for many years to come, and give to each a definite and clear-cut political programme. One of these parties seems destined to stand for a strong government, seeking national greatness through a resolute foreign policy and the expansion of colonial empire; the other seems destined to champion some of those measures of state socialism which have already obtained a firm footing in Europe, with the aim of insuring to the masses of the people equality of economic and social opportunity. In a sense, the two political parties have represented these ideas from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson; but a radical change has recently taken place in the issues treated as paramount, and in the methods by which those issues are advocated.

The Republican party has ceased to concern itself with the liberation and enfranchisement of the black race, and, while still protectionist, has so far lost sight of this issue that it was not even mentioned by President McKinley, in his last annual message to Congress, as one of the causes of the abounding prosperity which the country has enjoyed. With the changed conditions of international competition, the Republi-

can party has risen to the new requirements of the time, and proved its kinship with the party of Hamilton by adopting a positive national policy. On the Democratic side, — speaking, for convenience, of the Bryan Democracy as representing the party organization, — the modification of old conceptions is even more striking. This is true not merely of the money question, but of the fundamental methods by which the Democratic party of Jefferson sought to realize its aims.

Thomas Jefferson and his followers advocated, in political matters, if not in those more strictly economic, what came to be called the doctrine of *laissez faire*. This doctrine performed great services to humanity and to sound political and economic theory in shaking the fetters of feudalism from modern society. But its work as a living creed in the strictly political field is nearly done. If Mr. Cleveland, in appealing to the masses of the Democratic party to return to their old principles, receives but scanty and fainting response, it is not because these principles were false, but because they have done their perfect work. This work is no longer in danger of being undone, and it is, therefore, no longer possible to stir political passions in regard to it. Flawless on the side of abstract doctrine, it no longer represents an issue upon which propagandism is required. In the arena of political freedom, little remains to be achieved in the United States, and comparatively little in any country where constitutional government has been established. Universal manhood suffrage; the equal share of all men in government; justice for rich or poor, weak or powerful, in the courts of law, — all these things have been completely achieved in democratic countries, so far as it is possible for them to be achieved by political legislation. The fact that this universal suffrage and this equality of civil rights is coming to be limited, in this country, to the Cauca-

sian race involves a different problem, upon which it is not necessary to enter here. The Anglo-Saxon mind is pre-eminently practical rather than severely logical, and accepts to-day, in practice, if not in terms, the limitation that the privilege of self-government shall be granted only to those who are capable of using it with reasonable discretion.

In the complete achievement of those reforms for which Jefferson contended is found the reason for much of the groping and wavering of the Democratic party in America to-day. It is not a phenomenon, moreover, which is limited to the United States. In Great Britain, the same sense of a mission which has been fulfilled has paralyzed the energies of the Liberal party, stifled the ambition of its leaders, and disrupted its ranks, in the face of the new issues which are coming before the country. Liberalism in its classic sense has, in the political field, done its perfect work. It will be pointed out in a moment that there is another field upon which it may enter; but in this new field new battle cries will be heard, new weapons will be used, and many of those who have served loyally under the banner of political liberalism will refuse to serve under the banners inscribed with the new doctrines. The true meaning of the new conditions, and the new alignment they demand, are coming to be appreciated by thoughtful Liberals in England. Mr. G. F. Millin, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1901, thus sums up the situation: —

“It is the simple truth to say that the great historic party, the moral power of which reformed Parliament, repealed the Corn Laws, swept away religious disabilities, gave a free press and popular education, and the right to combine, has no effective principle or policy absolutely and clearly distinct from those which are now guiding the legislation and the administration of the Tories.”

The reorganization of parties through-

out the world promises, therefore, to be along the lines of imperial expansion on the one hand, and state socialism on the other. The recognition of the importance of colonial expansion has flashed upon all the great civilized nations within the past generation. Great Britain, the chief colonial power down to recent years, was absorbed in domestic questions until she had worked out political freedom at home and economic supremacy under the old conditions. Disraeli was among the first to appreciate the importance of the colonies to the future of the British Empire. In the face of ridicule and contumely, he declared in favor of an imperial policy, and set in motion the series of measures which in 1877 placed upon the head of Queen Victoria the diadem of “Empress of India.”

Prince Bismarck persisted in laying the foundations of an imperial policy by his ventures in Africa from 1885 onward, in spite of hostile votes in the Reichstag and the barren character of the countries open to German colonization. France was already a colonial power in Algeria and the Orient before 1880, but only after that year did she push her conquests in Annam, extend her protectorate over Tunis, and seize Madagascar. Even Belgium, though without a large military and naval equipment to sustain her power beyond sea, succeeded, by the convention of 1892, in acquiring a large territory in Africa. Italy also sought colonial establishments on the Red Sea, at heavy cost, and Japan was prevented from acquiring a footing in China only by the united warning of three great powers. Russia, although feeling less the pressure of some of the economic causes which have influenced the great manufacturing nations, has, nevertheless, pressed with growing intensity upon her neighbors in central Asia and upon the tottering Empire of China. The United States entered the circle in 1898 with the conquest of Porto Rico and

the Philippines. Although the appearance of this country among colonial powers bore the semblance of an accident, the eagerness with which the opportunity was seized, and the light-heartedness with which blood and treasure have been sacrificed for maintaining a footing in the Orient, are sufficient evidence that expansion and the struggle for free markets must soon have become, in any event, a part of American national policy.

The evolution of an imperial foreign policy in manufacturing countries, and the simultaneous growth of the sentiment for state socialism in all of them, are but gropings along different lines for a solution of the same problem. This problem is the congestion of saved capital, the growing intensity of the struggle for existence, both between individuals and nations, and the necessity for new outlets for the less efficient labor which has been displaced by machinery on the one hand, and for the greatly increased product of the more efficient labor on the other, which, by the aid of machinery and economies in production, is outrunning the demands of current consumption. In the evolution of human society, it is not unlikely that each of these solutions — new markets and the protection of national trade opportunities abroad, and some steps toward the reorganization and mitigation of the competitive system at home — will be in part adopted in meeting the problems of the future.

The manufacturing and capitalistic nations stand face to face in a struggle for commercial power which may be a struggle of life or death for their producing masses. As units of political power, it is the mission of each to obtain outlets for its national production, and to prevent the fencing off of the undeveloped territories of the earth for the exclusive exploitation of one or more other powers. Equality of economic opportunity abroad, or exclusive opportunity, therefore, is the mission of the

strong national party in each nation, — the party which need not blush under a true interpretation of the name "Imperialist." But equality of economic opportunity at home must also be secured, if the benefits won by national producing capacity and guarded by national power are not to be sequestered by a few. This is the true mission of the party in opposition, — to demand equality of opportunity for those within the state in sharing what has been won by a firm national policy for the citizens of the state throughout the world. These issues are so great and vital that they may well justify a recasting of party programmes, and may well make party professions seem trifling when they are rung upon the old domestic issues. When these new issues are frankly recognized as the dividing lines of party, the present unsettled state of party relations will disappear, and each of the great parties will have a definite and defensible programme. Toward this solution events are steadily tending.

It has been said that the programme outlined by Jefferson at the foundation of the republic has been completely carried out. Emphasis should be laid upon the fact that this programme sought political objects rather than economic objects. Before machine production had been born, — at least before it had become a serious factor in social life; before great accumulations of capital had made possible the construction of railways, the centralization of industry, the distribution of the products of the farm and mill through organized markets, and combinations of producers and manufacturers, reaching the stage of world monopolies, — it was the dream of idealists that the achievement of political equality for all men would usher in economic equality as an inevitable consequence. The two ideas were hardly considered as separate. This hope has been disappointed. There is almost nothing more which can be done to ex-

tend the political rights of members of the Caucasian race in America or Great Britain. Even regulations to prevent corruption of the individual voter, to insure the secrecy of his ballot, and thereby to take away all power of direct political coercion from wealth, intellect, and power, have reached a point where they can be carried little farther. But it is obvious, even to those who have expected great results from these recent reforms, that they have failed to accomplish what was expected, in establishing for all men by the side of their equality before the law a like equality of economic opportunity.

The fact that the work of the Liberal party along the lines of political reform has been accomplished in England, much like the work of the Democratic party along the same lines in the United States, was recognized in an article printed in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1900, by Mr. Edward Dicey. He even declared that the list of political reforms "was virtually exhausted while the nineteenth century was still in its prime." Summing up the future of the great parties, he declared:—

"I can see no grounds to hope that the Liberal party can ever regain the position it held in the days of Whig ascendancy, under Russell and Palmerston. If I have made my meaning clear, I think I have shown that the Liberal downfall is due mainly to the logic of facts. The party, for good or bad, had fulfilled its mission, and having completed all the principal reforms consistent with the existing constitution of these realms, it lost its reason of being. . . . According to my forecast, the opposition, in virtue of the exigencies of their political position, must become more and more radical. For the moment the Radicals are left out in the cold. They have no programme, no policy, no leaders, and, for the most part, no heart in their work. But in a democracy there is sure to be a party which bids for pop-

ular support by democratic legislation. For reasons I have pointed out, political reform has lost its attraction for the masses. But the idea that their position might be improved by social reforms is gradually gaining ground amidst the working class, who in the last resort can always determine the result of any appeal to the constituencies by sheer force of numbers. Thus, if I am not mistaken, the liberal party of the future, under whatever name it may be known, will be the radical party with socialistic proclivities."

That the Democratic party in the United States is going through a similar transformation is beginning to be appreciated by far-sighted observers. The *New York Journal*, soon after the recent election of Mr. Tom L. Johnson as mayor of Cleveland, declared that "this week's elections have brought to the front a new class of leaders,—men who have given thought to the problems of the new century, and who will be able to propose solutions that will commend themselves to the public intelligence." The real character of the new issues was thus set forth:—

"Mr. Bryan, able and patriotic as he is, is not really modern. He lives in the past. He has never been able fully to adapt himself to the economic and social revolution that has changed the face of the world. A superseded financial theory like free silver appeals to him more than the public ownership of railroads and telegraphs, postal savings banks, or any of the other pressing needs of the twentieth century."

The *Springfield Republican*, whose readiness to speak the truth at all times has been long sustained by a keen insight into the shams of party management, reviews these same elections of last spring, and thus sums up their significance:—

"Their success has in it a half note of socialistic triumph. Men who take the ground Johnson and Jones do toward

monopolies, toward land, and toward taxation can hardly be in close sympathy with the old Democracy of Mr. Whitney, the late Governor Flower, and Mr. Cleveland. Their success in Cleveland and Toledo means a Bryanism modified and readjusted along socialistic lines, rather than the revival or restoration of the old Democratic régime."

That a great work lies before the party of popular rights is manifest from many of the signs of the times. The rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few is a factor big with the elements of jealousy and discord in the future. If it be true, as shown by a recent computation in the *New York Herald*, that 3828 millionaires own \$16,000,000,000, or nearly one fifth of the wealth of the country, this fact is bound to attract attention and cause debate.

Every one who has seriously considered the subject without prejudice knows that these great accumulations of wealth are in most cases legitimate under existing law, and that the getting of them has involved no violation of the moral law as it is understood to-day. In any country, the person who looses the seal of its resources, whether by a railway system, an important invention, or the reduction of the cost of making or distributing some useful article, is entitled to reap rich rewards. This is especially the case in a new country, where the taking of risks is an almost necessary condition of great success. The accumulation of these fortunes has not prevented the increase in the number of well-paid positions in the professions which minister to new comforts, luxury, and culture. The number of persons having incomes which would have been considered generous upon the scale of half a century ago has greatly increased, and the earnings and comfort of the laboring masses have also increased. All classes have an increased producing power, resulting from machinery; and this increased producing power has en-

abled all to become larger purchasers of articles and services beyond the bare necessities of subsistence.

But notwithstanding the freedom of these fortunes, in the majority of cases, from any taint of wrongdoing, and notwithstanding the improved resources of all classes, the concentration of great wealth in a few hands is an economic fact of which society is certain to take note. Abuses of great wealth have usually grown up by degrees, and not by deliberate violation of law or equity. It was thus that Italy was ruined by the conquests of Rome, which substituted slave labor for free labor, and gradually absorbed all the arable land into the hands of a few landlords. It was thus that the French nobility, originally rendering important services to the state, became useless parasites upon the body politic, because they retained and extended their privileges after they had ceased to render services. In the United States, the control which the holders of this wealth are often able to exercise over state legislatures, with the exemptions from taxation which have been purchased by corporations, by carrying their enterprises into particular communities, indicates a danger of abuse with which the far-sighted statesman and philosopher is bound to reckon.

The new party of opposition to privilege and power will undoubtedly make blunders in the application of its theories which will repel the thoughtful and alarm the conservative. But in spite of this fact,—in spite of the tendency of its policies to drive into the ranks of the more constructive party men of property and large interests,—a legitimate field undoubtedly lies before the party which sets out to diminish the powers of corruption, of deception, and of spoliation, conferred by the progress of events upon concentrated wealth and unscrupulous power. Its highest aim should be to insure to all something of that equality of economic and social opportunity which

is the dream of the most profound thinkers. Exaggeration and passion will, unfortunately, obscure the better elements of this party programme, and excite the nervous fears of the owners of property and of special privileges; but the principles of the popular party will continue to make headway, even if their execution is sometimes reluctantly assumed by its better organized opponent.

In this great field of economic inequalities must labor the liberal party of the future. To a limited extent its objects may be sought along the old lines of democratic policy, — the removal of needless fetters imposed by the state upon the freedom of the individual. But along these lines only a tithe can be accomplished of that programme which is being marked out by the advanced thinkers of modern socialism. Direct interference by the state with private rights and with the privilege of combination — not abstention from interference — is a necessary part of their political machinery. In the measures of state socialism they seek the weapons which are to cripple the power of great combinations, and remit to the individual the real equality in competition with his fellows which they believe is threatened by the privileges conferred on corporations by the power of combined wealth, and by the many weapons of deception and wrong placed in the hands of the farsighted and unscrupulous by the modern organization of industry. It is not intended to be implied that this organization is wrong in substance or in purpose. This is the opposite of the writer's belief. Many of the changes which have been proposed would tend only to cripple the mighty machinery by which modern competition is reduced to a common level, and by which values are fixed with a delicacy and precision which were impossible under old conditions. Laws which check enterprise by excessive taxation upon the production and distribution of goods or the transfer of capital

only fasten a ball and chain about a nation which seeks to enter upon a successful race with its rivals in the intense competition of modern commerce.

Notwithstanding these grounds for criticising popular measures of intended reform, there are many measures of state socialism which are capable of reasonable discussion without raising alarm among intelligent owners of property. Such projects would naturally precede more radical ones as political issues. Insurance for workingmen against sickness and old age, which is on trial in Germany, has many benefits. The laborer, the employer, and the state share in fixed proportions in the contributions toward the funds which provide for emergencies and old age. If the contributions by the state seem to levy a tax upon the more thrifty, it should be remembered that, in a large degree, they only offset contributions which would otherwise have to be made for public charity. These subjects are mentioned, not for the purpose of expressing any opinion on their merits, but to indicate the class of issues upon which the country may be called to divide in the future.

While any step toward state socialism will undoubtedly be like a red rag to a bull, in many quarters, — and this intolerant temper will be fostered for political ends by the party of positive policies, — there is nothing in a moderate programme of this kind to alarm the man of property or even disturb the owner of great wealth, where its possession does not depend upon special favors from the state. There is not room in a magazine article to discuss, even in outline, the reasonable measures of public policy which might be supported by a party seeking, in the interests of the masses, to insure for all equality of economic opportunity. The socialistic features of this programme, so far as they become practical issues, will naturally relate to the control of quasi-public functions, like transportation by rail, municipal lighting and

Why not of teams?

heating, and other things which can better be done by concentration and by a single authority than by several competitors. Whatever may be the economic merits of these proposals, they are not revolutionary in the worst sense of the term. The man who advocates them is not necessarily an enemy of private property nor a champion of red-handed revolution. The most conservative countries in a political sense — Great Britain and Germany — have already gone far beyond American communities in this sort of state socialism.

The ownership of the telegraph and the railways by the government is likely to be much discussed in the United States within the next generation. There are many objections to such control, but the proposition is capable of candid discussion, and does not in itself go beyond the confines of a legitimate political issue. Railway corporations hold their privileges under the right of limited liability. This makes each of them an artificial creature of the law. They have obtained by favor of the state another important privilege, in the right to take land for their tracks by right of eminent domain. That the state has the right to revise these grants of special privileges, so as to establish a closer supervision over their use and abuse, is unquestionable, except perhaps in extraordinary instances. If the proposal that the government shall acquire the railways is socialistic or revolutionary, it is a form of revolution already achieved in the most conservative countries of Europe, — Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Russia. Switzerland has only recently completed arrangements for the acquisition of the chief private lines, and their conversion into state railways. The telegraph lines are now controlled by the government in nearly every European country, including Great Britain, and the functions of the post office are steadily encroaching upon the business of the express companies.

How far it will be possible for thoughtful and conscientious men to serve in the ranks of the popular party, if it adopts the tenets of state socialism, will depend much upon the particular measures which it advocates. Two vigorous and evenly balanced political parties are essential to the healthy growth of a democratic country. The party of constructive measures and a resolute foreign policy is certain to make blunders, from the very fact that its character compels it constantly to venture upon new seas. Such blunders will invoke reaction, and at intervals will drive the party from power. Unchallenged possession of power, moreover, fosters lack of sensitiveness to the public will, and encourages extravagance and corruption. These conditions make it desirable that the party of opposition should be cohesive enough to govern well, and be led by men of a due sense of responsibility to the existing order. They are likely, in any event, to be intrusted with power at times by the negative influence of revolt against the party of positive action; and no well-wisher of his country can desire that they should use this power ill.

The new dividing line between the parties, therefore, is becoming distinct enough to be visible to the vision of the far-sighted and thoughtful throughout the world. But revolutions do not always move forward in a straight line. They are affected, like the tide, by eddies and undertows. These confusing currents may seem for a time to arrest or obscure the drift toward definite party divisions in favor of a resolute foreign policy on the one hand, and state socialism on the other. The conservative influences which were once potent in the Democratic party may succeed in putting a man of the steady caution of ex-Senator Gorman or the resolute nationalism of ex-Secretary Olney at the head of the Democratic national ticket in 1904. The policies and surroundings of such men would mask for a time the evolution of party tenden-

cies ; but the same divisions in the party ranks which split the party in twain, and made it useless for President Cleveland to recommend any positive measure of reform, would unquestionably break out in Congress under either of these men, distinguished, able, and tactful as they are. The party under their leadership, though eminently respectable and formally true to its past, would not represent the methods and policies of democracy throughout the world in its new struggle for equality of economic and social opportunity.

The democratic idea, therefore, must seek a new manifestation, if the party would survive as a healthy rival of the party of expansion. That democracy has fulfilled its mission in the direction of

purely political reforms is the reason for its hesitations, divisions, and defeats on two continents within the last few years. When it has formulated a new and comprehensive programme, — logical and virile from the point of view of a large class of thinkers, — it may be in a position to measure swords again, with courage and enthusiasm, with the party which supports a constructive national policy at home, and a resolute foreign policy abroad. For the moment, the latter party will profit by the divisions and hesitations in the ranks of its opponents, and will receive as recruits from their ranks those who are impatient of any party without a constructive policy, and those who tremble at the signs of the coming of the new order.

Charles A. Conant.

SEA RHAPSODY.

I.

By day, the tremble of the boat,
As the engine throbs like a human heart;
The tang of the untainted air, salt, free,
 Roaming long leagues of brine;
The tidal lift and the slow swing, now the craft buries her nose in the
 billows;
The sky of central blue, tapering down to misty opal at the sea line,
And all around, the unsteady sapphire of the ocean.

II.

At night, snug in the cabin, cheerful with lamps, with food and drink and
 the talk of cronies:
Hard by, the friendly lights of the ships;
Far above, aloof, the homeless flicker of stars
 In their high, impenetrable places.

III.

Then, sleep, 'midst the rock of the waves,
To dream of dear ones distant on land,
With a sense of lesion from all the ways of earth,
A return to savage, sane realities:
The tameless revels of strange, marine creatures;
The hoarse voices of winds and waters,

The hidden treasures of the deep,
 Wide-scattered, inestimable, not to be named.
 The face of tan, the boy's heart,
 The lost yet inextinguishable gust of youth, exultant once more.

IV.

Old Earth, the mother, sends forth her sons
 To adventure with the ancient, hoar, gammer sea;
 Ever hereafter, as they come back and walk
 The dusty, fevered streets, and bargain in the marts,
 And sicken with heat and the sight of men,
 Will they carry at heart a cool, quieting thought,
 And yearn betimes for the ocean's open roads,
 For the rigors and raptures of the sailor life,
 The footless trail, the horizon's lovely lure, the sting and lull
 Of elemental water wastes,
 Restless, that yet bring rest.

Richard Burton.

 AUDREY.¹
XIII.²

A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY.

ALTHOUGH the house of worship which boasted as its ornament the Rev. Gideon Darden was not so large and handsome as Bruton church, nor could rival the painted glories of Poplar Spring, it was yet a building good enough, — of brick, with a fair white steeple and a decorous mantle of ivy. The churchyard, too, was pleasant, though somewhat crowded with the dead. There were oaks for shade, and wild roses for fragrance, and the grass between the long gravestones, prone upon mortal dust, grew very thick and green. Outside the gates, — a gift from the first master of Fair View, — between the churchyard and the dusty highroad ran a long strip of trampled turf, shaded by locust trees and by one gigantic gum that became in the autumn a pillar of fire.

Haward, arriving somewhat after time, found drawn up upon this piece of sward a coach, two berlins, a calash, and three chaises, while tied to hitching posts, trees, and the fence were a number of saddle horses. In the shade of the gum tree sprawled half a dozen negro servants, but on the box of the coach, from which the restless horses had been taken, there yet sat the coachman, a mulatto of powerful build and a sullen countenance. The vehicle stood in the blazing sunshine, and it was both cooler and merrier beneath the tree, — a fact apparent enough to the coachman, but the knowledge of which, seeing that he was chained to the box, did him small good. Haward glanced at the figure indifferently; but Juba, following his master upon Whitefoot Kate, grinned from ear to ear. "Larnin' not to run away, Sam? Road's clear: why don't you carry off de coach?"

Haward dismounted, and leaving Juba

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page.

first to fasten the horses, and then join his fellows beneath the gum tree, walked into the churchyard. The congregation had assembled, and besides himself there were none without the church save the negroes and the dead. The service had commenced. Through the open door came to him Darden's voice: "*Dearly beloved brethren*" —

Haward waited, leaning against a tomb deep graven with a coat of arms and much stately Latin, until the singing clave the air, when he entered the building, and passed down the aisle to his own pew, the chiefest in the place. He was aware of the flutter and whisper on either hand, — perhaps he did not find it displeasing. Diogenes may have carried his lantern not merely to find a man, but to show one as well, and a philosopher in a pale gray riding dress, cut after the latest mode, with silver lace and a fall of Mechlin, may be trusted to know the value as well as the vanity of sublunary things.

Of the gathering, which was not large, two thirds, perhaps, were people of condition; and in the country, where occasions for display did not present themselves uncalled, it was highly becoming to worship the Lord in fine clothes. So there were broken rainbows in the tall pews, with a soft waving of fans to and fro in the essenced air, and a low rustle of silk. The men went as fine as the women, and the June sunshine, pouring in upon all this lustre and color, made a flower bed of the assemblage. Being of the country, it was vastly better behaved than would have been a fashionable London congregation; but it certainly saw no reason why Mr. Marmaduke Haward should not, during the anthem, turn his back upon altar, minister, and clerk, and employ himself in recognizing with a smile and an inclination of his head his friends and acquaintances. They smiled back, — the gentlemen bowing slightly, the ladies making a sketch of a curtsy. All were glad that Fair View house was

open once more, and were kindly disposed toward the master thereof.

The eyes of that gentleman were no longer for the gay parterre. Between it and the door, in uncushioned pews or on rude benches, were to be found the plainer sort of Darden's parishioners, and in this territory, that was like a border of sober foliage to the flower bed in front, he discovered whom he sought.

Her gaze had been upon him since he passed the minister's pew, where she stood between my Lady Squander's ex-waiting-woman and the branded school-master, but now their eyes came full together. She was dressed in some coarse dark stuff, above which rose the brown pillar of her throat and the elusive, singular beauty of her face. There was a flower in her hair, placed as he had placed the rosebuds. A splendor leaped into her eyes, but her cheek did not redder; it was to his face that the color rushed. They had but a moment in which to gaze at each other, for the singing, which to her, at least, had seemed suddenly to swell into a great ascending tide of sound, with somewhere, far away, the silver calling of a trumpet, now came to an end, and with another silken rustle and murmur the congregation sat down.

Haward did not turn again, and the service went drowsily on. Darden was bleared of eye and somewhat thick of voice; the clerk's whine was as sleepy a sound as the buzzing of the bees in and out of window, or the soft, incessant stir of painted fans. A churchwarden in the next pew nodded and nodded, until he nodded his peruke awry, and a child went fast asleep, with its head in its mother's lap. One and all worshiped somewhat languidly, with frequent glances at the hourglass upon the pulpit. They prayed for King George the First, not knowing that he was dead, and for the Prince, not knowing that he was King. The minister preached against Quakers and witchcraft, and shook the rafters with his fulminations.

Finally came the benediction and a sigh of relief.

In that country and time there was no unsociable and undignified scurrying homeward after church. Decorous silence prevailed until the house was exchanged for the green and shady churchyard; but then tongues were loosened, and the flower bed broken into clusters. One must greet one's neighbors; present or be presented to what company might be staying at the various great houses within the parish; talk, laugh, coquet, and ogle; make appointments for business or for pleasure; speak of the last horse race, the condition of wheat and tobacco, and the news brought in by the Valour, man-of-war, that the King was gone to Hanover. In short, for the nonce, the churchyard became a drawing-room, with the sun for candles, with no painted images of the past and gone upon the walls, but with the dead themselves beneath the floor.

The minister, having questions to settle with clerk and sexton, tarried in the vestry room; but his wife, with Audrey and the schoolmaster, waited for him outside, in the shade of an oak tree that was just without the pale of the drawing-room. Mistress Deborah, in her tarnished amber satin and ribbons that had outworn their youth, bit her lip and tapped her foot upon the ground. Audrey watched her apprehensively. She knew the signs, and that when they reached home a storm might break that would leave its mark upon her shoulders. The minister's wife was not approved of by the ladies of Fair View parish, but had they seen how wistful was the face of the brown girl with her, they might have turned aside, spoken, and let the storm go by. The girl herself was scarcely noticed. Few had ever heard her story, or, hearing it, had remembered; the careless many thought her an orphan, bound to Darden and his wife, — in effect their servant. If she had beauty, the ladies and gentlemen

who saw her, Sunday after Sunday, in the minister's pew, had scarce discovered it. She was too dark, too slim, too shy and strange of look, with her great brown eyes and that startled turn of her head. Their taste was for lilies and roses, and it was not an age that counted shyness a grace.

Mr. Marmaduke Haward was not likely to be accused of diffidence. He had come out of church with the sleepy-headed churchwarden, who was now wide awake, and mightily concerned to know what horse Mr. Haward meant to enter for the great race at Mulberry Island, while at the foot of the steps he was seized upon by another portly vestryman, and borne off to be presented to three blooming young ladies, quick to second their papa's invitation home to dinner. Mr. Haward was ready to curse his luck that he was engaged elsewhere; but were not these Graces the children to whom he had used to send sugarplums from Williamsburgh, years and years ago? He vowed that the payment, which he had never received, he would take now with usury, and proceeded to salute the cheek of each protesting fair. The ladies found him vastly agreeable; old and new friends crowded around him; he put forth his powers and charmed all hearts, — and all the while inwardly cursed the length of way to the gates, and the tardy progress thereto of his friends and neighbors.

But however slow in ebbing, the tide was really set toward home and dinner. Darden, coming out of the vestry room, found the churchyard almost cleared, and the road in a cloud of dust. The greater number of those who came a-horseback were gone, and there had also departed both berlins, the calash, and two chaises. Mr. Haward was handing the three Graces into the coach with the chained coachman, Juba standing by, holding his master's horse. Darden grew something purpler in the face, and, rumbling oaths, went over to the

three beneath the oak. "How many spoke to you to-day?" he asked roughly of his wife. "Did *he* come and speak?"

"No, he did n't!" cried Mistress Deborah tartly. "And all the gentry went by; only Mr. Bray stopped to say that everybody knew of your fight with Mr. Bailey at the French ordinary, and that the Commissary had sent for Bailey, and was going to suspend him. I wish to Heaven I knew why I married you, to be looked down upon by every Jill, when I might have had his Lordship's own man! Of all the fools!" —

"You were not the only one," answered her husband grimly. "Well, let's home; there's dinner yet. What is it, Audrey?" This in answer to an inarticulate sound from the girl.

The schoolmaster answered for her: "Mr. Marmaduke Haward has not gone with the coach. Perhaps he only waited until the other gentlefolk should be gone. Here he comes."

The sward without the gates was bare of all whose presence mattered, and Haward had indeed reëntered the churchyard, and was walking toward them. Darden went to meet him. "These be fine tales I hear of you, Mr. Darden," said his parishioner calmly. "I should judge you were near the end of your rope. There's a vestry meeting Thursday. Shall I put in a good word for your reverence? Egad, you need it!"

"I shall be your honor's most humble, most obliged servant," quoth the minister. "The affair at the French ordinary was nothing. I mean to preach next Sunday upon calumny, — calumny that spareth none, not even such as I. You are for home, I see, and our road for a time is the same. Will you ride with us?"

"Ay," said Haward briefly. "But you must send yonder fellow with the scarred hands packing. I travel not with thieves."

He had not troubled to lower his voice, and as he and Darden were now

themselves within the shadow of the oak, the schoolmaster overheard him and answered for himself. "Your honor need not fear my company," he said, in his slow and lifeless tones. "I am walking, and I take the short cut through the woods. Good-day, worthy Gideon. Madam Deborah and Audrey, good-day."

He put his uncouth, shambling figure into motion, and, indifferent and lifeless in manner as in voice, was gone, gliding like a long black shadow through the churchyard and into the woods across the road. "I knew him long ago in England," the minister explained to their new companion. "He's a learned man, and, like myself, a calumniated one. The gentlemen of these parts value him highly as an instructor of youth. No need to send their sons to college if they've been with him for a year or two! My good Deborah, Mr. Haward will ride with us toward Fair View."

Mistress Deborah curtsied; then chided Audrey for not minding her manners, but standing like a stock or stone, with her thoughts a thousand miles away. "Let her be," said Haward. "We gave each other good-day in church."

Together the four left the churchyard. Darden brought up two sorry horses; lifted his wife and Audrey upon one, and mounted the other. Haward swung himself into his saddle, and the company started, Juba upon Whitefoot Kate bringing up the rear. The master of Fair View rode beside the minister, and only now and then spoke to the women. The road was here sunny, there shady; the excessive heat broken, the air pleasant enough. Everywhere, too, was the singing of birds, while the fields that they passed of tobacco and golden, waving wheat were charming to the sight. The minister was, when sober, a man of parts, with some education and a deal of mother wit; in addition, a close and shrewd observer of the times and people. He and Haward talked of matters of pub-

lic moment, and the two women listened, submissive and admiring. It seemed that they came very quickly to the bridge across the creek and the parting of their ways. Would Mr. Haward ride on to the glebe house?

It appeared that Mr. Haward would. Moreover, when the house was reached, and Darden's one slave came running from a broken-down stable to take the horses, he made no motion toward returning to the bridge which led across the creek to his own plantation, but instead dismounted, flung his reins to Juba, and asked if he might stay to dinner.

Now, by the greatest good luck, considered Mistress Deborah, there chanced to be in her larder a haunch of venison roasted most noble; the ducklings and asparagus, too, cooked before church, needed but to be popped into the oven; and there was also an apple tart with cream. With elation, then, and eke with a mind at rest, she added her shrill protests of delight to Darden's more moderate assurances, and, leaving Audrey to set chairs in the shade of a great apple tree, hurried into the house to unearth her damask tablecloth and silver spoons, and to plan for the morrow a visit to the Widow Constance, and a casual remark that Mr. Marmaduke Haward had dined with the minister the day before. Audrey, her task done, went after her, to be met with graciousness most unusual. "I'll see to the dinner, child. Mr. Haward will expect one of us to sit without, and you had as well go as I. If he's talking to Darden, you might get some larkspur and marigolds for the table. La! the flowers that used to wither beneath the candles at my Lady Squander's!"

Audrey, finding the two men in conversation beneath the apple tree, passed on to the ragged garden, where clumps of hardy, bright-colored flowers played hide-and-seek with currant and gooseberry bushes. Haward saw her go, and broke the thread of his discourse. Dar-

den looked up, and the eyes of the two men met; those of the younger were cold and steady. A moment, and his glance had fallen to his watch which he had pulled out. "'T is early yet," he said coolly, "and I dare say not quite your dinner time, — which I beg that Mistress Deborah will not advance on my account. Is it not your reverence's habit to rest within doors after your sermon? Pray do not let me detain you. I will go talk awhile with Audrey."

He put up his watch and rose to his feet. Darden cleared his throat. "I have, indeed, a letter to write to Mr. Commissary, and it may be half an hour before Deborah has dinner ready. I will send your servant to fetch you in."

Haward broke the larkspur and marigolds, and Audrey gathered up her apron and filled it with the vivid blooms. The child that had thus brought loaves of bread to a governor's table spread beneath a sugar tree, with mountains round about, had been no purer of heart, no more innocent of rustic coquetry. When her apron was filled she would have returned to the house, but Haward would not have it so. "They will call when dinner is ready," he said. "I wish to talk to you, little maid. Let us go sit in the shade of the willow yonder."

It was almost a twilight behind the cool green rain of the willow boughs. Through that verdant mist Haward and Audrey saw the outer world but dimly. "I had a fearful dream last night," said Audrey. "I think that that must have been why I was so glad to see you come into church to-day. I dreamed that you had never come home again, overseas, in the Golden Rose. Hugon was beside me, in the dream, telling me that you were dead in England: and suddenly I knew that I had never really seen you; that there was no garden, no terrace, no roses, no *you*. It was all so cold and sad, and the sun kept growing smaller and smaller. The woods, too, were

black, and the wind cried in them so that I was afraid. And then I was in Hugon's house, holding the door, — there was a wolf without, — and through the window I saw the mountains; only they were so high that my heart ached to look upon them, and the wind cried down the cleft in the hills. The wolf went away, and then, somehow, I was upon the hill-top. . . . There was a dead man lying in the grass, but it was too dark to see. Hugon came up behind me, stooped, and lifted the hand. . . . Upon the finger was that ring you wear, burning in the moonlight. . . . Oh me!"

The remembered horror of her dream contending with present bliss shook her spirit to its centre. She shuddered violently, then burst into a passion of tears.

Haward's touch upon her hair, Haward's voice within her ear, all the old terms of endearment for a frightened child, — "little maid," "little coward," "Why, sweetheart, these things are shadows, they cannot hurt thee," — she controlled her tears, and was the happier for her weeping. It was sweet to sit there in the lush grass, veiled and shadowed from the world by the willow's drooping green, and in that soft and happy light to listen to his voice, half laughing, half chiding, wholly tender and caressing. Dreams were naught, he said. Had Hugon troubled her waking hours?

He had come once to the house, it appeared; but she had run away and hidden in the wood, and the minister had told him she was gone to the Widow Constance's. That was a long time ago; it must have been the day after she and Mistress Deborah had last come from Fair View.

"A long time," said Haward. "It was a week ago. Has it seemed a long time, Audrey?"

"Yes, — oh yes!"

"I have been busy. I must learn to be a planter, you know. But I have thought of you, little maid."

Audrey was glad of that, but there was yet a weight upon her heart. "After that dream I lay awake all night, and it came to me how wrongly I had done. Hugon is a wicked man, — an Indian. Oh, I should never have told you, that first day in the garden, that he was waiting for me outside! For now, because you took care of me and would not let him come near, he hates you. He is so wicked that he might do you a harm." Her eyes widened, and the hand that touched his was cold and trembling. "If ever hurt came to you through me, I would drown myself in the river yonder. And then I thought — lying awake last night — that perhaps I had been troublesome to you, those days at Fair View, and that that was why you had not come to see the minister, as you had said you would." The dark eyes were pitifully eager; the hand that went to her heart trembled more and more. "It is not as it was in the mountains," she said. "I am older now, and safe, and — and happy. And you have many things to do and to think of, and many friends — gentlemen and beautiful ladies — to go to see. I thought — last night — that when I saw you I would ask your pardon for not remembering that the mountains were years ago; for troubling you with my matters, sir; for making too free, forgetting my place" — Her voice sank; the shamed red was in her cheeks, and her eyes, that she had bravely kept upon his face, fell to the purple and gold blooms in her lap.

Haward rose from the grass, and, with his back to the gray bole of the willow, looked first at the veil of leaf and stem through which dimly showed house, orchard, and blue sky, then down upon the girl at his feet. Her head was bent and she sat very still, one listless, upturned hand upon the grass beside her, the other lying as quietly among her flowers.

"Audrey," he said at last, "you shame me in your thoughts of me. I

am not that knight without fear and without reproach for which you take me. Being what I am, you must believe that you have not wearied me; that I think of you and wish to see you. And Hugon, having possibly some care for his own neck, will do me no harm; that is a very foolish notion, which you must put from you. Now listen." He knelt beside her and took her hand in his. "After a while, perhaps, when the weather is cooler, and I must open my house and entertain after the fashion of the country; when the new Governor comes in, and all this gay little world of Virginia flocks to Williamsburgh; when I am a Councilor, and must go with the rest, and must think of gold and place and people, — why, then, maybe, our paths will again diverge, and only now and then will I catch the gleam of your skirt, mountain maid, brown Audrey! But now in these midsummer days it is a sleepy world, that cares not to go bustling up and down. I am alone in my house; I visit not nor am visited, and the days hang heavy. Let us make believe for a time that the mountains are all around us, that it was but yesterday we traveled together. It is only a little way from Fair View to the glebe house, from the glebe house to Fair View. I will see you often, little maid, and you must dream no more as you dreamed last night." He paused; his voice changed, and he went on as to himself: "It is a lonely land, with few to see and none to care. I will drift with the summer, making of it an idyl, beautiful, — yes, and innocent! When autumn comes I will go to Westover."

Of this speech Audrey caught only the last word. A wonderful smile, so bright was it, and withal so sad, came into her face. "Westover!" she said to herself. "That is where the princess lives."

"We will let thought alone," continued Haward. "It suits not with this charmed light, this glamour of the sum-

mer." He made a laughing gesture. "Hey, presto! little maid, there go the years rolling back! I swear I see the mountains through the willow leaves."

"There was one like a wall shutting out the sun when he went down," answered Audrey. "It was black and grim, and the light flared like a fire behind it. And there was the one above which the moon rose. It was sharp, pointing like a finger to heaven, and I liked it best. Do you remember how large was the moon pushing up behind the pine trees? We sat on the dark hillside watching it, and you told me beautiful stories, while the moon rose higher and higher and the mocking birds began to sing."

Haward remembered not, but he said that he did so. "The moon is full again," he continued, "and last night I heard a mocking bird in the garden. I will come in the barge to-morrow evening, and the negroes shall row us up and down the river — you and me and Mistress Deborah — between the sunset and the moonrise. Then it is lonely and sweet upon the water. The roses can be smelled from the banks, and if you will speak to the mocking birds we shall have music, dryad Audrey, brown maid of the woods!"

Audrey's laugh was silver-clear and sweet, like that of a forest nymph indeed. She was quite happy again, with all her half-formed doubts and fears allayed. They had never been of him, — only of herself. The two sat within the green and swaying fountain of the willow, and time went by on eagle wings. Too soon came the slave to call them to the house; the time within, though spent in the company of Darden and his wife, passed too soon; too soon came the long shadows of the afternoon and Haward's call for his horse.

Audrey watched him ride away, and the love light was in her eyes. She did not know that it was so; she felt, but knew not the name of the thing she felt.

That night, in her bare little room, when the candle was out, she kneeled by the window and looked at the stars. There was one very fair and golden, an empress of the night. "That is the princess," said Audrey, and smiled upon the peerless star. Far from that light, scarce free from the murk of the horizon, shone a little star, companionless in the night. "And that is I," said Audrey, and smiled upon herself.

XIV.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

"'Brave Darwentwater he is dead;
From his fair body they took the head;
But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat upon another
head'" —

chanted the Fair View storekeeper, and looked aside at Mistress Truelove Taber, spinning in the doorway of her father's house.

Truelove answered naught, but her hands went to and fro, and her eyes were for her work, not for MacLean, sitting on the doorstep at her feet.

"'And whether they're gone beyond the sea'" —

The exile broke off and sighed heavily. Before the two a little yard, all gay with hollyhocks and roses, sloped down to the wider of the two creeks between which stretched the Fair View plantation. It was late of a holiday afternoon. A storm was brewing, darkening all the water, and erecting above the sweep of woods monstrous towers of gray cloud. There must have been an echo, for MacLean's sigh came back to him faintly, as became an echo.

"Is there not peace here, 'beyond the sea'?" said Truelove softly. "Thine must be a dreadful country, Angus MacLean!"

The Highlander looked at her with

kindling eyes. "Now had I the harp of old Murdoch!" he said.

"'Dear is that land to the east,
Alba of the lakes!
Oh, that I might dwell there forever'" —

He turned upon the doorstep, and taking between his fingers the hem of Truelove's apron fell to plaiting it. "A woman named Deirdre, who lived before the days of Gillean-na-Tuaidhe, made that song. She was not born in that land, but it was dear to her because she dwelt there with the man whom she loved. They went away, and the man was slain; and where he was buried, there Deirdre cast herself down and died." His voice changed, and all the melancholy of his race, deep, wild, and tender, looked from his eyes. "If to-day you found yourself in that loved land, if this parched grass were brown heather, if it stretched down to a tarn yonder, if that gray cloud that hath all the seeming of a crag were crag indeed, and eagles plied between the tarn and it," — he touched her hand that lay idle now upon her knee, — "if you came like Deirdre lightly through the heather, and found me lying here, and found more red than should be in the tartan of the MacLeans, what would you do, Truelove? What would you cry out, Truelove? How heavy would be thy heart, Truelove?"

Truelove sat in silence, with her eyes upon the sky above the dream crags. "How heavy would grow thy heart, Truelove, Truelove?" whispered the Highlander.

From the sedges and reeds of the creek-side rose a voice, clear and angelically sweet, — the boy Ephraim in his boat singing of heavenly love. The Quakeress started, and the color flamed into her gentle face. She took up the distaff that she had dropped, and fell to work again. "Thee must not speak to me so, Angus MacLean," she said. "I trust that my heart is not hard. Thy death would grieve me, and my father and my mother and Ephraim" —

"I care not for thy father and mother and Ephraim!" MacLean began impetuously. "But you do right to chide me. Once I knew a green glen where maidens were fain when paused at their doors Angus, son of Hector, son of Lachlan, son of Murdoch, son of Angus that was named for Angus Mor, who was great-grandson of Hector of the Battles, who was son of Lachlan Lubanach! But here I am a landless man, with none to do me honor, — a wretch bereft of liberty" —

"To me, to all Friends," said Truelove sweetly, halting a little in her work, "thee has now what thee thyself calls freedom. For God meant not that one of his creatures should say to another: 'Lo, here am I! Behold thy God!' To me, and my father and mother and Ephraim, thee is no bond servant of Marmaduke Haward. But thee is bond servant to thy own vain songs; thy violent words; thy idle pride, that, vaunting the cruel deeds of thy forefathers, calls meekness and submission the last worst evil; thy shameless reverence for those thy fellow creatures, James Stewart and him whom thee calls the chief of thy house, — forgetting that there is but one house, and that God is its head; thy love of clamor and warfare; thy hatred of the ways of peace" —

MacLean laughed. "I hate not all its ways. There is no hatred in my heart for this house which is its altar, nor for the priestess of the altar. Ah! now you frown, Truelove" —

Across a distant cloud ran a line of gold. Through the hush before the storm, clear and high as though to reach the gates of heaven, rose Ephraim's voice singing of undying love. Another dart of lightning, a low roll of thunder, a bending apart of the alder bushes on the far side of the creek; then a woman's voice calling to the boy in the boat to come ferry her over.

"Who may that be?" asked Truelove wonderingly.

It was only a little way to the bending alders. Ephraim rowed across the glassy water, dark beneath the approach of the storm; the woman stepped into the boat, and the tiny craft came lightly back to its haven beneath the bank.

"It is Darden's Audrey," said the storekeeper.

Truelove shrank a little, and her eyes darkened. "Why should she come here? I never knew her. It is true that we may not think evil, but — but" —

MacLean moved restlessly. "I have seen the girl but twice," he said. "Once she was alone, once — It is my friend of whom I think. I know what they say, but, by St. Kattan, I hold him a gentleman too high of mind, too noble — There was a tale I used to hear when I was a boy. A long, long time ago a girl lived in the shadow of the tower of Duart, and the chief looked down from his walls and saw her. Afterwards they walked together by the shore and through the glens, and he cried her health when he drank in his hall, sitting amongst his tacksmen. Then what the men whispered the women spoke aloud; and so, more quickly than the tarie is borne, word went to a man of the MacDonalds who loved the Duart maiden. Not like a lover to his tryst did he come. In the handle of his dirk the rich stones sparkled as they rose and fell with the rise and fall of the maiden's white bosom. She prayed to die in his arms; for it was not Duart that she loved, but him. She died, and they snooded her hair and buried her. Duart went overseas; the man of the MacDonalds killed himself. It was all wrought with threads of gossamer, — idle fancy, shrugs, smiles, whispers, slurring speech, — and it was long ago. But there is yet gossamer to be had for the gathering; it gleams on every hand these summer mornings."

By now Darden's Audrey had left the boat and was close upon them. MacLean arose, and Truelove hastily pushed aside her wheel. "Is thee seeking shel-

ter from the storm?" she asked tremulously, and with her cheeks as pink as a seashell. "Will thee sit here with us? The storm will not break yet awhile."

Audrey heeded her not, her eyes being for MacLean. She had been running, — running more swiftly than for a thousand May Day guineas. Even now, though her breath came short, every line of her slender figure was tense, and she was ready to be off like an arrow. "You are Mr. Haward's friend?" she cried. "I have heard him say that you were so — call you a brave gentleman" —

MacLean's dark face flushed. "Yes, we are friends, — I thank God for it. What have you to do with that, my lass?"

"I also am his friend," said Audrey, coming nearer. Her hands were clasped, her bosom heaving. "Listen! To-day I was sent on an errand to a house far up this creek. Coming back, I took the short way home through the woods because of the storm. It led me past the schoolhouse down by the big swamp. I thought that no one was there, and I went and sat down upon the steps to rest a moment. The door behind me was partly open. Then I heard two voices: the schoolmaster and Jean Hugon were inside — close to me — talking. I would have run away, but I heard Mr. Haward's name." Her hand went to her heart, and she drew a sobbing breath.

"Well!" cried MacLean sharply.

"Mr. Haward went yesterday to Williamsburgh — alone — without Juba. He rides back — alone — to Fair View late this afternoon — he is riding now. You know the sharp bend in the road, with the steep bank above and the pond below?"

"Ay, where the road nears the river. Well?"

"I heard all that Hugon and the schoolmaster said. I hid behind a fallen tree and watched them leave the schoolhouse; then I followed them, making no noise, back to the creek, where Hugon

had a boat. They crossed the creek, and fastened the boat on this side. I could follow them no further; the woods hid them; but they have gone downstream to that bend in the road. Hugon had his hunting knife and pistols; the schoolmaster carried a coil of rope." She flung back her head, and her hands went to her throat as though she were stifling. "The turn in the road is very sharp. Just past the bend they will stretch the rope from side to side, fastening it to two trees. He will be hurrying home before the bursting of the storm — he will be riding the planter's pace" —

"Man and horse will come crashing down!" cried the storekeeper, with a great oath. "And then" —

"Hugon's knife, so there will be no noise. . . . They think he has gold upon him: that is for the schoolmaster. . . . Hugon is an Indian, and he will hide their trail. Men will think that some outlying slave was in the woods, and set upon and killed him."

Her voice broke; then went on, gathering strength: "It was so late, and I knew that he would ride fast because of the storm. I remembered this house, and thought that, if I called, some one might come and ferry me over the creek. Now I will run through the woods to the road, for I must reach it before he passes on his way to the bend." She turned her face toward the pine wood beyond the house.

"Ay, that is best!" agreed the storekeeper. "Warned, he can take the long way home, and Hugon and this other we may deal with at leisure. Come, my girl; there's no time to lose."

They left behind the creek, the blooming dooryard, the small white house, and the gentle Quakeress. The woods received them, and they came into a world of livid greens and grays dashed here and there with ebony, — a world that, expectant of the storm, had caught and was holding its breath. Save for their breathing and the noise of their feet

upon dry leaves that rustled like paper, the wood was soundless. The light that lay within it, fallen from skies of iron, was wild and sinister; there was no air, and the heat wrapped them like a mantle. So motionless were all things, so fixed in quietude each branch and bough, each leaf or twig or slender needle of the pine, that they seemed to be fleeing through a wood of stone, jade and malachite, emerald and agate.

They hurried on, not wasting breath in speech. Now and again MacLean glanced aside at the girl, who kept beside him, moving as lightly as presently would move the leaves when the wind arose. He remembered certain scurrilous words spoken in the store a week ago by a knot of purchasers, but when he looked at her face he thought of the Highland maiden whose story he had told. As for Audrey, she saw not the woods that she loved, heard not the leaves beneath her feet, knew not if the light were gold or gray. She saw only a horse and rider riding from Williamsburgh, heard only the rapid hoofbeats. All there was of her was one dumb prayer for the rider's safety. Her memory told her that it was no great distance to the road, but her heart cried out that it was so far away, — so far away! When the wood thinned, and they saw before them the dusty strip, pallid and lonely beneath the storm clouds, her heart leaped within her; then grew sick for fear that he had gone by. When they stood, ankle-deep in the dust, she looked first toward the north, and then to the south. Nothing moved; all was barren, hushed, and lonely.

"How can we know? How can we know?" she cried, and wrung her hands.

MacLean's keen eyes were busily searching for any sign that a horseman had lately passed that way. At a little distance above them a shallow stream of some width flowed across the way, and to this the Highlander hastened, looked with attention at the road bed where it

emerged from the water, then came back to Audrey with a satisfied air. "There are no hoofprints," he said. "The dust has been blown about by the wind, and is unmarked. None can have passed for some hours."

A rotted log, streaked with velvet moss and blotched with fan-shaped, orange-colored fungi, lay by the wayside, and the two sat down upon it to wait for the coming horseman. Overhead the thunder was rolling, but there was as yet no breath of wind, no splash of raindrops. Opposite them rose a gigantic pine, towering above the forest, red-brown trunk and ultimate cone of deep green foliage alike outlined against the dead gloom of the sky. Audrey shook back her heavy hair, and raised her face to the roof of the world; her hands were clasped upon her knee; her bare feet, slim and brown, rested on a carpet of moss; she was as still as the forest, of which, to the Highlander, she suddenly seemed a part. When they had kept silence for what seemed a long time, he spoke to her with some hesitation: "You have known Mr. Haward but a short while; the months are very few since he came from England."

The name brought Audrey down to earth again. "Did you not know?" she asked wonderingly. "You also are his friend, — you see him often. I thought that at times he would have spoken of me." For a moment her face was troubled, though only for a moment. "But I know why he did not so," she said softly to herself. "He is not one to speak of his good deeds." She turned toward MacLean, who was attentively watching her. "But I may speak of them," she said, with pride. "I have known Mr. Haward for years and years. He saved my life; he brought me here from the Indian country; he was, he is, so kind to me!"

Since the afternoon beneath the willow tree, Haward, while encouraging her to speak of her long past, her sylvan childhood, her dream memories, had some-

what sternly checked every expression of gratitude for the part which he himself had played, was playing, in the drama of her life. Walking in the minister's orchard, sitting in the garden or upon the terrace of Fair View house, drifting on the sunset river, he waved that aside, and went on to teach her another lesson. The teaching was exquisite; but when the lesson for the day was over, and he was alone, he sat with one whom he despised. The learning was exquisite; it was the sweetest song, but she knew not its name, and the words were in a strange tongue. She was Audrey, that she knew; and he, — he was the plumed knight, who, for the lack of a better listener, told her gracious tales of love, showed her how warm and beautiful was the world that she sometimes thought so sad, sang to her sweet lines that poets had made. Over and through all she thought she read the name of the princess. She had heard him say that with the breaking of the heat he should go to Westover, and one day, early in summer, he had shown her the miniature of Evelyn Byrd. Because she loved him blindly, and because he was wise in his generation, her trust in him was steadfast as her native hills, large as her faith in God. Now it was sweet beneath her tongue to be able to tell one that was his friend how worthy of all friendship — nay, all reverence — he was. She spoke simply, but with that strange power of expression which nature had given her. Gestures with her hands, quick changes in the tone of her voice, a countenance that gave ample utterance to the moment's thought, — as one morning in the Fair View library she had brought into being that long dead Eloisa whose lines she spoke, so now her auditor of to-day thought that he saw the things of which she told.

She had risen, and was standing in the wild light, against the background of the forest that was breathless, as if it too listened. "And so he brought me safely to this land," she said. "And so he

left me here for ten years, safe and happy, he thought. He has told me that all that while he thought of me as safe and happy. That I was not so, — why, that was not his fault! When he came back I was both. I have never seen the sunshine so bright or the woods so fair as they have been this summer. The people with whom I live are always kind to me now, — that is his doing. And ah! it is because he would not let Hugon scare or harm me that that wicked Indian waits for him now beyond the bend in the road." At the thought of Hugon she shuddered, and her eyes began to widen. "Have we not been here a long time?" she cried. "Are you sure? Oh, God! perhaps he has passed!"

"No, no," answered MacLean, with his hand upon her arm. "There is no sign that he has done so. It is not late; it is that heavy cloud above our heads that has so darkened the air. Perhaps he has not left Williamsburgh at all; perhaps, the storm threatening, he waits until to-morrow."

From the cloud above came a blinding light and a great crash of thunder, — the one so intense, the other so tremendous, that for a minute the two stood as if stunned. Then, "The tree!" cried Audrey. The great pine, blasted and afire, was being uprooted and falling from them like a reed that the wind has snapped. The thunder crash, and the din with which the tree met its fellows of the forest, bore them down, and finally struck the earth from which it came, seemed an alarm to waken all nature from its sleep. The thunder became incessant, and the wind suddenly arising the forest stretched itself and began to speak with no uncertain voice. MacLean took his seat again upon the log, but Audrey slipped into the road, and stood in the whirling dust, her arm raised above her eyes, looking for the horseman whose approach she could not hope to hear through the clamor of the storm. The wind lifted her long hair,

and the rising dust half obscured her form, bent against the blast. On the lonesome road, in the partial light, she had the seeming of an apparition, a creature tossed like a ball from the surging forest. She had made herself a world, and she had become its product. In all her ways, to the day of her death, there was about her a touch of mirage, illusion, fantasy. The Highlander, imaginative like all his race, and a believer in things not of heaven nor of earth, thought of spirits of the glen and the shore.

There was no rain as yet; only the hurly-burly of the forest, the white dust cloud, and the wild commotion overhead. Audrey turned to MacLean, watching her in silence. "He is coming!" she cried. "There is some one with him. Now, now he is safe!"

XV.

HUGON SPEAKS HIS MIND.

MacLean sprang up from the log, and, joining her, saw indeed two horsemen galloping toward them, their heads bent and riding cloaks raised to shield them from the whirlwind of dust, dead leaves, and broken twigs. He knew Haward's powerful steed Mirza, but the other horse was strange.

The two rode fast. A moment, and they were splashing through the stream; another, and the horses, startled by Audrey's cry and waving arms and by the sudden and violent check on the part of their riders, were rearing and curveting across the road. "What the devil!" cried one of the horsemen. "Imp or sprite, or whatever you are, look out! Haward, your horse will trample her!"

But Audrey, with her hand on Mirza's bridle, had no fears. Haward stared at her in amazement. "Child, what are you doing here? Angus, you too!" as the storekeeper advanced. "What rendezvous is this? Mirza, be quiet!"

Audrey left her warning to be spoken by MacLean. She was at peace, her head against Mirza's neck, her eyes upon Haward's face, clear in the flashing lightning. That gentleman heard the story with his usual calmness; his companion first swore, and then laughed.

"Here's a Canterbury tale!" he cried. "'Gad, Haward, are we to take this skipping rope, vault it as though we were courtiers of Lilliput? Neither of us is armed. I conceive that the longest way around will prove our shortest way home."

"My dear Colonel, I want to speak with these two gentlemen."

"But at your leisure, my friend, at your leisure, and not in dying tones. I like not what I hear of Monsieur Jean Hugon's pistols. Flank an ambush; don't ride into it open-eyed."

"Colonel Byrd is right," said the storekeeper earnestly. "Ride back, the two of you, and take the bridle path that will carry you to Fair View by way of the upper bridge. In the meantime, I will run through the woods to Mr. Taberer's house, cross there, hurry to the quarters, rouse the overseer, and with a man or two we will recross the creek below, and come upon this ambuscade from that side. We'll hale the two rogues to the great house; you shall have speech of them in your own hall."

Neither of the riders being able to suggest a better plan, the storekeeper, with a wave of his hand, plunged into the forest, and was soon lost to view amidst its serried trunks and waving branches. Haward stooped from his saddle; Audrey set her bare foot upon his booted one, and he swung her up behind him. "Put thine arm around me, child," he told her. "We will ride swiftly through the storm. Now, Colonel, to turn our backs upon the enemy!"

The lightning was about them, and they raced to the booming of the thunder. Heavy raindrops began to fall, and the wind was a power to drive the riders on.

Its voice shrilled above the diapason of the thunder; the forest swung to its long cry. When the horses turned from the wide into the narrow road, they could no longer go abreast. Mirza took the lead, and the bay fell a length behind. The branches now hid the sky; between the flashes there was Stygian gloom, but when the lightning came it showed far aisles of the forest. There was the smell of rain upon dusty earth, there was the wine of coolness after heat, there was the sense of being borne upon the wind, there was the leaping of life within the veins to meet the awakened life without. Audrey closed her eyes, and wished to ride thus forever. Haward, too, traveling fast through mist and rain a road whose end was hidden, facing the wet wind, hearing the voices of earth and sky, felt his spirit mount with the mounting voices. So to ride with Love to doom! On, and on, and on! Left behind the sophist, the apologist, the lover of the world with his tinsel that was not gold, his pebbles that were not gems! Only the man thundering on, — the man and his mate that was meant for him since time began! He raised his face to the strife above, he drew his breath, his hand closed over the hand of the woman riding with him. At the touch a thrill ran through them both; had the lightning with a sword of flame cut the world from beneath their feet, they had passed on, immortal in their happiness. But the bolts struck aimlessly, and the moment fled. Haward was Haward again; he recognized his old acquaintance with a half-humorous, half-disdainful smile. The road was no longer a road that gleamed athwart all time and space; the wind had lost its trumpet tone; Love spoke not in the thunder, nor seemed so high a thing as the lit heaven. Audrey's hand was yet within his clasp; but it was flesh and blood that he touched, not spirit, and he was glad that it was so. For her, her cheek burned, and she hid her eyes. She had looked unawares, as

by the lightning glare, into a world of which she had not dreamed. Its portals had shut; she rode on in the twilight again, and she could not clearly remember what she had seen. But she was sure that the air of that country was sweet, she was faint with its beauty, her heart beat with violence to its far echoes. Moreover, she was dimly aware that in the moment when she had looked there had been a baptism. She had thought of herself as a child, as a girl; now and for evermore she was a woman.

They left the forest behind, and came to open fields where the tobacco had been beaten to earth. The trees now stood singly or in shivering copses. Above, the heavens were bare to their gaze, and the lightning gave glimpses of pale castles overhanging steel-gray, fathomless abysses. The road widened, and the bay was pushed by its rider to Mirza's side. Fields of corn where the long blades wildly clashed, a wood of dripping cedars, a patch of Orenoko, tobacco house in midst, rising ground and a vision of the river, then a swift descent to the lower creek, and the bridge across which lay the road that ran to the minister's house. Audrey spoke earnestly to the master of Fair View, and after a moment's hesitation he drew rein. "We will not cross, Colonel," he declared. "My preserver will have it that she has troubled us long enough; and indeed it is no great distance to the glebe house, and the rain has stopped. Have down with thee, then, obstinate one!"

Audrey slipped to the earth, and pushed back her hair from her eyes. Colonel Byrd observed her curiously. "Faith," he exclaimed, "'t is the Atalanta of last May Day! Well, child, I believe thou hast saved our lives. Come, here are three gold baubles that may pass for Hippomenes' apples!"

Audrey put her hands behind her. "I want no money, sir. What I did was a gift; it has no price." She was only Darden's Audrey, but she spoke as

proudly as a princess might have spoken. Haward smiled to hear her; and seeing the smile, she was comforted. "For he understands," she said to herself. "He would never hurt me so." It did not wound her that he said no word, but only lifted his hat, when she curtsied to them both. There was to-morrow, and he would praise her then for her quickness of wit and her courage in following Hugon, whom she feared so much.

The riders watched her cross the bridge and turn into the road that led to the parsonage, then kept their own road in silence until it brought them to the door of Haward's house.

It was an hour later, and drawing toward dusk, when the Colonel, having changed his wet riding clothes for a suit of his friend's, came down the stairs and entered the Fair View drawing-room. Haward, in green, with rich lace at throat and wrist, was there before him, walking up and down in the cheerful light of a fire kindled against the dampness. "No sign of our men," he said, as the other entered. "Come to the fire. Faith, Colonel, my russet and gold becomes you mightily. Juba took you the aqua vitæ?"

"Ay, in one of your great silver goblets, with a forest of mint atop. Ha, this is comfort!" He sank into an armchair, stretched his legs before the blaze, and began to look about him. "I have ever said, Haward, that of all the gentlemen of my acquaintance you have the most exact taste. I told Bubb Dodington as much, last year, at Eastbury. Damask, mirrors, paintings, china, cabinets, — all chaste and quiet, extremely elegant, but without ostentation! It hath an air, too. I would swear a woman had the placing of yonder painted jars!"

"You are right," said Haward, smiling. "The wife of the minister of this parish was good enough to come to my assistance."

"Ah!" said the Colonel dryly. "Did Atalanta come as well? She is his reverence's servant, is she not?"

"No," answered Haward shortly to the last question, and, leaning across, stirred the fire.

The light caused to sparkle a jeweled pin worn in the lace of his ruffles, and the toy caught the Colonel's eye. "One of Spotswood's golden horseshoes!" he exclaimed. "I had them wrought for him in London. Had they been so many stars and garters, he could have made no greater pother! 'Tis ten years since I saw one."

Haward detached the horseshoe-shaped bauble from the lace, and laid it on the other's palm. The master of Westover regarded it curiously, and read aloud the motto engraved upon its back: "'Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes.' A barren exploit! But some day I too shall please myself and cross these sun-kissing hills. And so the maid with the eyes is not his reverence's servant? What is she?"

Haward took the golden horseshoe in his own hand, and fell to studying it in the firelight. "I wore this to-night," he said at length, with deliberation, "in order that it might bring to your mind that sprightly ultramontane expedition in which, my dear Colonel, had you not been in England, you had undoubtedly borne a part. You have asked me a question; I will answer it with a story, and so the time may pass more rapidly until the arrival of Mr. MacLean with our friends who set traps." He turned the mimic horseshoe this way and that, watching the small gems, that simulated nails, flash in the red light. "Some days to the west of Germanna," he said, "when about us were the lesser mountains, and before us those that propped the sky, we came one sunny noon upon a valley, a little valley, very peaceful below the heights. A stream shone through it, and there were noble trees, and beside the stream the cabin of a frontiersman."

On went the story. The fire crackled, reflecting itself in mirrors and polished wood and many small window panes.

Outside, the rain had ceased, but the wind and the river murmured loudly, and the shadows of the night were gathering. When the narrative was ended, he who had spoken and he who had listened sat staring at the fire. "A pretty story!" said the Colonel at last. "Dick Steele should have had it; 't would have looked vastly well over against his Inkle and Yarico. There the maid the savior, here the man; there perfidy, here plain honesty; there for the woman a fate most tragical, here" —

"Here?" said Haward, as the other paused.

The master of Westover took out his snuffbox. "And here the continued kindness of a young and handsome preserver," he said suavely, and extended the box to his host.

"You are mistaken," said Haward. He rose, and stood leaning against the mantel, his eyes upon the older man's smiling countenance. "She is as innocent, as high of soul, and as pure of heart as — as Evelyn."

The Colonel clicked to the lid of his box. "Shall we leave my daughter's name out of the conversation?" he said politely.

"As you please," Haward answered, with hauteur.

Another silence, broken by the guest. "Why did you hang that kit-kat of yourself behind the door, Haward?" he asked amiably. "'Tis too fine a piece to be lost in shadow. I would advise a change with yonder shepherdess."

"I do not know why," said Haward restlessly. "A whim. Perhaps by nature I court shadows and dark corners."

"That is not so," Byrd replied quietly. He had turned in his chair, the better to observe the distant portrait that was now lightened, now darkened, as the flames rose and fell. "A speaking likeness," he went on, glancing from it to the original and back again. "I ever thought it one of Kneller's best. The portrait of a gentleman. Only — you

have noticed, I dare say, how in the fire-light familiar objects change aspect many times? — only just now it seemed to me that it lost that distinction" —

"Well?" said Haward, as he paused.

The Colonel went on slowly: "Lost that distinction, and became the portrait of" —

"Well? Of whom?" asked Haward, and, with his eyes shaded by his hand, gazed not at the portrait, but at the connoisseur in gold and russet.

"Of a dirty tradesman," said the master of Westover lightly. "In a word, of an own brother to Mr. Thomas Inkle."

A dead silence; then Haward spoke calmly: "I will not take offense, Colonel Byrd. Perhaps I should not take it even were it not as my guest and in my drawing-room that you have so spoken. We will, if you please, consign my portrait to the obscurity from which it has been dragged. In good time here comes Juba to light the candles and set the shadows fleeing."

Leaving the fire he moved to a window, and stood looking out upon the windy twilight. From the back of the house came a sound of voices and of footsteps. The Colonel put up his snuffbox and brushed a grain from his ruffles. "Enter two murderers!" he said briskly. "Will you have them here, Haward, or shall we go into the hall?"

"Light all the candles, Juba," ordered the master. "Here, I think, Colonel, where the stage will set them off. Juba, go ask Mr. MacLean and Saunderson to bring their prisoners here."

As he spoke, he turned from the contemplation of the night without to the brightly lit room. "This is a murderous fellow, this Hugon," he said, as he took his seat in a great chair drawn before a table. "I have heard Colonel Byrd argue in favor of continuing John Rolfe's early experiment, and marrying the white man to the heathen. We are about to behold the result of such an union."

"I would not have the practice universal," said the Colonel coolly, "but 't would go far toward remedying loss of scalps in this world, and of infidel souls hereafter. Your sprightly lover is a most prevailing missionary. But here is our Huguenot-Monacan."

MacLean, very wet and muddy, with one hand wrapped in a blood-stained rag, came in first. "We found them hidden in the bushes at the turn of the road," he said hastily. "The schoolmaster was more peaceably inclined than any Quaker, but Hugon fought like the wolf that he is. Can't you hang him out of hand, Haward? Give me a land where the chief does justice while the king looks the other way!" He turned and beckoned. "Bring them in, Saunderson."

There was no discomposure in the schoolmaster's dress, and as little in his face or manner. He bowed to the two gentlemen, then shambled across to the fire, and as best he could held out his bound hands to the grateful blaze. "May I ask, sir," he said, in his lifeless voice, "why it is that this youth and I, resting in all peace and quietness beside a public road, should be set upon by your servants, overpowered, bound, and haled to your house as to a judgment bar?"

Haward, to whom this speech was addressed, gave it no attention. His gaze was upon Hugon, who in his turn glared at him alone. Haward had a subtle power of forcing and fixing the attention of a company; in crowded rooms, without undue utterance or moving from his place, he was apt to achieve the centre of the stage, the head of the table. Now, the half-breed, by very virtue of the passion which, false to his Indian blood, shook him like a leaf, of a rage which overmastered and transformed, reached at a bound the Englishman's plane of distinction. His great wig, of a fashion years gone by, was pulled grotesquely aside, showing the high forehead and shaven crown beneath; his brown laced

coat and tawdry waistcoat and ruffled shirt were torn and foul with mud and mould, but the man himself made to be forgotten the absurdity of his trappings. Gone, for him, were his captors, his accomplice, the spectator in gold and russet; to Haward, also, sitting very cold, very quiet, with narrowed eyes, they were gone. He was angered, and in the mood to give rein after his own fashion to that anger. MacLean and the master of Westover, the overseer and the schoolmaster, were forgotten, and he and Hugon met alone as they might have met in the forest. Between them, and without a spoken word, the two made this fact to be recognized by the other occupants of the drawing-room. Colonel Byrd, who had been standing with his hand upon the table, moved backward until he joined MacLean beside the closed door; Saunderson drew near to the schoolmaster; and the centre of the room was left to the would-be murderer and the victim that had escaped him.

"Monsieur le Monacan," said Haward.

Hugon snarled like an angry wolf, and strained at the rope which bound his arms.

Haward went on evenly: "Your tribe has smoked the peace pipe with the white man. I was not told it by singing birds, but by the great white father at Williamsburgh. They buried the hatchet very deep; the dead leaves of many moons of Cohonks lie thick upon the place where they buried it. Why have you made a warpath, treading it alone of your color?"

"Diable!" cried Hugon. "Pig of an Englishman! I will kill you for" —

"For an handful of blue beads," said Haward, with a cold smile. "And I, dog of an Indian! I will send a Notoway to teach the Monacans how to lay a snare and hide a trail."

The trader, gasping with passion, leaned across the table until his eyes were within a foot of Haward's unmoved

face. "Who showed you the trail and told you of the snare?" he whispered. "Tell me that, you Englishman, — tell me that!"

"A storm bird," said Haward calmly. "Okee is perhaps angry with his Monacans, and sent it."

"Was it Audrey?"

Haward laughed. "No, it was not Audrey. And so, Monacan, you have yourself fallen into the pit which you digged."

From the fireplace came the school-master's slow voice: "Dear sir, can you show the pit? Why should this youth desire to harm you? Where is the storm bird? Can you whistle it before a justice of the peace or into a court room?"

If Haward heard, it did not appear. He was leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the trader's twitching face in a cold and smiling regard. "Well, Monacan?" he asked.

The half-breed straightened himself, and with a mighty effort strove in vain for a composure that should match the other's cold self-command, — a command which taunted and stung now at this point, now at that. "I am a Frenchman!" he cried, in a voice that broke with passion. "I am of the noblesse of the land of France, which is a country that is much grander than Virginia! Old Pierre at Monacan-Town told me these things. My father changed his name when he came across the sea, so I bear not the *de* which is a sign of a great man. Listen, you Englishman! I trade, I prosper, I buy me land, I begin to build me a house. There is a girl that I see every hour, every minute, while I am building it. She says she loves me not, but nevertheless I shall wed her. Now I see her in this room, now in that; she comes down the stair, she smiles at the window, she stands on the doorstep to welcome me when I come home from my hunting and trading in the woods so far away. I bring her fine skins of the otter, the beaver, and the fawn; beadwork also from the villages,

and bracelets of copper and pearl. The flowers bloom around her, and my heart sings to see her upon my doorstep. . . . The flowers are dead, and you have stolen the girl away. . . . There was a stream, and the sun shone upon it, and you and she were in a boat. I walked alone upon the bank, and in my heart I left building my house and fell to other work. You laughed; one day you will laugh no more. That was many suns ago. I have watched" —

Foam was upon his lips, and he strained without ceasing at his bonds. Already pulled far awry, his great peruke, a cataract of hair streaming over his shoulders, shading and softening the swarthy features between its curled waves, now slipped from his head and fell to the floor. The change which its absence wrought was startling. Of the man the moiety that was white disappeared. The shaven head, its poise, its features, were Indian; the soul was Indian, and looked from Indian eyes. Suddenly, for the last transforming touch, came a torrent of words in a strange tongue, the tongue of his mother. Of what he was speaking, what he was threatening, no one of them could tell; he was a savage giving voice to madness and hate.

Haward pushed back his chair from the table, and, rising, walked across the room to the window. Hugon followed him, straining at the rope about his arms and speaking thickly. His eyes were glaring, his teeth bared. When he was so close that the Virginian could feel his hot breath, the latter turned, and with an oath of disgust struck the back of his hand across his lips. With the cry of an animal, Hugon, bound as he was, threw himself bodily upon his foe, who in his turn flung the trader from him with a violence that sent him reeling against the wall. Here Saunderson, a man of powerful build, seized him by the shoulders, holding him fast; MacLean, too, hurriedly crossed from the door. There was no need, for the half-

breed's frenzy was spent. He stood with glittering eyes following Haward's every motion, but quite silent, his frame rigid in the overseer's grasp.

Colonel Byrd went up to Haward and spoke in a low voice: "Best send them at once to Williamsburgh."

Haward shook his head. "I cannot," he said, with a gesture of impatience. "There is no proof."

"No proof!" exclaimed his guest sharply. "You mean" —

The other met his stare of surprise with an imperturbable countenance. "What I say," he answered quietly. "My servants find two men lurking beside a road that I am traveling. Being somewhat overzealous, they take them up upon suspicion of meaning mischief and bring them before me. It is all guesswork why they were at the turn of the road, and what they wanted there. There is no proof, no witness" —

"I see that there is no witness that you care to call," said the Colonel coldly.

Haward waved his hand. "There is no witness," he said, without change of tone. "And therefore, Colonel, I am about to dismiss the case."

With a slight bow to his guest he left the window, and advanced to the group in the centre of the room. "Saunderson," he said abruptly, "take these two men back to the place where you found them, cut their bonds and let them go. When you come back to the home quarter, see that the dogs are loosed. You have men outside to help you? Very well; go! Mr. MacLean, will you help restore these jewels that you have stolen away?"

The Highlander, who had become very thoughtful of aspect since entering the room, and who had not shared Saunderson's

start of surprise at the master's latest orders, nodded assent. Haward stood for a moment gazing steadily at Hugon, but with no notice to bestow upon the bowing schoolmaster; then walked over to the harpsichord, and, sitting down, began to play an old tune, soft and slow, with pauses between the notes. When he came to the final chord he looked over his shoulder at the Colonel, standing before the mantel, with his eyes upon the fire. "So they have gone," he said. "Good riddance! A pretty brace of villains!"

"I should be loath to have Monsieur Jean Hugon for my enemy," said the Colonel gravely.

Haward laughed. "I was told at Williamsburgh that a party of traders go to the Southern Indians to-morrow, and he with them. Perhaps a month or two of the woods will work a cure."

He fell to playing again, a quiet, plaintive air. When it was ended, he rose and went over to the fire to keep his guest company; but finding him in a mood for silence, presently fell silent himself, and took to viewing structures of his own building in the red-hollows between the logs. This mutual taciturnity lasted until the announcement of supper, and was relapsed into at intervals during the meal; but when they had returned to the drawing-room the two talked until it was late, and the fire had sunken to ash and embers. Before they parted for the night it was agreed that the master of Westover should remain with the master of Fair View for a day or so, at the end of which time the latter gentleman would accompany the former to Westover for a visit of indefinite length.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

TEN YEARS OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

TEN years ago University Extension was in the thoughts of all, and on the lips of many. Whenever and wherever educators met together, there was always curiosity to hear about the aim and scope and method of the movement. Propagandists who could write informedly, and critics, too, found a ready market for their new wares. In swift succession articles by friends or foes appeared in the *Atlantic*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Forum*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, and the *Outlook*, before it was the *Outlook*.

Some friends thought the millennium was dawning; the civic salvation of democracy seemed to many close at hand. Enemies, not many, were sure that the new tale was silly, and that the new story-tellers were mad, at least "north-northwest." None were indifferent, or could be. Mr. George William Curtis, long past the age when men are wont to form snap judgments or express them, came from consideration of the English work, then past its fifteenth birthday, with the conviction that the "development of this movement and its extraordinary success are the most significant facts in the modern history of education." And Miss Repplier, from the isolated watch tower of instinctive aversion, called down that the movement merely represented "the second-rate at second-hand." Out of the expansive and expanding circle of Chautauqua, Bishop Vincent, a second John Baptist, paid homage to the larger movement in the generous phrase, "Chautauqua is little else than a University Extension agency." And Professor George Herbert Palmer, anxious lest the vested interests of higher education should suffer hurt, wrote with spirit to the *Atlantic*: "Any movement which seeks to withdraw a professor's attention from these things

[his university duties, various and exacting], and induces him to put his soul elsewhere, inflicts on the community a serious damage. No amount of intellectual stimulus furnished to little companies here and there can atone for the loss that must fall on education when college teachers pledge themselves to do serious work in other places than in their own libraries and lecture rooms."

Beforehand, as usual, sometimes to rashness, in estimating movements in which the world takes instant interest, Mr. W. T. Stead, with an eye on either side the ocean, announced with calm assurance, "University Extension is the university on wheels." East and West, North and South, universities and colleges took him at his word, and prepared to put themselves on-wheels. Many encouraged their best lecturers to go around the corner and speak to any who would listen. Some announced extramural courses with intramural credits in their annual catalogue, oftener in a special circular. One or two, at least on paper, organized distinct departments for itinerant teaching. Between the Alleghanies and the Rockies here and there a "monohippic" college, eager to emerge from unprofitable obscurity, hitched its tiny wagon to "the university on wheels," confident of at least securing, free of charge, a little advertising. Even when the faculty was no larger than the faculty "at present consisting of Mrs. Johnson and myself," which Mr. Bryce had found awhile before in the Far West, the hope was entertained, and solemnly divulged, that at least one member of the faculty could be spared to the distant village panting for enlightenment. There was a glamour about the very thought of itinerant lecturing. Bespectacled pedants long since detached from life, scornful cynics with gall and wormwood in

their hearts, and fine, true scholars, loving as well as learned, eager to distribute knowledge as well as to produce it, — no Leonardos they, — dreamed of flying trips each week to distant centres, of audiences breaking out into tumultuous applause as Cæsar once again was killed in the Senate House or x was raised with proud success to the n th power. Everybody seemed about to go to school again. Moulton's prediction of "university education for the whole nation, organized upon itinerant lines," was coming swiftly to fulfillment.

To doubt that a university can be put on wheels was a discredit. To hint that there is a time element and a place element in university teaching, which cannot be packed into either the bulkiest gripsack or most capacious memory pouch, was to invite derision. To ask, however modestly, for proof of the adaptability of the new movement to American conditions was to evoke pity. With thousands pleading for enlightenment, it was, the propagandist intimated, no time to reason why. It was time to move.

"Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind."

Some good people, inclined to sympathize, gave the movement a half-hearted support, because they did not wholly trust the universities. They were glad enough to get the best the universities can give; they feared that they might have to take the worst as well. For the life of them, they could see no reason to let loose the pedantry — inherent, they supposed, in university research, and usually attached to university teaching — which sets the extraction of a Greek root before the extraction of the root of sin; which by precept and example would fain persuade that man's chief end is to write a monograph on the inseparable prefix in early Anglo-Saxon, and enjoy it forever. They could see no profit to our democracy — and some said so —

in scattering throughout its villages the atrocious pharisaism which despises the commonplace; robs service of its spontaneity; parts men from their kind, and sets them up along the great hallway of life, unlighted candles, "to whom there has come no fire of devotion, who stand in awe and reverence before no wisdom greater than their own, who are proud and selfish, who do not know what it is to obey." If the new movement was to have the support of commonplace folk, whom the Lord must love for the reason Lincoln gave; if it was to help

"Country folk who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people,"

it must give bond at the start to send out lecturers able to uplift as well as inform, able to energize as well as mobilize facts and interpret them in terms of life. And while the bond was preparing, democracy was reticent and shy, and stingy with its sympathy.

Among all the doubts of those early days there was one honest doubt that could not be dismissed without an answer, and, unhappily, could not be disproved without experience. When Professor Palmer inquired where University Extension was to find lecturers, he asked a pertinent and puzzling question. It was easier for the Englishman to make reply. In the slender development of popular education in England, not all the teachers trained at Oxford and Cambridge could find employment. The supply far exceeded the demand. There was a large and anxious surplus of professional teachers seeking employment, and more than willing, on any terms they could secure, to do itinerant teaching. The central secretaries found all the teachers they desired, without ravaging any university faculty. Here was another situation. Long before the nineties popular education was robust. The university, the college, the secondary school, the little red schoolhouse, all were prosper-

ous ; all had more students than they well could teach, all had fewer expert teachers than they could use. The demand for teachers far exceeded the supply. Western university and college presidents came East each spring, to lie in wait for postgraduate students newly doctored in Baltimore or Germany, with the regularity of Western missionary bishops seeking "stiff" at Eastern theological seminaries for missionary enterprise. If to the scarcity of good teachers was to be added the rivalry of University Extension societies seeking lecturers and competing for the best, university education would suffer irreparable hurt ; a certain good would be imperiled for the sake of an uncertain benefit. With this serious danger in mind, Professor Palmer deprecated the widespread interest in the new subject, and predicted that the wisest guidance would probably not lead the movement to any long success.

Almost ten years have passed since Professor Palmer asked his leading question, expressed his honest doubt, made his grave prediction. It is now time, perhaps, to ask another question, — Has his question yet received its answer, can his doubt be dissipated, has his prediction been fulfilled? Were one inclined to beg the question, he could point out that since Professor Palmer has recently shared with Professor Griggs the extension platform of the Boston Twentieth Century Club, he has answered his own query ; for no one who knows Professor Palmer even casually or by reputation would ever entertain the fear that he has given a "half-hearted service" to Harvard because for eight Saturdays in succession, last winter, he put his soul elsewhere, into lectures on *The Nature of Goodness*, in Tremont Temple. The question is too important to dismiss by begging it. Moreover, the problem is even more complicated than Professor Palmer could have thought when he wrote his article for the *Atlantic*. No

one, indeed, imagined that, to succeed, the itinerant teacher must possess the best qualities of the resident teacher, and other qualities besides. He must be saturated with his subject, know how to teach it, and, in addition, have a gift too seldom found in universities, — the gift of pleasing and effective public speech. He must be not scientific merely, but artistic too. He must be not teacher simply, imparting information and extracting it from students ; he must be preacher also, driving home his message by the blows of oratory, overcoming inertia the university knows naught of, — the inertia of men and women worn and jaded by a day's routine, — creating interest where no interest is, leading souls from "the lowlands of vulgarity" high up

"the mount where guile
Dissolves in fire that burns the dross away."

For great success, there must be added to the teacher's ordinary equipment such lucidity as the audience observes in Professor Woodrow Wilson's lecturing, such variety as one finds in the lectures of Dr. Sykes, such attention to detail as Professor Moulton always gives, and such spiritual passion as burns in every lecture by Professor Griggs.

To find such men was not to compete with the university ever seeking for the best. Another type was wanted, a man with a finer artistic sense well trained. Far from being helped by facility of expression, variety, elocution, spiritual passion, the scholarship of the candidate for university teaching is almost always called in question when he has these other qualities that ordinary folk outside universities value. Only recently is the university tearing down the ideal of the "Professor" in Balzac's story, so wanting in imagination that in his young wife's tears he saw only "mucus, chloride of sodium, and a little sulphate of chalk." Darwin is still the ideal in scientific teaching, without Darwin's late lament that in scientific research he had

lost his æsthetic sense. University Extension went in search of men who combine with the university professor's knowledge the novelist's versatility, the actor's elocution, the poet's imagination, the preacher's fervor. The standard it uplifted is higher than the university standard. The goods it desired no university wants *in toto*. The competition was and is only in exceptional instances, which are each year growing fewer.

Professor Palmer was correct in his conviction that the lecturer is the crux of the situation. In the early nineties all other problems receded into insignificance. There was much talk at first about the class. One of the pioneer lecturers usually suggested to his audience, at the start, that if they had to choose between the lecture and the class that followed, they would better "cut the lecture." But those days are past. The University of Chicago has developed the class work independently, though lecturers still direct discussion after lectures. The occasional lecturer in the occasional centre has a class before and after, too. But oftener the class is somewhat disappointing. The lecturer tarries a few moments after the lecture; pleads plaintively for questions, which, when they come, are sometimes suggestive, but sometimes, not infrequently, inconsequential. It is the rash lecturer indeed who essays the rôle of university cross-examiner, for his listeners never stay again for class.

"They light me once, they hurry by,
And never come again."

There was a time when many lecturers agreed with Professor Moulton that the written exercise is "the strength of the system." The writer, then lecturing on American history, in a paper read before the University Extension Congress at the World's Fair in 1893, predicted that, in the long run, University Extension as an educational movement will be judged largely by the character of the paper work. "Lecturers have,"

as Professor Robert Ellis Thompson says, "tried all the arts of persuasion and sarcasm." American audiences will not write papers, though they will, as the University of Chicago has proved, follow correspondence courses without lectures. Time was when courses of study covering long periods were mapped out, and students were urged to prepare at stated intervals for examinations, and for the certificates and diplomas that followed. Now, though much reading is done, as librarians and booksellers testify, especially in schools and where independent students' clubs exist, one hears little about examinations. American audiences will not be examined.

There was a time when many expected, and all hoped, that Lord Brougham's vision of mechanics, after ten hours' hard work with eyes and ears and hands, spending their evenings listening to lectures or preparing for examinations, would become an actuality, when more factory workers besides the newly appointed successor to Max Müller at Oxford, Dr. Joseph Wright, would divide the dinner hour between the dinner pail and Greek historians. Spinners, weavers, mill hands, in great numbers, have listened to long lectures on Bach and Beethoven. One workingman — no Giotto, possibly, discovered among the hill shepherds, and yet a worthy man — has found University Extension the way into Harvard. Negroes have come in hundreds to hear Hudson Shaw lecture on English history. A negro waiter in a hotel at Salem, New Jersey, has heard every lecture of the many given there these ten years past, and has read a goodly portion of the literature suggested. Even anarchists and other long-haired folk have crowded Touro Hall to hear views on politics and history, which they would better have accepted to their civic profit. And yet it remains a truth which no one acquainted with the work would dispute, that University Extension has not become distinctively

the means of elevating so-called workmen.¹

These failures, these half successes, — call them what you will, — are only incidental, after all. They do not affect the central problem. University Extension is not a system; it is a man. It is, as Phillips Brooks was wont to say of preaching, truth coming through personality. Syllabus, class, written exercise, examination, certificate, diploma, — important, as you count them, or, as I count them, only relatively important, — are the variables; the constant is the lecturer himself. Given the man, the method is not hard to find; nay, it is found already. The man will make, does make, his methods; using those already in existence, but using them in his own way. To find the lecturer has been the problem all these ten years past. It is the problem still, not wholly solved, but ever being solved at those head centres where the work has been directed with intelligence, skill, enthusiasm, and great sacrifice.

In many sections the problem has not been vigorously attacked. New England has shown but little interest. President Butler of Colby College writes that nothing has been done in Maine. The only lecturer in New Hampshire was imported. Vermont makes no report. Massachusetts has had more interest in "University Participation," to use the happy phrase of Professor A. B. Hart. The good work of the Twentieth Century Club, the Old South lec-

tures, and Pilgrimages, valuable as they are, are not typical. Brown University did something in the earlier years in Rhode Island, but never found her man. Connecticut from the first has looked to Philadelphia for inspiration and coöperation. Some of her best lecturers have been loans made by the American Society. For six years past New Haven has had a University Extension centre, with which, last October, Yale University combined to initiate a series of ten four-lecture courses, for which almost a thousand season tickets, at three dollars each, were sold. Yale furnished most of the lecturers; Philadelphia one of the most popular. Valuable as the experiment is, it can scarcely make a contribution to the solution of the larger problem. A university professor lecturing four times in his own university lecture hall to townsfolk coming up to the university is not University Extension; it is University Participation, — nothing else.

To estimate the New York work aright is far from easy. An early start was made. In 1887-88 Dr. E. W. Bemis gave a typical course in Buffalo. Ever and anon Mr. Melvil Dewey preached the new crusade, until in 1891 the state legislature made an appropriation of \$10,000 to the "paper" University of the State of New York with which to make University Extension one of its five main departments. There was a fine burst of enthusiasm; great expectations were excited. Syllabi were published, and lecturers placed in the

¹ The writer, one of many interested in University Extension from the start, has never cared to see the movement allocated to the need of any class to the exclusion of all other classes. The ideal of the American Society seems to him to be correct: "University Extension is meant for those for whom religion is intended; for those for whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is intended. It is meant to help the ignorant who desire knowledge, — that they may learn wisely; to reveal to the half-educated the insufficiency of their knowledge; to rouse intellectual sluggards; to stimulate those who are in the right way;

to bring questioning to the hearts of the self-satisfied. There is no class for which University Extension is not intended nor to which it has not ministered. There have been courses — not a few, but many — to audiences made up entirely of the very poor; of the poor; of the poor and of those who are not rich; of these and of the well to do; of the ignorant but eager; of the cultivated but not learned; of teachers; we might almost say — having in mind the summer meetings — of scholars; finally, of people of all conditions who have some leisure for study or reading, and look to the lecturers for suggestions and leading."

field. Then appeared the inevitable difficulties. The peculiar gifts required of the lecturer, the long distances, the unexpected strain of meeting a new set of students every night, the dependence on resident teachers already spent by intramural teaching, the inability to test or to train candidates for the new work, soon overcrowded the New York spirit. The reaction came swiftly. An easier way of extending higher education was sought. Since 1892 effort has been concentrated on traveling libraries and traveling pictures, study clubs and public libraries, and other agencies that can thrive measurably, at least, without the presence of the living teacher, and good results have been achieved. Faith has not been lost, however, in the real University Extension, and Mr. Melvil Dewey writes, "We have no doubt that the time is not far distant when more advanced work can and will be done." In the presence of the central problem of the lecturer, New York still stands anxious and perplexed, but not hopeless.

New Jersey has never been ambitious. Contiguous to Pennsylvania, she has looked to Philadelphia for her lecturers. A number of New Jersey centres of the American Society have long since passed the experimental stage, and have recently formed a federation. Rutgers College has an Extension Department, and from the first Professor Louis Bevier and other members of the faculty have given lectures in neighboring towns and villages. But without a special staff of lecturers the work is not likely to outgrow its small dimensions.

Before the nineties, the late Professor H. B. Adams, who introduced the American people to the University Extension movement, and has written the latest word about it in a comprehensive monograph in press for the United States Bureau of Education, was trying some University Extension experiments in Baltimore and Washington, with the aid of graduate students from his seminar

in history at the Johns Hopkins University. Altogether, in and about Baltimore much fragmentary work was done. But graduate students have neither time nor maturity to work out a problem requiring unlimited time and character well seasoned. Now and then a lecturer has pushed farther south, but to little purpose.

In the "Westmost West" University Extension took root immediately. The University of California, first in the field, outlined a plan to make University Extension endemic on the Pacific coast, — a plan which has been followed in the main for almost ten years. Only members of the academic staff were employed until the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and others provided lecture courses by distinguished foreigners. The rapid increase of resident students and the policy of free lectures have robbed the overworked instructors of both the opportunity and to some extent the incentive to extramural lecturing. The work has lagged for want of lecturers; for reliance cannot long be placed in resident teachers. The new president is making plans for reaching remote regions, but none are worth the making which add outside lecturing to inside teaching, already so exacting that from many a university faculty one neurasthenic each year is graduated or dismissed. In her earlier days, the Leland Stanford Jr. University, under pressure from communities, and because there were on her staff brilliant lecturers like the president, Griggs, Ross, Barnes, Howard, and Hudson, carried on the work in San Francisco, San José, Oakland, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and other cities. But Griggs has gone, and Ross and Barnes and Howard, and interest has long since waned.

Here and there in the Middle West there was a little flutter of excitement. In the autumn of 1891 the Chicago Society for University Extension was formed, to draw lecturers from the whole

Middle West, but it soon came to grief. Topeka and Kansas City had a little try at the fascinating experiment, but their centres went the way of the centres of the Chicago Society. The University of Minnesota became weary before the movement grew at all in that section.

Much was naturally expected of Wisconsin. Her Farmers' Institutes were already famous. The late Mr. Warner, visiting the state a year or two before, had found, as he wrote *Harper's Magazine*, "a more intimate connection of the university with the life of the people than exists elsewhere." President Chamberlin, addressing the public school teachers in December, 1890, and Professor H. B. Adams, a month later, speaking before the State Historical Society, called attention to the unique opportunity offered to Wisconsin. The next year 78 cities and towns filed with the State University requests for lectures, and 47 courses were given. In the summer of 1892 an Extension Department was organized, but for want of financial support was allowed to languish. The professors, always overworked by the multiplying interests of a university whose student roster has risen in ten years from 1097 to 2619, have done all they could to meet the situation. Considering the circumstances, much indeed has been achieved; and yet a great opportunity has not been made the most of for want of a special staff, or of the state appropriation which would secure it, and which the legislature would even yet do well to make.

But there are two places, Philadelphia and Chicago, where the problem is being solved; where indeed, to those who understand the special difficulties, the special discouragements, the lack at first of special experience, and at all times of sufficient funds, the problem seems to have been already solved. In both places some lecturers have been found, others made. Some are products of the movement; others are university

teachers, preferring itinerant teaching at a time when no harm follows to universities, because the supply of trained teachers is no longer, as ten years ago, inadequate to the demand. In both places the work has steadily developed; at first extensively, more recently intensively. It was perhaps to be expected that Chicago, with characteristic enthusiasm for pork and poetry alike, would give a cordial welcome to the democratic movement in education, and at any cost command success. It was confidently expected by the few who understand the buried life of Philadelphia, conservative only when new things have a suspicious look, that "this vast amorphous city which broods over its children with a perpetual home nurture" would do more, — deserve success, and make the movement help on the city's highest purpose.

The first of a long line of English representatives of University Extension, Professor Richard G. Moulton, came to Philadelphia in 1890, — pleased all, inspired many, profoundly impressed some. Professor H. B. Adams, always at the right moment where the initial movement had most need of him, arrested the attention of Philadelphia's most fastidious by an address a few months later before the Contemporary Club. Dr. William Pepper, — Philadelphia's nineteenth-century Franklin, — so universal was his genius, seized upon the strategic point of the situation, secured funds with which to make a five years' trial, and the American Society was organized, with Dr. Pepper as its first president. The energetic secretary, Mr. George Henderson, at once packed off to England, and came back informed as to ways and means. With the election of Professor Edmund J. James to the presidency in 1891, there was made available for the movement a wider knowledge of pedagogical theory and a special capacity for educational organization. With characteristic acumen the new president discovered the strategic point. He

foresaw that unless the lecturer could be found or developed, University Extension would go the way Professor Palmer predicted, — to feebleness, and then to forgetfulness. In pursuance of a distinct purpose, English lecturers were brought over sometimes, as in the case of Moulton and of Shaw, as ideals worthy to keep a lofty standard before American lecturers and audiences alike. A policy of publicity and promotion was adopted, in order to attract the notice of university teachers better suited to itinerant than to resident teaching, and young men of special fitness pursuing graduate studies at home or abroad. An "organ" lent important aid the first few years. A seminar was established for the training of young candidates, and by slow degrees men were brought together to give themselves entirely to lecturing. Some reliance was placed on university and college teachers. Many university professors at first shared in the work. Some of them failed outright. A few won some success. But not one, as experience proved, could divide himself equally between resident and non-resident teaching without giving to one or the other the "half-hearted service" Professor Palmer deprecated. Long since the society discovered what was from the first expected: that the chief reliance must be placed on staff lecturers giving a whole-hearted service to University Extension. Of those pioneer lecturers, Devine, who gave up bright prospects in academic work for University Extension, and Rolfe, who left a college chair, and others, not one but believes now as devoutly as at the first in University Extension. The later staff lecturers, like Lavell, who enjoys a reputation for simple and forceful speaking; Surette, who combines knowledge of music, enthusiasm for "common-sense" music study, and lecturing ability to an unusual degree; Sykes, who follows the method of resident teaching, emphasizing it by the artist's touch of variety and humor with

real success; and Griggs, who adds to high thinking a spiritual intensity that makes him the most popular University Extension lecturer indigenous to America, — all of them believe in the cause they represent; give up sleep and comfort for it, and would make any other sacrifice the work requires. These and others are the replies in breathing, living, energetic flesh to Professor Palmer's queries as to the possibility of finding lecturers.

But it ought not to be forgotten that they have been found or developed, because at the central office, from the first, there have been administrators believing in the possibility of solving the hard problem, a board of directors scarcely changed in ten years past, who have furnished money, and induced their friends to furnish it, for the successful conduct of an experiment always under criticism, its failure in some quarters year by year confidently expected.

When Professor James, in 1895, removed to Chicago, and Dr. Devine, the secretary of the society, the largeness of whose contribution, as lecturer, secretary, and director of the summer meeting which flourished for some years in Philadelphia, to the work's success only those comprehend who have been acquainted from the first with the details, was called to the secretaryship of the Charity Organization Society of New York, Mr. Charles A. Brinley, of the board of directors, was chosen for the presidency, and Mr. John Nolen, assistant secretary, succeeded Dr. Devine. These five years past, the emphasis has been laid upon deepening rather than widening the work of a society which had already compelled the whole land to recognize the need and potentiality of the new movement. Local centres have been strengthened; student work has been developed; lecturers have been given all possible conditions for effectiveness; and now, at the end of ten years, the society has these results to show: —

The average number of persons each year attending the 954 courses (given, by the way, in 236 centres in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, District of Columbia) is a little more than 18,000. The total course attendance for ten years amounts to 180,755, equivalent to an aggregate attendance of 1,084,530. The attendance has been larger this year than ever before; the average for each lecture being 239, of whom 62 per cent remained for the after class. The total cost of the society's work for ten years has been \$275,000, of which \$183,000 has been earned, and \$92,000 given. There has been an additional expense for local outlays, falling upon the local centres, of about \$55,000, making a total expense of some \$330,000. Of this amount, \$238,000 has been paid by the people who have heard the lectures; \$22,000 by members of the General Society, contributing \$5 each; and \$70,000 by guarantors and those making special contributions.

The University of Chicago, too, has made a large contribution to the success of the movement. President Harper, seeing life whole and as it is, serving "the god of things as they are," at the start dismissed all criticism as to superficiality, and struck at the heart of the problem, by making University Extension, with its three departments, one of the four great divisions of the university. Realizing as clearly as the officers of the American Society that everything turns on the lecturer, he gathered about him a band of specialists in University Extension organization and teaching. Mr. George Henderson was called from Philadelphia to direct the University Extension Division, which these five years past has been under the direction of Professor Edmund J. James. Professor Moulton, whose power of eloquent exposition gives him here, as years ago it gave him in England, a position of

preëminence, was induced to take the position he still holds on the lecture staff. Mr. T. J. Lawrence, another well-known English lecturer, was here the first year. Dr. Charles Zeublin and Dr. E. E. Sparks have made for themselves such positions as are occupied by Dr. Sykes and Mr. Surette in the East. Mr. Henry W. Rolfe, too, equally expert in resident and itinerant teaching, has been among the later lecturers, even carrying the standard to the Sandwich Islands, where he lectured for a while a year or two ago.

During the eight years past, since the university was opened, 995 courses have been given in 162 centres, with a total attendance on courses of 204,038, on lectures of 1,224,228. This year past, in the Lecture-Study Department, where the usual University Extension work is done, the average attendance on lectures has been 234, of whom 102, or 43 per cent, have remained for the class. But in addition there have been the same year 881 students in the Class-Study Department, including many public school teachers and other extramural students in and near Chicago, and in the Correspondence-Study Department 678 students writing such papers as they would be required to write in residence. The cost to the university of maintaining the Lecture-Study Department has been \$205,000, of which \$143,000 has been reimbursed by lecturers' fees; of the Class-Study Department, which has been self-supporting, \$44,000; of the Correspondence-Study Department, which also has maintained itself, \$44,500. Altogether some \$293,500 has been expended by the university on the Extension Department, of which \$231,500 has been contributed by those profiting from it.

Adding together some of these statistics, a stupendous fact in American education emerges. In the last decade of the nineteenth century almost 2000 courses of six lectures each, and sometimes twelve, aggregating about 125,000

lectures in literature, history, civics, economics, finance, science, sociology, philosophy, ethics, religion, music, and art, were given in 398 centres, with a total attendance on courses of almost or quite 300,000, with an aggregate attendance on lectures of about 2,500,000, at a cost to the two head centres of \$480,000, of which amount \$326,000, or 68 per cent, has been paid by the audiences hearing the lectures. If statistics were offered about other societies and institutions that have carried on the work with more or less success, the figures would be larger still. Keeping in mind the important circumstance that the last two years have been, for both the American Society and the University of Chicago, the most successful in their history in all the more important aspects of the work, and that in both Philadelphia and Chicago larger plans for the future are now being made with more confidence than ever in the past, is it not time for all the fair-minded to assume that University Extension is no longer an experiment, but a permanent fact in our educational life, a permanent factor in our educational progress? Is it conceivable that mere enthusiasm could have brought the results which these statistics represent? Is it credible that clear-eyed and successful business men, like the "backers" of the American Society in Philadelphia, could be fooled, year after year, to support a losing cause? Nay, more. Could communities, which have for ten years past had University Extension lectures as regularly as the winter solstice, be induced to contribute the respectable sum of \$326,000 for lectures, which, even at their worst, are never less than serious? The American people cannot be fooled for ten years in succession, and enter upon their eleventh year with eagerness to be fooled again. They have found in University Extension something worth their while, and therefore they support it no longer grudgingly.

What that something is, it may not, even yet, be easy to determine. A name more accurate might possibly have been chosen. Certainly, such a phrase as "Educational Extension" or "Cultural Extension" would have invited less immediate criticism. And yet, neither of these terms would have been more definitive than the name the movement bears. For, protest as one may against a term which has seemed to some pretentious, at its best University Extension offers essentially the very utility the university offers. But there is this difference: University Extension never presents its utility in a pharisaical or pedantic spirit; for democracy abominates pedantry, and takes down pharisaism at every opportunity. There is yet another difference. The university lecture may be presented never so inartistically; the students come again because they must, and not because they will. The University Extension lecture must be a work of art; else the audience will exercise unerringly the freedom they possess of "cutting." Many observers who have heard lectures in both university halls and University Extension halls believe the average University Extension lecture is a more artistic and effective piece of work than the average university lecture.

But even if some still object to Professor Moulton's definition of ten years ago, that "University Extension is university education for the whole nation, organized on itinerant lines," in the light of ten years' history all will agree with M. Berenger, speaking last summer at the Paris Exposition: "University Extension is the effort to develop in human life, in all classes of society, ideas and sentiments of liberal culture,—of religion, of art, of aspiration." For this new movement to democratize all learning and all culture has touched every class. It has stimulated much of the new interest everywhere apparent in every sort of education. Our universities owe it a great debt; it has helped

them, Dr. Albert Shaw and other keen observers think, "to get rid of a part of their superfluous pedantry, and a little bit of their pharisaism." Public school teachers, broken on the wheel of drudgery, have by thousands been uplifted and sent back to duty with morning faces and with morning hearts. A new link has been forged in the chain a-making, and some time to bind together all our higher and our lower agencies for education. Cultured people in small communities cut off — to use an electric term — from the reinforce of intellectual centres have been directed, encouraged, inspired. Libraries have been loaned from the head centres, or established permanently, or reestablished, in many a town and village. Literary clubs are multiplying on all hands. World gossip is taking the place of village gossip. Dante and Milton and the Lake Poets are kept in stock in many a store which had a trade before for none but Marie Corelli and the Smart Set and the Black Cat.

In our greater cities more evident results have come, these ten years past. But for University Extension, the free lecture system of New York would, of course, never have been thought of. Says the Philadelphia Press in its editorial columns: "University Extension has not only succeeded in doing more than any one agency in revolutionizing the reading habits of Philadelphia, but it has created a solid, organized group of audiences, habituated to study, anxious

to learn, interested in the intellectual development not only of themselves, but of the city, which constitutes a constituency and clientele such as does not exist in any other American city, and which is to-day one of the most useful agencies for promoting the solidarity of the intellectual life of Philadelphia." Its influence in Chicago, where all things contribute to make the work in all respects the extension of university teaching, is quite as great; and, in addition, there, as Professor H. B. Adams wrote, "in no small degree, by the aid of University Extension, with its superior pedagogical methods and its marked adaptations to local needs, has Dr. Harper built up his academic resources and a great federal university."

No city is so great, no village so insignificant, but that University Extension has created in it new ideals in literature and life, and stimulated many a soul to clearer thinking and to saner living. Now at last America understands that education knows no age limit, that liberal studies ought to last as long as life itself. Never can this truth which University Extension has demonstrated be forgotten. Whether the proclamation of this new gospel and its establishment forever and forever be university work or not, it has been, it is worth doing. It has been, it is being done, because, without hurt to any university, lecturers have been found, and Professor Palmer's question has been answered.

Lyman P. Powell.

JAPANESE PLANTS IN AMERICAN GARDENS.

PLANTS are in some respects like men and women: their eccentricities as well as evil manners live in brass, while their virtues we write in water.

When one hears of Japanese trees, it is not the great hemlock forests of Lake

Yumoto nor the giant *Cryptomerias* of Nikkō that come before the mind, not the blossoming trees of Elizabeth's German Garden nor even the little yellow-tipped evergreens of our own lawns, but a horticultural curio, — a miniature

tree, marvelously gnarled and dwarfed, with a pedigree going back to the time of Cromwell; a result of Japanese brains and Japanese ingenuity, but certainly no adequate representative of nature's work on Japanese soil. There are even heretics among us, who regard the curious little tree in much the same light that Sir Francis Bacon regarded the yews, carved in the shapes of animals, which adorned Queen Elizabeth's gardens. "These be for children," said he.

But the ancient dwarf in its blue-and-white jardinière is the smallest part of our debt to Japan in horticulture. It is now nearly forty years since her plants were first brought to this country, and in that time the different varieties have become so diffused, so assimilated with our own species, that only those plant lovers whose affection extends to the prosaic details of botanic name and origin realize how many of the natives of Japan have made their home with us. Doubtless their very adaptability has kept them unnoticed, for they thrive without any petting. Unlike the English Rhododendrons and the French Standard Roses, they need neither shade by day in summer, nor defense by night in winter.

One of the most distinctive characteristics of the Japanese plant, compared with its American brothers, is a sort of holiday appearance, a touch of an older civilization and culture than ours: as if a country lass, who had been educated away from home, given a year or two of Paris by way of "finishing," should come back and stand again among her sisters who had never left the home farm; they might have the same rosy cheeks, the same features, but would lack the indescribable touch of culture, the grace of manner, which would make her perfectly at ease where her sisters would feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Beautiful as our apple tree is in blossom time, it should never leave the orchard. A New England spinster is not

more settled in her habits. Stiff and unbending, the smallest tree never looks really young; the infectious gayety of a March wind, which makes an old elm forget his years, and toss his boughs like a birch sapling, will only set its smallest twigs aflutter, in a vain attempt to enter into the spirit of the thing; the branches remain in unmoved primness. But the Japanese apple tree from its infancy is a thing of gracefulness and charm; and the blossoms, — there are none like them in all the beautiful race of flowering trees! The profusion of apple blossoms combined with the delicacy of a wild rose! The leaves are small, shining, and more abundant than those of the common apple, and the blossoms hang in clusters from the lower side of the branches, each like a tiny rosebud.

Our cherry tree escapes the spinster-like aspect of the apple, but it is under the same ban. It may be picturesque in its old age, covered with snowy blossoms; it may even be one of those motherly-looking trees which Madame de Sévigné wished to embrace; still it is as hopelessly out of place on a smooth-shaven lawn as a dear old "mammy" at an afternoon tea. On the other hand, the Japanese cherry sways its drooping branches with the air of one "to the manner born," and is charming to look on at all times, especially in May, when, to the tip of the smallest branchlet, it is hidden under a mist of delicate rose-colored blossoms, the whole tree having the airy lightness of an acacia.

Although an early settler, the Japanese Dogwood (*Cornus Kousa*) is little known. In horticulture as in literature a gem may lie unnoticed, while its less deserving brethren are reaching toward the three-hundred-thousand mark. For thirty years the Benthamia, as we used to call it, has been passed by on the other side, while Spireas and Weigelias by the thousand have gone to adorn the gardens of the priests and Levites. The native Dogwood (*Cornus florida*) blossoms before

the leaves are fully out; the branches are level or tending upward, and the flowers lift their faces to the sun, without a thought of turning so that the passer-by may have a better look; but its Japanese rival pursues another course, and makes the most of its advantages. The foliage of the *Cornus Kousa* is richer and more abundant, and the blossoms have no idea of showing themselves until a proper setting is provided; but when they do appear, creamy white, the edges of the petals daintily crimped to give an added softness, they are well worth the waiting. Again in the autumn the Japanese Dogwood makes a brave showing; its branches are hung with crimson seed vessels, which give the effect of large, luscious-looking strawberries.

Beside the native Judas tree the Japanese variety again shows superiority: its form is more symmetrical, its blossoms more delicate and of a finer color. Indeed, "time would fail me to tell of Gedeon and of Barak," of Hydrangeas and Spireas, Larches and Viburnums, all having the same difference, and giving the effect of the native species done in an *édition de luxe*.

The Magnolias would have slight chance of social prominence — if one may use the expression — were their claims based solely upon the American members of the family. The beautiful Southern *grandiflora* cannot, of course, have a place here among the hardy trees, and the stronger *auriculata*, *macrophylla*, and *glauca* make but a slender showing beside the brilliant Chinese and Japanese varieties. Earliest not only of the Magnolias, but of all the flowering trees, is the Chinese *Magnolia stellata*, which comes out with only the scarlet maples for company; the blossoms, with the daring which in nature belongs especially to the fragile, trust themselves in all their dainty whiteness to the treacherous smiles of an April morning which may "black out in one blot their brief life's pleasantness." The buds, gray and soft

and downy, crowd along the branches like overgrown pussy-willows, and burst suddenly into blossom; the flowers, with their slender, pure white, transparent petals, look like idealized and etherealized daisies, making the plant a mass of dazzling fragrance. After the *stellata* has pointed the way and proved if blossoming is safe, the other Magnolias crowd into place. First the *conspicua* — but the Chinese varieties are "another story:" the *stellata* comes in by a special license; for although it has recently been made to own the Flowery Kingdom as its birthplace, it came to us from Japan, and during the forty years of its American residence has been called Japanese, so one cannot write of Japanese Magnolias and leave out this bravest one which has so long held an honored place in their ranks. Prominent among the Japanese Magnolias are the fragrant *hypoleuca*, with its great creamy petals; the delicate *purpurea*, its pale violet blossoms shading into white within; *nigricans*, darkest of all; the heavy blossoms of *Watsonii*, whose scarlet centre and large white petals are strikingly contrasted; and last of all to show themselves are the dark purple blossoms of the *gracilis*. Despite their tropical appearance, the Magnolias adapt themselves to our climate with true Japanese courtesy. *Magnolia Kobus* endures New England winters without a murmur, as if in Japan blizzards were things of every-day occurrence. The rarest of the family, the *parviflora*, not only shows no exclusiveness, but is most generous with its charms, blossoming in June and again in September, when other plants consider their duties at an end. The flowers are little larger than Dogwood blossoms, delicately fragrant, and carefully set in the rich soft leaves to show to best advantage the pure white petals which surround the heart of scarlet and gold.

Beside the Magnolias and the flowering trees which seem like the native

species attained unto a higher state, there are those plants on which the stamp of Japan is more patent; some having a marked regularity of form, others curious leaves, deeply cut, or as oddly variegated as the clothes of the Pied Piper. Chiefest of these, standing among the American plants like veritable foreigners in their native costume, are the Japanese maples. With the exception of a few of the cut-leaved sorts, which have a graceful drooping elegance, these little maples have the characteristic Japanese stiffness, — not, however, from any painful acquaintance with the shears. Theirs is the stiffness of intention, never of necessity; the consciousness of a child in a fresh frock and crisp ribbons, quite aware of its fine appearance. The leaves are distinct: some are lacelike in their delicacy, scarcely more than the veins outlined; others are like miniature palms. *Acer Japonicum aureum* has the leaves of a tiny fan; there is the curling leaf of *cucullatum*, the curiously beautiful ribbed leaf of *carpinifolium*; and there is *crispum*, whose small leaves are each mounted on a stiff red stem, each lobe curled together, reminding one of the claw of a dove and its neat little scarlet leg. But the most remarkable feature of the Japanese maples is not the stiffness nor the curious leaves, but the color. In this no plant can surpass them. There is a faint hint in our own maple's young growth of the autumn splendor it has in store, — a "substance of things hoped for;" but the Japanese maples are not content with a hint, — they are veritable spendthrifts of color. To many, the Alpha and Omega of Japanese maples are the blood-red *sanguineum* and the *atropurpureum*, whose coloring is well known, the fine crimson of the latter only deepening, as the season advances, into a rich purple; but rarer than these is *pinnatifidum*, with its airy graceful branches and deep claret tint, the delicate feathery softness of the cut-leaved variety of *atropurpureum*; and beside it

is *dissectum viridis*, — "the same thing in green," as a dry-goods clerk would say. There is *nigricans*, dark as the purple beech, the golden *Japonicum aureum*, and unique not only among the maples, but among all the trees, is the clear bronze tint of *carpinifolium*. One of the most charming varieties in color is *roseum*. This is an odd little tree, growing hardly more than two feet in twenty years, gnarled and twisted, not comparing with the other maples in habit; but in May, when it clothes itself with tiny leaves of the purest rose color, all deficiencies of character are forgotten; for surface beauty, no less than charity, is a cloak that covers many sins, — a fact one can learn elsewhere than among the Japanese maples.

Not content with the work in single colors, the Japanese maples are deep in nature's printer's craft, and give us *reticulatum*, carefully outlining the veins in green on a white background; *albo-variegatum*, the tiny green leaves edged with white and a trace of pink; *versicolor*, blotched rather arbitrarily with white and pink and green; *roseo-pictis*, gayest of all, with even a touch of yellow in addition to the other colors; and *roseo-marginatum*, on whose smallest leaf the brush has laid a dainty edge of pink. These are a few of the more noticeable members of a large family, each variety distinct, and each little leaf as perfectly finished as a line of Tennyson's.

Another vivid bit of Japanese coloring is the *Evonymus alatus*, whose autumn brilliance almost rivals the tints of the little maples. The foliage in October becomes a deep rose color, and the stiff corklike branches are thickly hung on the under side with tiny scarlet berries. Here the foreign touch is not in curious leaves, but in a peculiar formation of the bark, — an odd winglike structure extending on each side of the branches. The *Evonymus alatus* has the stiff regularity of form characteristic

of so many of the Japanese plants, and seems to have been made solely for decorative purposes, and with an eye single to its autumn effect.

A very familiar shrub is the Japanese Barberry (*Berberis Thunbergii*), not so unusual in color or form, but its crimson leaves do not, as those of the *Evonymus alatus*, fall off at the first touch of winter; on the contrary, they cling as long as possible, and the scarlet berries remain until spring, when the fresh green leaves relieve them of their duty.

Among the vines the Japanese varieties hold a larger place, in proportion to the American, than among the flowering trees and shrubs, — from the Creeping *Evonymus* to the Climbing Hydrangea, which, on its native soil, festoons the trees as the trumpet vine the Southern oaks. The Japanese Honeysuckle (*Lonicera Halleana*) has earned a place not accorded to any native species, simply because it is better, — stronger, more luxuriant, and almost evergreen. The golden variety, *reticulata aurea*, has the same excellencies with the additional charm of brilliant color. Perhaps the best is the Japanese Ivy (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*), that friendliest of all vines, growing without coaxing in the most unlikely places, covering ugliness with astonishing rapidity, — the

“bald red bricks draped, nothing loth,
In lappets of tangle they laugh between.”

In its tender green there is nothing of the sombreness of the English Ivy, and its October crimson strikes something of its life into the stones themselves, making many an old wall throb. Another Japanese vine, the *Actinidia*, has by no means had the welcome of the *Ampelopsis* accorded to it; perhaps it has not earned it. One variety, the *polygama*, although more inclined to sprawl than climb, is valuable for a curious fall effect. Its supply of chlorophyll does not last all summer, so, as autumn approaches, the ends of the sprays turn yellow, contrasting oddly with the

dark shining green of the branches nearer the stem, and the vine, at a little distance, gives the effect of a large shrub covered with long racemes of yellow blossoms. *Arguta*, the other variety, bears a small, yellowish fruit, much used by the Japanese, although as yet unappreciated by Americans, and has far better success as a climber, beside having the faculty of thriving on a supply of sunlight in which many another vine would die in utter discouragement.

Kindly as our climate has been to the flowering trees, the vines, and the little maples, it has given an even warmer welcome to the Japanese evergreens. Not only have they found the soil to their liking, but they seem to have become imbued with the spirit of democracy; exhibiting what one might call the Irish faculty of attaining positions of prominence undreamed of on their native soil. A Japanese would be surprised to find *Picea polita*, the bristling Tiger's Tail Spruce, in the dignified ranks of the “ornamentals;” for it is a scraggy tree in its native Japan, an outcast from the gardens, — without honor in its own country.

One might have expected that the Umbrella Pine (*Sciadopitys verticillata*) would be properly received here; for it is a rare tree even in Japan, often found planted near a temple, and carefully inclosed by a fence beside. The *Sciadopitys* is perhaps the most distinct of the Japanese evergreens, and is so regular in form that it might have stepped bodily from some conventionalized design on a book cover. It has the fresh, vivid green of young corn, and every possible branchlet is crowned by a curious little structure like a tiny skeleton umbrella.

There are notable Japanese among the Pines, the Firs, the Spruces, the Hemlocks, the Yews and Junipers, but most valuable of all the Japanese evergreens which have recently come into notice is the Japanese Holly (*Ilex crenata*).

As a hedge plant the Ilex is universally used in Japan, and there is scarcely a garden in which a plant is not to be found trained into some marvelous shape; for the Ilex, as becomes a good hedge plant, beareth all things, endureth all things, from the pruning shears. If there are books in the running brooks, surely there are poems in blossoming trees, sonnets and quatrains in the little maples, and the Ilex is destined to become a classic, beside which our Privet will be but ephemeral literature; in fact, the Privet has had the sale of a popular novel, and its glory is the glory of the large editions, not of the test of years. The Japanese Holly has all the excellencies of an evergreen, with none of the defects: denseness with lights and shadows, uniformity without monotony. Horticultural prophets are predicting a wide popularity for it, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth;" it is easier to prophesy correctly of the value of real estate or the course of the human affections than to foretell which tree or shrub will take the popular fancy.

In coloring, the evergreens are naturally more restricted than the deciduous plants, although there are some beautiful tints among them. *Picea Alcockiana* on the under side of the leaves has the silvery blue tint of the Colorado Blue Spruce, contrasting charmingly with the rich green of the upper side of the branches. None of our native pines excel in foliage the heavy softness of the Japanese. *Pinus densiflora*, and its rare seedling *densiflora aurea*, is the only perfectly hardy golden pine we have. Among the Retinosporas, a large family which are entirely Japanese, the variegations are usually of white or yellow, although the soft feathery branches of *Retinospora ericoides* become a reddish violet in the winter, and the *squarrosa* has dusted its green fluffy branches with a silver gray. Some of the Retinosporas give distinctness to their variegations by peculiarity of form: thus the

filifera aurea exaggerates even Wouter Van Twiller's proportions, having two feet in breadth for every one in height, and is a mound of green heavily overlaid and hung with golden threads, with the gorgeousness of a much-decorated warrior. Doubtless *obtusa nana*, the Retinospora used by the Japanese in making their miniature trees, is best known in that character, although it is a charming little plant when left to its own devices. There is the *plumosa aurea*, with its soft rich foliage and golden tint, and a score or more of others; each variety having the *argentea* or *aurea* variegations or the dwarf species, and all worthy of far more than a casual acquaintance.

There is a certain feminine unexpectedness about the Japanese evergreens. In November, *Andromeda Japonica*, with its racemes of tiny white bell-shaped buds, looks like a lily of the valley which had been turned shrub by some Japanese sorcerer, and having lost its reckoning in consequence, had mistaken the season; the holly-like leaves of *Mahonia Japonica* may be found in February holding determinedly to their October crimson; the little golden-tipped evergreens make slight change in their yellow bravery when the mercury is creeping into its bulb, and the snow lies heavily on their branches, and even the Rhododendrons are curling their leaves together and looking "sleepy," as the gardeners say.

To entitle a tree or shrub to a place where the eye must fall daily upon it, it is not enough that during a few weeks in the year it should be a thing of beauty; it must, like Cyrano, be at all times "always admirable." It is in this quality of being "admirable," and at all seasons of unfailing interest, that the Japanese plants are preëminent. They have a piquancy which prevents their beauty from ever becoming monotonous, an infinite variety which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale;" they have a way of

catching one's heart in the rebound, blossoming when the petals of our own species have fallen and are lying dead; sometimes, like *Magnolia parviflora*, they endear themselves by "coming to us when the world is gone." They go through no "awkward age;" in their infancy they are miniatures rather than unfinished pictures.

The Italian garden is suited to but few of our villas and country houses. It is true that we lack the architectural accompaniments, the balustrades and terraces, but still more do we lack the patience to wait the necessary years of growth. We Americans do not plant for posterity; our children may live abroad, or they may pull down our barns, and build greater, demolishing the gardens at the same time. But the Japanese plants are especially adapted to American lawns and gardens; they give a touch of ornateness to the simplest cottage, and harmonize perfectly with the more pretentious mansion.

But whether our windows overlook

broad acres or only a few yards of lawn and the village street, there is the one necessity to be met in a greater or less degree, — the necessity of making the bit of earth we call our own as beautiful as our taste can suggest and our means admit.

The present revival of interest in gardening is one of the most hopeful signs of the new century. It is a return to Edenic conditions; for "God Almighty first planted a garden, . . . and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." For the buildings and palaces are wrought but with the bodies of trees, but he who plants a garden comes in touch with the living organism, linked to the past through centuries, and to the future with untold possibilities; he must learn of Nature, and in patient study find that love of her which the poets and artists of all ages will tell him is the beginning of much wisdom.

Frances Duncan.

BIG-GOVERNOR-AFRAID.

A MICROSCOPIC boy upon a cosmic horse came slowly down the road leading to the town watering trough. The boy was bareheaded, barefooted, and clad in faded and patched blue overalls several sizes too large. The horse had just found release from its day's labor in heavy harness; its foam-lathered muzzle was pointed unswervingly toward the cool trough. The boy was riding "bareback;" for any right-minded urchin of his years would scorn to ride otherwise. His stubby legs were stretched perilously far apart over the wide ridge of knotty spine; but his alert, wiggling toes were clutched against the sweat-slippery side, and his eyes shone with confident courage.

The watering trough is at the curb line of the street, in front of the post office. Uncle Mac is a devoted frequenter of the post office; the arrival of the mail trains makes the most important part of his daily life, though his average receipts are no more than two or three letters in each week. As the horse and boy drew near, the old man was standing beside me in the shadow of the building; but he left his place and went to the trough, and as the horse plunged down its greedy lips to drink he stepped from the sidewalk into the road, so that he might put out his hand and caress the rider's tiny earth-stained foot.

"Hello, Tommy!" he said softly.

"Say, I ain't seen you for two-three days. Where you been?"

Tommy grasped one of Uncle Mac's fingers firmly and drew the caressing hand into his lap, where he detained it with loving pats and strokings. "Been pullin' weeds out o' the 'taters," he answered, with the air of a man of affairs. "Foxtail was all tangled up in the 'tater vines, an' daddy made us kids pull it out. Gee! Uncle Mac, you oughter seen the fish-worms! Say, why is they always such lots o' fish-worms just when you don't need 'em?"

The bearded face wrinkled into a sympathetic smile, but the man did not choose to commit himself upon that unanswerable riddle. "Say, Billy," he said, turning to me, "this is Tommy the Indian Killer. Tommy the Indian Killer, — that's what I call him." Tommy's little back straightened stiffly, and his chin went up many degrees. "He's learnin' to be a man an' ride horseback, so when he's growed up, him an' me can go out an' fight Indians. Ain't that so, Tommy?"

"You bet!" Tommy cried, soon forgetful of his difficult dignity. "We're goin' to do 'em up, ain't we, Uncle Mac? You're goin' to show me how, ain't you?"

"That's what I am," the old man assured him. "Tommy an' me's got it all fixed up so we're goin' to be pardners. He's practicin' now not to be scared o' nothin', so when we go out after Indians he won't be 'feard to stand right up to 'em."

Tommy's little figure dilated. "Yes!" he cried. "We're goin' to be pardners, me an' Uncle Mac, an' all the Indians we kill, we're goin' to take their scalps an' their horses an' sell 'em. Say, Uncle Mac, I ast daddy last night, an' he said if I'm a good boy till I get growed up, why, he'll gimme ten cents apiece for every scalp I get. Won't that be pretty good? How many do you reckon I oughter get in a day, Uncle Mac? A hunderd?"

Uncle Mac's sympathy fought a sharp battle with his colder sense of probability. "I reckon, Tommy," he laughed, "if the weather was good, an' things was just right, some days both of us together might get as many as a hunderd; but not every day, hardly. I would n't worry about that, though, yet. You just keep on gettin' strong an' brave, so's to be ready for what comes up. That's the best way."

"Yes, that's what I'm a-doin', Uncle Mac. Anyway, I ain't goin' to be no Big-Governor-Afraid-of-the-Cottonwood-Stump, am I?"

"Well, I should hope not!"

"Big-Governor — what?" I asked of Tommy.

"Big-Governor-Afraid-of-the-Cottonwood-Stump. That's Indian, you know. Ain't Uncle Mac ever tol' you about him? Shucks! Uncle Mac, tell him!"

The little treble carried a note of command, and Uncle Mac glanced deprecatingly at me. "Ain't you never heerd that?" he asked. "I reckoned everybody in Nebraska knowed about him."

"No. Tell it. I'd like to hear it, and Tommy would n't mind if he heard it again; would you, Tommy?"

"Nuh!" the boy said quickly. "I don't never get tired o' Uncle Mac's stories, an' I've heard some of 'em more'n a thousan' times. Gwon, Uncle Mac, 'fore I got to go home with Prince."

Uncle Mac relaxed his upright pose, easing his bulky figure against the substantial trough, shifting his broad hat to the back of his head, and hitching up his trousers legs. He meditated upon the matter for a moment, and his face was puckered.

"Billy, I must be gettin' old. I don't *feel* it, not a mite; but times when I go to count up how long 't is sence things happened, I know it's so. Why, that's doggone near forty-five year!"

"Them days Nebrasky was just a young ter'tory; had n't been organized but a few year, an' was just toddlin'

'round in short pants, you might say. Fed'ral gove'nment seemed to think we needed a guardeen, an' they never reckoned there was a man out here good enough for the place. Had to be Eastern men, most gener'ly. Eastern fellers has always been slicker in politics than us. Big-Governor, he come from back East somewheres. I ain't goin' to tell you where, because I don't rightly remember where he was growed, an' I would n't want to hurt their feelin's tellin' about it, nohow. He was a wonder! He wa'n't never act'ly governor; but he thought he had it all fixed so he was goin' to be, 'count o' him havin' a pull in politics, an' 'long in the summer there was some o' the boys got word he was comin' out here to kind o' nose 'round some, before he got his papers. He 'd wrote to some of 'em that he knowed, up to Omaha, an' ast 'em if they would n't meet him when he come, an' give him a sort of a send-off; an' we done it.

"He come out here, big as life, some time 'long about July or August, an' a lot of us fellers was hangin' 'round, waitin' for him. We knowed right off what kind of a duck he was, soon as he begun to quack about his 'idears' for runnin' things. Had n't more 'n got off the boat, togged out in his long black coat, an' started up the road with us, till he begun to let off his fool talk that did n't have no more to do with Nebraska than it did with the Jerushy Islands. What we was hopin' for was a wise man to come out here an' help, an' we reckoned we 'd know him by his keepin' his mouth shet till he 'd found out a few things; but when this feller begun to blat whiles he still had one foot on the gangplank, an' would n't let none of us hardly say a word, it made me laugh. Makes me laugh yet. But we did n't care. 'T would n't make no dif'rence to us how big a fool he was, long as we knowed enough to 'tend to our work, an' had patience to wait. We could keep on waitin', easy enough, same as we 'd been doin'.

"Indians had made us a heap o' trouble that spring an' summer. They wa'n't botherin' us by murderin' whites so much as they was all balled up with each other. Seemed like every last tribe was on the warpath, most o' the time, against some other tribe, till 't was 'most as bad as two-three families o' kinfolks tryin' to live in the same house together. They did n't pester the whites much, only when they 'd get short o' rations near some settler's little patch, an' then they 'd turn in by night an' steal everythin' he had they could pack off. Stock wa'n't none too plenty them days, an' a man needed all he 'd got. Riled us up consider'ble to have a passel o' them dauby thieves slip up in the dark an' run off the only horse a feller had to do his ploughin' with, an' mebbe the only cow he had to give milk for his kids. Did n't seem to be no way to stop it, neither, only just as every man kind o' looked out for hisself a little. Of course there was soldiers, but just little dabs of 'em, scattered 'round here an' there: what could they do? Indians had sense enough to keep away from the posts. There wa'n't no way to help it.

"Well, Big-Governor, he 'd kind o' got an 'idear' up his nose that there was some sort of an Indian Question that he 'd got to 'tend to out here. Begun to orate an' tell us about it right off, when we was comin' up the road with him. 'Kindness,' he says, 'firm kindness, — that 's my theory o' dealin' with the red men,' he says, an' he kep' on till you 'd 'a' thought he was some kind of a William Pennsylvania. But we listened, taggin' along with him, — except them that dropped out o' the percession to go off somewheres an' be sick by theirselves; an' we 'd say 'Yes' an' 'No,' when we got a chance to say anythin', just like we was waxworks doll babies. Time we 'd got up to the hotel, I kind o' 'spicioned there 'd be some fun before he 'd got tired an' gone back home to his folks.

"We stayed with him, though. He was a pretty liberal kind of a chap; I'll say that for him. He knowed somethin' about drinks, an' there wa'n't nothin' too good for the boys that night. He wa'n't much of a tank hisself, though, because it had n't got to be more 'n about ten o'clock till he begun to get all wrinkled up, an' the sweat stood out on his fat pink face, an' — talk! Say, I heerd a woman Populist once, makin' campaign speeches; but she was the only thing I ever did hear that come within a thousand miles o' Big-Governor that night. But pretty soon the nigger porter come an' took him off to bed.

"Well, we set an' looked at each other for a spell, after he'd gone, till by an' by somebody begun to laugh; an' then there was consider'ble laughin' 'round the table; an' pretty soon there was a little feller from up north a piece; he rubbed the tears out of his eyes with the back of his hand, an' he says, kind o' blubberin' with laughin', he says, 'What in the name o' darnation are we goin' to do with him, boys?' Then one chap from out on the Loup somewheres, he reckoned we'd better keep him till by an' by, come time when Nebrasky started a zo'logical garden or somethin'; an' some said this, an' some that, whiles the whole room was howlin'. There was one great big old rooster that used to ride 'round the prairies them days, kind o' doctorin' the women an' children, — he's dead thirty year ago, — an' he had a voice on him like a cow bawlin'; an' when the boys was raisin' Cain, he ups an' hollers out, 'Kindness! Firm kindness! That's my theory o' dealin' with the little dear!' he says; an' then after that I ain't able to say what did happen.

"But next mornin', before breakfast, old Doc an' me an' one other feller, — I disremember his name right now, — we run up against each other on the sidewalk, down front o' the hotel, an' we put it up then. We did n't let nobody know;

but along some time in the mornin', after Big-Governor had been 'scorted 'round some, an' got back to his room, we sent word up by the nigger porter that we wanted to see him, an' pretty soon we was upstairs.

"When we went in, he was settin' there bareheaded. That was one o' his fool ways, takin' off his hat every time he got indoors. So Doc, he pulled off his dusty old hat, an' me an' the other feller did, too. 'Don't stand, gentlemen,' Big-Governor says. 'T ain't necessary to stand up with me,' he says. 'I'm just a plain man, that wants to feel like one o' you right from the start. Sed-down, please, gentlemen,' he says. But we would n't seddown. Doc, he drawed himself up, — he was six foot an' better, — an' he says, 'Your Ex'lency,' he says, 'we was very favor'bly impressed with your remarks yeste'day about your way o' dealin' kindly t'wards the Indians. We reckon mebber that's been most o' the trouble; they been pulled an' hauled 'round, an' kep' down, an' worried pretty nigh plum to death, an' ain't had no show nohow,' he says. 'Strikes us that ain't right,' he says, 'an' we reckoned we'd come in an' tell you how glad we was you're goin' to make a new start,' he says. An' Big-Governor, he grinned as wide as he could between his side whiskers, an' he stood up an' tucked his fingers in his armholes, an' bowed, till it 'most seemed too bad to fool with him. But Doc, he wa'n't squeamish. 'There's just one thing,' he says, 'that strikes us as a good chance to show the Indians what your feelin's is t'wards 'em. It's been on our minds, us fellers, for a good spell; but we ain't never seen how we could fix it, not havin' no means of our own, an' no partic'lar influence. But the way we figured it out,' he says, 'seems to us if a thing's right, an' fair an' square, an' you can see it's so, why, 't ain't goin' to take no partic'lar influence to get you to do the fair thing,' he says. An' Big-Governor, he bows some

more; an' he says, 'Cert'nly not,' he says. An' then Doc, he says, 'This thing I'm talkin' about, it's enough to make a fair-minded man ready to get up an' leave the ter'tory. It's about the Pawnees. Mebbe you know, your Ex'lency,' he says, 'that the Pawnees is one o' the very best Indian families we got, like some families back East that's old an' respectable. Trouble is, the Pawnees is poor,' he says; 'but they're devilish proud, so's they keep their mouths shut about the way they're fixed, an' won't let on to nobody. But that won't do,' he says, 'when men like us comes to see how they're sufferin'. Now here 't is, with winter gettin' toler'ble close, an' there's them poor fellers out there on the prairies not noways half pervided for, come cold weather. I reckon they can make shift to feed theirselves,' he says, 'same as they've always done, with beef rations once in a while from the gove'nment; an' they've got blankets an' tents, so they won't act'ly freeze to death. But what they do need bad is hats. It's a burnin' shame, the way they been let go bareheaded, all kinds o' weather an' all seasons. It's gospel truth, your Ex'lency,' he says, 'there ain't hardly a weather-tight hat for man, woman, nor child on the whole rese'vation; so they got to go 'round with their blankets drawed up over their heads, to keep from ketchin' their death o' cold,' he says. 'T ain't right, your Ex'lency, — it just ain't right, in a Christian country like this; an' that's why we come to you,' he says.

"Big-Governor, he listened, serious as a horse, kind o' clickin' his tongue an' puckerin' up his mouth, like it did n't taste good; an' then he says, when Doc give him a chance, he says, 'You don't tell me! My, my! Shockin'!' he says; an' then pretty soon he says, 'I'll call it to the attention of the gove'nment at once, gentlemen, — at once.' But Doc, he looked worried an' anxious, an' he says, 'Beg pardon, your Ex'lency, but

seems to us like there oughter be some'thin' done right off. Fed'ral gove'nment's too slow. Time they get 'round to it, if they ever do, it'll be hot weather again. It's presumin' a good deal, I reckon,' he says, 'but we did n't know but you might have some friends o' your'n back East that would feel like takin' interest in 'em an' gettin' 'em fixed up some kind o' shape come winter,' he says. Big-Governor stood an' studied a minute, an' then he says, 'I reckon mebbe that's so, gentlemen,' he says; an' he says, 'Please seddown a minute, gentlemen, till I write a letter.' So we sed-down, holdin' our hats, an' lookin' 'round at the walls, an' the ceilin', an' the furniture, an' everywhere but each other. We did n't dast do that. Big-Governor, he drawed his paper in front of him an' begun to write. He wrote pages an' pages, stoppin' every once in a while to look at us, an' ask some fool question about how many there was of 'em, an' what kind o' hats we reckoned they needed, an' whether mebbe they wa'n't too proud to take second-hand white folks' hats. But Doc, he says, 'No; I give you my word they'll take it kind, like it's meant, an' be real glad to get 'em; don't matter if they be old an' wore some.' So Big-Governor, he kep' on writin' till it looked like a love letter; an' then pretty soon he signed his name to it, an' then he sorted it out an' started in to read it to us. He'd act'ly wrote the whole dummed story to the head medicine-man of a Methodist church back where he come from, just like Doc told it, only more so, puttin' in lots o' little fancy touches that we had n't never thought of, an' makin' it sound so sorrowful, I swear, if I had n't been bustin' with wantin' to laugh, I'd 've cried. An' then he folded it up, an' he says, 'There, gentlemen, I'll send that right back, first mail,' he says; an' then me an' Doc an' the other feller, we shook han's with him, an' Doc says how thankful we was, an' then we slid out.

"We never said a word to nobody. There's plenty o' folks can be trusted with 'most anythin' else, but you never can say who it's safe to trust a joke with. We went back home, till by an' by, six weeks or so afterwards, I got a letter from Big-Governor, tellin' me to come to Omaha; an' when I got there, Doc was there, too, at the hotel, with one o' the same letters, an' we went together up to see Big-Governor. Seemed like he was powerful glad to see us; an' he says, proud as a peacock, he says, 'You remember, gentlemen, my intercedin' on behalf o' the needy Pawnees?' he says; an' then he pulled a letter out of his pocket, an' showed it to us, from the preacher he'd wrote to, callin' him 'dear brother,' an' tellin' him his appeal for them poor sufferin' Indian critters had been read out in meetin', an' then been passed on to other churches in the same town, an' they'd done the best they could, an' he was proud to say he was sendin' along with his letter two boxes of assorted hats, which he hoped the Lord would bless, an' mebbe put some thoughts into the heads that wore 'em. Big-Governor, he took us down the road a piece, where there was an empty shack, an' there was the boxes. Billy, I ain't never seen such big boxes; no, sir, I never ain't.

"Big-Governor, he strutted up an' down, flappin' his wings, an' gettin' a heap of satisfaction out o' the way me an' Doc was tickled. We *was* tickled, too, no mistake. Then pretty soon he says, 'Well, gentlemen, now that part's 'tended to, seems to me like you oughter have part o' the credit, seein' 't was your idear,' he says; 'so I'm goin' to turn them boxes over to you,' he says, 'if you can spare the time, an' I'll see there's a wagon an' team pervided at expense o' the ter'tory, to take them hats out an' kind o' look after distributin' 'em 'round. 'T was your idear,' he says; 'an' besides, you've lived out here a good spell, an' know better what to do,' he says. Dummied if he did n't

do it, too! Of course we was agreeable. Crops was mostly all in by then; so we just set to work an' 'scorted them hats out to the rese'vation the best style we knowed. Soon as we told the agent, why, *he* was agreeable, too, an' the next day or two them greasy Pawnees come in by bunches an' herds, an' me an' Doc, we pried the lids off the boxes an' turned 'em loose.

"You'd 've died, Billy! There's been lots o' funny things happen in Nebraska, but I reckon that was about the funniest of 'em all. There was women's hats an' men's, about half an' half; an' the women's hats was all trigged out with pink roses an' feathers an' beads, an' the men's was right up in style, too, — shiny plugs, an' all the rest, like they wore back East them days; an' when me an' Doc give the word, them buck Indians just act'ly made the squaws stand back an' wait till they'd helped theirselves to the feathers an' flowers an' things that was meant for the women, an' then the squaws come in for what was left! Now that's no lie. Years after that, anybody that went out 'round where the Pawnees was, they used to see them big bucks stalkin' 'round in their dirty blankets, an' what was left o' them fool hats stuck sideways on their frowzy heads, an' the ragged brims flappin' down over their ears, till they was just plum tore to tatters. That's gospel truth, Billy. Ever hear anythin' like that?"

Although usually so chary with his laughter, the old man was gently quaking with mirth, shaking his head and drawing his sleeve across his twinkling eyes. Tommy had leaned forward, open-mouthed, through the course of the narrative; but now he drew himself erect.

"Uncle Mac!" he cried. "You've told the wrong story! You was goin' to tell about the cottonwood stump!"

Uncle Mac glanced at the boy indulgently. "Yes, I know, honey. That's what I started out to tell; but my wheels don't track as good as they used to, an'

I kind o' wobbled off. But that hat business just goes to show what kind of a hop-toad he was. That about the cottonwood stump was what got him his name, an' 't was just about of a piece with that other. 'T was knowed to more folks, though, because there was more mixed in it. Want I should tell it?"

"Surely!" I said, and Tommy wrigled with delight over the prospect of two stories in close sequence.

"Well, 't wa'n't but two-three weeks after me an' Doc had went out o' the mil'nery business, we heerd there 'd been some big stealin' by a Sioux war party out on the Platte somewheres, hunderd an' fifty mile or so. Made a big talk, too, because it was about the worst thiev-in' they 'd done all summer, an' they 'd mistreated some o' the settlers that had tried to stand 'em off. 'T was mighty aggravatin'.

"I was up to Omaha right then, kind o' lookin' after a little contract I expected to get from the gove'nment, an' I 'd been with Big-Governor a good bit, 'count o' him bein' such a comical cuss, an' it helped to pass the time. I was with him the day this story come I 'm tellin' you. Seemed like he 'd found things to worry him a heap ever since he struck Nebraska. He thought he had n't been treated right an' respectable, because they had n't just turned the capital over to him an' let him run it. There 'd been a lot o' complainin' from everywhere about the Indians, that had been tearin' 'round an' pawin' up the dirt, an' the settlers was fussin' because it broke up their sleep. When Big-Governor heerd this last story, that day, seemed like 't was the last he could stand, an' he got right up on his ear. The boys was talkin' about it down on the street, an' Big-Governor listened awhile, an' then he tucked his hands under his coat tails, an' begun to prance up an' down the sidewalk, swearin' some o' them no-'count little popgun cuss-words they learn back East; an' then pretty soon he

stops an' looks 'round at some of us fellers that was watchin' him, an' he says, 'Why don't the 'thorities stop it?' he says. 'It's shameful,' he says, 'an' I ain't goin' to have no more of it! I'll just take hold myself,' he says, 'an' show you farmers how to handle them critters. You're a thin-skinned lot,' he says, 'to put up with it, — that 's just what I think o' you. If you 'd stood up like men an' showed these sneakin' cowards you had backbones in you,' he says, 't would 've been stopped long ago.' But we just stood there an' grinned, an' not sayin' nothin'. 'T wa'n't no ways possible to get mad at him, with his pretty ways. 'I 'm just goin' to 'tend to it myself now,' he says, 'an' I 'll get a chance to see what kind o' stuff you 're made of. Now, for instance,' he says, 'how many of you is there that 'll be willin' to go out, where this last story comes from an' clear the trouble up, pervidin' I 'll lead you myself?' he says.

"Well, there was a consider'ble bunch of us had got 'round him by then, an' seemed like it struck us all about the same way, because we all says, why, sure we 'd go. O' course we 'd go! Right on the face of it the thing looked so promisin', I reckon we 'd 've agreed to go with him to China in goat wagons, if he 'd said so.

"'There!' he says, kind o' perkin' up his head sideways at us, 'see that?' he says. 'Just as soon as a man o' decision takes the lead, to show you what to do, why, it brings things right to a head,' he says; an' he says, 'Now, my idear is to get up just a small party, twenty-five or thirty, an' have 'em armed right, an' every man ready to do his duty an' stand by me. If you 'll do that,' he says, 'why, we 'll wind this thing up before the week 's out,' he says; an' then he begun givin' his orders for outfittin' us. Sounds durned unlikely, don't it? but it 's true as I 'm settin' here. Before night he 'd got more'n twenty of us sinners 'nlisted an' mostly

all equipped to go out with him on the plum foolishlest trip that ever growed-up men went on in Nebraska. That ain't all, neither. Soon as the story got 'round, why, 'most every able-bodied man in town was just wild to go 'long, an' offerin' to pay their own way, if he'd only take 'em. He'd 've had two hundred, if he had n't put up the bars. 'No,' he says; 't won't take many, long as they keep ca'm an' firm,' he says. 'I've got plenty now, an' I'll guarantee after this there won't be no more trouble in this ter'tory with Indians, long as I'm here,' he says. He was fair tickled tō death!

"By noon next day he'd got us all ready. There was some solemn-minded critters 'round town that when they got word of it, they act'ly went to him an' tried to spoil the whole thing, tellin' him 't would n't do no good, an' would only make talk. 'T was all true enough; nobody could n't 've denied it; but I never could see the sense in spoilin' a little bit o' fun. He would n't listen to nobody, though; he never was much of a hand to listen, nohow. No, sir! He'd set his head, an' he was goin' to set a mark for all the Indian fighters that come after him. I reckon he did, too, with what help we give him.

"He had pretty correct notions about pervidin' for a campaign, though, now I tell you! Besides horses an' blankets an' rifles, there was a giant of a big freight wagon, drawed with four mules; that was the commissariat wagon, chuck full o' truck. Big-Governor, he'd tend-ed to that hisself, an' he'd been used to good tender feedin'. I'm blessed if I know where he'd picked it all up, because Omaha wa'n't no partic'lar headquarters for such things them days; but he'd got it somewheres, — canned stuff that I had n't never heerd of, an' things that fair makes me slobber now to think about 'em, an' liquors, an' cigars, an' things like that. He wa'n't out here but a few months, but the boys learnt they could trust him for pickin' out liquor.

"Well, we et dinner in Omaha, whiles the horses an' commissariat wagon was drawed up in front o' the hotel, waitin' for us; an' when we come out, seemed like everybody in town that could crawl was there to see us off. Big-Governor, he was up at the head hisself, hollerin' out his orders to us; an' he'd picked up a slim little sword somewheres, an' got it tied 'round his middle, an' he'd got a big wide-brimmed hat on, like the rest of us wore, only bran' new, an' with a gilt string 'round it; an' I swear there wa'n't never nobody like him! Pretty soon he got us strung out like he wanted us, an' then he hollers, 'Tention! Forward — March!'

"Well, we kep' pretty well in line till we got out o' town; but when we'd got out on the wagon road there wa'n't nothin' could 've kep' us straight. We just pic-nicked. Could n't make no kind o' time, 'count o' the commissariat wagon: we did n't want to get away from that. We just acted like a passel o' colts, till it come near five o'clock, an' then we hunted a place to camp. We did n't know where we was goin', an' we did n't care, so long as we made campin' places reg'lar. We'd only gone ten-twelve mile since dinner, but we was powerful hungry. Big-Governor, he'd hired a cook to come with us from the hotel, an' I want to tell you that boy knowed his business! I ain't never et a supper that come near to that one out there on the wagon road.

"When we could n't eat no more 't was gettin' t'wards dark, an' then Big-Governor, he stood up an' made us a speech, an' he says, 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'whiles I don't begrudge you havin' a good time, you must remember this here's a military campaign,' he says, 'an' must be run right. I'm goin' to divide you up in three watches, with fifteen men doin' sentry duty every night, an' the rest 'll take care o' the horses an' camp 'quipment. Sentry duty,' he says, 'will begin at dark, an' last till sunup,

an' I hope there won't be no objections,' he says.

"Nobody would n't 've objected to nothin'. If he'd told us to make the campaign in Mother Hubbards, we'd 've done it. You can't think, Billy, how we felt. We felt just right! I was one o' the first shift to go on post, an' we just tucked our rifles up on our shoulders, an' went a hunderd yards or so from camp an' hunted 'round till we'd found a nice easy place, an' then we seddown to kind o' study out what we was goin' to do.

"Well, pretty soon us fellers out there could hear that things was warmin' up some in camp. I reckon the liquor had got started 'round consider'ble, an' they was yellin' an' hollerin' an' laughin' an' havin' a bully time. Got kind o' lonesome out there in the dark, an' dry, too, an' I reckon that helped us to make up our minds. 'Long about ten o'clock we'd got it fixed, an' then the rest of the boys scattered out 'round the camp, a good ways apart, an' I sneaked back t'wards the fire, tryin' the best I knowed to look plum scared to death; an' I went up to Big-Governor an' touched him on the arm, an' motioned him off to one side, an' I says, 'Your Ex'lency,' I says, 'I reckon 't was a good move, havin' sentries out. Unless I'm fooled,' I says, 'there's an Indian out there now, spyin' 'round. I wish you'd come out along with me,' I says, 'an' see what you think, because I can't be dead sure.' 'You don't tell me!' he says. 'I was 'feard of it. You can't never tell about them sneakin' critters. Where's he at?' he says; an' then when I p'inted out t'wards the dark, he gets me under the shadder o' the wagon, an' then he makes me get down on my hands an' knees an' lead him out that way, crawlin', a plum hunderd yards, to where we'd been settin', whiles I could fair feel the ground tremble under him.

"There was a cottonwood stump out there, standin' about six foot high, an'

with vines growed up over it that was shakin' in the wind. Didn't look so blamed much unlike an Indian, after all, with his blanket drawn up 'round him. 'There he is!' I says. 'I could n't see him that well before. I'm dead sure of it now,' I says; 'it cert'nly is an Indian, your Ex'lency!' He was down flat by then, grippin' the grass tight an' gaspin' for breath. 'Oh dear!' he says. 'Oh dear! God save us!' he says. 'What are we goin' to do?' I never said nothin', but I'd crep' up close as I could get beside him, so's I could smell the whiskey on him, an' I got my rifle right up alongside his ear an' whanged away; an' right quick the feller beyond us on the left, he shoots off his'n, an' he yells, 'Look out in camp! Indians!' an' then I yells, 'Run, your Ex'lency! Run for your life!' an' the feller over on the right, he lets go with his rifle.

"Billy, I've heerd tell there ain't nobody can run away from his shadder, nor yet step on it; but I'm tellin' you the truth: Big-Governor, he done both that night, an' had lots o' time to spare besides. Run! It does beat the world how deceivin' some folks is in their looks. I'm willin' to own up I'd misjudged Big-Governor shameful. I had n't more 'n got up off my belly an' turned 'round to look at him till he was halfway to camp, jumpin' high, like an elk, an' yellin' twice to each jump. There ain't nobody need say nothin' to me about runnin', after that! An' just think: that was less 'n fifteen mile out o' Omaha!

"Well, soon 's I could I picked myself up an' loped into camp. The boys was mixed up consider'ble; an' that wa'n't no shame to 'em, for we had made a darnation big racket. But soon 's they seen us fellers comin' in, an' got a chance to look at us, par'lyzed with laughin' like we was, they knowed what was the matter. Most of 'em had done their share o' drinkin', so's they was

ready for their part when we told 'em, an' we begun to look 'round for Big-Governor. But we could n't find him. No, sir; high nor low, we could n't find hide nor hair of him. We yelled an' hollered for him, but 't wa'n't no manner o' use: he was clean gone. We reckoned he 'd skinned out for Omaha, so we just seddown to make ourselves to home. The cook, he 'd got through an' gone to bed; but we hauled him out an' put him to work. 'T wa'n't no good to let them victuals get wasted. He 'd got a kettle o' water on the fire, an' the rest of us, we was rummagin' in the wagon, turnin' things over to find what we wanted most, an' havin' a pretty noisy time, I reckon, when pretty soon there was a thin little wet squeal come from somewheres; sounded like a long ways off. 'Listen!' somebody says; an' when we stopped our devilment we heerd it again. 'Gen-

tlemen,' it says, 'gentlemen, won't you please let me out?' 'Who in thunder's that?' one feller answers back; an' the squeak says, 'I'm your leader. Won't you please help me out?' 'Help you out?' we says. 'Why, where in the name o' God are you?' An' he says, 'Down here under the wagon,' he says. Come to look, Billy, there he was, jammed in between the body an' the runnin' gear, tight as a cork in a bottle; an' I'm dummed if we did n't have to unload that whole blamed wagonload o' truck an' lift the body off before we could get him out! An' that's where he got his name."

Tommy, grinning widely, gathered the halter rope firmly into his grasp. "Then he went back home, did n't he, Uncle Mac?"

"Yes, that's right, Tommy; then he went back East, where he belonged."

William R. Lighton.

NOTES ON THE REACTION.

"THERE are no longer many Republicans in France," we read in Monsieur Bergeret à Paris, "because a French Republic cannot form Republicans. It is absolute government in France which makes Republicans." Thus Anatole France, speaking through that delightful mask which he has invented, and which he wears so loosely over his own smilingly cynical and detached opinions concerning contemporary French politics. Monsieur Bergeret seems to have hit upon a law of political reaction and repulsion similar to that which Mark Pattison detected in operation at Oxford. Every scholastic generation, he said, the pendulum swung violently from Whig to Tory, or *vice versa*. The reason lay in the natural revolt of young men against the tenets of their teachers. When their own time came to be

teachers, they were found at the opposite political pole; from which, in their turn, they infallibly repelled the ingenuous youth who came to sit at their feet. It is a kind of atavism in the inheritance of party opinion. Mr. Lawrence Lowell has traced a somewhat kindred process on a large scale, for American political history, in his instructive paper on Oscillations in Politics. Allowing for the influence of vast and abnormal disturbances, like the Civil War, he makes out a pretty steady law of alternation in our politics. The phenomenon is at least as old as Machiavelli, who attributed the inconstancy of political man to his restless but ever frustrated desire of bettering himself — "*gli uomini mutano volentieri signore, credendo migliorare . . . di chè s'ingannano, perchè veggono poi per esperienza aver peggiorato.*"

On general principles, then, one might expect the ship of state soon to take a sharp democratic lurch, after sailing so long on the monarchical tack. There has been throughout the civilized world a marked reaction against democracy for some years past; the reaction to democracy will follow, if only on the seesaw principle. That there is nothing in the whole political process of the suns but the dreary ups and downs of a tilting-board, it would be a miserable comment on human nature to admit for a moment; but even if a man says that the imagined current of progress is only a perpetual ebb and flow, carrying the same driftwood now here, now there, but never really onward, he will still have to confess that the monarchical tide is about ready to run out. I use the word "monarchical" simply for convenience, not as an epithet. By it I mean only the "superior being" theory of government. An exact definition of this it is not necessary to give. Examples are always the illuminating thing, and examples will occur to everybody. In England, we see a king whose policy it is to impress and overawe the imagination of his people by gorgeous display and court ceremony; while the Liberals, who, on the occasion of the last grant of Parliament in payment of the debts of this same monarch, when Prince of Wales, vowed that the rising democracy of Britain would soon make a "jolly smash" of all that tinsel majesty, look on in a daze, or else go home to make sure that their own court dress is ready to be submitted to the severe scrutiny of Edward VII., with his royal clothes-philosophy. In matters more directly connected with government, take Sir Alfred Milner's frank repudiation of representative institutions in Egypt. It is the very incarnation of the spirit I am referring to, — force employed with apologies, deference to democratic principles while denying them application. "As a true-born Briton," writes Sir Alfred, with

a badly concealed sneer, "I of course take off my hat to everything that calls itself Franchise, Parliament, Representation of the People, the Voice of the Majority, and all the rest of it." But in Egypt, he goes on to say, the people neither comprehend nor desire popular government, and "would come to singular grief if they had it. Nobody, except a few silly theorists, thinks of giving it to them." One has only to contrast with this the glowing vindication of democracy contained in Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Reform Bill of 1866, to see from what moorings opinion in England has swung away: —

"I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfillment: —

'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they are marshaled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though, perhaps, at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

In Germany, we have to measure the reaction not merely from the ebullient and revolutionary Liberalism of 1848, but from even the mild and measured Liberalism of Lasker, of the Emperor Frederick himself. He would not have

the *Volkszeitung* suppressed, he told his ministers. What they thought, what the court thought, what the army thought, he knew well enough in advance; but he was curious to find out what the people thought. His son, however, undertakes to do all the thinking for both government and people, and is ready to ignore or dash to pieces all opposing opinion, high or low, not merely with a gallant *Wilhelmus contra mundum*, but with a serene *totus mundus stultizat*. They do these things with better hypocrisy in France. There the reaction has at least the grace to profess to be democratic. The Rights of Man are ordered to be placarded in all the public schools of France; the vote in the Chamber (doubtless with much smirking in sleeves) being 542 to 1. "Metaphysic rights," — we know Burke's impassioned denunciation of the French declarations of 1791 and 1793; but did not our ancestors talk the same "metaphysical jargon"? Take the Bill of Rights of Virginia, June 12, 1776; it betrays all the foolish fondness for abstractions which we so comfortably associate with the Gallic spirit: "That all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity," etc. No need to argue whether that is traceable to Rousseau or to Locke; there we get a declaration of the kind which we think of as breathing the fool fury of the Seine, but which was actually made by "the Representatives of the good People of Virginia assembled in full and free Convention." "Other colonies," says Bancroft, "had framed bills of rights in reference to their relations with Britain; Virginia moved from charters and customs to primal principles, from a narrow altercation about facts to the contemplation of immutable truth. She summoned the eternal laws of man's being to protest against all tyranny."

The question is, Will those old cries make themselves heard again? Rather it is, Just how and when will they? — for no one but a dreamer can imagine that the fire which burns at the heart of democracy has been extinguished. Democracy has undoubtedly brought disappointments even to its ardent advocates. It has not made for the world's peace so directly and powerfully as was hoped and prophesied sixty years ago. It has not produced a higher type of public virtue, — has not crushed out venality, self-seeking, and corruption. If it has dethroned old tyrants, it has created new ones of its own, and bowed its neck to their yoke. Yet none of these things can affect our belief in the persistence of democracy, in its infallible rising to new life and to new power, if we have ever really been convinced democrats. The trouble is that many of us have not. Democracy has had the lip adherence of two classes of unbelievers. One has thought of it as a power to be dreaded; the other, as a power to be tricked. Thiers, Tocqueville, used to speak with apprehension of "the inclined plane of Democracy." They saw a power stronger than themselves, — a power which they disliked and distrusted, but with which they felt compelled to temporize and make terms. Only, beware of giving up too much to the monster, or letting him discover the extent of his strength! That attitude is typical. Many openly, more in their secret hearts, adopt it. But, whatever they may be called, they cannot be called sincere believers in democracy. Still less can that other class, all too numerous among us, who think of democracy as merely a leviathan in whose nose it is for them skillfully to put their hook. I mean the rich men who see in a democratic government only so much bribable material. They buy their way through city councils and state legislatures and national Congresses, and then, with their coveted and profitable fran-

chise, charter, or bounty safe in pocket, meet at dinner to chuckle over the infinite gullibility of those who think there is anything in the democratic principle except the main chance of shrewd and unscrupulous wealth. For Disraeli's favorite theory, "The Monarch and the Multitude," they have substituted "The Millionaire and the Multitude." They will furnish the toys and the bribes, and will let the "swinish multitude" of Burke's too contemptuous phrase do the rest.

It is in this direction, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the anti-democratic reaction has gone furthest among us here in the United States. Our "superior beings" who condescend to rule, by trick and juggle, are the men of superior and soulless wealth. They are the great flouters as well as corrupters of democracy, — our really "dangerous classes." How to throw off their ignoble tyranny is the next pressing task of the republican at home. And I think we have in contemporary and pending political movements a hint of the way in which the work may be done. This is not by directly socialistic measures. We may, in the end, come to Mr. Herbert Spencer's dreaded but predicted "bureaucratic despotism of a socialistic organization." There are those who think this fated. Mark Pattison, as reported by his friend Mr. Tollemache, said: "Everything seems to be tending toward Socialism. I hate it." Tollemache asked why, if so great an evil was approaching, he, and those who thought as he did, did not stop it. "Look there," said Pattison, pointing to the sea at Biarritz. "Just as men can construct moles and breakwaters against the waves, so individuals can, in some slight degree, modify passing events. They are powerless against the tide of history, as they are against the tide of the ocean. No, what is to be will be, in spite of you or me." But it will not be in America, for a long time, at any rate, in spite of

Billion Dollar Trusts and the open joy of the Socialists at getting such water for their mill. American democracy is not yet wound up to that doctrinaire level. By inheritance, by tendency, its road to redress of grievances is still that of the Corn-Law Rhymes: —

"Avenge the plundered poor, oh Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword."

Our method is much more likely to be to try, by rule of thumb and experiment heaped on experiment, to find some gradual way of undoing excess by gradual distribution. And, as I say, some of the ways certain to be given large and long trial are already opening before our eyes.

Shakespeare gives us the beginnings of the *modus operandi*. In Pericles we have a bit of dialogue which might almost pass for a comment on "current events" in the most up-to-date periodical: —

"*Third Fisherman*. . . . Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

"*First Fish*. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all."

There is greedy monopoly; now for the struggle against it: —

"*Third Fish*. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

"*Sec. Fish*. Why, man?

"*Third Fish*. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again."

My point is that we can already hear this jangling of the bells as the signal of democracy's revolt against plutocracy.

Mr. Bryan has done a deal of furious ringing. Perhaps his main function will turn out, historically, to have been that of a strong-armed sexton, tugging madly at the bell ropes in order to make the whale cast him up, Jonah fashion. To be the hero of such a political "Versunkene Glocke" would be something! But if he has done only the bell-ringing, as Pio Nono complained of Pusey, others have been going to church. He pealed out the chime of the income tax, and lo! Congressman Grosvenor, "next friend" of the President, has declared himself in favor of it. Mr. Bryan clattered the bells about government control of railroads, and straightway Congressman Dick, of Ohio, chairman of the State Republican Committee, trusted friend of Hanna, went him several better by publicly advocating government ownership of railroads, with telegraphs thrown in. Sexton Bryan tolled manfully for the repeal of all duties on trust-made articles, and has lived to see Mr. Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, introduce a bill for that purpose, and organize a powerful movement for its support within the Republican party.

Still more significant than these significant events, however, are the municipal elections of last spring in the great cities of the West. All of them had given Republican majorities in November; all of them in April swung, unexpectedly and violently, to candidates labeled Democratic. But this result had no partisan meaning. Party lines were, in fact, cut through and crumpled up by new issues thrust sharply into the canvass. The triumphant nominees made their appeals and won their elections, not as Democrats, but as reformers of municipal taxation, as pledged advocates of a more vigorous control of corporations, especially of corporations holding public franchises. Along with this political upheaval, we must take account of the quieter but fully as extraordinary

work accomplished by Governor Odell in New York. He coolly picked up \$3,100,000 a year in taxes from corporations that had never paid the state one penny before. The political skill with which he contrived to do this is another story; what bulks large in the minds of the farmer and artisan whose taxes were remitted is the simple fact that a way has been found to correct, by state taxation, the evils incident to state incorporation. Only a beginning has been made; but no one can doubt that the Caliban of democracy, having once scratched this idea into his skull, will brood upon it till it urges him to fresh applications of it. The power to tax! Let the multitude once grasp the range of that weapon, necessarily left in its hands, and the bargaining and bribing millionaire will not find the partnership so pleasant. At any rate, we are evidently in for a period of eager discussion and experiment in all this province of taxation and restraint of corporate wealth. The old talk about "vested rights" and "spoliation" will no longer be able to sweep out the flood. The doctrinaire defense of the rights of property, as well as the doctrinaire assault upon them, is out of date. What the people have in mind is to take up each question on its merits, as it arises, and settle it,—settle it with a very rough kind of social justice, if you please, but settle it, and on a basis wholly different from anything we have yet seen. That way, I am persuaded, lies our coming reaction to democracy. Leviathan is visibly rushing in that direction now, and there is still truth in Haydon's rather surprising dictum that democracy is, after all, the form of government which most surely has its *will*.

But is there no "gratitude" in people? our superior beings indignantly ask. Will not the workingman be suitably grateful to us for steady employment and higher wages? Will not Cu-

ban and Filipino remember the tyranny from which we redeemed them? Ask the Egyptians. They are a thousand-fold better off, no one questions, than they were under Mehemet or Tewfik, but the ungrateful beggars fill the air with their complaints of English rule. Why is this? Simply because memories are short; because envy is more powerful than gratitude; and because every day brings into the world beings who know nothing about past evils, but who have a very lively sense of present inconveniences. It is thus with races; it is the same with classes. Men will not reflect how much worse off they once were, so long as they can see how much better off they might be. I detect in laboring men no signs of gratitude for our national prosperity. If I were a machinist or a carpenter, I doubt if I should feel any gratitude myself. I should probably do just what all the workingmen appear to be doing, — what it is both socially and politically and morally desirable that they should do, — accepting every betterment in wage or hours of labor that is offered, biding their time, watching the markets, and pushing for every further advantage that they think obtainable. That is not lovely, but it is life. It is the way in which classes struggle upwards, in which democracy progresses. To all those who think to pause at any given stage, who imagine that gratitude for past attainment will stay the eager pressing toward future achievement, the voice of history comes with a cry of "On, on!" — like that in Bossuet's sermon: "*La loi est prononcée; il faut avancer toujours. Je voudrais retourner sur mes pas: 'Marche, marche!'*"

The prospects of democracy are to be estimated differently now from a hundred years ago. The difference is the difference between Jefferson and Lowell. The former saw the main, if not the sole enemy of democracy in what he called tyranny; that is, the reluctance of the privileged classes to surrender their privileges. Lowell saw the great danger in democracy itself, — in its exposure to sweeping and senseless passion, its liability to wild excesses, its susceptibility to corruption, its going on its belly instead of on its head. Yet both Jefferson and Lowell were optimists about the future of democracy; and both for the same reason, — the infinite educability of mankind. Only inch by inch, said Jefferson, can liberty make progress, for it is a hard and slow process to educate men even as regards what is for their own good; but educated they can and will be in the end. Little by little only, said Lowell, can democracy purge itself of its grossness, its stupidity, its cruelty; but the work of purification has been steadily going on, and that it will continue to go on we must believe. When two such disparate minds in disparate ages agree, it is not for me to hold to the contrary opinion. It is often hard to be optimistic, but, on the whole, I believe we are bound to be, and to go forward toward what democracy has in store for us with muscles prudently relaxed; counting on more than one disagreeable knock, but on no hurt that is beyond the art of the great surgeon, Time.

"I know not; but, sustained by sure belief
That man still rises level with the height
Of noblest opportunities, or makes
Such, if the time supply not, I can wait."

An Emersonian Democrat.

LIZA WETHERFORD.

"You always talk about ghosts the same as if they *were*, yet you've never seen one, Aunt Dilsy."

"Maybe not; though I seem to see a heap when I set here alone of evenin's. I ain't never been to the city, yet I know it's there, an' 's creepin' out on us, with its spires an' churches an' opery house. I ain't never seen the Falls of Niagry; have you?"

"No 'm, nor want to. The creek in a spring risin' 's enough for me."

"You always were scary as a child." Aunt Dilsy rocked comfortably, with her chair drawn to the doorway, where she could see the sunset fading from the locust trees.

"I reckon a body don't have time left for scariness, with hard work 'n' worry 'n' sickness 'n' children 'n' husbands 'n' all," said the neighbor, sitting on the step.

"Well, talkin' of husbands, I've lived to mourn mine, an' he 's a heap of company yet," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You make my flesh creep when you talk about the dead like they were flesh 'n' blood! It's livin' so near to the buryin' ground, I s'pose. I'd rather keep company with the livin'," returned the first.

"Child, the nearness of the dead need n't make you afeard. Why, I set here a-watchin' them stones down yonder in the buryin' ground till it seems like they was movin' around in the dusk, an' their owners oughter come up 'n' set awhile, for old acquaintance' sake!"

"I reckon if they did you'd be as scary as the next one," remarked the other, in the unresponsiveness with which the utterances of the imaginative are met by their more phlegmatic kind.

"I don't believe so," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "I'm so used to the thought of 'em; an' knowin' their restin' places so well has seemed to draw 'em nearer. I

have n't had anythin' else to mother for a good while now 'cept them graves. Yes, some folks lyin' down yonder are better known to me now than they were in life. It's like the false doctrines had fell away of themselves, an' the truth about folks grew clear in a body's mind in spite of everythin'."

The other woman sat, with her chin in her hand, listening vaguely, and gazing where a boy was driving cows up the lane. Her attitude expressed that any theory which might be alien to the beaten track of village opinion could not bear weight in her estimation.

"There 's many a one takes to flowers easy that you would n't have thought it of," mused Aunt Dilsy's gentle voice. "There was n't a leaf or blade on Antony Birk, the ground was so hard" —

"I reckon Antony Birk was too hard-natured for anythin' to grow on him!" interpolated the neighbor.

"So 't was thought. But I minded the time he gave Jane Atkins and the children that cottage free of rent in winter time, an' I thought the Lord must know of a soft spot somewheres, so I planted a little periwinkle, an' it's growin' beautiful."

"I never knew he gave anythin' to anybody in all his mortal life."

"Folks ain't so apt to know what a man does as what he don't do. All the flowers down yonder 's doin' well: the life everlastin' on my Amos, — he held on to life so, Amos did; an' the pansies on poor Sally Minch, — she never had no heart's ease in life, an' 't seems like she deserves some now; the bleedin' heart on little Molly Green; but the best bloomer of all 's that there crimson Rambler rose I planted on Liza Wetherford, and I ain't a bit surprised."

The listener turned her head with a show of interest, and said, "Why not?"

"Because Liza always could do things better 'n anybody else, whether 't was raisin' flowers or singin' or workin'; she was mighty pretty, too."

"I never thought Liza Wetherford had any looks to speak of," remarked the neighbor.

"'T was the sort of looks that are deeper 'n flesh. She loved a red flower, too, poor Liza!"

"There ain't any call to pity Liza Wetherford now, Aunt Dilsy; if she did n't come to no good end, she brought it on herself. Better call a spade a spade."

"Maybe it digs as well if we don't call it a rusty one," said Aunt Dilsy. "The only bad end Liza come to, to my knowledge, was to be sent back dead with a doctor's certificate for typhoid fever, poor soul! There warn't any too many mourners to follow the hearse from the train to the buryin' ground, though I tried to make it seem Christian-like. But she did n't have no people at best. Seemed like Liza was buffeted around terrible from the start; motherless, too!"

"Oh, Aunt Dilsy, you can't make folks as easy on people as you are. If runnin' away from home, an' goin' back on the man she was to marry, an' — if what is said is true — turnin' play actor on the stage, is n't a bad end, what *is*?"

"I've found out that a thing may look one way, an' be another," said the older woman, gazing where the dusk gathered blackly in the locust leaves; "we deceive ourselves easy by tryin' to think as other folks think. Maybe livin' alone has kep' my memory fresh about folks, but — you knew Marcus Wetherford, Liza's father?" The neighbor nodded. "Well, I knew Marcus an' Tom Wetherford before your day. Tom went West an' married an' died; an' Marcus, he lived along here, shif'less an' worse. I ain't one to rake up a man's sins, livin' or dead, but truth is truth. When he got into trouble with the Plineyville Bank, how did he keep out of jail?"

"I don't just remember now," said the other indifferently.

"'T was this way: Liza went around and raised the money for bail, and pledged herself to pay it all back; and I reckon she knew best what a life Marcus led her! Then she broke off with Willy Marshall, refusin' to bring disgrace upon his name; and what did Marcus do? (For there's them that can't stand bein' helped!) He up 'n' promised old Jacob Rhett that if he'd go security on a note, Liza should marry him; and he knew that Liza was just wrapped up in Willy Marshall!"

"Well, I don't know anythin' about that part," said the neighbor; "it seemed like Mr. Wetherford lived quiet and respectable enough afterwards. All men fall into trouble sometimes."

"And women, too, — only they don't get out of it so easy," said Aunt Dilsy. "He did n't dare be anythin' but respectable; 't was that respectableness that wore me out with Marcus Wetherford! I most deceived myself tryin' to make excuses to myself for him, but it was n't any use; I could n't see him any way 'cept what he was, noways. He was so smooth-tongued that when old Jacob Rhett demanded that Liza should marry him, Marcus sorter got everybody on his side, — don't ask me how! And all the time Liza workin' her fingers to the bone for the bail money! I never admired Liza as much as when she saw the right and refused. Then she went away as clean from sight as though she'd never been. Afterwards the Plineyville Bank began to get a sum reg'lar, until every cent of the money was paid off; and all the time Marcus goin' around mournin' about Liza disgracin' him! My land! I hope I'll be forgiven for seein' it all so plain! It's terrible, sometimes, to see folks just as they are. But I'll tell you this: it was a good while after Marcus Wetherford died before I could bring myself to plant more than a petunia on him!" Aunt Dilsy sighed, and leaned

back and passed her handkerchief over her face, after this unusual outburst. The frogs croaked in the hollow, and the night drew near.

"Well, it's a wonder, for you're so soft about people," replied the other woman. "I only know what they said about Liza Wetherford. Seems like her father had given a promise; and old Jacob Rhett had money, too."

Aunt Dilsy sighed; she had heard the argument many times. "Yes, that's just it," she said; "you can't set folks right when they want to see wrong."

"Well, Aunt Dilsy, she certainly did get that money mighty quick, some way! She must have got to be an actor or — or something."

"Well, there ain't any commandment agin it," said Aunt Dilsy. "I own that Liza was different to most in these parts; but just because we belong to Plinyville, we ain't seen everybody yet. She could sing wonderful, Liza could. My! I hear that voice yet; it kind of went to the soul. You see, tendin' flowers has taught me a heap. No two can be raised alike: There's them to be tied, and them to be twined, and them to be left to the wind o' heaven; an' it's the same with folks."

"Well, I must think 'cordin' to principle," said the neighbor virtuously, as she arose. "Seems to me that when her father got to be a respectable elder of the church 'n' all, she'd better have stayed home 'n' married. Old Jacob Rhett had a heap o' money. I must go make my bread up, Aunt Dilsy."

The older woman sighed before she too arose. It was the sigh which meant the folding of the wings of vision which were driven back to brood within the silence of her own heart.

"I'll go to the gate with you. I take exercise reg'lar now, mornin's an' evenin's, to keep from gettin' oversized."

The moon shone through a black fret of locust leaves as the two women walked down the path together. At the gate,

as her neighbor passed through, Aunt Dilsy stopped to smell a hundred-leaved rose. "Yes," she repeated, "flowers has taught me. There's nothin' alike; all's different; but folks don't see it, even when other folks are lyin' dead like poor Liza Wetherford."

The other made an irrelevant remark about the warmth of the night, and went her way down the road, which meant that no one need be affected one way or the other by the vagaries of one as notional and "soft-natured" as Aunt Dilsy Ames. Meanwhile, Aunt Dilsy went back to her cottage by another path, where she stopped through force of habit at the gate of the little graveyard adjoining her land. The moonlight made more white the stones against the black yew, which stood spirelike in the centre of the plot. The paths were white as day, and she peered forward, discerning the dark mass of the rambler rose — a rich crimson by day — which overhung the grave of Liza Wetherford. She looked, and looked again, and drew her shoulder shawl closer, as though the air were growing cooler. Then she turned back to her garden path, and stopped to touch a plant here and there, as familiarly as if it had been day. The air was heavy and sweet, and inside her cottage Aunt Dilsy drew her chair again to the doorway, and sat dreamily rocking and gazing out upon the moonlit world. This was the hour which she habitually gave to nature, to the impassioned sense of beauty and truth within her, and she drank in the nearness of the night, as they only can to whom such solitude is the draught of life.

As she rocked and mused, the moon's light and the black shadows merged, and a shape grew out of them, and stood hesitating in the path, as though listening. It stole forward haltingly, yet longingly, and then a woman's form stood before the door. She was tall and slim, and something fleecy fell back from her dark hair, which was drawn softly from a clear

brow. She withdrew into the deeper shadow, and when she spoke she seemed a part of the night, — only there was a swift movement of the hands, quickly suppressed, as though they would fain have flown outward; and one of them held a cluster of the rambler rose.

"I did not intend to startle you. I saw you, and only stopped for a moment."

It was a vibrating tone, and at its sound Aunt Dilsy leaned forward quickly and strove to see through the darkness. Then her voice trembled strangely. "I knew I saw somebody — somethin' — down yonder, as I come by. Seems like I know your voice mighty well."

The figure started, as though it would have fled, and the veil of night grew deeper between them, and through it came quickly breathed words: —

"No, you do not know me!"

There was an instant in which Aunt Dilsy's old hands clasped together, and the insistent noises of night were loud in her ears.

"Maybe I've no right to say I do," she said humbly, "but I'd know that voice anywheres. It belonged to one I helped bury with my own hands." She passed a hand across her brow as though to brush away the dream, if dream it were; form was an almost intangible object in the night-time. Then her voice grew stronger. "Yes, I helped bury her, but I ain't afeard if you — if you're — her."

The other gave a sigh as of relief, and drew nearer and sat down upon the step, with her head bowed almost at Aunt Dilsy's knee.

"I might have known you would n't be afraid of Liza Wetherford," she murmured. "I wanted so to see you once, to thank you for planting this." She held up the rambler rose. "No one else would have done it." She sighed, and Aunt Dilsy spoke as in a dream: —

"'T was n't anythin' to do! I knew all about it, you see, — how Liza come to go away 'n' all. She was most heart-

broke; seems like I'd have done the same if I'd been her. I was so hurt for her that I was n't sorry scarcely when she come back dead an' at rest; it seemed better so."

The moon had crept behind the house, and the locust leaves wove black shadows like phantom hands between the two, — Aunt Dilsy's pitiful old face, and the dark head bowed at her knee.

"I'd like to have seen her once, though," she mused; "there were things I wanted to make sure about, so 's I could straighten it out here for her some, maybe."

"No one must know!" whispered the other.

"I've always wanted to know how that money was made," said Aunt Dilsy.

"You've a right to know," spoke the voice. "It was made honestly, by singing. Oh, it was a terrible struggle at first, almost starvation; but she was bitter and desperate, and — and did n't care. She did not want even her old name; she left that behind her with everything else."

"I knew Liza could n't live anyways but honest!" said Aunt Dilsy.

"Dear Aunt Dilsy, it is so good to hear your voice! Yes, she was honest. She only had time for work, and she had nobody; that is, until she found her cousin, who was ill and poor, too."

"Tom's daughter?" asked Aunt Dilsy.

"Yes; they stayed together until — until" —

"Until Liza died," said the older voice.

"Oh, why did you say that it was better she died?" the other broke in, with a sudden note of passion and a sob. "Why should n't she have lived afterwards, after all the struggle was over, and had time for life? Maybe she could have come back here and had a home like other people, and — and — been happy. Oh, why could n't she? Was there nobody wanted her?"

Aunt Dilsy looked dreamily into the

darkness and rocked, as though musing to herself.

"Maybe I'm wrong, but 't seems like folks forget easy when they don't care, and hard when they do."

"You mean there's nobody cares now? Yes, you are right; there would have been no use for her to have come back. Tell me: when I — when Liza died, was there *anybody* who cared then?"

"Willy cared," said Aunt Dilsy softly; "he cared terrible."

"Yes, — yes, tell me!"

"Well, men are different," said Aunt Dilsy gently, "and people's talking will have weight, I s'pose. He married soon afterwards."

There was stillness between them except for the whippoorwill's note and the shrill voices of the darkness. Then the other arose and stood tall against the night.

"It was better she died," said she. "Life has its way with some; they can't battle against it. It would have done no good to have come back." . . . Suddenly her hands were flung upward, and

shuddering sobs broke the restraint of words. "I waited so long! I waited so long for him to come! He promised . . . and he did not come. . . . And I thought that he loved me!" It was a bitter, human cry, and for a quick instant two arms were cast around Aunt Dilsy, and a tear lay hot upon her cheek. "Oh, forgive me for coming! Forgive me! I was starving to know! . . . Good-by! Oh, good-by! . . . You are the only one I ever had, — the only one!"

The leaves shook as with wind, and the older woman arose like one awakening from sleep, and stood trembling on the threshold.

"You are no spirit!" she said aloud. "You are mortal flesh and blood! For the good Lord's sake, tell me what this means! *What became of Tom's daughter?* Speak!"

The answer stole back with a sob, — "Dead."

"And her name? Her name?"

But the darkness closed upon a vanishing form, and there was only a whisper, —

"*Liza Wetherford!*"

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

NIGHT PIECE.

WITH fore-cloth smoothed by careful hands
The night's serene pavilion stands,
And many cressets hang on high
Against its arching canopy.

Peace to his children God hath sent;
We are at peace within his tent.
Who knows, without these guarded doors,
What wind across the desert roars?

Arthur Colton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HAS any pessimist considered modesty a defunct virtue? Let **A First Acceptance.** him observe a novice in literary work with his first acceptance. He is overwhelmed with surprise, and haunted with dread that the fickle editor will change his mind, and never allow his hopes to reach their consummation. During the conceptive period, indeed, he was undisturbed by doubts as to the quality of his work. Every sentence; in his opinion, was straight to the point, every adjective did its duty. Yet, whatever method he chose, be sure in the actual labor the would-be contributor was sorely handicapped.

Then follows the author's nightmare. Story or poem or essay, the thing is done; but as it comes to its final reading, a cold sweat breaks out on the brow just now so complacent. That very best passage, — the production's crowning ornament, — where has he read that before? Surely it is his own, — why, he thought it out phrase by phrase, corrected it, and rewrote it, till it was built into its present form; and yet, where *has* he read that passage? He is modestly willing to acknowledge that he is no genius; that all he knows or thinks is only a composite photograph of what he has learned from more brilliant men. But he would like to be sure that his photograph is composite; if he has taken those phrases *verbatim et literatim* from some one else, he would prefer to embellish them with quotation marks.

All these crests of the Hill Difficulty being surmounted, he proceeds to the disillusionizing process of copying his *chef-d'œuvre*. If after the ministration of cold-blooded typewriter or of fountain pen — that thing of moods, like an April day with tears of ink instead of raindrops — his work still retain its hold upon his good opinion, there's probably

merit in it. Oftener its charm is gone, and he is minded to destroy it. But, after all, it is his own offspring, and the sentiment of the times is against infanticide, so he prepares it for its start in the world. Then where to send it! If the obdurate editor would bestow half the time and pains upon the selection of manuscripts that the anxious author spends in choosing his periodical, said editor would n't miss so many obviously good things.

Authors there be who might lightly speak of the "acceptance of a first contribution," but many more whose unhappy experience would compel them to transpose the words, and say the "first acceptance of a contribution." The phrase matters little. In either case it refers to the inauguration of the most delightful experience known to man. "The check will follow upon publication." Whatsoever thou doest, O callow youth who aspirest to pursue Fame along the road that beginneth at the open door of some hospitable magazine, see that thou make wise choice of thy starting place. Shun diligently those publications which send the check with the acceptance, for by them art thou defrauded. What man is there who would spend his money but once, when, by taking thought, he might spend it many times? And if, saving the once, it be spent in imagination only, what then?

After the long-expected arrival, the man dons his threadbare coat, and sallies forth to cash his check and proceed to his realizations. When he returns he carries a parcel, and his wife — if he have one — knows what it contains while it is yet sealed. From the first, no mention has been made of books; but that is undoubtedly a parcel of books. Such a very simple matter! There are other desirable things, but certainly nothing

which he and his family could need so much as new books.

Sometimes the parcel contains an édition de luxe, that *rarus hospes* on the shelf of a struggling writer; but more often convenient and durable volumes which can be read where reading is most enjoyable, in bed. There is a popular superstition to the effect that a man who habitually reads in bed "sleeps with his book beneath his pillow." That is a mistake. It would be bad for the book, and would probably induce dreams which might be pleasant, but equally well might not. Mrs. Browning has apparently disclaimed this practice in her own case, saying, "Invalid or not, I should have a romance in a drawer, if not behind a pillow." But she seems not to have discovered her novel's proper resting place, which is not "in a drawer," but on the floor beneath the bed, where the tired hand most readily bestows it when Morpheus, unkind, insists on no further trifling. Unless, indeed, the reader be forced to sleep in one of those modern abominations yecept "folding beds." Such unfortunate victim of cramped quarters might purchase a "combination bed and bookcase," and sleep with his books on the shelf above his couch. Thus did the Clerk of Oxford. Can it be that he too slept in a bookcase bed?

"For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche or fithele or gay sautrie."

I THOUGHT I might not agree with the writer of *The Amateur Spirit*, it, in the August *Atlantic*, but I do, almost wholly. The only point where I'm not sure is in the setting of the expert over against the amateur, as he is there defined. The specialist I take to be a man who is doing work—that is, making discoveries—in some line, and who is compelled by the conditions to confine his work to that line, necessarily a narrow one. His opposite,

the natural and logical counterpart to him, is a man who is not making discoveries, but is acquiring for himself the knowledge that others have discovered. He may be broad or narrow in his range,—that has nothing to do with it; the definition of him is that he is not a discoverer. But the spirit which the *Atlantic* describes under the word "amateur" is a tone and temper, an attitude toward all kinds of knowledge; and it is not, necessarily or inherently, or even, I believe, usually, in any kind of fixed relation to the fact that a man is or is not doing the work of discovery. The two things are not in the same plane. The one has to do with one's daily work, the ordinary grind, by which we earn our bread and cheese, and keep ourselves sane in a mad world. It's just work pushed out a little further than we usually push it, a little more agreeable than the ordinary work, but not essentially different from it, and connected with it by all kinds of associations. It belongs to the intellectual-machine part of us. But the spirit with which a man looks at ideas and at knowledge, either old or new, is a product of the whole of him, and is related to his general view of life. It may be broad or narrow, and mean or generous, but it is only accidentally and remotely connected with his business or profession. It has moral qualities; professions have n't.

It lies in no "island-valley of Avilion," this orchard of mine; but there are in its near neighborhood "bowery hollows," and it is "crowned with summer seas." Indeed, down its vistas, whether of blossom-snow or of leaf-green, glimpses may be had of blue water, of a shade to match the hypæthral blue of its roofless chambers.

For me, this orchard (though in the heart of New England) is the very home of enchantment. I do not know that I should be much startled, in truth, should there suddenly appear before my eyes a Chaucerian company diversely prais-

**The Amateur
Temper.**

**A Dream
Orchard.**

ing the "flowre and the leafe;" or if from this witching spot I should myself be stolen away into fairyland, as was True Thomas the Rhymer! It is a dream orchard, with an ivory gate; but for that I do not greatly care. Its apples (I have heard) are acrid and uncompromising, — of late years remaining unharvested. But as I never taste the fruit, my teeth are not set on edge. It is enough for me that, as I sit beneath the laden boughs, nearly every summer day, a fragrance as of ripened sweet-brier hips is wafted downward, and is the very incense of the place. Besides, I have had my harvest in flowers from the old orchard, and am there in paradise, during mid-May, year after year!

The trees themselves, being old and unpruned, are an assemblage of sufficiently grotesque figures, some of them so stooped in lichened age as to seem kneeling, and, caryatid-like, supporting giant corbels of rosy bloom. And at this season my orchard is a flower piece set to music, — a music which I might imagine to be a crooning memory of Amphion's harp, but which is, in fact, the united hum of legion bees at work in the blossoms.

As I sit, idle in thought, or perhaps reading in the white-lighted, flower-tapestried room I have chosen (out of a choice suite), the wren comes to his cavern door, — a knot-hole in an aged limb overhead, — and proceeds to sing me a snatch from the brook song that is his; or else, from the tree, third in the westmost row of the orchard, comes the mellow-mourning note of the wood dove. I also am aware that those sojourners of a day, the warblers, bound for more northern nesting places, are weaving back and forth through the blossomed branches. But beyond all these known denizens or visitors, I sometimes imagine a presence which is more permanent than any other, and which is one with the destinies of my dream orchard. That presence may be

THE DRYAD OF THE ORCHARD.

Vainly, vainly have I sought her,
Watching all the long bright daytime, —
She, the mossy Orchard's daughter,
Waking only in the May time!

Sleeps she null to winter's rigor,
Null to frost or sleet wind's scourges;
Draws with buds a hidden vigor,
And with opening buds emerges.

When the blossoms crowd in wonder,
On the branches gnarled and hoary,
And the grass grows long thereunder,
Then she comes in baffling glory!

There be those that do attend her,
And they list to do her pleasure;
She hath touched them with her splendor,
And hath given joy past measure:

One — the oriole, darting quickly,
(Voice of rapture clear Elysian!)
Glimpsed through flower glooms crowding
thickly,
Flame-bright, wingèd, fleeting vision!

Elfland minstrels, too, are bidden,
And they share her nectared chalice, —
Forest swarm or hive bees, hidden
In her flower-wave hanging palace.

These attend and serve her ever, —
Vainly, vainly I have sought her;
Though I watch, I see her never, —
She, the mossy Orchard's daughter!

MAY a very occasional Contributor in-
A Rejoin- terrupt the conversations of
der. the Club?

I read, on my piazza, with great interest, what Mr. Froude says about free nations, and what follows their conquest of barbarous nations; also, about the "suggestive coincidence" that Alfred's and Cæsar's celebrations come just a thousand years apart.

But there seemed a passage left out, — lost in the "make-up," perhaps. Did not the Contributor mean to add that without Cæsar there would have been no Alfred? Winchester, the Venerable Bede, Augustine, Boethius, — all were there because Mr. Cæsar had stepped in with his legions and his architects and his Latin language, and because

Rome had followed up the business of carrying such light and life as she had to the uttermost parts of the world? Lucky for some of us who live in Shawm-ut that the people of Rome (seven hills they had) were not satisfied to maintain their own "freedom" as Mr. Froude suggests they could have done.

MUCH has recently been written of the fatalism of modern democracy. Mr. Bryce has noticed it in the United States, and Charles Pearson embodied the spirit of modern fatalism very happily in his simile of men being obliged ultimately to drift with the stream, however vigorously they might try to retard it.

Yet fatalism is as old as the world itself, and if the Northern and Occidental races have not cared to be called fatalists, they have generally been so at heart, while the fatalistic creed of Calvinism has been adopted by some of the least contemplative and most adventurous peoples of Europe.

For "fatalism" is a much-abused word in so far as it has been taken to signify a purely passive attitude toward life and action. We are all fatalists at heart, whether we believe that the cosmic process tends to ultimate good or not, and a deep conviction of this need not necessarily paralyze our activities.

Homer knew this, and has often been unjustly blamed for the inconsistency of a theology that subordinated its gods to the Fates. Yet in our own lives we act as the Greek deities and demigods did; we put forth all our force in the struggle, knowing that the prize is not within our reach, and that we may never attain our goal. We see our heroes bite the dust in the supreme moments of their endeavor, and cheerfully recognize the vanity of all endeavor (if regarded only as a means to an end). We envy rather than pity those who have so fallen, and thus unconsciously avow that it is for

endeavor itself that we live, and not mainly for the fruit thereof. The failure to see this aspect of life has propagated many misconceptions. Fatalism, we are told, is pessimistic, and makes men unhappy. Happiness cannot be enjoyed without a sense of permanence, and the fatalist can never feel this. But why should he assume that happiness is the chief aim of life? Prosperous acquisition does not satisfy mankind so well as adventurous pioneering. What we all want is our opportunity, — the opportunity of starting out on life thoroughly equipped for the enterprise. When we have known what it is to live and to be spent in our different ways, we need not complain if we are prematurely put away in the cupboard, like Omar Khayyám's chessmen. Others can and will do our work; it was only our business to strive, and not to shirk any of it. It may even be an enviable lot to die in the full blast of the conflict, instead of living long enough to remember how much has been left undone.

If all this be fatalism, it is the implicit philosophy of those whose names are best remembered by the race; nor is it the philosophy of academic decadents.

The real seekers after happiness, and consequently the real pessimists, are the Buddhists and the Oriental ascetics, or even our own modern disciples of Schopenhauer. "You shall escape fate," they tell us, "by a slow suicide, and mutilate your faculties to insure yourself against the pains of unsatisfied desire."

Not so thought the great fatalists of Europe, from Julius Cæsar to Machiavelli or Napoleon Bonaparte; they purposed to drain life to the full, and not to look too curiously into what might lie before them. A similar attitude well becomes modern democracies. Even if they fall short of their aims, they will have fulfilled their being; and attainment is no less vain than effort, for behind both lies *la grandeur du rien*.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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WILLIAM McKINLEY

JAN. 29, 1843 — SEPT. 14, 1901

"A noble manhood, nobly conse-
crated to man, never dies."

McKinley on Lincoln

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

FOR the third time within the memory of men who still feel themselves young, the President of the United States has been struck down by an assassin. Each of these crimes was as wanton as it was remediless. No shadow of excuse or palliation — except upon the charitable presumption of insanity — can be found for the vainglorious actor, the disappointed office seeker, and the self-confessed anarchist, who treacherously took the lives of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Lincoln's death was like the close of a great, mysterious tragedy. Garfield's had its own peculiar note of pathos; and though Lincoln's ever increasing fame has done something to eclipse the memory of the second "martyr President," the grief of the nation in 1881 was no less genuine, and naturally more widespread, than in the discordant days of 1865. But the circumstances of President McKinley's assassination have been such as to cause even more general and poignant sorrow to the nation as a whole. United as never before, enjoying an era of political good feeling, and universally attracted by the lovable personal qualities of their President, the citizens of the United States, without regard to sectional or party differences, have been stunned and sickened by his murder.

The behavior of our people during the days that intervened between the firing of the fatal shot and the death of the President has been thoroughly characteristic. The first shock and amazement were followed by an outburst of anger against anarchists of every stripe. Even the clergy, upon the first Sunday after that ill-starred Friday, made use of ill-considered appeals to the mere spirit of revenge. This mood passed with calmer second thoughts, and with those swiftly mounting expectations — American-

like in their optimism, but alas, how futile! — of the President's recovery. Then came the sudden change for the worse, the abandonment of hope, the hours of hushed waiting for the end, and at last, in those moving words written by Whitman on the night of Garfield's passing: —

"The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news everywhere,
The slumberers rouse, the rapport of the People,
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,
Full well return, respond within their breasts,
their brains, the sad reverberations,)
The passionate toll and clang — city to city,
joining, sounding, passing,
Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night."

The heart-beats were those of a nation always swiftly responsive to generous emotions, stirred now beyond its wont by tender sympathy, and thrilled by the parting words that fell, with such incomparable felicity, from the lips of the dying President. His quiet courage and simple trust were contagious, and upon Sunday, the 15th, the public's mood had changed from one of blind anger and dismay to faith in the perpetuation of our system of self-government and faith in God.

But that the situation is in some respects very grave is generally realized. So far as the American people can protect the life of their Chief Magistrate against the common enemies of all governments, no effort will be spared to do so. A stricter enforcement of existing legislation, possibly new legislation looking to the closer supervision of the speech and action of suspicious elements in the community, is likely to follow. A blow directed against our President is a menace to each one of us, and we have full right to take every precaution against the foes of established order. But in

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RECONSTRUCTION AND DISFRANCHISEMENT.

WITH the paper on The Undoing of Reconstruction, in the present issue of the Atlantic, its series of articles upon the reconstruction period comes to a close. The theme of these papers seems to us so important, and their bearing upon our immediate political future so significant, that we venture to remind our readers of some of the truths suggested by these studies of a troubled epoch.

The frankness of the authors of the reconstruction articles has been noticeable. Representing many sections of the country and many varieties of political opinion, they were asked to review the conditions upon which the Southern states were readmitted to the Union after the close of the Civil War. Some of the writers, like ex-Secretary Herbert and ex-Governor Chamberlain, fought in the war, and played a personal part in the events that followed it. Mr. McCall, the biographer of Thaddeus Stevens, had had occasion to make a careful study of the congressional side of the reconstruction controversy. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page had already illustrated, in his chosen art of fiction, the temper of the Southern people during reconstruction times. Mr. William Garrott Brown and Mr. Phelps had utilized unusual opportunities for studying particular phases of the period in different sections of the South. Professor Du Bois, who wrote upon The Freedmen's Bureau, had won a reputation among economists for his careful statistical studies of his race. Professor Woodrow Wilson, who began

the series, and Professor Dunning, who now closes it, are historians known for their luminous presentation of the vexed questions involved in the reconstruction policy. All of these writers had, of course, the fullest liberty to express their personal opinions. More than thirty years have passed since the legislation of 1870 completed the formal processes of reconstruction, and in spite of the passionate political feelings involved in every step of that procedure, the Atlantic articles have been written both dispassionately and, we believe, with entire candor. Many political motives, hitherto more or less veiled, have been laid bare, but there has been no attempt by the authors of these papers to palliate the errors committed by both North and South, in that confused and trying hour of our national history. They have recognized that we are living in a new age, and that Americans, united by a new national spirit, can now discuss with calmness the mistakes made a generation ago.

The most grave of these errors was the indiscriminate bestowal of the franchise upon the newly liberated slaves. The extent to which partisan purposes entered into the adoption of this policy will always be disputed. Mr. McCall has presented the accepted views of Northern Republicans in upholding the measure as a political necessity. Necessary to the immediate security of a great and victorious party it may have been; certainly, it was in part a sincere, idealistic effort to render abstract justice to

a race that had been deeply wronged. But it is apparent enough to-day that the sudden gift of the ballot to men wholly unprepared to use it wisely was a most dangerous policy, however well intentioned it may have been. It is equally apparent that, in so far as partisan motive was dominant in the transaction, partisanship has paid the penalty. The "solid South" is still solid. Reconstruction, particularly in its earlier phases, brought such widespread demoralization to the Southern states that its economic losses are comparable to those of the Civil War. In fact, the whole scheme of reconstruction, so skillfully and in part nobly planned, so boldly carried out, has broken down. Professor Dunning traces for us the various stages that have characterized the systematic undoing of that which was supposed to have been done once for all. He shows precisely how it has come about that in the South to-day "the negroes enjoy practically no political rights; the Republican party is but the shadow of a name; and the influence of the negroes in political affairs is nil." The constitutional conventions in session during the past summer, in various Southern states, have had for their chief and openly avowed purpose the elimination of the negro from politics, or, in Professor Dunning's phrase, making the political equality of the negro "as extinct in law as it has long been in fact." The final stage of the long reconstruction controversy seems to close, singularly enough, in the reversal of the very process which marked its inception. Reconstruction began with enfranchisement; it is ending with disfranchisement.

Who are left to mourn over this withdrawal of political rights from the negro? There are at least four classes who regret it: (1.) Intelligent leaders of that race, who recognize that in the breakdown of negro popular suffrage the industrious, property-holding, educated black is likely to suffer the same

disability as the ignorant and vicious. This is the intention and the practical result of much of the disfranchising legislation already consummated, however adroitly the fact may be concealed. (2.) Active friends of the negro at the North, spiritual descendants of the abolitionists, — men and women who have never wearied, and surely will never weary, in their efforts to uplift the blacks. These people are giving largely for negro education, of both the industrial and academic type. Though comparatively few in numbers, they command considerable influence, and they resent the forced closure of any avenue that opens the way for negro self-respect and training in self-government. (3.) Some Republicans of the old sort, like those of Iowa lately assembled in convention, who are still faithful to the doctrine of equal rights, and opposed to "all legislation designed to accomplish the disfranchisement of citizens upon lines of race, color, or station in life." (4.) And a good many persons, North and South, of all parties and no party, who believe that the experiment of republican government in this country is secure only in so far as its fundamental principle of self-government by the masses is allowed unimpeded scope.

Who rejoice over the enforced retirement of the negro from politics? There are assuredly four classes here: (1.) A horde of ignorant "poor whites," mostly of pure "Anglo-Saxon" stock, who are being outstripped in the march of civilization even by the negroes, and who imagine that a "grandfather clause" will save them from the consequences of illiteracy and degeneracy. They are the most pitiable and the most dangerous element in our composite national life. (2.) Southern Democratic politicians. (3.) The majority of the Southern people, of whom it should be said that they understand the Southern negro as no Northerners can, and who are at least as kindly disposed toward him as the masses

of the Northern people. (4.) A good many persons, again of all parties and no party, who secretly rejoice at any expression of the racial superiority of the Anglo-Saxon; who believe, not in a democratic government, in which all citizens shall participate upon precisely the same terms, but in a "strong" or "white man's" government. These people are Americans by accident of birth, but politically they are Europeans, aristocrats and reactionists.

Between these friends and foes of disfranchisement stands a vast body of indifferentists. Some of the indifference is found, it is true, among well-wishers of the colored people, who think that as long as their economical and industrial rights are assured the blacks had better "keep out of politics;" forgetting how closely, in an industrial democracy like our own, political and industrial rights are bound together. The masses of the North belong also to the indifferent class. Northern political feeling upon the negro question, to be effective, must be fused by one of those furnace-glows of moral passion such as was felt forty years ago. Our temporary coldness to the moral issues involved in politics, combined with that world-wide reaction against democracy which has been noted by many recent Atlantic writers, makes it unlikely that any considerable portion of the Northern public will at present seriously bestir themselves in the negro's behalf.

Nor can he look for help to either of the two great national parties. The leaders of the party of emancipation and reconstruction have apparently decided that it is inexpedient to interfere with what is taking place in the South. Occasional state conventions, like that of Iowa, already referred to, will doubtless reaffirm the historic Republican position with regard to equal rights, and the next national platform will probably contain an unexceptionable and smoothly planed plank of the same texture. There the matter will end. The Democratic party,

demoralized at best and absolutely dependent upon the Southern vote, can offer no hope to the negro. The spectacle of Southern Democrats passing resolutions asserting the right of Filipinos to self-government, and at the same instant refusing self-government to men of dark-skinned race in America, was one of the broad jokes of the last campaign. Indeed, it must be confessed that our present national insistence upon our right to administer the affairs of other races, in our newly acquired territory, makes it extremely embarrassing for either party to urge a literal obedience to the Fifteenth Amendment in the South. Whatever blessings our acquisition of foreign territory may bring in the future, its influence upon equal rights in the United States has already proved malign. It has strengthened the hands of the enemies of negro progress, and has postponed further than ever the realization of perfect equality of political privilege. If the stronger and cleverer race is free to impose its will upon "new-caught, sullen peoples" on the other side of the globe, why not in South Carolina and Mississippi? The advocates of the "shotgun policy" are quite as sincere, and we are inclined to think quite as unselfish, as the advocates of "benevolent assimilation." The two phrases are, in fact, two names for the same thing: government by force, — the absolute determination by one race of the extent of political privilege to be enjoyed by another. There is a great deal to be said for this theory of government, in cases where a civilized people have assumed control of an uncivilized people, and at present it has more friends than at any other time since the close of the Napoleonic wars. But it is not a theory which bodes good to the full manhood of the American negro.

What, then, must be the immediate programme and the ultimate hope of those who believe, as the Atlantic does, in the old-fashioned American doctrine

of political equality, irrespective of race or color or station? The short cut to equality, attempted by giving the negro the ballot before he was qualified to use it, has proved disastrous. It has confused the issue, and cast doubt upon the principle of equality itself. The long way around must now be tried, — the painfully slow but certain path that leads through labor and education and mutual understanding and unimagined patience to the goal of full political privilege. A comprehension of the actual status of the American negro is one step toward the ultimate solution of the race question. The Atlantic will shortly announce a group of papers, to be published during 1902, dealing with disfranchisement and other aspects of the relations of whites and blacks in the South. These articles will be written by representative Southerners, by leaders of the negro race, and by impartial students of American social conditions. The presentation of such a group of papers is the chief service which a monthly magazine can render to any public cause, and yet we may be allowed to point out here what we believe to be the surest ground for hope in the final victory of equal rights.

That hope lies in the good sense of the South. It is obvious that she is being left to herself, to settle the question of disfranchisement in her own way. Terribly destructive of the public respect for law as is her unhindered violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, disheartening as it is to see some blatant and brutal Tillman take up again the old cry of "Down with the niggers!" all this may be preferable, in the long view, to another epoch of forcible intervention. The South must learn by her own blunders, as she has had to do ere now. Thrown upon her own responsibility, and freed from the jealous fear of Northern interference, there is ground for confidence that she will yet follow her innate sense of justice and of honor. Under normal conditions, she

possesses these characteristics to as high a degree as any portion of the Union. Grossly unfair and cruel as the conduct of Southern politicians toward the negro has often been, it is no worse treatment than Northern politicians would have given him, under similar temptation. Remorselessly as the "color line" is drawn in the Southern states, it is scarcely less rigid in the North, save in this one matter of the ballot.

At all events, the South is justified in the inference that the country is now willing, for one reason or another, to give her a chance to show her real temper. Southern whites are already making manly confession of the evil that has been wrought upon themselves, no less than upon the blacks, by the systematic falsification of election returns. They are doubtless right in believing that open, avowed suppression of the negro vote — if that vote is to be eliminated — is better for all concerned than a scheme of fraud and chicanery. But some degree of chicanery there must be in each of these new legal devices for contravening the express purpose of the Fifteenth Amendment, and we believe that Southerners will one day take a still more manly and American position, and admit to all the privileges of citizenship any man who proves himself worthy of it. This will require sacrifice of sentiment and tradition. Many years are likely to pass, and possibly many generations, before such a result is attained. But we believe there is too much potential intelligence in the South, and too much love of fair play, permanently to refuse the ballot to colored men of education and property who have attested their value to the community.

Apply to both races equally whatever qualifications for the exercise of the franchise or for holding office each state may see fit to impose: that is the only demand which can wisely be made upon the South. We think she will ultimately grant it, not only because it is the bid-

ding of good sense and of good faith, but also because any other course will mean her moral suicide. To fall back upon a "grandfather clause" — to refuse the ballot to a colored farmer or artisan of intelligence and property, and grant it to some illiterate pauper because he is white — is to put a premium upon the ignorance of one race, and a discount upon the progress of the other. The Southern negroes, in spite of every shortcoming and disadvantage, are slowly, but surely, making headway. Every consideration, whether of economics or of humanity, demands that they should have an open road. They will do the traveling.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page closed his survey of reconstruction, in the preceding number of this magazine, with these admirable words: "That intelligence, virtue, and force of character will eventually rule is as certain in the states of the South as it is elsewhere; and everywhere it is as certain as the operation of the law of gravitation. Whatever people wish to rule in those states must possess these qualities." His tacit assumption, no doubt, is that it will be the whites who are to exhibit these dominant

qualities. Yet we imagine that Booker Washington would wish no better motto for the encouragement of his people than those words of Mr. Page. For "intelligence, virtue, and force of character" are not the endowment of the Anglo-Saxon exclusively. Their roots sink deeper than those of racial peculiarity into the soil of our common humanity. The race that does not bring them to flower is indeed doomed; and whatever race develops intelligence, virtue, and force by ceaseless moral effort will in due season reap the reward. But in such a noble strife as this each race may help the other. It has hitherto been the curse of the South that she has contained two races living in abnormal relations toward each other. Yet it is not impossible that, remaining, in the terms of Booker Washington's famous sentence, "in all things purely social as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress," these races may ultimately give not only a signal example of mutual service, but unexpected reinforcement to the old faith that the plain people, of whatever blood or creed, are capable of governing themselves.

THE UNDOING OF RECONSTRUCTION.

In July of 1870, when the law declaring Georgia entitled to representation in Congress was finally enacted, the process of reconstruction was, from the technical point of view, complete. Each of the states which had seceded from the Union had been "made over" by the creation of a new political people, in which the freedmen constituted an important element, and the organization of a new government, in the working of which the participation of the blacks on equal terms with the whites was put under substantial guarantees. The lead-

ing motive of the reconstruction had been, at the inception of the process, to insure to the freedmen an effective protection of their civil rights, — of life, liberty, and property. In the course of the process, the chief stress came to be laid on the endowment of the blacks with full political rights, — with the electoral franchise and eligibility to office. And by the time the process was complete, a very important, if not the most important part had been played by the desire and the purpose to secure to the Republican party the permanent control

of several Southern states in which hitherto such a political organization had been unknown. This last motive had a plausible and widely accepted justification in the view that the rights of the negro and the "results of the war" in general would be secure only if the national government should remain indefinitely in Republican hands, and that therefore the strengthening of the party was a primary dictate of patriotism.

Through the operation of these various motives, successive and simultaneous, the completion of the reconstruction showed the following situation: (1) the negroes were in the enjoyment of equal political rights with the whites; (2) the Republican party was in vigorous life in all the Southern states, and in firm control of many of them; and (3) the negroes exercised an influence in political affairs out of all relation to their intelligence or property, and, since so many of the whites were disfranchised, excessive even in proportion to their numbers. At the present day, in the same states, the negroes enjoy practically no political rights; the Republican party is but the shadow of a name; and the influence of the negroes in political affairs is nil. This contrast suggests what has been involved in the undoing of reconstruction.

Before the last state was restored to the Union the process was well under way through which the resumption of control by the whites was to be effected. The tendency in this direction was greatly promoted by conditions within the Republican party itself. Two years of supremacy in those states which had been restored in 1868 had revealed unmistakable evidences of moral and political weakness in the governments. The personnel of the party was declining in character through the return to the North of the more substantial of the carpet-baggers, who found Southern conditions, both social and industrial, far from what they had anticipated, and

through the very frequent instances in which the "scalawags" ran to open disgrace. Along with this deterioration in the white element of the party, the negroes who rose to prominence and leadership were very frequently of a type which acquired and practiced the tricks and knavery rather than the useful arts of politics, and the vicious courses of these negroes strongly confirmed the prejudices of the whites. But at the same time that the incapacity of the party in power to administer any government was becoming demonstrable, the problems with which it was required to cope were made by its adversaries such as would have taxed the capacity of the most efficient statesmen the world could produce. Between 1868 and 1870, when the cessation of the national military authority left the new state governments to stand by their own strength, there developed that widespread series of disorders with which the name of the Ku Klux is associated. While these were at their height the Republican party was ousted from control in five of the old rebel states, — Tennessee, North Carolina, Texas, Georgia, and Virginia. The inference was at once drawn that the whites of the South were pursuing a deliberate policy of overthrowing the negro party by violence. No attention was paid to the claim that the manifest inefficiency and viciousness of the Republican governments afforded a partial, if not a wholly adequate explanation of their overthrow. Not even the relative quiet and order that followed the triumph of the whites in these states were recognized as justifying the new régime. The North was deeply moved by what it considered evidence of a new attack on its cherished ideals of liberty and equality, and when the Fifteenth Amendment had become part of the Constitution, Congress passed the Enforcement Acts and the laws for the federal control of elections. To the forces making for the resumption of white government

in the South was thus opposed that same apparently irresistible power which had originally overthrown it.

That the Ku Klux movement was to some extent the expression of a purpose not to submit to the political domination of the blacks is doubtless true. But many other motives were at work in the disorders, and the purely political antithesis of the races was not so clear in the origin and development of the movement as in connection with the efforts of the state governments to suppress it. Thousands of respectable whites, who viewed the Ku Klux outrages with horror, turned with equal horror from the projects of the governments to quell the disturbances by a negro militia. Here was the crux of the race issue. Respectable whites would not serve with the blacks in the militia; the Republican state governments would not — and indeed, from the very nature of the case, could not — exclude the blacks from the military service; the mere suggestion of employing the blacks alone in such service turned every white into practically a sympathizer with the Ku Klux: and thus the government was paralyzed at the foundation of its authority. It was demonstrated again and again that the appearance of a body of negroes under arms, whether authorized by law or not, had for its most certain result an affray, if not a pitched battle, with armed whites, in which the negroes almost invariably got the worst of it.

On the assumption, then, that the white state governments in the South were unwilling, and the black governments were unable, to protect the negro in his rights, Congress inaugurated the policy of the "Force Acts." The primary aim was to protect the right to vote, but ultimately the purely civil rights, and even the so-called "social rights," were included in the legislation. By the act of 1870, a long series of minutely specified offenses, involving violence, intimidation, and fraud, with the

effect or even the intention of denying equal rights to any citizens of the United States, were made crimes and misdemeanors, and were thus brought under the jurisdiction of the federal courts. Great activity was at once displayed by the United States district attorneys throughout the South, and hundreds of indictments were brought in; but convictions were few. The whites opposed to the process of the federal courts, supported by federal troops, no such undisguised resistance as had often been employed against state officers backed by a posse comitatus or a militia company of negroes. But every advantage was taken of legal technicalities; in the regions where the Ku Klux were strong, juries and witnesses were almost invariably influenced by sympathy or terror to favor the accused; and the huge disproportion between the number of arrests and the number of convictions was skillfully employed to sustain the claim that the federal officers were using the law as the cover for a systematic intimidation and oppression of the whites. As the effect of this first act seemed to be rather an increase than a decrease in the disorders of the South, Congress passed in the following year a more drastic law. This, known commonly as the Ku Klux Act, healed many technical defects in the earlier law; reformulated in most precise and far-reaching terms the conspiracy clause, which was especially designed to cover Ku Klux methods; and, finally, authorized the President, for a limited time, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and employ military force in the suppression of violence and crime in any given district. In addition to the punitive system thus established, Congress at the same time instituted a rigorous preventive system through the Federal Elections Laws. By acts of 1871 and 1872, every polling place, in any election for Congressmen, might be manned by officials appointed by the federal courts, with extensive

powers for the detection of fraud, and with authority to employ the federal troops in the repression of violence.

Through the vigorous policy thus instituted by the national government the movement toward the resumption of control by the whites in the South met with a marked though temporary check. The number of convictions obtained under the Ku Klux Act was not large, and President Grant resorted in but a single instance — that of certain counties in South Carolina, in the autumn of 1871 — to the extraordinary powers conferred upon him. But the moral effect of what was done was very great, and the evidence that the whole power of the national government could and would be exerted on the side of the blacks produced a salutary change in method among the whites. The extreme and violent element was reduced to quiescence, and haste was made more slowly. No additional state was redeemed by the whites until 1874. Meanwhile, the wholesale removal of political disabilities by Congress in 1872 brought many of the old and respected Southern politicians again into public life, with a corresponding improvement in the quality of Democratic leadership. More deference began to be paid to the Northern sentiment hostile to the Grant administration which had been revealed in the presidential campaign of 1872, and the policy of the Southern whites was directed especially so as to bring odium upon the use of the military forces in the states yet to be wrested from black control.

It was upon the support of the federal troops that the whole existence of the remaining black governments in the South came gradually to depend. Between 1872 and 1876 the Republican party split in each of the states in which it still retained control, and the fusion of one faction with the Democrats gave rise to disputed elections, general disorder, and appeals by the radical Republicans

to the President for aid in suppressing domestic violence. Alabama and Arkansas emerged from the turmoil in 1874 with the whites triumphant; and the federal troops, after performing useful service in keeping the factions from serious bloodshed, ceased to figure in politics. But in Louisiana and South Carolina the radical factions retained power exclusively through the presence of the troops, who were employed in the former state to reconstitute both the legislature and the executive at the bidding of one of the claimants of the gubernatorial office. The very extraordinary proceedings in New Orleans greatly emphasized the unfavorable feeling at the North toward "governments resting on bayonets;" and when, upon the approach of the state election of 1875 in Mississippi, the radical governor applied for troops to preserve order, President Grant rather tartly refused to furnish them. The result was the overthrow of black government in that state. Though strenuously denied at the time, it was no deep secret that the great negro majority in the state was overcome in this campaign by a quiet but general exertion of every possible form of pressure to keep the blacks from the polls. The extravagance and corruption of the state administration had become so intolerable to the whites that questionable means of terminating it were admitted by even the most honorable without question. There was relatively little "Ku-Kluxing" or open violence, but in countless ways the negroes were impressed with the idea that there would be peril for them in voting. "Intimidation" was the word that had vogue at the time, in describing such methods, and intimidation was illegal. But if a party of white men, with ropes conspicuous on their saddlebows, rode up to a polling place and announced that hanging would begin in fifteen minutes, though without any more definite reference to anybody, and a group of blacks who had assembled to vote heard the remark and

promptly disappeared, votes were lost, but a conviction on a charge of intimidation was difficult. Or if an untraceable rumor that trouble was impending over the blacks was followed by the mysterious appearance of bodies of horsemen on the roads at midnight, firing guns and yelling at nobody in particular, votes again were lost, but no crime or misdemeanor could be brought home to any one. Devices like these were familiar in the South, but on this occasion they were accompanied by many other evidences of a purpose on the part of the whites to carry their point at all hazards. The negroes, though numerically much in excess of the whites, were very definitely demoralized by the aggressiveness and unanimity of the latter, and in the ultimate test of race strength the weaker gave way.

The "Mississippi plan" was enthusiastically applied in the remaining three states, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, in the elections of 1876. Here, however, the presence of the federal troops and of all the paraphernalia of the Federal Elections Laws materially stiffened the courage of the negroes, and the result of the state election became closely involved in the controversy over the presidential count. The Southern Democratic leaders fully appreciated the opportunity of their position in this controversy, and, through one of those bargains without words which are common in great crises, the inauguration of President Hayes was followed by the withdrawal of the troops from the support of the last radical governments, and the peaceful lapse of the whole South into the control of the whites.

With these events of 1877 the first period in the undoing of reconstruction came to an end. The second period, lasting till 1890, presented conditions so different from the first as entirely to transform the methods by which the process was continued. Two, indeed, of

the three elements which have been mentioned as summing up reconstruction still characterized the situation: the negroes were precisely equal in rights with the other race, and the Republican party was a powerful organization in the South. As to the third element, the disproportionate political influence of the blacks, a change had been effected, and their power had been so reduced as to correspond much more closely to their general social significance. In the movement against the still enduring features of reconstruction the control of the state governments by the whites was of course a new condition of the utmost importance, but not less vital was the party complexion of the national government. From 1875 to 1889 neither of the great parties was at any one time in effective control of both the presidency and the two houses of Congress. As a consequence, no partisan legislation could be enacted. Though the state of affairs in the South was for years a party issue of the first magnitude, the legislative deadlock had for its general result a policy of non-interference by the national government, and the whites were left to work out in their own way the ends they had in view. Some time was necessary, however, to overcome the influence of the two bodies of legislation already on the national statute book,—the Force Acts and the Federal Elections Laws.

During the Hayes administration the latter laws were the subject of a prolonged and violent contest between the Democratic houses and the Republican President. The Democrats put great stress on the terror and intimidation of the whites and the violation of freemen's rights due to the presence of federal officials at the polls, and of federal troops near them. The Republicans insisted that these officials and troops were essential to enable the negroes to vote and to have their votes counted. As a matter of fact, neither of these contentions was of the highest significance so far as the

South was concerned. The whites, once in control of the state electoral machinery, readily devised means of evading or neutralizing the influence of the federal officers. But the patronage in the hands of the administration party under these laws was enormous. The power to appoint supervisors and deputy marshals at election time was a tower of strength, from the point of view of direct votes and of indirect influence. Accordingly, the attack of the Democrats upon the laws was actuated mainly by the purpose of breaking down the Republican party organization in the South. The attack was successful in Mr. Hayes's time only to the extent that no appropriation was made for the payment of the supervisors and deputy marshals for their services in the elections of 1880. The system of federal supervision remained, but gradually lost all significance save as a biennial sign that the Republican party still survived, and when Mr. Cleveland became President even this relation to its original character disappeared.

The Force Acts experienced a similar decline during the period we are considering. In 1875, just before the Republicans lost control of Congress, they passed, as a sort of memorial to Charles Sumner, who had long urged its adoption, a Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, which made criminal, and put under the jurisdiction of the federal courts, any denial of equality to negroes in respect to accommodations in theatres, railway cars, hotels, and other such places. This was not regarded by the most thoughtful Republicans as a very judicious piece of legislation; but it was perceived that, with the Democrats about to control the House of Representatives, there was not likely to be a further opportunity for action in aid of the blacks, and so the act was permitted to go through and take its chances of good. Already, however, the courts had manifested a disposition to question the constitutionality of the most

drastic provisions of the earlier Enforcement Acts. It has been said above that indictments under these acts had been many, but convictions few. Punishments were fewer still; for skillful counsel were ready to test the profound legal questions involved in the legislation, and numbers of cases crept slowly up on appeal to the Supreme Court. In 1875, this tribunal threw out an indictment under which a band of whites who had broken up a negro meeting in Louisiana had been convicted of conspiring to prevent negroes from assembling for lawful purposes and from carrying arms; for the right to assemble and the right to bear arms, the court declared, pertained to citizenship of a state, not of the United States, and therefore redress for interference with these rights must be sought in the courts of the state. In the same year, in the case of *United States v. Reese*, two sections of the Enforcement Act of 1870 were declared unconstitutional, as involving the exercise by the United States of powers in excess of those granted by the Fifteenth Amendment. It was not, however, till 1882 that the bottom was taken wholly out of the Ku Klux Act. In the case of *United States v. Harris* the conspiracy clause in its entirety was declared unconstitutional. This was a case from Tennessee, in which a band of whites had taken a negro away from the officers of the law and maltreated him. The court held that, under the last three amendments to the Constitution, Congress was authorized to guarantee equality in civil rights against violation by a state through its officers or agents, but not against violation by private individuals. Where assault or murder or other crime was committed by a private individual, even if the purpose was to deprive citizens of rights on the ground of race, the jurisdiction, and the exclusive jurisdiction, was in the state courts. And because the conspiracy clause brought such offenses into the jurisdiction of the United States it was unconstitutional and

void. This decision finally disposed of the theory that the failure of a state to protect the negroes in their equal rights could be regarded as a positive denial of such rights, and hence could justify the United States in interfering. It left the blacks practically at the mercy of white public sentiment in the South. A year later, in 1883, the court summarily disposed of the act of 1875 by declaring that the rights which it endeavored to guarantee were not strictly civil rights at all, but rather social rights, and that in either case the federal government had nothing to do with them. The act was therefore held unconstitutional.

Thus passed the most characteristic features of the great system through which the Republicans had sought to prevent, by normal action of the courts, independently of changes in public opinion and political majorities, the undoing of reconstruction. Side by side with the removal of the preventives, the Southern whites had made enormous positive advances in the suppression of the other race. In a very general way, the process in this period, as contrasted with the earlier, may be said to have rested, in last resort, on legislation and fraud rather than on intimidation and force. The statute books of the states, especially of those in which negro rule had lasted the longest, abounded in provisions for partisan — that is, race — advantage. These were at once devoted as remorselessly to the extinction of black preponderance as they had been before to the repression of the whites. Moreover, by revision of the constitutions and by sweeping modifications of the laws, many strongholds of the old régime were destroyed. Yet, with all that could be done in this way, the fact remained that in many localities the negroes so greatly outnumbered the whites as to render the political ascendancy of the latter impossible, except through some radical changes in the laws touching the suffrage and the elections; and in respect to these

two points the sensitiveness of Northern feeling rendered open and decided action highly inexpedient. Before 1880 the anticipation, and after that year the realization, of a “solid South” played a prominent part in national politics. The permanence of white dominion in the South seemed, in view of the past, to depend as much on the exclusion of the Republicans from power at Washington as on the maintenance of white power at the state capitals. Under all the circumstances, therefore, extralegal devices had still to be used in the “black belt.”

The state legislation which contributed to confirm white control included many ingenious and exaggerated applications of the gerrymander and the prescription of various electoral regulations that were designedly too intricate for the average negro intelligence. In Mississippi appeared the “shoestring district,” three hundred miles long and about twenty wide, including within its boundaries nearly all the densest black communities of the state. In South Carolina, the requirement that, with eight or more ballot boxes before him, the voter must select the proper one for each ballot, in order to insure its being counted, furnished an effective means of neutralizing the ignorant black vote; for though the negroes, unable to read the lettering on the boxes, might acquire, by proper coaching, the power to discriminate among them by their relative positions, a moment’s work by the whites in transposing the boxes would render useless an hour’s laborious instruction. For the efficient working of this method of suppression, it was indispensable, however, that the officers of election should be whites. This suggests at once the enormous advantage gained by securing control of the state government. In the hot days of negro supremacy the electoral machinery had been ruthlessly used for partisan purposes, and when conditions were reversed the practice was by no means

abandoned. It was, indeed, through their exclusive and carefully maintained control of the voting and the count that the whites found the best opportunities for illegal methods.

Because of these opportunities the resort to bulldozing and other violence steadily decreased. It penetrated gradually to the consciousness of the most brutal white politicians that the whipping or murder of a negro, no matter for what cause, was likely to become at once the occasion of a great outcry at the North, while by an unobtrusive manipulation of the balloting or the count very encouraging results could be obtained with little or no commotion. Hence that long series of practices, in the regions where the blacks were numerous, that give so grotesque a character to the testimony in the contested-election cases in Congress, and to the reminiscences of candid Southerners. Polling places were established at points so remote from the densest black communities that a journey of from twenty to forty miles was necessary in order to vote; and where the roads were interrupted by ferries, the resolute negroes who attempted to make the journey were very likely to find the boats laid up for repairs. The number of polling places was kept so small as to make rapid voting indispensable to a full vote; and then the whites, by challenges and carefully premeditated quarrels among themselves, would amuse the blacks and consume time, till only enough remained for their own votes to be cast. The situation of the polls was changed without notice to the negroes, or, conversely, the report of a change was industriously circulated when none had been made. Open bribery on a large scale was too common to excite comment. One rather ingenious scheme is recorded which presents a variation on the old theme. In several of the states a poll-tax receipt was required as a qualification for voting. In an important local election, one faction had assured itself

of the negro vote by a generous outlay in the payment of the tax for a large number of the blacks. The other faction, alarmed at the prospect of almost certain defeat, availed itself of the opportunity presented by the providential advent of a circus in the neighborhood, and the posters announced that poll-tax receipts would be accepted for admission. As a result, the audience at the circus was notable in respect to numbers, but the negro vote at the election was insignificant.

But exploitation of the poverty, ignorance, credulity, and general childishness of the blacks was supplemented, on occasion, by deliberate and high-handed fraud. Stuffing of the boxes with illegal ballots, and manipulation of the figures in making the count, were developed into serious arts. At the acme of the development undoubtedly stood the tissue ballot. There was in those days no prescription of uniformity in size and general character of the ballots. Hence miniature ballots of tissue paper were secretly prepared and distributed to trusted voters, who, folding as many, sometimes, as fifteen of the small tickets within one of the ordinary large tickets, passed the whole, without detection, into the box. Not till the box was opened were the tissue tickets discovered. Then, because the number of ballots exceeded the number of voters as indicated by the polling list, it became necessary, under the law, for the excess to be drawn out by a blindfolded man before the count began. So some one's eyes were solemnly bandaged, and he was set to drawing out ballots, on the theory that he could not distinguish those of one party from those of the other. The result is not hard to guess. In one case given by the Senate investigating committee, through whose action on the elections of 1878, in South Carolina, the theory and practice of the tissue ballot were revealed to an astonished world, the figures were as follows:—

Number of ballots in box	1163
Names on polling list	.620
Excess drawn out	.543
Tissue ballots left to be counted . .	.464

Not the least interesting feature of this episode was the explanation given by the white committee, of the existence of the great mass of tissue ballots. They were prepared, it was said, in order to enable the blacks who wished to vote the Democratic ticket to do so secretly, and thus to escape the ostracism and other social penalties which would be meted out to them by the majority of their race.

Under the pressure applied by all these various methods upon the negroes, the black vote slowly disappeared. And with it the Republican party faded into insignificance. In the presidential election of 1884 the total vote in South Carolina was, in round numbers, 91,000, as compared with 182,000 in 1876. In Mississippi the corresponding decrease was from 164,000 to 120,000; in Louisiana, from 160,000 to 108,000. The Republican party organization was maintained almost exclusively through the holders of federal offices in the postal and revenue service. When, in 1885, a Democratic administration assumed power, this basis for continued existence was very seriously weakened, and the decline of the party was much accelerated. Save for a few judicial positions held over from early appointments, the national offices, like those of the states, were hopelessly removed from the reach of any Republican's ambition. A comparison of the congressional delegation from the states of the defunct Confederacy in the Forty-First Congress (1869-71) with that in the Fifty-First (1889-91) is eloquent of the transformation that the two decades had wrought: in the former, twenty out of the twenty-two Senators were Republican, and forty-four out of fifty-eight Representatives; in the latter, there were no Republican Senators, and but three Representatives.

Summarily, then, it may be said that the second period in the undoing of reconstruction ends with the political equality of the negroes still recognized in law, though not in fact, and with the Republican party, for all practical purposes, extinct in the South. The third period has had for its task the termination of equal rights in law as well as in fact.

The decline of negro suffrage and of the Republican party in the South was the topic of much discussion in national politics and figured in the party platforms throughout the period from 1876 to 1888; but owing to the deadlock in the party control of the national legislature the discussion remained academic in character, and the issue was supplanted in public interest by the questions of tariff, currency, and monopoly. By the elections of 1888, however, the Republicans secured not only the presidency, but also a majority in each house of Congress. The deadlock of thirteen years was broken, and at once an effort was made to resume the policy of the Enforcement Acts. A bill was brought in that was designed to make real the federal control of elections. The old acts for this purpose were, indeed, still on the statute book, but their operation was farcical; the new project, while maintaining the general lines of the old, would have imposed serious restraints on the influences that repressed the negro vote, and would have infused some vitality into the moribund Republican party in the South. It was quickly demonstrated, however, that the time for this procedure had gone by. The bill received perfunctory support in the House of Representatives, where it passed by the regular party majority, but in the Senate it was rather contemptuously set aside by Republican votes. Public sentiment in the North, outside of Congress, manifested considerable hostility to the project, and its adoption as a party measure probably played a rôle in the tre-

mendous reaction which swept the Republicans out of power in the House in 1890, and gave to the Democrats in 1892 the control of both houses of Congress and the presidency as well. The response of the Democrats to the futile project of their adversaries was prompt and decisive. In February, 1894, an act became law which repealed all existing statutes that provided for federal supervision of elections. Thus the last vestige disappeared of the system through which the political equality of the blacks had received direct support from the national government.

In the meantime, a process had been instituted in the Southern states that has given the most distinctive character to the last period in the undoing of reconstruction. The generation-long discussions of the political conditions in the South have evoked a variety of explanations by the whites of the disappearance of the black vote. These different explanations have of course all been current at all times since reconstruction was completed, and have embodied different degrees of plausibility and truth in different places. But it may fairly be said that in each of the three periods into which the undoing of reconstruction falls one particular view has been dominant and characteristic. In the first period, that of the Ku Klux and the Mississippi plan, it was generally maintained by the whites that the black vote was not suppressed, and that there was no political motive behind the disturbances that occurred. The victims of murder, bulldozing, and other violence were represented as of bad character and socially dangerous, and their treatment as merely incident to their own illegal and violent acts, and expressive of the tendency to self-help instead of judicial procedure, which had always been manifest in Southern life, and had been aggravated by the demoralization of war time. After 1877, when the falling off in the Republican vote became so con-

spicuous, the phenomenon was explained by the assertion that the negroes had seen the light, and had become Democrats. Mr. Lamar gravely maintained, in a famous controversy with Mr. Blaine, that the original Republican theory as to the educative influence of the ballot had been proved correct by the fact that the enfranchised race had come to recognize that their true interests lay with the Democratic party; the Republicans were estopped, he contended, by their own doctrine from finding fault with the result. A corollary of this idea that the negroes were Democrats was generally adopted later in the period, to the effect that, since there was practically no opposition to the democracy, the negroes had lost interest in politics. They had got on the road to economic prosperity, and were too busy with their farms and their growing bank accounts to care for other things.

Whatever of soundness there may have been in any of these explanations, all have been superseded, during the last decade, by another, which, starting with the candid avowal that the whites are determined to rule, concedes that the elimination of the blacks from politics has been effected by intimidation, fraud, and any other means, legal or illegal, that would promote the desired end. This admission has been accompanied by expressions of sincere regret that illegal means were necessary, and by a general movement toward clothing with the forms of law the disfranchisement which has been made a fact without them. In 1890, just when the Republicans in Congress were pushing their project for renewing the federal control of elections, Mississippi made the first step in the new direction. Her constitution was so revised as to provide that, to be a qualified elector, a citizen must produce evidence of having paid his taxes (including a poll tax) for the past two years, and must, in addition, "be able to read any section in the constitution of

this state, or . . . be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof." Much might be said in favor of such an alternative intelligence qualification in the abstract: the mere ability to read is far from conclusive of intellectual capacity. But the peculiar form of this particular provision was confessedly adopted, not from any consideration of its abstract excellence, but in order to vest in the election officers the power to disfranchise illiterate blacks without disfranchising illiterate whites. In practice, the white must be stupid indeed who cannot satisfy the official demand for a "reasonable interpretation," while the negro who can satisfy it must be a miracle of brilliancy.

Mississippi's bold and undisguised attack on negro suffrage excited much attention. In the South it met with practically unanimous approval among thoughtful and conscientious men, who had been distressed by the false position in which they had long been placed. And at the North, public opinion, accepting with a certain satirical complacency the confession of the Southerners that their earlier explanations of conditions had been false, acknowledged in turn that its views as to the political capacity of the blacks had been irrational, and manifested no disposition for a new crusade in favor of negro equality. The action of Mississippi raised certain questions of constitutional law which had to be tested before her solution of the race problem could be regarded as final. Like all the other seceded states, save Tennessee, she had been readmitted to representation in Congress, after reconstruction, on the express condition that her constitution should never be so amended as to disfranchise any who were entitled to vote under the existing provisions. The new amendment was a most explicit violation of this condition. Further, so far as the new clause could be shown to be directed against the negroes as a race, it was in contravention of the Fifteenth Amend-

ment. These legal points had been elaborately discussed in the state convention, and the opinion had been adopted that, since neither race, color, nor previous condition of servitude was made the basis of discrimination in the suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment had no application, and that the prohibition to modify the constitution was entirely beyond the powers of Congress, and was therefore void. When the Supreme Court of the United States was required to consider the new clause of Mississippi's constitution, it adopted the views of the convention on these points, and sustained the validity of the enactment. There was still one contingency that the whites had to face in carrying out the new policy. By the Fourteenth Amendment it is provided that if a state restricts the franchise her representation in Congress shall be proportionately reduced. There was a strong sentiment in Mississippi, as there is throughout the South, that a reduction of representation would not be an intolerable price to pay for the legitimate extinction of negro suffrage. But loss of Congressmen was by no means longed for, and the possibility of such a thing was very carefully considered. The phrasing of the franchise clause may not have been actually determined with reference to this matter; but it is obvious that the application of the Fourteenth Amendment is, to say the least, not facilitated by the form used.

The action of Mississippi in 1890 throws a rather interesting light on the value of political prophecy, even when ventured upon by the most experienced and able politicians. Eleven years earlier, Mr. Blaine, writing of the possibility of disfranchisement by educational and property tests, declared: "But no Southern state will do this, and for two reasons: first, they will in no event consent to a reduction of representative strength; and, second, they could not make any disfranchisement of the negro that would not at the same time disfranchise an im-

mense number of whites." How sadly Mr. Blaine misconceived the spirit and underrated the ingenuity of the Southerners Mississippi made clear to everybody. Five years later South Carolina dealt no less unkindly with Mr. Lamar, who at the same time with Mr. Blaine had dipped a little into prophecy on the other side. "Whenever," he said, — "and the time is not far distant, — political issues arise which divide the white men of the South, the negro will divide, too. . . . The white race, divided politically, will want him to divide." Incidentally to the conditions which produced the Populist party, the whites of South Carolina, in the years succeeding 1890, became divided into two intensely hostile factions. The weaker manifested a purpose to draw on the negroes for support, and began to expose some of the devices by which the blacks had been prevented from voting. The situation had arisen which Mr. Lamar had foreseen, but the result was as far as possible from fulfilling his prediction. Instead of competing with its rival for the black vote, the stronger faction, headed by Mr. Tillman, promptly took the ground that South Carolina must have a "white man's government," and put into effect the new Mississippi plan. A constitutional amendment was adopted in 1895 which applied the "understanding clause" for two years, and after that required of every elector either the ability to read and write or the ownership of property to the amount of three hundred dollars. In the convention which framed this amendment, the sentiment of the whites revealed very clearly, not only through its content, but especially through the frank and emphatic form in which it was expressed, that the aspirations of the negro to equality in political rights would never again receive the faintest recognition.

Since the action of South Carolina, two other states, Louisiana and North Carolina, have excluded the blacks from

the suffrage by analogous constitutional amendments; and in two others still, Alabama and Virginia, conventions are considering the subject as this article goes to press (August, 1901). By Louisiana, however, a new method was devised for exempting the whites from the effect of the property and intelligence tests. The hereditary principle was introduced into the franchise by the provision that the right to vote should belong, regardless of education or property, to every one whose father or grandfather possessed the right on January 1, 1867. This "grandfather clause" has been adopted by North Carolina, also, and, in a modified form and for a very limited time, by the convention in Alabama. The basis for the hereditary right in this latter state has been found, not in the possession of the franchise by the ancestor, but in the fact of his having been a soldier in any war save that with Spain. As compared with the Mississippi device for evading the Fifteenth Amendment, the "grandfather clause" has the merit of incorporating the discrimination in favor of the whites in the written law rather than referring it to the discretion of the election officers. Whether the Supreme Court of the United States will regard it as equally successful in screening its real purpose from judicial cognizance remains to be seen.

With the enactment of these constitutional amendments by the various states, the political equality of the negro is becoming as extinct in law as it has long been in fact, and the undoing of reconstruction is nearing completion. The many morals that may be drawn from the three decades of the process it is not my purpose to suggest. A single reflection seems pertinent, however, in view of the problems which are uppermost in American politics at present. During the two generations of debate and bloodshed over slavery in the United States, certain of our statesmen consistently held

that the mere chattel relationship of man to man was not the whole of the question at issue. Jefferson, Clay, and Lincoln all saw more serious facts in the background. But in the frenzy of the war time public opinion fell into the train of the emotionalists, and accepted the teachings of Garrison and Sumner and Phillips and Chase, that abolition and negro suffrage would remove the last drag on our national progress. Slavery was abolished, and reconstruction gave the freedmen the franchise.

But with all the guarantees that the source of every evil was removed, it became obvious enough that the results were not what had been expected. Gradually there emerged again the idea of Jefferson and Clay and Lincoln, which had been hooted and hissed into obscurity during the prevalence of the abolitionist fever. This was that the ulti-

mate root of the trouble in the South had been, not the institution of slavery, but the coexistence in one society of two races so distinct in characteristics as to render coalescence impossible; that slavery had been a *modus vivendi* through which social life was possible; and that, after its disappearance, its place must be taken by some set of conditions which, if more humane and beneficent in accidents, must in essence express the same fact of racial inequality. The progress in the acceptance of this idea in the North has measured the progress in the South of the undoing of reconstruction. In view of the questions which have been raised by our lately established relations with other races, it seems most improbable that the historian will soon, or ever, have to record a reversal of the conditions which this process has established.

William A. Dunning.

YALE'S FOURTH JUBILEE.

IN an address which President Eliot made in Cleveland, at the inauguration of President Thwing of Western Reserve University, he remarked that a college president had the privilege, generally, of seeing men and women at their best, inasmuch as men and women never appeared to better advantage than when consulting for the welfare of their children. It is true, in the main, that the communities of young men and women at our American colleges and universities represent a noble constituency of parents who are seeking the highest good of their children, and who often seek it with a devotion hardly less than that of Scottish parents. It is true also that the equally noble and inspiring sentiment of affectionate gratitude on the part of the children for the blessings bestowed upon them by the fathers is nowhere seen in

such intensity and collective force as in our college and university communities. In these communities may be found, if anywhere, and more than anywhere else, that tenderness of feeling toward the more immediate family past which so readily broadens out into the historic consciousness of the cultured; into gratitude for those toilsome achievements of the race which we of the present day are enjoying as a heritage; and into an admiration for the *monumenta virum priorum* which is the surest preventive of fanaticism and bigotry, as well as a solace and even an incentive in the struggle for well-being which awaits most men and women in America.

If the parent who consults carefully for the welfare of his child, or the child who is mindful of the devoted services of his parent, stirs our admiration and

wins our regard, how much more an infant colony which, thoroughly conscious of all its indebtedness to past generations of cultured men and women, even though cast out from their culture, as it were, and disinherited, sets apart from its material poverty that which shall, with the blessing and the increase of God, insure to its coming generations the most precious of the spiritual inheritances of society, — religion and letters! Nothing is more impressive in the founders of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton than their consciousness of the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the boundless possibilities of the future. Long before Ezra Stiles prophesied “a Runnymede in America,” and even while the expenses and losses of French and Indian wars were draining the feeble resources of the colony of Connecticut, its far-sighted Congregational ministers saw visions of the coming Empire of the West, and determined, “as if under obligation to society rather than to the church,” that the break which the Puritans had made with the Old World should not impair the tradition of true religion and good literature to the New World of their children and children’s children.

The apparatus which they devised to maintain the tradition so precious in their eyes was at first, and for many years, pathetically simple, — a country parsonage, a country parson, and a small collection of books. But it did essentially for the young colonists who put themselves under its influence what the Cambridges of England and America to-day can only do more liberally and delightfully for the young men who throng their richer privileges: it brought them into touch with the accumulated wisdom of the human race under the guidance of an inspired teacher. What more can the libraries, museums, chapels, lecture halls, laboratories, dormitories, and faculties of our great universities do now? And the humble apparatus of these poor colonists was ennobled by the spirit with

which they established it. “Whereas,” they say, “it was the glorious publick design of our now blessed Fathers, in their remove from Europe into these parts of America, both to plant, and under the divine blessing to propagate in this wilderness the blessed reformed Protestant religion in the purity of its order and worship, not only to their posterity but also to the barbarous natives, we, their unworthy posterity, lamenting our past neglects of this grand errand, and sensible of the equal obligations better to prosecute the same end, and desirous in our generation to be serviceable thereunto, — whereunto the religious and liberal education of suitable youth is under the blessing of God a chief and most profitable expedient, — therefore do in duty to God and the weal of our country undertake in the aforesaid design.”

It is amazing how short a term of years sufficed, in spite of the *Wanderjahre* of the “Collegiate School,” and the anarchy and confusion which ended only with the accession of Rector Williams (1728), to give Yale College (as it was named in 1718) the atmosphere and traditions of a revered seat of learning. The first business of special importance which the energetic Rector Clap undertook (1740) was the compiling a volume of the Laws and Statutes of the College, and another volume of “all the Customs of College which had from time to time obtained and been established by practice.” Little more than a generation had passed since the founding of the school, and less than four hundred students had been graduated from it; yet rich deposits of law and custom had been made, and a community life instituted for young men which was so charged with the influences of history and literature that Ezra Stiles, “a boy of distinguished promise,” who entered college as a Freshman in 1742, was glad, after four years’ residence as an undergraduate, and three as a graduate student, to accept the office of tutor, “not so much for

the honor of the office, as for the advantage of a longer residence at the Seat of the Muses."

It certainly was not the architecture of "the neat and decent building" then called Connecticut Hall — the only ancient college building to be left standing when these words shall be read — which won for Yale College, in 1749, from one of the most gifted men she ever graduated, the grateful appellation of "Seat of the Muses." It was rather what Cotton Mather called the "collegious way of living" with cultured rectors — all graduates of Harvard — and able tutors around a common centre consisting of the best books of the time. The forty volumes given from their scanty libraries by the founders had grown, by the "generosity or procurement" of John Davie, of Grotton, Jeremiah Dummer, of Boston, Governor Yale, Bishop Berkeley, and others, to something like thirteen hundred volumes at the time of the first Commencement held in New Haven (1718), and to about twenty-six hundred volumes when Rector Clap's classified catalogue of the Library was published, in 1743, "by which means it might be easily known what books were in the Library upon any particular subject, and where they might be found, with the utmost expedition." That the Library was from the beginning regarded as the heart of the school is clear from the Battle for the Books at Saybrook, which President Clap thus describes: "In December following" the first Commencement at New Haven, "the Governor and Council, at the desire of the Trustees, met at Saybrook, and gave a warrant to the Sheriff, to deliver the books to the Trustees. The house where the books were was filled and surrounded with a great number of men, who were determined to prevent the removal of the books, and therefore resisted the officer. But he, with his attendants, broke open the door, and delivered the books to the Trustees,

¹ Annals of Yale College, pp. 28 f.

or their order, and so they were conveyed to New Haven. But in this trouble and confusion about two hundred and fifty of the most valuable books, and sundry papers of importance were conveyed away by unknown hands, and never could be found again."¹

The first Jubilee of this Seat of the Muses was commemorated, at the fiftieth Commencement, by "a Latin half-century oration," composed, at the President's desire, by Tutor Stiles, "though so deeply in decline as to render it doubtful whether he would be able to pronounce it. One of his fellow tutors, therefore, committed it to memory, to deliver it for him, *that this era might not pass without celebration*. With difficulty, however, he delivered it himself."² This Oratio Semi-Sæcularis may be found among the Stiles manuscripts in the Yale Library. Its Latinity is always clear, if not Ciceronian, and sometimes majestic. Its range of thought is large and generous. Modern scholarship can correct many of its historical details, but can hardly improve upon its method and spirit. The exordium breathes that sense of an indestructible continuity in the literary and religious expressions of the Old World of culture and the New World of promise which is always so impressive in those who, like the Puritans, broke boldly with what they regarded as unwholesome in the traditions of the past. To this Tutor Stiles, six years out of a college barely fifty years old, the celebration of its first Jubilee suggested the triumphs of Roman conquerors, and, above all, the Ludi Sæculares instituted by the great Augustus, "*quos cecinit quondam Horatius, urbanus, expolitus, & suavissimus ille poeta*." The Oratio Semi-Sæcularis was, then, Connecticut's Carmen Sæculare!

The exordium is followed by an elaborate history of the accumulation and transmission of human wisdom among all civilized peoples, including the Chinese,

² Holmes' Life of Ezra Stiles, p. 23.

and regret is expressed that no information could be given about colleges before the Flood: "*De literis & literaturæ sedibus antediluvianis, nihil cognoscimus.*" There are curiosities, it is true, among the historical statements of this section of the oration, one of which is corrected in a note added fifteen years later. But no correction was ever made of the statement that Hermes Trismegistus, whom some regarded as identical with Abraham, founded the college in Egypt at which Moses was educated, whose wisdom descended to the School of the Prophets, — to Samuel and Gamaliel, "*tuus en præceptor, ô Paule illustris!*" Nor was written objection ever made to the statement that Pythagoras, in his wanderings, visited the Chaldean College at Babylon, of which Daniel was President, "*quocum diu familiarissimus vixisse dicitur.*" But the history of education among the Greeks and Romans, and of European universities, of which the orator counts one hundred and twelve, is free from such curiosities, and fairly good for the time. The audience, however, was denied this long historical survey, because of the delicate health of the speaker. Twelve of the manuscript pages were omitted in the delivery, and a melancholy footnote explains the omission with "*desunt pulmones, desunt latera, vires quoque desunt.*"

Passing to America, the founding of Harvard College is gratefully noted, "*quâ nunc tria domicilia clarant,*" and the prayer is made, in which all Yale men could heartily join, "*diu potiatur gloriosa illa literarum sedes, divinis prolationibus tuis, ô venerande Wigglesworth!*" Then follows a brief sketch of the history of Yale, from the granting of the first charter in 1701, by recollections, down to the day of celebration, — a history antedating by fourteen years the *Annals of President Clap*. On this beloved President, as well as on the tutors associated with him, the vials of affectionate praise are poured. Then

comes, naturally, judicious praise of donors, a friendly reference to Princeton (then New Jersey) College, — "*dilecta altera soror nostra, cui salutem plurimam exoptamus,*" — and then the glowing peroration beginning, "*O dulces Musarum recessus!*" Here God and Nature were the themes for thought and study; here that knowledge was cultivated without which the world would have had no Lycurgus, Solon, Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes; no Cicero, Cato, or Cæsar; no Daniel, Augustine, Doddridge, or Berkeley; and these liberal studies had no mere utilitarian aim, but trained men for the achievement of virtue and immortality. Long might such a seat of learning flourish in friendly relations with all the academies of the world, but especially with its sisters of America, until earthly Commencements should be exchanged for heavenly, — "*ut demum inter arva flordia, inter colles Paradisi æternas, Comitibus perennia & immortalia concelebremur.*"

Yale's second Jubilee was not celebrated in any way, "that being a time," says President Woolsey, "in the progress of our country, at which the present and the future filled the minds of men to the exclusion of the past."¹ This forgetfulness of the past was undoubtedly one of the results of the Revolution. The new order was not yet settled. The problems of government filled men's minds. Jefferson's administration was beginning, and the Jeffersonian conviction that America was a land of opportunity thrilled all hearts. The college had, on the whole, made progress during its second half century, although the promise of the early years of President Clap's administration, under the inspiration of which Tutor Stiles wrote his *Oratio Semi-Sæcularis*, had been by no means fulfilled. What was deemed religious intolerance and exclusiveness on the part of the President and Fellows, together with an inflexibility of purpose and a

¹ *Historical Discourse*, 1850, p. 4.

rigor of administration which were ill suited to the troublous times and changing social order, brought attacks upon the college from without, and disorders within its walls, "so that perhaps the college never presented a more disorganized state."¹ During the interregnum of eleven years which followed President Clap's retirement, in 1766, the college barely held its own; during the disorders and dispersions of the Revolution it actually lost ground; and so full of intense political excitement were the closing years of the eighteenth century that the mild administration of the devout and scholastic President Stiles could succeed in little more than recovering this lost ground. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the mind and heart of President Dwight were too full of great plans for the future university to dwell with any commemorative fondness on the "dismal years" of the second Jubilee period. And yet the light had not been darkness, as the letter of President John Adams to President Stiles, written on receipt of the degree of Doctor of Laws from Yale College in 1788, abundantly testifies: "If this honorary degree is, as you inform me, to be considered as a token of affection and esteem, I shall certainly hold it among the most precious of things; since nothing can be more pleasing to me, or more satisfactory to my highest ambition, than the approbation of an university, which has distinguished itself in literature, among the foremost in America, and which is the light of a Commonwealth that I esteem the purest portion of mankind."²

Yale's third Jubilee was worthily celebrated on August 14, 1850, counting from the "real foundation by donation of books." A brief description of this celebration, which was memorable, will surely be of interest, in view of the far more elaborate programme for the impending celebration of the fourth Jubilee. The graduates assembled in the college

chapel about half past nine o'clock, and elected Professor Silliman, Sr., of the class of 1796, president of the day. After proceedings usual at the annual meeting of the graduates, a procession was formed in order of collegiate age, — "the longest ever known at Yale College, and consisting probably of more than a thousand graduates, besides invited strangers," — which proceeded to the First Church, where President Woolsey's Historical Discourse was delivered. "On returning to the college the company was almost immediately summoned to a collation. The tables were arranged in front of the Library" (now the Old Library, occupied in 1843), "under tents disposed in the form of a tricladium, with a marquee tent in the centre. Around the marquee were placed portraits of former officers and benefactors of the college, with the name of each inscribed in letters of leaves; and above, encircling the tent, the motto of the college seal, 'Lux et Veritas.' The tables were decorated with flowers. About one thousand persons partook of the repast. The company consisted of graduates arranged together according to classes, so that familiar faces could greet one another, of benefactors to the college, and of other invited guests, among whom were officers of a number of literary institutions." After the collation there was speaking to such toasts and by such speakers as "Yale College," ex-President Day (1795); "Harvard, our Elder Sister," Professor Felton; "Our Alumni of the Clergy," Dr. Leonard Bacon (1820); "Our Alumni of the Bench and Bar," Daniel Lord, Esq., of New York (1811); "The Alumni of the Medical Profession," Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, of New York (1807); "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri; "The Poets of America," Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, "a Professor in Harvard;" and "Our Alumni of the South," Wil-

¹ Woolsey, Historical Discourse, 1850, p. 29.

² Holmes' Life of Ezra Stiles, p. 304.

liam T. Gould, Esq., of Augusta, Georgia (1816). Also, a poem on Progress was read by the Rev. John Pierpont (1804); "several pieces, written for the occasion," were sung, and together with these "those four verses of the sixty-fifth Psalm in Sternhold and Hopkins' version, which were sung at the Commencement of 1718. The company broke up about six o'clock."

The spirit of this celebration was triumphant and hopeful, not anxious and questioning, as any celebration of the second Jubilee must necessarily have been, in spite of the opening promise of President Dwight's administration; and there was abundant reason for the triumphant, hopeful tone. Two long and able administrations, those of Presidents Dwight and Day, had assembled and established a body of efficient and influential professors, into whose competent hands the government of the college had finally passed; had enriched and improved the system of instruction and all the material appointments of the college, receiving therefor what, for the times, were generous funds, both from the state and from private persons; had judiciously fostered the organization of professional and graduate schools of medicine, theology, law, and philosophy and the arts; had lifted the feeble college of Connecticut into a national university. And these two long and able administrations had been succeeded by another, that of Woolsey, the first four years of which already gave promise of that verdict which should be truthfully passed upon its completed term, — "The progress made in the twenty-five years of his administration was far beyond all precedent in the history of the college."¹ As this great President surveyed the past of the college, in 1850, he could not wholly banish fear: lack of endowments forbade assurance of perpetuity; modern life and education tended to repress indi-

viduality and produce sameness in men; the abundance of books prevented the free exercise of thought, so that he missed "free and elastic minds rejoicing in their own movements, and working fearlessly for themselves in the mines of truth;" younger and wealthier institutions of learning were appealing to a public none too fond of the past and its traditions, with systems of education which seemed to give a more immediate hold upon the future; and as the men whom he had revered in his youth passed away, a "distressing want" arose within him, "as if men were beginning to have less of manhood and less of power than heretofore." But hope and trust rose triumphant over fear: a tendency to improvement in manners and morals could be distinctly traced through all the years of the college, both in the student community and in society at large; if individuality was losing intensity, the general standard of manhood was being raised; the slow and natural growth of the college in the past gave promise of natural and substantial growth in the future; a body of college officers and graduates had been trained up to "the permanent art of gaining public confidence;" there were as yet no seeds of decay in the maturing life of the college, and she supplied the wants, "not of an age or a clique, but of human improvement, throughout time." Therefore "with good auguries and hopes we send her on her course through the next fifty years. May those who shall assemble here then see improvement and growth as great as we can trace since the commencement of the century. Before that time may her inelegant buildings give place to structures worthy to be the home of learning, and representing to the eye in form and material an institution calculated for all time. May her resources be adequate to every healthy enlargement. May her officers be every way abler and better than the best of their predecessors. May her students be

¹ Dexter, *Sketch of the History of Yale University*, p. 65.

industrious, thoughtful, earnest *men*, in whom solid, well-disciplined minds and characters shall be the foundation and assurance of success in life. Above and before all, may God be present to give light and to leaven with his holy influence all study and all discipline."

The fifty years upon which President Woolsey looked out as he made this memorable prayer are now passed, and Yale's graduates, officers, and friends will soon assemble to celebrate her fourth Jubilee. Woolsey's prayer for the future has become a record of the past fifty years, — in every regard but one. He could not be accused of false modesty if an officer of Yale, nor of ingratitude if a graduate of Yale, nor of jealousy if an officer or graduate of some other university than Yale, who should express a doubt whether Yale's present officers are in "every way abler and better than the best of their predecessors." They are not. Nor are the officers of any other university in the country. The era of large, all-round personalities in college faculties, of men who impressed themselves upon their students far more than what they taught, passed away with the advent and cult of specialization. The most influential college or university professor is now more or less of a specialist, and therefore in many ways, necessarily, a narrower man than his predecessors. But this is a natural and inevitable change, due to the increase of knowledge and the consequent changes in the methods of liberal education. And it has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The academic student of the present day may not be so impressed and dominated by the immediate personality of his teacher as his predecessors were; but he may be, and is more than ever before, brought by the narrower specialist who now teaches him into the immediate presence of the great personalities of the ages in all lines of human thought and achievement, — into closer touch,

for example, with Plato, Aristotle, and St. Paul, whose personalities are more powerfully transmitted through the self-effacing medium of the specialist than they were through that of the older teachers in more and larger fields. The modern university student is brought face to face rather with the very processes of history and nature than with special interpretations and attractive demonstrations of them.

But in all other regards the prayer of President Woolsey at the third Jubilee has been abundantly answered. The last fifty years have not been years of wonderful genesis, as were those of the half century before them. Only two new schools have sprung into existence during these years, — that section of the great department of philosophy and the arts known as the Sheffield Scientific School, and the School of the Fine Arts. The growth of the former has been phenomenal, and it has become a college in itself; that of the other schools and departments at least normal and substantial. The greatest changes and improvements have come in the courses of instruction offered, and the manner of offering and conducting them. Even here progress has not been rapid, but a strong and vigorous evolution out of long-tried materials and methods of education. The administrations of Woolsey, Porter, and Dwight have all been alike in this: that changes were accepted and the proper readjustments made when they became necessary, rather than when they were novel, untried, and revolutionary. The spirit of another prayer of President Woolsey's seems to have prevailed here, also: "Far be from us those changes which, instead of ingrooving themselves in forms becoming obsolete, tear and snap in twain; those which break up the flow of college history; which sever the connection with past science and with the world of the past; which render the venerable forms of gray antiquity less venerable to the

scholar ; which make a gap in the long procession of science upon which ages have looked as spectators, and inspire the student with the conceit that he is not at all a transmitter and a torchbearer, but rather one of a new race, the creators and sole possessors of knowledge.”¹

It is undoubtedly true that Yale has not borne her share in the responsibilities and necessary failures of educational experiment during the last fifty years. The Civil War, in which her sons bore their full and honorable part, and the long years of reconstruction and readjustment which followed the war, affected her life and growth very much as the Revolutionary War, and the long constructive period which followed it, had affected her during the closing years of the eighteenth century. In both cases she adjusted herself slowly to a new order of things, but in such a way that great powers were husbanded on strong foundations, and trained to face the dazzling opportunities of a new century with a courage born of conscious and undissipated strength, and under a leadership that could afford to be aggressive because preceded by one eminently conservative and generously provident.

As a result of her somewhat restrained but sturdy evolution, Yale has preserved, more than any other fully developed American university, that peculiarly American university feature, the college nucleus, — a large body of youthful undergraduates under collegiate rather than university training, but surrounded by, and projected against, all the higher and sterner activities of the professional and graduate schools. Moreover, there is ever present in this undergraduate body the historic consciousness that the professional and graduate schools are an outgrowth of the college. The college was not drawn into proximity to the schools, but the schools to the college. This gives the collegiate period dignity, and explains the larger and broader in-

¹ Historical Discourse, 1850, p. 74.

fluence which it exerts as compared with the schools of Europe, the studies of which may be parallel with its own. The graduate of the German gymnasium, of the French lycée, or of the English public school goes up to the university, which is distinct from, and higher than, the school. The Yale college boy is a part — the original and essential part — of the university. The university has come to him.

Here, where the university is doing the work of a university, and assembling into convenient depositories the wisdom, experience, and high achievements of all the best of the human race, that men of the present day may mount to the shoulders, as it were, of the great men of the past, and so discover even more than they did or could about the nature of this world of God, — here, in an atmosphere of faith in the things that were and have been, as well as in the things of the future, where are perpetually unsealed “those fountains of idealism at which the human spirit has so often refreshed itself when weary of a too material age,” the brightest and most hopeful, the least hampered and afflicted quadrennium of a man’s life is spent. Here he mingles with many hundreds of his fellows who are equally blessed, in a community which, following the best Anglo-Saxon instincts, develops a rich and varied life of its own, and is encouraged rather than forbidden to do so. This community life, with its societies, its literary organs, its sports and competitive contests of every kind, its clubs and cliques, or its great mass enthusiasms, where, as is usually the case, democracy is a cult, — this life is lived in an atmosphere of letters, arts, and sciences.

The path of duty leads among letters, arts, and sciences, and to this path the Yale undergraduate is held by requirements of attendance on religious and literary exercises, — religious, because religion has the grandest of literatures. In his Freshman year he attends recita-

tions in subjects required of his whole class; in his Sophomore year he attends recitations and lectures — recitations predominating — in subjects among which the class has had a limited and carefully guarded election; in his Junior and Senior years he attends lectures and recitations — lectures predominating — in subjects among which the classes have had a practically unlimited but carefully guarded election. But whether recitation or lecture, whether the instruction given is collegiate or university in its method, — and it becomes gradually, though never exclusively, the latter, — he is required to be in attendance, and the margin of irregularity is small; many think too small. Every Yale undergraduate is thus required, all through his collegiate years, though less and less as he grows mature, to do many things with many others, as others do them, and for the common good. This is an invaluable experience, and one for the lack of which no amount of specialization during these particular years could compensate. It does not block the way nor blunt the impulse to specialization; it rather lays that sure foundation without which specialization is apt to become erratic; and it trains men up for good citizenship in a society where many things must be done with many men, as the many do them, and for the common good.

The path of pleasure for the member of such a collegiate community — a college which is the heart and life of a great university — leads among ideal delights; where more ideal? The literary, athletic, philanthropic, social, and religious activities into which Yale undergraduate life so exuberantly flowers are all lifted to a high plane of interest, because they are the avocations of a compactly organized body of youth whose high vocation is the pursuit of letters, arts, and sciences. The vocation gives the avocations dignity. If avocations become vocation, how great is that perversion! And yet, in

our impatience at the apparent ignorance of relative values which is often shown by our great undergraduate communities, we should do well to remember that the pleasures to which they invite themselves, and from the enjoyment of which that degree of self-government to which they are entitled as Anglo-Saxons prevents their exclusion, are noble and, in the main, salutary pleasures. The pleasures to which the college communities of earlier days were addicted, except as their vocation was their pleasure, were surely far less to be condoned, not to say encouraged. We should also do well to remember that most of our great undergraduate communities not only reflect the tastes and desires and ideals of the country at large, but are peculiarly sensitive to the approval or disapproval which the country at large may give to their relative estimates of duty and pleasure, of vocation and avocations. Herein lies much hope. For since, generally speaking, the best of our youth go up to our great national universities; and since it is unquestionably true that nowhere in the world are more and stronger influences for good focused upon young men and women than at these universities, — the storehouses and treasuries of the race; and since, still further, we can trace, as President Woolsey did fifty years ago, a steady improvement in the manners and morals of our student bodies, then it must follow that both country and universities are coöperating in the evolution of higher and higher types of manhood and womanhood.

The path of duty being required at Yale, and the path of pleasure, so far as it is not the path of duty, being elective, there results a peculiar and at first thought incomprehensible attitude on the part of the undergraduate body toward duties which less favored mortals, and maturer mortals who have been similarly favored, regard as privileges. It is an attitude not of hostility, but of opposition, at least on the principle of "He

that is not with me is against me." With the Faculty in their prescription of certain duties in the domain of letters, arts, and sciences the undergraduate body at Yale apparently is not, and therefore apparently against them. Apparently only, in both cases. It is in part a traditional attitude from a time when the educational duties which the Faculty imposed were not, in fact, educational privileges, especially when compared with greater privileges created and offered by the student body itself, in that marvelous play between man and man which still counts with the majority of college graduates for the best which college life affords. It is in part, also, a natural inheritance. It is ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon to resist all unjust authority, and to be jealous even of the just authority which he really respects. His attitude of opposition and jealousy keeps the authority just, and therefore his respect for it alive and strong. He would not take himself out from under it, so long as he respects it, if he could; but he feels that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty always and everywhere, and he is therefore not too much inclined to coöperate with authority. He is law-abiding, but not law-helping. So the Yale undergraduate really respects the requirements of his college course. He would not exchange them for the greater freedom in election of studies and attendance which prevails elsewhere. He elected at the start to put himself under them, and though they slay him, yet will he respect them, in spite of all his criticism of them and grumbling about them. Strict and stern officers, from Clearchus down, have had soldiers who disliked them in the piping time of peace, but loved them in the day of battle. The Yale undergraduate knows in his heart of hearts that, as a graduate, in the day of battle, he will love the authority which he now professes to dislike, because it insisted on the regular performance of many duties, some of which were uncon-

genial; because it broadened him by not allowing him always and everywhere to follow his bent; because it had no milk for babes; because it made a soldier of him.

But besides this collective Yale ideal, which often strikes the superficial observer as Philistinism, there are the various ideals of the various specialists, even among the undergraduates. And above and around the undergraduate body is the smaller but ever influential body of those who, having perhaps achieved the collective Yale ideal, are now achieving their individual ideals, or winning professional standing, or pressing on to the border regions of human knowledge, ambitious to enlarge or improve the domain. The professional and graduate schools, by the intensity of their specialization, exercise upon the undergraduate body an influence which discourages random, scattering work; the undergraduate body, in its turn, helps to keep alive in the specializing graduate student that idealism which rightly and fortunately characterized his undergraduate life, and which gives him increasing reason, as the years pass, to look back with the fondest affection to the golden quadrennium of his college years, and the Alma Mater who made them what they were.

As the Corporation, Faculty, undergraduates, and graduates of Yale look off upon the years to elapse before her fifth Jubilee, they have every reason for confidence that those years will see greater material and spiritual enlargement than has marked any half century of her existence. They may reasonably expect that her professional and graduate schools will increase in power and usefulness beyond their present dreams. And they should also pray that no upreaching of the great secondary schools, and no downreaching of the great professional schools, be allowed to eliminate entirely or much curtail those four years of undergraduate life spent in the pursuit of ideal aims, under collegiate restraints

rather than full university freedom, in an ideal atmosphere of religion and good literature, the product of which is rather

good citizens than specialists, men who treat life "as a measure to be filled rather than as a cup to be drained."

Bernadotte Perrin.

LIGHTHOUSE VILLAGE SKETCHES.

A RADICAL.

"HIM an' me wuz hevin' it over on pol'tics an' religion," said Captain Gibson. "I used to set up with him nights some, when it come his watch in the tower, eight ter twelve. She'd be a grindin' roun' up top, two ter the minute on the quicksilver, smooth as silk, the ole lens, an' the machinery, down where he wuz, no particular objection to talkin'; so we hed it over 'bout them ole Bible dorgmas. Sam, he'd take a turn on the gallery frum time to time 'count of mebbe fog shuttin' down, but we wuz pretty still fer the most part, hevin' it over.

"He's a gret scholar, Sam is. I'm proud of Sam. He knows a lot more 'n I do. But I says to him right out plain, says I, 'Capt'n Anderson,' says I, 'you're a younger man than what I be,'—I don't believe he ain't more 'n sixty-five an' odd, ef he is a day, — 'an' you'll come to look at these things diff'rent,' says I. 'T ain't because he don't read a lot that he come to be so misguided, but I guess he sorter keeps readin' the same things right over an' over like.

"Now I says to him square to the face an' kind, I says, 'Now take the Garden of Eden, Capt'n Anderson,' says I; 'how does that set on your stomach?' says I. But Sam don't hear to reasons easy, an' I kinder give him up after I'd ben at him a spell. I told him science was agin him, but he jest did n't appear to care a mite. 'I got my Bible,' he says over an' over, kinder wearisome. Now I tell you I respect a pig-headed cuss like Capt'n

Anderson. I dunno what he calls himself as a congregation, so to speak. Prob'ly Presberterian, like 's not. But he's twenty miles frum a meetin' house, an' 'lowed he might be kinder short of up-to-date 'long of not hevin' went to church fer some years back. But Sam, he'll allus be the same bloomin' radical. I believe that 's what they call them kind, — reg'lar ole hard-shell Bible folks. He calls me a ninfedel. But I ain't! Lord, no! No, I ain't thet fer down. Only course I don't believe nothin' in the Bible. Lord, no! Godfrey!

"It comes kinder hard on me, — the way he thinks I'm goin' ter hell. I'd kinder like hevin' him feel we wuz goin' to git ashore same place, so to speak. Well, when I was comin' off that time I shook hands with him longer 'n common, an' I says to him, goin' away, I says, 'Ole boy,' I says, 'you an' me thinks diff'rent, but that's all right,' I says. 'I ain't sure but what there is a heaven, but I know there ain't no hell. So you an' me 'll meet again, Sam, ef I leave Hawkport fer the findin' out, Sam, 'fore you do.'"

A CARETAKER.

"You can't fetch a step in this town 'thout ev'rybody knows it," said Mrs. Ben, coming in out of the storm, and standing, all snowy, on the inside doormat, while Mrs. Crow disappeared to get the asked-for cup of yeast. "No, I hain't a-goin' to set, I hain't a-goin' to stop," she continued, directing her voice toward the pantry. "I dunno when I've ben out o' yeast before, an' now I s'pose

the whole town'll know I come here a-borrowin' of ye. Why, jest now, on'y last week, I was over to Boston gittin' me a pair new boots, — shoes they was, — Samson's is so dreadful poor an' high; an' so, well, I went up 'long the street 'fore seven o'clock, so's nobody would n't see me, with a basket to the depot; an' the postmaster, course he seen me, an' he called to me the length the street. 'Goin' away?' says he; an' the butcher too, he did. I did hope t' the Lord I'd git by Ann Elizer's 'thout her seein' me; an' sure enough, she stood back t' the window when I cut past. But 'fore I was out o' hearin' I seen her throw up the window an' holler after me. Folks is so dreadful curious. Now I hain't a mite that way myself. I dunno half nobody's business in this town except my own; an' 'tain't 'cause I don't hev opportunities, if I say so as had n't ought to. Bless my soul! What's that?" she exclaimed, opening the door a crack, peering and listening through the fine sleet falling. "The Methodists' straw ride! I do declare!"

A long pung creaked into view from the four corners, with slow horses, big bells clanging, and a crowded party of villagers.

Presently the high notes of a cornet sounded: —

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war!"

"My land alive!" cried Mrs. Ben, closing the crack to a line as they passed near, but listening a minute still as the sound swept by, full and sweet, and died away faintly, — "as to war!"

"It's them Methodists goin' over to Barry. I should think they'd be ashamed. It's three weeks runnin' they ben over to Barry of a Friday evenin', an' their own 'prayer-meetin' night, too, — not countin' Tuesdays, when they've went considerable, to my truth and knowledge," said Mrs. Ben, still standing on the doormat, and covering the yeastcup with her hand to keep the snow

out going home. "But I can't stop a minute now. I on'y say it's a livin' shame leavin' Nathaniel Tewksbury's meetin' an' gaddin'; 't ain't nothin' else. Them young women out'n the choir, an' the men, an' the cornet, jest gaddin' after that elder. I'm ashamed of 'em. Comin' here with his pomposity an' his whiskers, an' his cheeks gittin' fatter ev'ry week, — the way the women cooked him up one mess o' food an' 'nother, 'cause he said he was pindlin' when he come here. And prayin' ev'ry night into the vestry, an' callin' it revivals when it warn't only bluster an' cry with more'n half the women folks, an' only seven men saved from everlastin' perdition in five weeks, an' him livin' round on the parish like a porpoise. He made me mad to see him.

"'He's a good man an' all that,' says Mr. Tewksbury to me, when I fuss at his ways o' doin', an' speakin' ill o' him behind his back, which I tole Mr. Tewksbury plum straight I'd as lief say to his face, an' him so patient an' forbearin' with me if I hain't on'y his housekeeper, an' no kith nor kin. 'He's a good man,' says Mr. Tewksbury, quiet an' firm, 'on'y the Lord, he leads him in ways what I don't take after myself,' an' like o' that; 'n' I know fer truth an' knowledge of the elder's tryin' to pervert folks right out of our meetin' house into his'n.

"An' now I guess I'll be goin'. On'y I do like some kinds o' ministers better than others, an' I allus hold by Mr. Tewksbury's doctrine an' preachin' an' house-to-house visitin', an' that's a fact. He's jest the kind o' minister I do like, if he is so grave, an' gray whiskers, an' thin. I've heard folks time an' agin complain an' say he comes right into yer house, an' talks 'bout what yer doin', an' not a mite o' religion. I hate a man comes right in an' gits down on his knees prayin', whether anybody wants to or not. An' he's an awful good scholar, too; an' fer's I can make out, the whole of his doctrine is mostly not goin' to church

an' comin' home fightin', but kinder let yer Sunday sift down slow, an' last yer the week out. An' so he does. He's a beautiful hand to pray 'n' all, but he's a great hand to live. He believes in livin'. So do I.

"I've often told my husband he must 'a' ben a thousand-dollar man where he come from, but we don't give him but five hundred an' a donation party. An' he's terrible close 'bout where he come from, too, an' on'y that one little boy. I've often said to him, as feelin' as I could, 'Was your wife's health mostly pretty good 'fore she died?' An' he's thanked me an' said it mostly was, an' gone away. He's awful good to the poor. He'll take right holt an' help a poor man cook a meal o' victuals, an' he sawed ole Jonson up a load of wood once when he was sick abed, an' give him his dinner, an' carried it over; an' when he was goin' off 'thout prayin', — Jonson's a Methodis', you know, — Jonson, he looked so expectin' an' disappointed, Mr. Tewksbury, he says, 'It's all right, Charlie; you eat your dinner while it's hot, an' I'll be prayin' 'long home,' says he.

"He's real good ev'ry which way. But ev'rybody don't see as I do, an' I'm free to say he don't seem to be so sought after as he might be, an' his numbers ain't increasin'. Husband said he's too good for 'em, but I dunno. It's all a mix to me, — them as is better than others not risin' 'cordin' to their quality. Why, I know some folks don't like a minister takin' the clo'es off the line fer his wife, with a big fam'ly to wash fer, an' no girl in the kitchen, an' I'm terrible careful not to let Mr. Tewksbury lay finger to my wash, to save scandal; not that he's ever made as if he was goin' to, but I've hed my answer polite an' ready on wash days, fearin' he might. Some folks is dreadful particular 'bout their pastors.

"But I dunno yet but what Mr. Tewksbury will add to the roll in time. I dunno

when we hain't hed a conversion before in ages till ole Jonson was took in, an' I've heard there's others meditatin'. I'm expectin' Easter will wake 'em up some. But it does make me ache, his goin' down, snowy night like this, clear to the vestry, an' sittin' lookin' so religious an' pleasant to them empty benches, an' on'y them ole folks there, an' all the young ones gone after that cornet. I wisht they 'd kep' his house fer him like me, an' seen his ins an' outs, week through. But I tell him it'll come his time soon, an' them as went after the cornet these days will get their hearts touched an' shook, an' stay to the vestry Fridays. I wisht they could jest see his lovin' ways with Philly; jest how he — Well, I guess I must be goin'. Good-by."

Thus did Mrs. Ben take news of Mr. Tewksbury's inner goodness with her wherever she went, and there was always an open ear for the minister's "housekeeper." To Methodist friends she spoke with grieved surprise of their "goin's-on;" to her church associates she poured forth a stream of pastor praise, varied and enriched by incidents of every-day goodness as the week went by. The leaven worked. The vestry showed it. But the elder at Barry was unconsciously helping Mrs. Ben. The Rockhaven deserters, coming diligently on successive Tuesdays and Fridays through the month following the Barry revival, heard sermons from Elder Plum that had an oblique effect. The crude teaching rose, in inspired moments, to earnest, impressive charge and warning. This was when the elder talked of "folds" and our "ministerial privileges in our midst."

Thus it came to pass that Emily Baker, cornet, refused to leave a certain Friday-night prayer meeting at her own church; and, the leader gone, the sleighing party broke up, forsaking Barry, and in place of it going to church again or not, as might be, but bringing withal sufficient signs of "warnin'" to gladden Mrs.

Ben's Friday-night heart. As the minister's housekeeper, she kept a pious eye on backsliders returning, possessing them with a glance as they entered, offering them at once to the Lord in prayer in all simplicity and goodness of heart, as proof of Mr. Tewksbury's rising ability and pastoral worth.

A proof of further "warnin'" was the widened sympathy for what was respectfully referred to as the pastor's "back troubles," so often dwelt upon by Mrs. Ben, and so called in distinction from those of later date, — an interest that showed itself in numerous invitations to tea, and "Bring Philly," from the more warm-hearted members of the pastor's circle.

The startling news of an accident to Philly, a hurt spine and his life in danger, called out fresh sympathy, and created a disposition to praise the stricken pastor, not alone for his goodness, but for his ability also, now newly believed in. In those weeks when he nursed Philly, refusing all offers to "spell" him, sitting all day and all night by the child's bed, except for the few hours at church, his people heard in his sermons something that stirred them deeply. Mrs. Ben said that folks was "meditatin'."

On the Sunday before Christmas several were waiting to be received into the church. The pastor read these names: "Miss Emily Baker, Mr. Moses Jones, Mrs. Baker, and Mehitable Baker."

"The Lord's struck them Bakerses!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, with chastened joy.

On New Year's Eve a messenger brought word to the parsonage that Miss Baker's class — Philly's class — would like to bring a few little gifts on New Year's morning. Philly would see the boys pass the window. They would be very quiet, and would lay the packages on the window sill outside.

That night the doctor's word spread through the village that Philly's New Year would be the end.

PHILLY.

A dim, shaded night light burned outside the pastor's study door, shining faintly in across Philly's bed.

"Father?" anxiously.

"Yes, my boy."

"Oh, father!"

"Yes."

"I'm so tired."

"Yes, pet, I know. Try to lie still; try hard, little man." A long silence.

"I'm trying, father."

"My good boy." A longer silence.

"Oh, father, father!"

"I know, sonny, I know."

The little head tossed to and fro on the pillow.

"Father dear!" starting.

"I'm here, Philly."

"Hold my hand hard, — there, like that, father."

"Yes, pet."

"Father?" suddenly.

"Yes, my lad."

"You won't let go my hand?"

"No." Silence.

"Did he say I'd be well in — in twenty-four hours, father?"

"He said you'd be better, my boy."

"Very better?"

"More easy, I know."

"Will it be twenty-four hours to-morrow morning since to-day, father?"

"Very nearly, sonny. Now try to go to sleep."

A moan, a sob; then more sobs through shut teeth.

"He — he said I was a general, d-didn't he, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and a hero, too."

"I'd rather be a general. Oh, father, father!" tears raining down.

"I know, I know, pet."

"I'm — so — tired."

"Yes, pet; but it will soon be morning."

"Father?" anxiously. "Don't go away."

"No, my boy."

"Oh, don't take your hand off my forehead, father darling!"

"No, sonny."

A long pause; then faintly, "Sing. My one."

"When He com-eth, when He com-eth,
To — make up His jewels" —

The song sounded strange in the winter midnight.

"Like the stars of the morning" —

A little voice, broken with tears, was singing, too.

"They shall shine in their beauty" —

The little voice fell to a moan. "Oh, father dear!"

The singer was silent.

"Don't sing it any more, father darling!"

A little company of boys, coming two

by two down the lane on New Year's morning, lingered uncertainly a long way off, then gathered in a whispering group round the pastor's gate. The pastor was at the window, holding Philly, and beckoned them in.

"Say 'Happy New Year,' fellers," whispered their leader, "'cause he dunno he's awful sick, don't you see; an' say it loud right through the winder, so he'll hear good."

The boys crowded forward up the steps, hugging their packages awkwardly, and gazing awestricken at Philly's white face behind the pane. One by one they laid their gifts on the sill, with quavering greeting, in sorrow and great awe. Little Tommy Dan, last and least of all, stood on tiptoe under the window, with bright greeting ready, and only said, —

"G-good-by, Philly."

Louise Lyndon Sibley.

THE PIRACY OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.¹

THE surface railway facilities in New York (boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), and its supply of gas and electricity, are now in the hands of two great corporations, behind which is one group or alliance of men. These corporations represent an actual outlay probably well within \$125,000,000, for systems which could be replaced to-day, probably, for less than \$100,000,000, while their nominal capitalization, share and loan, excluding securities of consolidated companies held in the treasury of the controlling company, is over \$300,000,000, and the market value of their securities is above \$400,000,000. The enormous difference between cost and market value represents roughly, if not accu-

rately, the value of the franchises "promoted" out of the people's possession into private pockets, — in large part not of those whose foresight, investment, and skill have developed the present facilities, but of those who, with the double leverage of "politics" and "financing," have become possessed in recent years of these franchise privileges. The story of how the street railway franchises in New York have been one by one obtained, and at last welded into a unified monopoly; how the gas companies, by various processes of peace and war, have been brought into final combination; how the leading electric corporation was captured by the gas interests; and how, finally, within the year past, all these enter-

¹ This article is intended to be presented from an external and objective point of view; but, to prevent misapprehension, it should be

stated that the writer was the first vice president and active executive of the Edison Company of New York, from 1890 into 1899. — R. R. B.

prises have come under the same control, would easily fill volumes, but the brief statement here presented may throw some light on one of the chief municipal problems of the day.

Most New Yorkers of middle age remember the lumbering ten-cent "stage," seating ten and "strapping" more, such as that which, after emerging from the usual blockade at Fulton Street, over which a footbridge afforded safe passage, rumbled for a weary hour along Broadway as far as 34th Street, whence another started occasionally up Bloomingdale Road to Manhattanville; and the primitive six-cent "street car" on Sixth and Eighth avenues, — some of the one-horse "bobtail" order, some with the legend "Negroes allowed in this car," a few with a placard "Heated," — which, with those of the "Harlem Extension" down Fourth Avenue, used alike for freight cars and street cars, and the other avenue lines, furnished the chief means of transportation in the days "before the war," and for some time thereafter. The present Metropolitan Street Railway, consolidating many separate lines into a single service, with marvelous engineering feats of reconstruction, excellently operated, as rapid as surface conditions permit, with cars well lighted, well heated, and comfortable, though chronically overcrowded, and an almost universal transfer system for a five-cent fare, affords such superior facilities that citizens are ready to forget or condone the steps by which charters have been obtained and consolidations effected, and to overlook the possibilities of still better facilities, lower fares, or reduced taxes, that might have been or might yet be, if the people, as the municipality, recover their rights in the streets, and properly control the operating companies which should lease street privileges. The popular rumor that this company paid \$750,000 secretly for illicit privileges which it failed to

get through the Eldridge bill of 1898, vetoed by Governor Black, cannot, of course, be verified, and is perhaps not true in this form; but that it is believed is in itself significant, and it is probably true that large considerations were indirectly paid to keep hands off and eyes shut while the "combine" of capitalists behind the railway company was getting its grip on most of the public utilities of New York. Among these the master spirit is ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, who, like Richard Croker in the municipality, holds no official position and has no stated responsibility in his company, since, as stated in a laudatory article on the company in the New York Times for November 20, 1898, "for reasons of his own, he withdrew from the Board of Directors two or three years ago. But his wishes find expression in every important act of the Board." "With Mr. Whitney as the subtle, often invisible director," wrote a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, December 6, 1898, "the corporation grew to majestic proportions. He apparently bore about the same relations to it that he did to Tammany Hall, of which, although not a member, he was, nevertheless, through men who respected his authority, the controlling influence."

The New York and Harlem Railroad had been chartered by special act of the legislature in 1831, and the common council granted it permission to lay its tracks southward from the Harlem River, by successive resolutions from 1832 to 1852, in which year it reached the City Hall Park. This was the first street railway in New York, and no compensation was given for the franchise — except, according to rumor, to legislators and common councilmen — until in 1872 the legislative grant for the extension exacted 5 per cent of gross receipts on Madison Avenue above 79th Street. It required much pressure from 1854 to 1858 to replace steam

with horses below 42d Street, and the common council complained by resolution that the company had defied it, had refused to obey its ordinances, and was using paid agents at Albany to circumvent it. The Sixth and Eighth Avenue franchises were granted in 1851-52, also without compensation, — though Comptroller Flagg, in a special message, urged that the companies should at least be required to pave and clean the streets they used, — but the roads were not to be assigned without consent of the common council, and were to be surrendered to the city on demand at 10 per cent advance on cost. Franchises for Third Avenue, — to a ring of stage-owners and politicians, — for Second Avenue, and for Ninth Avenue were successively granted, with trivial conditions of protection to the city. In 1853 came a general exposé, on charges initiated by an outraged lobbyist, who thought it was not fair play that the common council should take \$20,000 for a charter from one set of people, and then, for \$50,000, revoke its action in favor of another. The grand jury obtained direct confessions of payments to bribe aldermen, — Tweed appearing on the scene in this connection, — but the charters remained intact.

Broadway had always been the golden goal of the charter-grabbers, and, also in 1852, Jacob Sharp and others obtained authorization for a Broadway railroad from the aldermen and assistant aldermen, without compensation to the city, notwithstanding various competing offers of \$1,000,000, of \$100,000 a year for ten years, of \$1000 instead of \$20 license for each car, of one cent for each passenger carried, or of a three-cent fare. This grant was repassed over Mayor Kingsland's veto, in the face of an injunction from Judge Campbell, and was checkmated only by the punishment of the aldermen for contempt of court, after a legal contest finally settled in the Court of Appeals. In 1859 an at-

tempt to "parallel Broadway" took the shape of the "Yonkers road," which, by beginning in Westchester County, was to avoid the restriction upon railroads "commencing and ending within the city limits." For this the common council raced a permit through both branches December 7, 1859, before the meeting of the legislature in January should give the Albany lobbyists a chance at the job, and only Mayor Tiemann's veto saved the city. The ensuing legislature took from the "common scoundrels," as they were called, the right to grant street railway franchises, and the seat of corruption was transferred, for a time, from the City Hall to the state Capitol. Various other attempts on Broadway were defeated, until in 1884 — when the first general surface railway law was passed, with a proviso that 3 per cent, and ultimately 5 per cent, of gross receipts should be paid the city — Jacob Sharp and his associates of the Broadway Surface Railroad Company procured the Broadway franchise from the "boodle board" of aldermen, two of whom were sentenced to the state prison for bribery, while Sharp, also convicted, died pending a retrial ordered on appeal. In 1886 the legislature annulled the charter of the company; but the Court of Appeals, in the O'Brien case, held that the right in the street granted by the city was perpetual and indefeasible, and hence that it survived the corporation, and vested in the directors as trustees for the creditors and shareholders. This decision, counter to the common rule that stolen goods may be recovered by the owner, gave an extraordinary force to the adage that "possession is nine points of the law," and put a premium on the corrupt or brutal overbearing by corporations of public or private rights; and it has yet to be overcome by that application of common sense to new conditions which constitutes the evolution of law.

Up to 1889-90 the many cross-town

lines which had obtained charters, as well as the older lines lengthwise of the city, had been independently operated, exclusively by horse power. At that date the New York situation attracted the attention of the Widener-Elkins Philadelphia syndicate of street railway promoters, whose combination with the Whitney interests has resulted in the unified system of to-day, — a system as creditable in its operation as it has been the contrary in other respects. The first step was the incorporation of the Metropolitan Cross-Town Railway, which acquired a cross-town line whose charter permitted it to lease or consolidate with other roads. About the same time the Metropolitan Traction Company was organized in New Jersey; in 1892 this was reincorporated in New York; and in 1893 the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was incorporated in New York, and became the operating company for the Traction Company, which owned its \$30,000,000 stock. Meanwhile, by purchase, by lease, by control of securities, consolidations were going on, and in 1897 the Traction Company was dissolved, its shareholders receiving share for share of Street Railway stock and a premium in debenture bonds; and the Metropolitan Cross-Town, the Broadway Surface, and other companies were finally merged in the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, whose only considerable rival was the Third Avenue Railroad, with its subsidiary lines. During this period, changes of motive power — from horse to cable, from cable to electricity — were going on; but the city secured little pecuniary advantage, the minimum of \$150,000 per year offered by the Broadway road as a premium for the change to cable proving to be no more than it would presently have been obliged to pay as the 5 per cent of its gross receipts. To safeguard the city, the Cantor act of 1886 had provided for the sale of new franchises at auction, with a minimum price of 5 per cent of

gross receipts; but the politicians who organized the Union Railway Company, called the "huckleberry road" because of the sparsely settled suburbs it traversed, evaded this law by obtaining special acts, and a \$2,000,000 franchise, of which the Third Avenue Railroad became possessed, yielded the city nothing. A franchise for Lenox Avenue, separated from Sixth Avenue by the two and a half miles of Central Park, was granted to the Metropolitan Company without compensation, under the guise of a "requirement" that it should extend its Sixth Avenue line. For other extensions in the northern part of the city there was fierce rivalry between the Metropolitan and Third Avenue companies, resulting in charges and counter-charges of corruption, and in the laying of four tracks on Amsterdam Avenue, to the intense indignation of its residents. When, under the law, a small extension privilege was offered at auction, a third bidder, the People's Traction Company, offered the entire gross receipts, and afterward several times these, — a mystery which has never been altogether solved.

The Metropolitan Company was understood to be "in with" Tammany, and the Third Avenue with Republican politicians; but when the Third Avenue line was retransformed from cable to electric traction, Tammany's power was sufficient to require this company to cancel a contract for reconstruction which it had made, and give a new contract, at an increased price, to a politician contractor who was chairman of one of the Tammany committees. The Third Avenue Company, reeking with jobbery, came rapidly to its decline and fall: the Metropolitan Company expressed unwillingness to assume its burdens; efforts to finance it met with many difficulties; at last came a crash, in which its shares, which in 1899 had ranged from 242 to 117 $\frac{3}{4}$, fell, on March 2, 1900, to 45 $\frac{1}{4}$. Ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, formerly

a Tammany magnate, was appointed receiver; and when the stock recovered it was found that the Metropolitan Railway interests held a majority of the shares. About \$9,000,000 of the stock is now held in the Metropolitan treasury, assuring control, and \$50,000,000 bonds on the Third Avenue property, virtually guaranteed by the Metropolitan Company, are in process of issue. This has been the final *coup* by which the Metropolitan Street Railway Company has obtained the monopoly of surface railways in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. It has now a capitalization of \$45,000,000 stock, ruling at about 170, aside from about \$18,000,000 stock in controlled lines (including Third Avenue) not in its treasury, and above \$90,000,000 bonds (including \$40,000,000 of the guaranteed Third Avenue bonds); representing, roughly, a market value of at least \$200,000,000. The ablest administrative ability has been enlisted in this service; economies and improvements have been everywhere effected; the results accomplished have been marvelous indeed; and if the end justifies the means, the promoters have reason to be pleased with their work.

The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, into which were merged, in 1879, both the New York and the Metropolitan elevated railroads, initiated in 1875, has reached, with the usual processes of stock manipulation and multiplication, a capitalization of \$48,000,000 stock and \$40,000,000 bonds, having a market value, approximately, of \$100,000,000; but it has not yet been brought into the general fold, and the alliance prophesied by a traffic agreement with the Third Avenue surface road, made in 1899, for transfers from one system to the other for a supplementary three-cent fare, has come to little. The company enjoyed many facilities through a good understanding with "the powers that be," until its president, George J.

Gould, declined to concede to Richard Croker for his Auto-Truck Company the privilege of laying pneumatic tubes along the elevated structure. A picturesque account of an interview between Mr. Gould and Mr. Croker was made public, and a simultaneous and concentrated cross-fire from the city authorities upon the company began. The Park Commissioners notified the company to remove its structure from Battery Park; the Health Department discovered that the supports were in unsafe and dangerous condition; and ordinances proposed in the municipal assembly required the company to inclose its stations in glass and place drip pans under its structure, to operate trains on five-minute headway throughout the twenty-four hours, under \$100 penalty for each omission, and to give up its revenues from newspaper stands and advertising. A renewal of friendly relations averted the threatened dangers; but effective notice was given to other companies of the treatment to be expected in case they failed to conform with the desires of the ruling powers.

When gas began to supplant oil for lighting, the New York Gas Company, organized in 1823, with a capital of \$1,000,000, was given exclusive rights for thirty years in the built-up part of the city, and supplied gas at \$10 the thousand cubic feet. A dozen gas companies have since been formed,—some confined by charter or by agreement to specified parts of the city, others organized for purposes of competition,—whose history has been a confused tangle of asserted corruption, rivalry, "gas wars," pooling, consolidation, overcapitalization, protests from consumers, movements for a municipal plant, improvements in manufacture, appeals to the legislature, and reductions of price, mostly in obedience to legislative requirement. In 1884, the New York, Manhattan, Mutual, Harlem, Metropolitan,

Municipal, and Knickerbocker companies, which had formed a pool maintaining prices at \$2.25, were merged into the Consolidated Gas Company, with a nominal capital of \$45,000,000, but with "less than \$20,000,000 actual investment," according to the Thomas Committee's report to the legislature in 1885. The company itself valued the combined franchises at \$7,781,000, for which practically nothing had been paid to the city. The Mutual Company, because of a provision in its charter which forbade combination, was obliged to withdraw from the Consolidated Company, and the proposed capitalization was reduced accordingly; but it was understood that a controlling interest in the \$3,500,000 stock of the Mutual Company passed to the Consolidated Company or its leading stockholders. The Equitable Gas Company was organized in 1882, to compete with these companies, and supplied gas in 1884 at \$1.75; and in 1885 still another rival, the Standard Company, was incorporated. The grant to this company raised so great a scandal that the legislature, in 1886, in a spasm of virtue, reduced prices to \$1.25 per thousand feet. In 1894 a new corporation, the East River Gas Company, obtained a franchise to lay its mains in New York, and to build a tunnel under the East River to bring gas from the Long Island side, for which it was to pay 3 per cent of its gross receipts. All these companies maintained prices at the maximum legal rate of \$1.25, but were in furious competition in supplying apparatus gratis, until November, 1896, when another pool was formed, the business parceled out, and the competing agents discharged. These employees took their revenge by holding a mass meeting at Cooper Institute, December 31, 1896, at which they started an agitation for a municipal plant and for "dollar gas." The fighting was now transferred to the legislature, which, despite the efforts of

the gas companies, reduced the price to \$1.20 for 1897, and 5 cents each year thereafter until "dollar gas" should be reached in 1901.

In January, 1898, the East River and Equitable companies were brought together into the New Amsterdam Gas Company, having a capitalization of \$21,000,000 stock and \$20,750,000 bonds, with Anthony N. Brady at its head. The Standard Company maintained its identity, having a capitalization of \$8,721,000 stock and \$1,362,000 bonds, with Russell Sage as president, while the Consolidated Company still held the lead in the gas situation with a capital of \$39,078,000 and \$2,158,000 floating indebtedness. The three companies had together a total capitalization, share and loan, approximating \$100,000,000, and probably exceeding that amount if the stocks and bonds of merged or controlled companies were included. An Astoria Gas, Heat, Light, and Power Company had been organized, which also was to supply gas through a tunnel under the East River, and which was granted questionable privileges; but this was understood to be an enterprise of one of the existing companies, incidental to the gas war which presently ensued.

An endeavor to force further consolidation resulted in 1899 in a "rate war," which cut prices from \$1.10 to 65 cents, and later to 50 cents, per thousand feet. This war lasted until March, 1900, when, as the result of the combination meantime effected, former rates were resumed, — to the sorrow of the consuming public, — the Brady interests having been brought into line with the Consolidated Gas Company; Russell Sage having been deposed from the presidency of the Standard Company, and the voting power of the majority of its stock put in the hands of a protective committee, also in the interests of the Consolidated Company. Thus unification of the gas interests became an accomplished fact.

Electric lighting had begun in New York before 1880 with the arc lights of the Brush Company, though the aldermanic permit granting a franchise was not secured until May 3, 1881, at which time, also, a like franchise was given to the United States Illuminating Company, — the two companies afterward associated under Westinghouse control. Both these, in common with all other companies then existing, used overhead conductors and the high-tension current, and it was generally asserted by electrical authorities that the electric current could not be conveyed underground. Meantime, Edison had worked out his incandescent lamp, — stimulated at the start, curiously enough, by a quarrel over the bills of a gas company, — and had successfully attacked the problem of an underground system of conductors. The Edison Electric Light Company, afterward merged into the General Electric Company, had been organized in 1878 to develop the Edison system, and, under royalty arrangements with it, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York was organized December 17, 1880, and obtained on April 10, 1881, the first aldermanic permit for an electric franchise within the limits of New York.

For some years New York was the battleground of the fierce contest between the high-tension overhead-wire arc-lamp systems, represented chiefly by the Westinghouse interests, and the low-tension underground-conductor incandescent Edison system. The public authorities, stimulated by an indignant public opinion over the fatal accidents from overhead wires, obtained from the legislature in 1885 an act creating a Board of Commissioners of Electrical Subways, which was to require the placing of all wires underground. In a supplementary act of 1887, giving this body increased powers under the new name of the Board of Electrical Control, an agreement made between the Board and the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Com-

pany was specifically ratified and confirmed. This company had been organized as a quasi-public corporation with private capital, as the agent of the city to furnish underground conduits which should be rented to the electric-lighting companies under rentals to be regulated by the Board of Electrical Control, and in which all electric-lighting companies should be obligatory tenants. The politicians saw in this a great opportunity, but the capital required was so large as to be beyond their possibilities, and the Subway Company was ultimately financed by the telephone and Edison interests. In 1887 and subsequent years, the boom given to electric lighting resulted in the organization of a number of minor companies, nine authorizations having been granted in 1887–88 by the common council, and still others later by the Board of Electrical Control, — all the new companies using overhead wires and high-tension systems. The contest between the city authorities and the overhead-wire companies was waged with great waste of capital on the part of the companies, until the city was finally successful in abolishing the poles in 1892.

Meantime, in 1891, the telegraph and telephone cables and the Edison low-tension conductors had been put, by permissive legislation, under the jurisdiction of a subway company known as the Empire City Subway Company, exclusively owned by the interests which nominally leased the low-tension subways, leaving to the Consolidated Subway Company, of which the telephone interests were the main owners, the control and the burden of the high-tension conduits. The high-tension companies, though spared the investment necessary to build subways for themselves, complained bitterly of the situation, which was certainly anomalous. Not the city, but a private corporation, with the power of the city behind it, provided all the subways, at rates fixed by the Board of Electrical Control, and although the situation was not misused as was

claimed, it seemed to invite misuse against any companies not *personæ gratae*. The minor companies, organized on an inadequate basis, were not financially successful. The Edison interests purchased three of them, — the Manhattan and the Harlem companies, practically one system, from their original promoters, at about cost, and later, after a bankruptcy reorganization, the East River Company, supplementing that system, — as a competing arm in case of a threatened "rate war;" but proffers of the other companies and of the high-tension subways were declined. The multiplication and division of high-tension companies, in fact, gave the Edison low-tension company opportunity for perhaps larger success than as a monopoly.

The electrical situation in New York had attracted the attention of many promoters, and particularly of Anthony N. Brady, one of those remarkable "self-made" men, more frequent in America than in any other country, who by sheer force of native ability overcome opposing circumstances and make their mark in affairs. This type, when it works toward good ends and is not unscrupulous in method, is creditable in the highest degree, but contrariwise it is the material of the boss. Mr. Brady, who rose from humble occupations in Albany, there attracted the favorable notice of Governor Flower, and the relationship between the two lasted in reciprocal loyalty until Governor Flower's death, in May, 1899. Mr. Brady took hold of an unsuccessful mining enterprise in which many Albany people had lost money; his handling brought the stock up to par, and thus began his career as a promoter and financier. He had come into relation with electric interests in Albany, and through the North River Electric Light Company, occupying the streets north of the Harlem River, had been brought into touch with the electrical situation in New York. With the final purpose of secur-

ing control in Manhattan, he first turned his attention to the conditions across the East River, where the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Brooklyn had obtained practically a monopoly of electric lighting in that borough. The Citizens' Electric Light Company, organized during the heydays of the McLaughlin ring, as one means of sharing the spoils, had stolen water from the city through an unrecorded water main, had obtained much of the public lighting, and had practically used up its old machinery in an obsolete central station. The Brooklyn Edison Company had purchased and bettered this system, and was also taking over the so-called Municipal Electric Light Company, — a private corporation, which had a rival system in the eastern district of Brooklyn. In 1897 Mr. Brady and his associates organized the Kings County Electric Light and Power Company, and proceeded to announce great plans, to build a water-side station, and to lay some miles of conduits in the principal streets, the Subway Company's exclusive privilege not extending to Brooklyn. There was a sharp legal contest for possession of the Municipal Company. An injunction was obtained by the Brady people against an arrangement made by the Edison people; but this was obviated by another line of negotiations, and the purchase by the Edison Company was completed. But the Brooklyn Edison Company had about 40 per cent of its revenue from public lighting; it now began to have trouble with the city authorities. Bills were "held up," for one reason or another, until a large debt from the city had accumulated, and the Edison interests felt the coils of the Laocœon serpents about them. Finally, negotiations with Mr. Brady resulted, in the summer of 1898, in the sale of Edison stock for an even amount in 6 per cent purchase-money bonds, \$1,000,000 being deposited by the purchasers for betterments. It was afterward stated that

much of the Kings County Company's exploitation had been "bluff," — apparent rather than real preparation for practical business.

The Edison Company in New York had developed a position peculiarly strong. It was generally considered that if any corporation could withstand "politics," it could. There was little, if any over-capitalization. The difference between capital account and the value of the physical properties was chiefly payments in stock as royalty on the Edison patents; for stock returned by the parent company from this royalty was sufficient to cover preliminary expenses, experimental engineering, or wasted construction, against which Mr. Edison's foresight, particularly in the initial adoption of underground conductors, had been a great safeguard. This difference was much more than covered by the "good will" of its growing business. Nevertheless, the policy of the administration had been to increase the dividend from 4 to 6 per cent only, writing off a liberal allowance for wear and tear of equipment, and investing the balance out of earnings, which reached 12 $\frac{6}{10}$ per cent in 1898, in new plant, until actual physical values should equal capitalization, and the good will should be a surplus asset, represented to the stockholder in the premium on his stock above a par value for which there was dollar for dollar of physical assets. This policy was intended to safeguard the company against future competition from possible new companies, starting afresh with the latest machinery, and without royalty charges or experimental costs. But it was contrary to the Wall Street trend of realizing high values by paying large dividends, and it kept the stock out of the market, inactive and unspeculative because held strongly by investors, and ruling lower in price than its actual or potential value, and subjected the company to some criticism. Three car-

dinal principles had been laid down: that no money or other consideration should be paid, directly or indirectly, for political influence or protection, or for other questionable purposes; that the price of electric current should be lowered as fast as the increase of output and the decrease of cost permitted, and should be invariably the same to each consumer under like conditions; and that no man should be denied work because he was not or was a member of a labor union. For years not a penny had leaked to "strikers," either at Albany or New York, and "strike bills" were met by immediate personal appearances of the executive and counsel at legislative hearings, with all the figures and books that could be asked for, placed frankly at the disposal of the legislators. The "boys" were puzzled by this queer kind of corporation, and those who held to the doctrine which leads conscientious directors to permit corruption to go on — that it is better to surrender to highwaymen part of the funds you hold in trust than to chance losing all — were sure that this policy could not last. Full publication of figures was made in the annual reports. Prices had been from time to time reduced, always voluntarily, as a matter of business policy, so that the average return per unit sold had been reduced from 16 cents to 11 cents, although no substantial reduction had been found practicable to the consumers who paid returns on a costly investment for only an hour's daily use. The Edison Company had an understanding with the other companies that it would give them advance notice of any change of prices; that it would maintain its stated prices strictly; and that it would not solicit customers from other companies, although free to take business which came unsolicited. This arrangement was reciprocated and worked well, the slight misunderstandings occasioned by agents being promptly set right on frank comparison of notes by the executives. Any customer

could see any other customer's bills, if question of unfair price were raised. A labor benefit dividend was paid to employees out of the profits of the year, and in addition to a staff council, meeting weekly, a labor council, representing the wage-earners of all departments, cared alike for the interests of the men and of the company. Within ten years the Edison Company had doubled the number of its stations, increased its engine capacity from 4000 to 24,000 horse power, its customers from 1700 to 8700, its "lamp equivalent" from 77,000 to 915,000, its output from 2,000,000 to 22,000,000 kilowatt hours, its underground mains and feeders from 110 to 236 miles, its total earnings from less than \$500,000 to \$2,700,000. It had bought land and made plans for a water-side central station, to be the largest in the world, and had practically determined to reduce its basic price from one cent to three quarters cent per 16 candle-power lamp hour (below actual cost for the smaller users, but justifiable on the principle of equal postal rates), and to increase its dividend to 8 per cent. Its advance calculations, reaching to 1900, indicated for that year an output of at least 36,000,000 kilowatt hours, generated at a cost of but half that in 1898, and net earnings not less than 16 to 18 per cent. The policy proposed was, after bringing the actual physical properties up to par of stock, by appropriating surplus earnings for betterments, to distribute to stockholders, in dividends, the entire net earnings, keeping these at a maximum of 10 per cent by giving to the public continuously reduced prices. The company, in short, had reached a stage from which its prosperity promised to grow in geometrical ratio, permitting yearly decrease of prices and increase of dividends. It offered a tempting prize to the free cruisers on the financial seas.

The first attack upon the Edison Company of New York was through the

Stock Exchange. Early in October, 1898, a bear "drive" was made upon the Edison stock from the office of Flower & Co. The price was temporarily depressed from 128 below 120, but the stock was widely and strongly held for investment; investors, instead of selling, began to buy, and the raiders found that they could not obtain control in this way. The stock promptly recovered, and the Edison situation was in fact strengthened by the failure of this *coup*. The New York company, though the owning interests were in some measure those which had been behind the Brooklyn company, was in no danger, it was said, from the tactics used to capture the Brooklyn company, because only 8 per cent of its revenue came from city lighting, and it was not otherwise at the mercy of the politicians. Nevertheless, the proverbial timidity of capital and the widespread fear of Tammany ramifications opened the way to a like result.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company, in providing in 1898 for the transformation of its Broadway system to electric power, had laid an extraordinary number of conduits along that line. It had failed to obtain legal authority to sell electric current for other than its own use, the notorious Eldridge bill of 1898, which, by one of its provisions, granted to street railway companies the right to dispose of "surplus" electric power, having been vetoed by Governor Black; and it explained authoritatively that all these ducts would be needed for a feeder system which would make each section of the line electrically independent of every other, and that they were intended solely for railway purposes. Meantime, a mysterious corporation, with incorporators unknown to fame or to the directory, had filed a certificate of incorporation at Albany, under the comprehensive name of the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company, with a proposed capital of \$25,000,000, on which an organization

tax of \$31,250 was actually paid. This corporation proved to be a "Brady company," and it was rumored that Mr. Whitney and the traction interests were also behind it, and that through it the Metropolitan Street Railway Company would come into the lighting business. The first move of the Power Company, as it came to be called, was to purchase the securities and control of the Consolidated Subway Company — which was a "white elephant" on the hands of the telephone interests — and of the minor electric-lighting companies. Those remaining were the local Westinghouse companies, for which the price asked was considered too high, and the Edison Company. The control of the subways gave no legal advantage, because the Board of Electrical Control was bound to assure equal rights and terms to all companies desiring or using ducts; but this did not prevent fear of trouble from methods, in the words of the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, "not unfamiliar to great combinations of capital, sometimes called freezing out, sometimes buying out, sometimes clubbing out."

On the securities purchased, the Brady interests proposed to issue Power Company mortgage bonds, for which they sought a market, and, very cleverly, a banker who was a director of the Edison Company was asked to handle the bonds. He replied, promptly and properly, that, as an Edison director, he must first consider the interests of the Edison Company; whereupon a proposition to purchase the Edison property was duly made. Threats are not usual in such negotiations, but there is sometimes an emphasis of certain features of the situation. As prophesied by the correspondent already quoted, the Edison Company might "find itself confronted with two alternatives: to enter into ruinous competition, or to deliver itself for a price to the mysterious corporation." The Tammany menace was

a still more serious consideration. This director, fearful as to the results of a struggle, and seeing a legitimate business opportunity in a transaction through which his clients might get a higher price for their stock than the ruling market price, after conference with another banker director, arranged that an offer should be considered. The banking houses of these directors afterward made up, with the Central Trust Company representing the Power Company, a syndicate by which a transfer of control was finally effected. While the negotiations were being privately conducted, information as to the personnel, power, and prospects of the Power Company was made public through the press. The New York Journal announced that the "Big Eight" behind the concern were Mr. Whitney, Mr. Brady, ex-Governor Flower, Messrs. Widener, Elkins, and Dolan, of the Philadelphia traction syndicate, and Messrs. Ryan and Flynn, both well-known promoters. It printed a diagram, absolutely without foundation in fact, representing the maximum requirement of electric current for railway purposes as between seven and eight P. M., and for the lighting companies as from eight P. M. to one A. M., in proof of the economy of employing the same electric plant for traction and for lighting. The actual facts were that the maximums came closely together, with little, if any possible saving by combination, about six o'clock of a winter day, when the street cars were carrying the home-goers, and when office lighting and industrial motors downtown overlapped residence lighting uptown. It was announced as from an official representative of Mr. Whitney that a reduction of 30 per cent to consumers might be expected from the economy thus indicated. This newspaper talk naturally had an unsettling and disquieting effect.

Assurances had been given that the management of the Edison Company would be continued and protected, and

the proposed purchase was at once made known to the active executive and to the other leading directors, and later to the larger stockholders, under the seal of confidence. The condition created by this confidence was peculiar. It was not imposed from motives of secrecy, for the sale was conducted throughout in the best of faith, but to prevent premature disclosures of negotiations which it was thought could not be carried on publicly without affecting the market value of the securities unfairly to all concerned, and perhaps making the transaction impossible. No meeting of the stockholders was held for the discussion of the proposed transfer; for the transaction was in form not a transfer of the company, but a concerted sale of private holdings, which was not to be consummated until 55 per cent of the shares were included. The directors were prohibited by law from selling stock not in their holding, nor could they, as a Board, sell control of the company. The proposals were discussed in meetings of the directors, but, for the same reason, never by the Board of Directors as such. The active executive stated that he should oppose a surrender by sale, and proffered his resignation, but was formally requested, by resolution, to remain in administration, and found himself under moral compulsion to do so, in the interests of the stockholders, though his hands and tongue were tied until the proposed transaction should be arranged and announced. It became his contradictory duty to coöperate in getting the best terms in negotiations to which he was opposed. Other directors were opposed to the transfer, but thought it wiser to take a good price than to risk a struggle with Tammany and its city administration. "You have no idea what these people can do to you," said one of the directors, a partner in a house foremost on the Street. These people were the triumvirate of Mr. Brady, on the promoting side, Hugh J. Grant, Tammany ex-

mayor, on the political side, and Frederick P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust Company, on the financial side, with Mr. Whitney as the power behind the throne, and Tammany looming in the background. The Edison directors who were negotiating were not willing to advise a sale under 200 cash. It was finally arranged that 220 per share should be paid in 4 per cent purchase-money bonds (for which one of the syndicate houses guaranteed to pay at least 85, making 187 cash for the stock) secured by the Edison stock sold, and by \$4,000,000 for investment in betterments to be supplied through the Central Trust Company, which was the trustee of the bonds, and was to hold the stock as collateral therefor in a voting trust. After the great body of the stock had come under this voting trust, the Edison shares were withdrawn from the list of securities sold on the New York Stock Exchange, and thus minority stockholders had no longer real share in the administration of the company, or the resource of an open market for the sale of their holdings.

This transaction required for the Edison capital of \$9,200,000, bonds to the amount of \$20,240,000, to which \$760,000 was added for expenses and profit of the syndicate. As Mr. Edison tersely said, this was only "paying with the printing press." This issue required 9 per cent dividend on the stock to cover the 4 per cent interest on the bonds; but the company was earning over 12 per cent for 1898, and it had been estimated that it would earn normally, at its ratio of growth, approximately 14 to 16 per cent in 1899, and 16 to 18 per cent in 1900. The syndicate houses, before issuing a circular stating the proposition, made sure that a majority interest in the stock was friendly to the arrangement, and the others concerned were under pledge of confidence. Not until the formal announcement had been issued by the syndicate, early in 1899, was the

seal of confidence removed, and opposition then could be little more than protest from minority stockholders. A number of stockholders expressed a preference to keep their stock, but in fear of consequences made the exchange, or sold in open market, at about 195 cash, until all but a few hundred shares were in possession of the Power Company.

On the resignation of the active executive, which followed immediately, ex-Mayor Grant was elected first vice president; but the real control was held by Mr. Brady himself, through a personal representative who was made general manager, the former incumbent being retained as associate general manager. No other changes in personnel were made, except that the secretary was later replaced by a son of Mr. Brady. The former directors were replaced, seriatim, mostly by "dummies," — the Wall Street name for directors who merely do as they are directed. The administration of the minor electric companies was gathered into the Edison building, some rearrangements were made, new Edison sub-stations were erected, and additional current was obtained from the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, while the work on the great waterside station, which had been stopped by the negotiations, was resumed and pushed forward. As the corporation laws provided that bonds should not be issued to a greater amount than the capital stock, the capital stock of the Power Company was increased to \$36,000,000, to offset the issue of \$21,000,000 Edison and \$15,000,000 other purchase-money bonds, — a process complying with the letter of the law by inverting its intent. No reduction of prices was made, except possibly by special arrangement with individual consumers, and in fact the fixed charges of bond interest had added several cents per unit to the cost of current.

While these electrical consolidations had been in process the gas war was

going merrily on, and had indeed developed into a battle of the giants. The Consolidated Gas Company, on the one side, had behind it the Standard Oil interests, with the National City Bank and other banks and trust companies, and it had also secured a hold in the electrical situation. The Power Company had declined to pay the price asked for the local Westinghouse companies, which had been much above evident value, and the "freezing-out" process was in progress when the properties were suddenly and secretly sold, — not even their executive officer knowing who the real purchasers were. Rumor at first named the Third Avenue Railroad; later it proved that it was the Consolidated Gas Company which had thus stolen a march on its Whitney-Brady rivals. The New Amsterdam Gas Company and the Power Company, controlling all the other electrical companies, on the other side, were in alliance with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, — with Mr. Whitney and the Philadelphia syndicate, the Central Trust Company and the State Trust Company, behind them. This was the situation on the chess-board up to the "break" in Wall Street on December 18, 1899, when the suspension of the Produce Exchange Trust Company precipitated a "day of panic and financial wrecks." A hundred million dollars would probably be a low estimate of the shrinkage of market values on that direful day. Consolidated Gas stock dropped from 179 to 169, but the greatest weakness developed in the Whitney securities, Metropolitan Street Railway stock dropping from 167 to 147. The conservative action of leading bankers stayed the panic; but after the smoke had cleared away, it became known that the control of the Power Company had passed to the "Octopus," as the Consolidated Gas Company had come to be known.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this company, in the January im-

mediately following, was an interesting example of the modern method of handling corporations. The acquisition of the Power Company had been announced, and at this meeting it was proposed to elect Mr. Whitney, Mr. Brady, and Mr. Ryan as members of the Consolidated Board. Some opposition to the rate war and to the proposed absorption of the Power Company had developed. When the meeting was called to order, the chairman of the Board at once announced that the polls were open for balloting. The holder of the opposition proxies rose to speak, but the chairman recognized a stockholder who made a motion that a recess be taken for an hour while the voting was going on. After the statutory hour required for the polling had passed, and the meeting was again called to order, the chairman recognized a stockholder who moved that the meeting adjourn *sine die*, and that the tellers be directed to file their report of the vote with the secretary; he declined to recognize the representative of the minority stockholders, on the ground that the motion was not debatable, and declared the motion to adjourn carried. It was later announced that out of 390,780 shares outstanding, 281,919 shares had been voted, all for the directors as nominated. The Consolidated Gas Company, it appeared, had arranged to purchase the entire \$36,000,000 capital stock of the Power Company at par, with debentures to an equal amount which might be converted within six months into gas stock. The new board of the Consolidated Gas Company recommended the issue of 155,172 new shares of stock, which, at the price agreed upon of \$232 (being 43 per cent in gas stock at par for each Power Company share), would take up these debentures, and the proposition was ratified at a special meeting of the stockholders, March 9, 1900. This new issue brought the capital stock of the Consolidated Gas Company up to \$54,595,200,

and later further increase to \$80,000,000 was authorized, of which \$72,814,800 has been issued. The "Street," which had at first considered the transaction a serious blow at Mr. Whitney's prestige, now changed its view, and gave him credit for a merger in which he held his own; but the real terms of the truce have never been fully made known.

An extraordinary incident of the campaign developed about this time through a petition by a minority stockholder of the State Trust Company, in which Mr. Whitney and his associates had obtained, in December, 1898, a controlling interest, for an investigation by the State Banking Department as to certain specified loans. In the new directorate were Mr. Whitney, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Widener, President Vreeland of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and Elihu Root, one of the counsel for the Whitney-Brady interests. The state banking law provided that no banking corporation should make any loan "directly or indirectly to any director or officer," or any loan "to an amount exceeding one-fifth part of its capital stock actually paid in, and surplus." The State Trust Company had a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and about \$1,200,000 surplus, which made the maximum legal loan approximately \$440,000. The petition alleged that among the loans were \$2,000,000 to Daniel H. Shea, a person unknown in the financial community; \$1,000,000 to Moore and Schley, bankers associated with some of the Whitney-Brady enterprises; \$785,000 to Mr. Brady; \$412,800 to William F. Sheehan, counsel for some of his interests; \$435,000 to Louis F. Payn, a widely known member of the "third house" at Albany, whose appointment as Superintendent of Insurance had provoked a storm of protest; and \$500,000 to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, — a total of over \$5,000,000 to one set of inter-

ests, which was about a third of the capital and deposits. Shea, who proved to be an employee in Mr. Ryan's office, suddenly leaped into fame as the office boy who had borrowed \$2,000,000. The Superintendent of Banks promptly reported, January 13, 1900, that the company's affairs were in an entirely solvent condition, and added apologetically that the "excessive loan of \$2,000,000 made to a representative of a syndicate in which three of the directors were interested" was amply secured, and that the loan of \$500,000 "had been reduced to the legal limit." The collateral for these loans included 20,000 shares of Electric Vehicle stock, a Whitney enterprise which had recently increased its capital by this amount, 20,000 shares of Power Company stock, and \$2,000,000 Consolidated Gas debentures. The State Trust Company weathered the exposure, but was afterward merged into the Morton Trust Company, and the episode is significant chiefly as showing the ramifications and methods of the transactions here chronicled.

When the control of the Power Company passed to the Consolidated Gas Company, the new directorate of the former included President Gawtry and others of the Gas Company, with Mr. Brady and his associates, who continued in management. There remained outstanding a few hundred minority shares of the Edison stock, and these were treated as having no rights, beyond the dividends, which the majority could be expected to recognize. Reports of earnings and of the condition of the company were no longer published; no information was given to the stockholders at the annual meeting, and individual requests for figures were refused; and the voting trust at the stockholders' meeting passed votes approving and confirming all the acts of the directors, against protest of the minority that such votes could not be passed without information (which was refused)

as to what the acts of the directors had been. Nine per cent dividend on the \$9,200,000 Edison stock, required to pay the 4 per cent interest on the \$21,000,000 purchase-money bonds, could not be legally paid without including in its benefits the minority stockholders. The bond interest above 6 per cent dividend was therefore obtained from other sources, up to May, 1901. To ease this situation, and to release the \$8,962,500 Edison stock acquired by the Power Company, but tied up as security for the \$21,000,000 purchase-money bonds, it was then proposed to take advantage of a clause in the deed of trust by which the Central Trust Company, as trustee for the bondholders, was permitted to surrender the Edison stock if the Edison properties were directly pledged as security. Notice was served of a fresh consolidation, by which the existent Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York and the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company were to be merged in a new company, to be called the New York Edison Company, which, when organized, was to make such direct pledge of the Edison properties. The accrued surplus Edison earnings, which were stated to be \$31.15 per share, were to be paid to the Edison stockholders (including the Power Company) assenting to the merger, but not to others. One and a quarter shares of the new stock were to be given for each share of Power Company stock, and, to induce minority acquiescence, five shares for old Edison stock. As to those recalcitrants who declined to take the watered stock and dissented from the arrangement, reliance was had upon a clause in the corporation laws providing for a judicial appraisal. This plan was formally carried out, under protest from minority stockholders; for although there were doubts as to its legality, there was no sufficient interest to enter upon a costly contest. The resultant is a consolidated company, in-

cluding all the electric-lighting companies in Manhattan except the Westinghouse companies (these being directly owned by the Consolidated Gas Company), with a stock capital of \$45,200,000, — all but a few hundred shares being owned by the Consolidated Gas Company. The new capital equals the sum total of the capital stocks of the two merged companies: \$9,200,000 Edison, of which \$8,962,500 was already owned by the Power Company, and \$36,000,000 Power Company, of which \$21,000,000 had originally been based on the Edison properties. Underlying this stock capital — which represents little, if any actual money investment, except possibly the \$4,000,000 cash pledged for Edison betterments, as all the stocks and properties acquired were paid for in bonds — is \$39,950,000 of Power bonds, \$6,500,000 Edison bonds and other bonds of merged companies being still outstanding. It is difficult to state lucidly this extraordinary multiplication of complications, in which the original \$9,200,000 Edison stock is represented by the \$21,000,000 Power Company purchase-money bonds, the \$21,000,000 Power Company stock based on the Edison property already purchased by these bonds, and the \$9,200,000 again added as the old Edison capital in the new company. This is an aggregate of \$57,700,000 out of a total capitalization, share and loan, of the new company exceeding \$85,000,000, built up within two years, with which to carry on a business, based chiefly on the Edison earning power, which under the old conditions would have been done to-day on approximately \$20,000,000 capitalization. This development may be carried further by the issue of new bonds of the new company, if a market can be found for them, when a fresh consolidation with the Westinghouse companies, and again with the Brooklyn companies, might repeat the process indefinitely.

It is impossible to state with full accu-

rary the total capitalization of the gas and electric interests in Manhattan and the Bronx now under control of the "Octopus" consolidation. It is understood that the \$72,814,000 to which the stock capital of the Consolidated Gas Company has recently been increased, absorbs the stock both of the New Amsterdam and of the Standard gas companies, as well as of the new Edison Company, and perhaps also of the Astoria Company, which came avowedly under its control at the 1901 election of directors, but this may not cover all of the Mutual and other shares. Of bonds of the several companies, \$71,747,000 are scheduled as outstanding, but this schedule may not be fully comprehensive. Allowing 210 as a recent average price of the stock, and par for the bonds, the market value of the gas and electric securities in New York is thus at least \$222,000,000, not including the borough of Brooklyn, which field, it is reported, will presently be covered in a further consolidation.

The situation here noted is not without parallel in lesser degree in other cities than New York, into which the Whitney and Brady interests, the "Philadelphia syndicate," and financiers of similar methods have, severally or jointly, made their way. The disregard of public interests by speculative promoters abusing political power perhaps reached its acme in Philadelphia, where a municipal gas plant was so misused as to invite a reaction in favor of arrangements with a private corporation, and where a similar neglect of the water system, in an endeavor to force a water contract not unlike the notorious Ramapo scheme in New York, had the awful result, according to the Philadelphia newspapers, of numerous deaths from typhoid fever. The combination of the *haute finance* with base politics is not a question of party name or of affiliation, as the oft-cited comparison of New York and Philadelphia sufficiently suggests,

for the financing which uses municipal politics as its tool works not only by help of the dominant party, but with the connivance of the minority as well. The recognition of this fact has led to the several movements to deal with the franchise question, once for all, in the fundamental law, in substantial accord with the suggestions of the National Municipal League.

The charter of Greater New York declares the rights of the city in and to its streets and all other public places to be inalienable, and provides that no franchise or right to use the streets shall be granted for a longer period than twenty-five years, with possible renewals, on revaluation, not exceeding in the aggregate twenty-five years more. The grant is to provide whether, at the expiration of the franchise, the plant and its appurtenances should become the property of the city without further compensation, or upon a fair valuation. If the city obtains the property without money payment, it may operate the plant on its own account, or renew the grant for not exceeding twenty years more, upon a fair revaluation, or lease the same to others for a like term; but if it makes money payment for the property, it must operate the plant on its own account for at least five years, after which it may determine to continue such operation or to lease the franchise. Every grant must make adequate provision to secure efficiency of public service at reasonable rates, and the maintenance of the property in good condition. The grant must be embodied in an ordinance stating all the terms and conditions, including rates and compensation, which must be published at least twenty days before action, and a three-fourths vote of the municipal assembly must be had, after approval of the terms by the Board of Estimate.

Next to that in the charter for Greater New York, the most important utterance on this subject, and one which deserves the attention of all students of municipal

conditions, is the Report of the Street Railway Commission of Chicago, made at the close of 1900. The report accepts the principle that the street railway business should be recognized as a monopoly business, involving unification of management. It declares that franchise grants should be limited in duration, and that broad powers of public control should be exercised, suggesting a municipal committee, with regular quarters open during business hours for receiving complaints from citizens, and with the best expert assistance at its service. It holds that a city should possess and reserve the right to own and operate street railways, as a help in making better terms with private corporations, and that ownership of the trackage and of whatever may form a part of the street should be resumed by the city at the earliest practicable time,—every additional grant of privileges from the municipality being made an opportunity to provide for the reacquisition of street privileges previously granted in perpetuity or for extended periods. The people should have a direct voice, through a referendum, in the settlement of street railway questions, and the affairs of the company should be open and known to the public, as if managed and owned by the public directly. The public, it maintains, has the right to demand uninterrupted street railway service, and arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes. The law should forbid overcapitalization. Frontage consents should be required only when tracks are first laid, and the right of abutting property owners to prevent the use of a street, regardless of the public need, should not be absolute and unqualified. The city should be in a position to require the use of traffic subways in congested districts, to prohibit the use of overhead trolleys, and to insist upon the most desirable form of motive power. The question of low fares *versus* compensation, and the question of uniform fare

as against graded fares or a zone system, should be matters of public policy, and there should be coördination between surface lines and steam and elevated roads. This able report, with its informing appendixes, fairly reflects the conservative yet progressive opinion of those best qualified to speak.

Both these documents emphasize the importance of reserving to the municipality, as a last resort against the greed of corporations, the power to municipalize franchise industries; that is, to undertake the actual operation of street railways, and the supply of gas, electricity, etc., as of water, by the city itself. The New York charter makes such operation obligatory for a period of five years, in case a plant is purchased on valuation by the city, — a provision intended to prevent the foisting of a plant upon the city by private capitalists, with the purpose of leasing it back again, freed from the necessity for investment. But, except by those who favor socialism *per se*, it is generally admitted by the advocates of municipal operation, as distinguished from municipal ownership of franchises with proper inspection and control, that, until the civil service of our cities, and especially the municipal employment of labor, is in better shape, municipalization is fraught with dangers. Municipal operation in Philadelphia, under conditions parallel to those in New York, has been made to play into the hands of private corporations; and the authorities in an English city which has municipalized its gas and electric plants frankly admit that they cannot maintain a standard of labor as high as under private operation, because the dismissal of an employee is the signal for overwhelming use of political influence in defense of the discharged constituent. It is, of course, a question whether secret subservience of public utility corporations to a corrupt political organization in exchange for franchise privileges has not greater dis-

advantages than municipalization itself; but the danger of applying so drastic a remedy for what are perhaps temporary conditions is suggested in the mere thought of turning over the transportation and supply services of New York to direct Tammany administration. The alternative of municipal ownership of franchises and of street and wharf structures, leased under proper conditions of control and inspection to operating companies, which has been made prominent in the New York charter, has been for years an entire success with respect to the ferries between New York and Brooklyn, which are periodically subject to new arrangements between the city and the operating companies.

It should be fully conceded that pioneers in industrial progress, who take large risks in the service of the public, are entitled to large profits, and that good service is entitled to good returns. But the pioneer work and the great risks of electric railways, in city or country, of gas and electric lighting, and of other public utilities, are matters of the past, and there is no longer semblance of justification for a condition of things through which promoters can, by manipulation of the market, put into their private pockets within a few months the great part of the value of a public franchise. Nothing, in fact, is so evident an example of the "unearned increment" as a franchise value, and the recognition of this has led to such legislation as the franchise tax act, the Ford bill, passed by the New York legislature in 1899, which classes franchise privileges with real estate, and subjects public utility corporations to the same tax rate upon their franchises as upon their physical property. For 1901, the New York State Board of Tax Commissioners have valued the Metropolitan Street Railway franchise at \$50,890,112, and that of the Third Avenue line at \$16,370,285, — together \$67,260,397; and the Man-

hattan Elevated franchise at \$44,407,500. The gas franchise of the Consolidated Company proper is valued at \$13,990,000, the Mutual franchise at \$2,300,000, the Standard at \$3,075,520, and the New Amsterdam at \$4,127,500, — together \$23,493,020; the original Edison franchise at \$6,202,250, and the other franchises of the Power Company at \$1,883,330, — together \$8,085,580; giving for the gas and electric franchises in Manhattan \$31,578,600, not including the two subway franchises, valued together at \$6,395,200. Here is a total of \$105,000,000 valuation of the Metropolitan - Consolidated franchises, on which a tax of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent is levied, as against a capitalization, share and loan, exceeding \$300,000,000, for which an earning power of 4 to 8 per cent is claimed, giving a market value much above \$400,000,000, and of which scarcely more than a third of the capitalization or a quarter of the market value is investment in physical properties.

These figures suggest that a large part of the "unearned increment" is yet to be reached by taxation, or otherwise recovered for the people. The exercise, in behalf of the superior interest of the people, as represented by the municipality which is the agent of the sovereign state, against corporations occupying the streets, of the right of eminent domain, with just but not inflated compensation, the right which has been used to condemn private property for corporate use, though it may prove useful as a last resort, seems scarcely necessary. In New York city, the subway companies and several of the railway lines are under specific obligations to surrender their properties to the city on a valuation, or for a reasonable advance upon cost; and in many cases corporation managers have so far exceeded their charters — even to the extent of violating their provisions by engaging in business which they have no right to do, or seizing upon street privi-

leges to which they have no legal claim — as to render themselves amenable to such serious penalties as would make an arrangement with the city the preferable course. The hint of the Chicago Commission, that every extension of franchise privileges should be made a means of reacquiring proper control of the franchises already granted, should have effective application in New York under an honest and enlightened municipal government.

The New York corporation laws forbid overcapitalization by requiring that stock shall be issued at par for cash or for property only, and that bonds shall not be issued in excess of the amount of stock; that is, that the mortgage on corporation property shall not exceed the amount paid for the property. But the valuation of the directors cannot be questioned, nor can they be held responsible for it, except in case of evident fraud. It has become a common practice to reverse this theory of the law by issuing stock for property really purchased with an equivalent amount of bonds. This stock, issued to the full extent of the earning power, as is justified by the decision of the Court of Appeals in the Western Union Telegraph case, and paid by the promoters to themselves, gives them control of the property for which the bondholders have really paid, and becomes, less the organization tax and like necessary charges, the fee or profit of the promoters. A public schedule of the properties for which stock is issued, perhaps with specific valuations by sworn official experts, seems necessary to make the present corporation laws effective; and this should be supplemented by yearly reports of the acquisition of properties, and by full publicity of the accounts of public utility corporations. The fact that the stock of the Consolidated Gas Company ranged, in 1897, between 241 and 136, and that of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company,

in 1899, between 269 and 147, shows how uncertain to investors and how dangerous in the market are securities of this class when the real facts of the situation can be concealed, and when capitalization, bond issues, and dividends are at the beck of speculative promoters, whose interests may be at one time on the "bear" and at another time on the "bull" side of the properties which they are supposed to direct in the interests of the stockholders. In the railway development of the last generation, the capitalization of new railways by issuing bonds for the money actually paid, and preferred stock and common stock in equal amounts in expectancy of adequate earning power, has proved a sowing of the wind from which this generation — especially the small investor and the proverbial widow and orphan — has reaped the whirlwind harvest of railway reorganization, profiting only, in enormous fees, the bankers who, with the scalpel of the financial surgeon, cut down the inflated securities to a basis of real value. The speculative promoter who has turned from the general railway field to that of municipal utilities has found his opportunity in procuring franchises without compensation, or in buying up, under compulsion, franchise properties already developed, in capitalizing these to their potential earning power, and from this increase of capitalization realizing a profit which he has not earned.

The remedy which will cut to the root of these evils — aside from palliatives which may be found in further legislation or in the actual application of present laws — is a municipal spirit, a civic courage, a political *morale*, especially on the part of the "well to do," which will overcome the timidity of capital, and stand fearlessly firm against Tammany in New York or against a Republican ring in Philadelphia. The power and danger of Tammany misrule is nowhere more strikingly shown than by the fact that such representative citizens, men of integrity, ability, and honor, as made up the Edison Board, among them sincere and foremost leaders in altruistic enterprises, in crusades against vice, and in efforts for municipal reform, hesitate to lead in opposition to this form of Tammany domination, lest they should not have the support of those for whose financial interests they are trustees. Unfortunately, the great public utility corporations of New York have passed into the hands of those whose sympathies and interests are in affiliation with Tammany rather than in opposition, and this is one of the grave difficulties of the present crisis. Yet there are wholesome signs of the revival of a municipal spirit, a civic renaissance inspiring rich and poor alike, which may prove a potent and triumphant foe to the forces of evil, and redeem our cities, and with them our country, from the shame and degradation of municipal misrule.

R. R. Bowker.

CARNIVAL IN THE NORTH.

ARM in arm, their branches twined,
Tall maples drink the mountain wind;
Reach out with eagerness to seize
Flagons of cool October breeze.

Bravely decked in yellow and red,
Maples stand at the bright throng's head,
And summon the firs to give their aid
To make this forest masquerade, —
Summon even the solemn firs
To join the ranks of roisterers!

Spruceland woodsmen, Pierre and Jean,
Now with your gayest songs lead on!
Join in the revel the trees make here,
For woods will be sad for half a year;
Riot a little, — summer is spent,
And all the winter the woods keep Lent!

Francis Sterne Palmer.

COLLEGE HONOR.

To an American college the word of all words is "truth." "Veritas" is the motto of Harvard; "Lux et Veritas" the motto of Yale. On one of the new Harvard gates is inscribed the command from the song in Isaiah, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in;" and no better text can be found for the sons of our universities than "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To guard the truth and to proclaim the truth are duties which the better colleges have, on the whole, honestly performed. Now and then, in the fancied opposition of religion and science, a college has preferred to guard what it believes to be one kind of truth rather than to proclaim another. "This is not a comfortable place to teach science in," said a young geologist who had gone

from Harvard to a university in the West. "The President says, 'If anybody asks questions about the antiquity of the earth, send him to me.'" Yet, in our older and stronger colleges at any rate, fearless investigation and free and fearless speech are the rule, even at the sacrifice of popularity and of money.

Now, whether truth be truth of religion, or of science, or of commerce, or of intercourse among fellow men, a college to stand for it must believe in it. As an institution of learning, a college must be an institution of truth; as a school of character, it must be a school of integrity. It can have no other justification. Yet, outside of politicians and horse traders, no men are more commonly charged with disingenuousness than college presidents; and in no respectable community are certain kinds of honesty

more readily condoned than among college students. The relation of college to college, whether in a conference of professors or in a contest of athletes, is too often a relation of suspicion, if not of charge and countercharge. Inter-collegiate discussion of admission requirements may have an atmosphere, not of common interest in education, but of rivalry in intercollegiate politics; and, as everybody knows, a discussion of athletics at one college frequently shows an almost complete want of confidence in the honesty of athletics at another. Yet every college would maintain steadily, and nearly every college would maintain honestly, that it stands for the truth.

When I speak of a college as believing in the truth, I mean first that its President and Faculty must be honest and fearless; but I mean more than this. I mean also that a high standard of honor must be maintained by its undergraduates; for, far beyond the belief of most men, the standing of a college in the community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the straightforwardness and the human quality of the college teachers; but what Cardinal Newman says of intellectual development in the university is equally true of moral development:

"When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day.

"I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will re-

present a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in the course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; and a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment, is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others,—effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere."

In any community the students of a college make a tremendous power for good or evil; and by them in college, and by them after they have left college, their college shall be judged. If, as Cardinal Newman puts it, the practical end of a university course is "training good members of society" (and I may add, training leaders of men), nothing can be of more importance in a university, and scarcely anything can be of more importance in a community, than the attitude of undergraduates in questions of truth and falsehood.

Those who constantly inspect this attitude find much to encourage them. The undergraduate standard of honor for college officers is so sensitively high that no one need despair of the students' ethical intelligence. No doubt, disingenuousness is sometimes believed of the wrong man; the upright professor with

a reserved or forbidding manner may get a name for untrustworthiness, while the honor of his less responsible but more genial colleague is unquestioned : yet the blindness here is the blindness of youthful prejudice. The nature of disingenuousness is seen clearly enough ; and the recognition of it in an instructor condemns him for all time. There is indeed but one way in which a man without extraordinary personal charm may gain and keep the confidence of students : by scrupulous openness in all his dealings with them, great or small. A moment's forgetfulness, a moment's evasiveness, — even a moment's appearance of evasiveness, — may crack the thin ice on which every college officer is skating as best he can ; and the necessity of keeping the secrets of less scrupulous persons may break it through. In some ways all this is healthy. A young fellow who sees a high standard of truth for anybody's conduct may in time see it for his own. All he needs is to discover that the world was not made for him only ; and a year or two out of college should teach him that. What he lacks is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie.

Another healthy sign is the high standard of honor in athletic training. This standard, indeed, may be cruelly high. The slightest breach of training condemns a student in the eyes of a whole college, and is almost impossible to live down. Still another healthy sign is the character of the men whom, in our best colleges, the undergraduates instinctively choose as class presidents, as athletic captains, and in general as leaders. Grown men, electing a President of the United States for four years, are not always so

fortunate as Harvard Freshmen, who after eight or ten weeks of college experience choose one of their own number for an office which he is practically sure to hold throughout the four college years. With few exceptions, our undergraduate leaders are straightforward, manly fellows, who will join college officers in any honest partnership for the good of one student or of all, and who shrink from any kind of meanness.

Want of a fine sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not students, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest. Here are the discouraging signs ; but even these are a part of that lopsided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth. It is natural, as has been said, for boys to grow like colts, one end at a time. The pity is that the boy, who determines in a measure his own growth, should be so late in developing the power to put himself into another's place ; that the best education which the country can proffer is so slow in teaching to the chosen youth of the nation the Golden Rule, or even that part of the Golden Rule which results in common honesty ; that the average college boy, frank and manly as he is, is honest in spots, and shows in his honesty little sense of proportion.

Take, for instance, that part of college life into which the average boy throws himself with most enthusiasm, — athletic sport, — and see how far our students have fallen below the ideal of honesty, how far they still remain from a clear sense of proportion. I recognize the place of strategy in athletics ; and I by no means agree with the gentleman who stigmatized a college catcher as " up to all the professional tricks " because " he made a feint of throwing the ball in one direction, and then threw it in another : " yet the necessity of trusting a game to

what the umpire sees is deplorable. A whole-souled and straightforward young fellow told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him. Few college catchers, I suspect, systematically resist the temptation of pulling down a "ball" to make it look like a "strike;" and many cultivate skill in this sleight of hand as a cardinal point in the game. Even players who trip others, though in public they may be hissed, and in private they may be talked about as "muckers," are likely to remain in the team, and in some colleges may become captains (whereas a Freshman who breaks training by smoking a single cigarette may be "queered" for his whole college course). Many ball players use their tongues to confound or excite their adversaries; and whole armies of students, supported by a well-meaning college press, make a business of "rattling" a rival team by what ought to be an inspiration, and not a weapon, defensive or offensive, — organized cheering. The youth who plays a clean game is admired, but not always followed; and the doctrine of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, that a clean game comes first, and winning comes second, though it strikes undergraduates as faultless in theory and as endearing in the men who preach it, is not always suffered, in a hard game, to interfere with "practical baseball" or "practical football," — expressions used among undergraduates much as "practical politics" is used among men of the world.

College dishonesty in written work is hard to eradicate, because rooted in impalpable tradition, — that damaging tradition which exempts students from the ordinary rules of right living, and regards as venial, or even as humorous, acts intrinsically allied to those of the

impostor, the forger, and the thief. It is incredible that a youth of eighteen should not see the dishonesty of handing in as his own work, for his own credit, a piece of writing which he has copied from a newspaper or from a book, or from the writing of a fellow student, or which he has paid another man to write for him. Nobody who can get into college is so stupid that he cannot see the lie involved. Everybody sees it clearly if the writing is for a prize, and if the fraud deprives a fellow student of his fair chance; but if a youth has spent all his available time in athletics, or in billiards, or at clubs, or at dances, or at the theatre, and if a thesis is due the next day, what is he to do? "A man must live," is a common cry of dishonest persons out of college; and "A man must get through," is a sufficient excuse for the dishonesty of students. In talking with these dishonest students, I have been struck by two things: first, by their apparent inability to see that anybody ever *has* to hand in anything, and that handing in nothing is infinitely better than handing in a dishonest thing; next, by their feeling that their own cases are exceptional, since the wrong was done "under pressure," — as if pressure did not account for the offenses of all amateur liars and forgers. In many students, also, there remains a trace of the old feeling that to cheat is one thing, and to cheat a teacher is another. Here is where generations of tricky schoolboys have established a practice as hard to overthrow by logic as love of country or love of liquor, — or anything else, good or bad, which depends on custom and feeling rather than on reason. We may prove that it is not honest to call a man we hate "dear sir," or to call ourselves his "very truly;" but custom sanctions it, and he expects nothing better (or worse). We know that killing harmless animals beyond what can be used as food is wanton destruction of life precious to its

possessors ; but good people go on fishing and shooting. Just so, if there is a tradition that teachers are fair game, and if the leaders among boys so regard them, there is no social ostracism for dishonesty in written work. Dishonest boys admit that an instructor who should print as his own what his pupils afterwards discovered in an earlier publication by another author would be despised forever. Here, as elsewhere, the students' standard for the Faculty is faultlessly high ; here, as elsewhere, what they need is to open their eyes to their own relative position among men, — to see that if people who cheat them are liars, they themselves, whatever their social self-complacency, are liars also if they cheat other people. I would not give the impression that most students cheat or fail to condemn cheating, or that colleges are not making steady progress toward a higher sense of honor in this matter which would be clear to a right-minded child of ten. I mean merely that, whereas outside of college (and the custom house) the act of obvious dishonesty commonly puts the man into bad repute, among undergraduates the man often brings the act into better repute by elevating it socially ; and that this is a disgrace to an institution which counts as its members the chosen youth of an enlightened country. In this matter, it is encouraging to note the feeling of the better students in Mr. Flandrau's clever *Diary of a Freshman* ; yet even there the offense carries with it little or nothing of social condemnation. It is encouraging, also, to note the success of the so-called "honor system" in schools and colleges which have adopted it, and the ostracism of those students who have proved false to it. For myself, I cannot see why a proctor in the examination room is more than a reasonable safeguard, or why his presence there should be more offensive than that of a policeman in the street, — to a student honest and mature. It is only boys (whatever

their age) who take umbrage when a man counts their change, or verifies their assertions, or audits their accounts, or refuses without security to cash their checks, or refuses to please them by testifying to what he does not know. You may believe in a boy through and through, and by showing your belief in him you may help him to be honest ; but your belief in him does not warrant your official testimony that he has successfully completed a certain work, if you have no evidence but his own declaration and the silence of his fellows. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, the hotbeds of cheating, where cheating thrives at all, are not the important examinations superintended by proctors, but the written "quizzes" in crowded classrooms, or the courses that require themes, theses, forensics, compositions in foreign languages, mathematical problems, — any kind of written work done out of the classroom ; and in all these latter cases the students, whether they know it or not, are "put on their honor." Theoretically, though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part of its sanction. If a student vouches for his own examinations, why, it has been asked, should he not sign his own diploma, and stand on his honor before the world as he has stood on it before the Faculty ? Yet, practically, I am told, the honor system bids fair, where it has been adopted, "to revolutionize the whole spirit of undergraduate intercourse with the Faculty." It is, at any rate, as one of my correspondents says, a "systematic endeavor by undergraduates themselves to establish a much better moral code in relation to written work," and is therefore "an immense moral gain in itself." Besides, I have yet to meet a single man who has lived under the honor system (as I

have not) who does not give it, in spite, perhaps, of a *priori* skepticism, his absolute faith. Sound or unsound, the honor system has in it signs of hope.

The notion that makeshifts and excuses in place of attendance and work are different at college from what they are elsewhere is another aspect of the tradition to which I have referred. Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week; yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible.

The openness with which these worthless excuses are offered is a sign that the trouble is perverted vision rather than radical moral obliquity. An ingenuous youth, prevented by a cold from going to college exercises, stood on a windy ball field one raw day in the spring, and, unabashed, coached his men before the eyes of the officer whose business it was to call him to account. Another insisted to the same officer that a mark of absence against him in a large lecture course was a mistake; and when told that it was not, exclaimed with honest warmth, "Then the fellow who promised to sit in my seat did n't do it!" Both of these boys were blinded by the tradition which nearly all college literature has fostered, and which nothing but eternal vigilance and constant and prolonged care can destroy. It is this

tradition which led a professor to say: "Students who won't lie to an individual will lie to the College Office; it is a soulless, impersonal thing."

Another aspect of this same comprehensive tradition is in the enthusiasm of some Freshmen for what is called "ragging" signs. The word "rag" is, as I have said elsewhere, more local, more specific, and, when applied to our own acts or to those of our friends, less embarrassing than the word "steal." No doubt the college stealer of signs, whether youth or maiden, steals for fun, and has not the same motive as the common thief; yet the motive, as I see it, is no higher. In sign-stealing we note the worst remaining flaw in college honor toward persons outside of college. The implied general proposition at the root of the act is the proposition that students' privileges include the privilege of disregarding the rights of others; the assumption that the world, of which so much is bestowed on them, is theirs, — to disport themselves in. Sometimes the stealing takes the form of destroying property (breaking glass, for instance); sometimes of robbing the very mother who shelters the robber. "Do you remember what fun we had burning that pile of lumber in front of Matthews Hall?" said a middle-aged clergyman to a classmate. Yet Matthews Hall was a generous gift to the University; and the students who destroyed the lumber were picking the pockets of a benefactor or of the Alma Mater herself. Destruction of property is often an attempt to celebrate athletic success; it is, if the phrase is pardonable, an ebullition of misfit loyalty to the college whose property is sacrificed, as if the son of a successful candidate for the presidency of the United States should celebrate his father's victory by burning down his father's house. Sometimes undergraduates "pinch" bits of college property as trophies, just as modern pilgrims have shown their respect for the Pilgrim Fa-

thers by chipping off pieces of Plymouth Rock. (There was indeed a time when the timid Freshman *bought* signs, to have the reputation of stealing them.) These kinds of college dishonesty are happily lessening, and are regarded as pardonable in Freshmen only, — as evidence of “freshness” pure and simple. That they exist at all is not merely a scandal to the good name of the college, but a menace to its prosperity. The few foolish boys who are guilty of them stand in the unthinking public mind for the noble universities which they misrepresent, until irritated tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community, and view it merely as a rich corporation that escapes taxes and fills the city with insolent and dishonest youth. The irresponsibility of some students in money matters, their high-minded indignation if a tradesman to whom they have owed money for years demands it in a manner that does not meet their fancy, increases the irritation; and incalculable damage is done.

After all, the most serious aspect of college dishonesty is in the dishonesty of vice. Many persons who condemn vice believe nevertheless that it belongs with a character which, though its strength is perverted, is open and hearty; and now and then this belief seems justified: but those who see at close range the effects of vice remember that bound up with most of it is, and must be, faithlessness to father and mother, and to the wife and children who are soon to be. College sentiment condemns habitual vice.

Like the sentiment of the world at large, it is lenient (to men only) in occasional lapses from virtue, — unless a lapse involves a breach of athletic training. Here too we mark that want of proportion which characterizes undergraduate judgments of college honor. The youth who squanders in vice the money which his father (at a sacrifice) has sent him for his term bill may be a good fellow yet; the youth who breaks training is a disgrace to his Alma Mater.

In dwelling on certain kinds of college dishonesty, I have not forgotten that in some respects the college sense of honor is the keenest in the community, and that no higher ideal can be found on earth than in the best thought of our best universities. What I have pointed out must be taken as stray survivals of an intensely vital tradition, — survivals which in a democracy like our own have no right to be. The public sentiment of our colleges is becoming, year by year, cleaner and clearer-sighted. We move forward, and not slowly. What makes some persons impatient is the need of teaching to the picked young men of America that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it; and that a college student, though he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. In our impatience, we forget that to teach an axiom takes years and generations if the axiom contradicts tradition; and we forget that, when all is said, our undergraduates themselves are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

L. B. R. Briggs.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

III.

THE most noted achievement of one of our leading comedians, to which allusion was made in my article of last month, — the Lord Dundreary of E. A. Sothorn, the elder, — is peculiarly worthy of remembrance and of being freshly recalled to the minds of all who witnessed the performance. I am inclined to believe that the records of the theatre furnish no parallel with the experience of the actor and the public in respect of this impersonation. Mr. Sothorn was a player of ability, recognized in his profession, before he became celebrated.

The received story concerning the original production of Tom Taylor's *Our American Cousin* appears to be substantially true. The manager was very anxious for the triumph of the new play, hoping for a reestablishment of prosperity upon the basis of its success, and, in order to increase the strength of a very strong cast, purchased the reluctant consent of Mr. Sothorn to accept the unimportant part of a stage fop by giving him full leave to "gag;" that is to say, to enlarge and vary his assigned text with new matter of his own interpolation. Out of this acceptance and this license a unique histrionic product was evolved.

Even at the first representations of the comedy the public eye and ear were taken and filled with Mr. Sothorn's extraordinary action and speech, and the other chief players, of whom several ranked with the best in the country, in spite of their cleverness and the greater significance of their parts, found themselves relegated into the background. The scheme and perspective of the author were much impaired, indeed almost inverted as in a moment. It was

something as if Osric had pushed himself in front of Hamlet. And no one was more surprised than Mr. Sothorn himself. Whence the actor derived the outside of his impersonation I have not been informed. Its substratum was the conventional dandy of the theatre, of course, — one of the foolishhest and unrealst of fictions, — and Continental Europe had evolved a caricature of the traveling Britisher which adumbrated Mr. Sothorn's make-up; but the aggregation of Lord Dundreary's oddities could hardly have originated with the actor. I think he must have encountered somewhere an Englishman whose whole dress, speech, and manner displayed the courage of a monstrous eccentricity. Here, at all events, was a bird of a new feather, — of a new variety, species, genus.

Who that looked upon the noble lord can ever forget the glare of his monocle, and the rigid play of the muscles that held the glass in place; the corrugations of his anxious brow; the perpetually varied movements of his lips and chin as he struggled to utter himself; the profuse hair of the period; his long, silky whiskers; the hop-and-skip walk, — that gait which was not of "Christian, pagan, nor man;" his talk, in which a combined lisp, stutter, and stammer, punctuated by quaint gurgles and chuckles, made an unprecedented novelty in human vocalism; and the long, sumptuous coats and dressing gowns and amplitudinous trousers which he affected? The whole thing came close to the verge of gross absurdity, but through the actor's rare gifts in drollery and vivacious intensity was accepted, freely and with a delicious sense of immersion in a new kind of fun, by the whole public, gentle and simple.

DUNDREARY AN EXEMPLAR OF COMMON WEAKNESSES.

If Mr. Sothern had gone no further than to produce the strange figure which has been partially described, and to make it effective for mirth, the event would have deserved only a mere mention. But he proceeded, with processes and results like those of creative genius, to broaden and deepen his conception, until his Lord Dundreary, without any loss, or rather with an increase, of his comicality, came to have a definite individuality, and to exemplify certain common weaknesses and limitations, which cause the brightest of us acute misery at times, but in him were chronic and the source of continual discomfort. The nobleman's text and business were enlarged fourfold, and the rest of the play was proportionally reduced. The developed Dundreary was occasionally asinine, but he was by no means the idiot that the crowd had at first imagined him to be. In truth, it now became evident that the noble lord had a mind of his own, — peculiar, but real, capable of clearness, capable even of penetration and astuteness, but cursed with a tendency to err in dealing with the surface resemblance of things. Life was a muddle by reason of these recurring likenesses, and language was a pitfall or a labyrinth. It was a genuine grief and trial to him, though very amusing to the spectators, when he came upon another of "those things that no fellah can find out." His weakness was carried to the point of farcical extravagance, but there was something to sympathize with when he was most ridiculous, and one had new visions both of the inherent weakness and the latent capacities of our language when he said, with eager hitches and emphatic bursts, to Lieutenant Vernon: "Of course you can *pass* your examination; what I want to know is, can you *go through* it?" Closely allied to this mental infirmity, and another

important element in the humor of the conception, was Dundreary's absolute incapacity to cherish more than one idea at a time. A single thought, whether great or small, brimmed his brain, and his cerebral machinery was thrown completely out of gear by the intrusion of another idea. The rhythmic motion of Asa Trenchard's foot made it impossible for him to remember the words of his song; the accidental view of a split hair in his whiskers caused him to be oblivious of Georgina's narrative; a sudden discovery of her chignon, when her back was modestly turned, and the train of consequent meditation, broke him off in the midst of an offer of marriage.

The funniest and most highly illustrative incident of this sort was the famous passage in which his search for his misplaced trousers pocket passed from a usual automatic act to a mind-absorbing effort, and — with a perfect parallelism of effect at every stage — at first left his words unchecked, then gradually slowed his tongue, then stopped his speech altogether, finally required the united devotion of hand, eyes, and brain to discover the missing receptacle. Dundreary's mind had — to change the figure — a single track, with very few switches, and his confusions of intellect were the result of collisions of trains of thought, running in opposite directions. In a large way, Dundreary was an inclusive satire upon the small stupidities of our human nature, and his most inane utterances awakened answering echoes, as has been said, in the consciousness of the most sensible men and women.

DUNDREARY A CONVINCING PERSONALITY.

Mr. Sothern's Dundreary became, indeed, something more than "a definite individuality," in the phrase just now used; he passed into a genuine and convincing personality. He was a true product of invention and synthetic art,

and even his extreme eccentricities were soon accepted as innate, unconscious sincerities, not as conscious affectations. The noble gentleman grew to be lovable, and the quaint conjunction in him of eager good nature with nervous irritability proved to be a source of charm as well as mirth. Extraordinary were the variously combined expressions of complaisance, stupidity, humor, and acuteness which flitted over his countenance, and the diversity of intonations which finely indicated the proportions of his much-mixed emotions was wonderful. A page might be filled with descriptions of his different smiles; the broad, effulgent smile which filled his face when he thought he had struck a brilliant conversational idea, and his dubious, tentative, come-and-go flicker of a grin when he was feeling his mental way, being two striking examples in the vast variety. The surprises which he effected by his comic gift were often overpowering, and made the spectator fairly gasp and choke, as two contrary currents of mirth suddenly poured into the unprepared brain.

I think the funniest small thing I ever noted at a theatrical performance was his delivery of one of Dundreary's speeches in connection with Sam's "letter from America." The passage began, "Dear Bwother," Mr. Sothern reading the opening words of the epistle; then he made one of his pauses, and, with a characteristic click and hitch in his voice, commented, —

"Sam always calls me his bwother — because neither of us ever had a sister."

Left without further description, the phrase might pass with the reader as rather droll; but on the words "because neither of us ever had a sister" the actor's voice became instantly saturated with mock pathos, and the sudden absurd demand for sympathy reached the amazed auditor with soul-tickling effect.

MR. SOTHERN IN THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

Mr. Sothern played several other parts brilliantly well. His impersonation of David Garrick was surpassed upon our stage only by Salvini's. Dundreary's Brother Sam he made an interesting figure of fun; and during the latter years of his life he achieved great success in *The Crushed Tragedian*, a drama reconstructed, for the actor's purposes, from *The Prompter's Box*, of Henry J. Byron, in which Mr. Sothern took the part of an unfortunate player, whose bearing and speech in private life were portentously and melodramatically theatrical. There were many good passages in the comedy, and one of the most notable occurred in a passage-at-arms between the thin, out-at-elbows tragedian and a large-girthed, purse-proud banker. The actor had spoken of "the profession," meaning, of course, his own; the banker answered, with a sneer, "Oh! you call it a profession, do you?" and the player replied, with superb conviction of superiority, "Yes, we do; banking we call a trade," — the retort hitting rather harder in London than here, because in England "the trade of banking" was a familiar and technical phrase.

ACTING, THE SEGREGATED PROFESSION.

The dialogue which was last quoted, and a half line of comment passed above upon a stage fiction, come together in my mind. It is not uncommon to hear close observers of the life of cities speak of the peculiar remoteness and aloofness of the theatrical profession from other orders of humanity; but only a very small proportion even of thoughtful persons come near to realizing how complete is the separation of the actor and actress from other men and women. The conditions of modern life, with the prevailing passion for publicity, incarnated in the newspaper reporter, whose necessity knows no law, and expended with spe-

cial force upon the people of the theatre, who often seem to invite notoriety, have, in fact, accomplished very little in breaking down the barriers which divide "the profession" from the rest of the world. The race of gypsies does not lead an existence more alien from its *entourage* than the order of players. Here and there, actors or actresses of uncommon distinction or definite social ambition, sought or seeking, make appearances in "society;" but such irruptions are few and intermittent. Mr. Irving is the only eminent artist of our day who has made social prestige a steady feeder of histrionic success. Edwin Booth and William Warren, with all their rare gifts, grace, and charm, were practically unknown in private, except to other actors and a few personal friends. The prejudice of the outside world has doubtless been an important agent in effecting this segregation; but if that prejudice, which has been gradually diminishing, were wholly to disappear, the situation would remain substantially unchanged, I am convinced, for centuries to come.

THE ISOLATION OF ACTORS.

This condition, which from some important points of view is fortunate, from others unfortunate, and from nearly all inevitable, is unique indeed. Here we have the only large class of workers which keeps the world at arm's length. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, architects, merchants, tradesmen, and laborers of all sorts, by the very terms of their toil, are brought into constant personal contact with parishioners, patients, clients, or customers. Even painters and sculptors must needs be in touch with their patrons. But that thin, impassable row of blazing lamps, which rims the front of the stage, accomplishes as the Great Wall of China was built to accomplish. Behind them is the sole "profession;" in front of them the barbarous laity. If the player desired to break down the partition, he would scarcely be

able to do so. From the more important social gatherings, which take place in the evening, both actress and actor are necessarily absent; the actor may vote, if he can acquire a residence and contrive to be in his own city on election day, but it is impossible that he should take any active part in politics or participate in preliminary meetings, caucuses, and "rallies," which are held at night; and as to attendance at church, the player encounters, in the first place, the difficulty, inseparable from his wandering life, of making a connection with a parish, and besides, in recent years, is almost constantly required to travel on Sunday, passing from a Saturday evening's performance in one town to a Monday morning's rehearsal in another.

A SEPARATION, UNFORTUNATE, BUT INEVITABLE.

Quite unrelated, however, to these outward limitations of the histrionic life is the disposition of the players themselves. They compose a guild of extraordinary independence, which, in spite of its vague and shifting boundaries, intensely feels and sturdily maintains its *esprit de corps*. "Independence of temper," as Mr. Leon H. Vincent lately said, "is a marked characteristic of the theatre and of theatrical life. The stage is a world to itself, and a world altogether impatient of external control." One cause of this temper is to be found in the legal disabilities under which the player labored in most countries for many years. The reaction was sure. Treated as an outlaw, the player became a law unto himself. But the *causa causans* lies in the peculiar conditions of temperament which inhere in most actors, and in the singular concentration and devotion of energy, essential to success upon the stage, which are exercised upon the fictive material of the theatre. The rule, to which there have been important but few exceptions, is that the actor, like the acrobat, must be caught and practiced young,

in order that the suppleness required in the mimetic as in the gymnastic art may be attained; and, as a result of the application of this rule, nearly all the great body of actors are devoid of general academic and scholastic training. Their culture is the culture of their own private study, worked out in the green-room and on the stage. It is marvelous what acquisitions many of them make with such handicaps; but their general narrowness of mental vision may be inferred. Practically out of relation, then, with the social, political, and religious life of the entire rest of mankind, immersed in the unreal realities of the mimic life, driven both by natural impulse and by professional competition to whet their talent to the sharpest edge, the guild of actors is the most charming, naïf, clever, contracted, conventional, disorderly, sensitive, insensible, obstinate, generous, egotistic body in the world, and — “unique.” Players are as conservative and as superstitious as sailors; they have but one theme, one material of thought and conversation, — the theatre, and, of course, themselves as exponents of the theatre. They hold to their traditions like North American Indians, and their conventions have the perdurable toughness of iron. Be the thing bad or good, once it is firmly fastened upon the theatre, it sticks indefinitely. The stage fop, now almost obsolete, was a survival, probably, from the period of the Restoration, and drawled and strutted over the boards for hundreds of years after he had disappeared from society. Yet actors are distinguished by plasticity. That they succeed as well as they do in reproducing the contemporary life which they see only by snatches is little short of a miracle, and demonstrates the extreme speed and delicacy in observation of some of them, and the large imitative gift of others, together with a power of divination, which is an attribute of genius. Through the operation of natural selection, they are practically birds

of a feather, and the most docile and intimate layman never quite learns their language or long feels at home in their company. That it is highly desirable, for a dozen grave reasons, that the actor should be less a stranger to his fellow men is obvious; and also it is obvious that, to the end of the world, success upon the stage will involve in the successful artist a peculiar attitude of mind, a peculiar adaptability of temperament, and a rare singleness of devotion, which must separate him from the laity. Comparative isolation will always be a condition of high achievement in the histrionic profession, and the stage will always have a climate and an atmosphere of its own, with which the thermometers and barometers of the outer world will have no immediate relation.

CHARLES FECHTER AND HIS EUROPEAN CAREER.

During the season of 1869–70 Charles Fechter played for the first time in the United States, appearing first in New York, and opening, in March of the latter year, at the Boston Theatre as Hamlet. He was born in London, in 1824, and was the son of an Englishwoman and Jean Maria Fechter, a sculptor, who was of German descent, but a native of France. Notwithstanding the mixture of his blood, Charles Fechter was wholly French in his affiliations and sympathies, loathed Germany and all its ways, works, and words, and was careful to pronounce “Fayshtair” his surname, the first syllable of which Boston, because of its extreme culture, persisted and persists in giving with the North Teutonic guttural. In his early childhood he was taken to France, where he grew up, and, after dabbling for a short time in the clay of the sculptor, studied for the stage, and at the age of twenty appeared successfully, in *Le Mari de la Veuve*, at the Théâtre Français, of whose company he afterwards became *jeune premier*. In Paris he attained a great reputation,

though he was often censured for his audacious disregard of the conventions of the classic drama. He had had a polyglot education, and early acquired a good knowledge of English, which he taught himself to speak fluently and with a generally correct accent, though it was impossible for him quite to master the intonations of the language. In 1860, with characteristic boldness, he assailed London, playing Ruy Blas in English at the Princess's Theatre. His success was signal, and for ten years as a star he made England his firmament, also holding the lease of the Lyceum Theatre from 1862 to 1867. He was sped on his transatlantic way by the praise of most of the critical journals of the great metropolis, and by the warm eulogium of his friend Charles Dickens. His complete abandonment of England for this country tends to prove that he had outworn the best of his favor in the British Isles.

FECHTER'S HAMLET IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

In New York Fechter's interpretation of Hamlet was greeted with a chorus of disapproval, broken by emphatic praise from several high sources, and his innovations upon received traditions as to the outer particulars of the performance were the subject of much disparagement. The public, however, were keenly interested in all his work, especially in his assumptions of Ruy Blas, Claude Melnotte, and other romantic characters. I thought, and think, that most of the vexed questions of detail alluded to were matters of leather and prunella. Fechter's reasoning that Hamlet was a Dane, and that Danes are fair, with the practical conclusion that he played the Prince of Denmark in a blond wig, seemed to me of no import either for praise or blame; and as long as he, or another actor, did not defeat the Poet in letter or in spirit, I was willing that he should find, indicate, and manipulate the pic-

tures in little of the elder Hamlet and Claudius in any way that suited his taste or convenience. His conception of the melancholy prince was a different matter, and from first to last I held to the opinion that he did not rightly indicate the weaknesses of spirit and temperament with which Shakespeare has chosen to disable his otherwise noblest ideal, for the reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness of mankind throughout the ages. The general public did not much concern itself, of course, with questions as to the actor's fidelity to the dramatist's psychic scheme, but immersed itself in the novel and agreeable sensations excited by Fechter's vivid and impressive playing. New York, always more closely critical of acting than other American cities, and much influenced, no doubt, by Mr. Winter's severe censure, held out in many quarters against the new Hamlet. But Boston, manifestly relieved by the change from Edwin Booth's more conventional and studied, but far more just and intuitive impersonation, incontinently accepted the French artist's performance, satisfied for the time with its outward and visible charms, its vitality, directness, and fervid sincerity.

FECHTER'S APPEARANCE AND EQUIPMENT.

Mr. Fechter, at this part of his career, was, indeed, an exceedingly fascinating and eloquently appealing actor. He was somewhat handicapped by the plainness of his features and the bluntness of his figure; but his gift in facial expression was varied, and his countenance, at moments of stress, readily took on majesty or strength, sometimes delicate spiritual beauty. His voice was rich and sweet, and easily capable of emotional saturation, though not of the widest range. His foreign intonations were numerous, as has been implied, and were very funny when mimicked; but, while he was acting, he so possessed

his auditors that they seldom found opportunity to be amused. Personally, I have generally felt, and often expressed, a distaste for broken English on the stage, and I regard the easy-going toleration of the imperfect speech of alien actors as one of the signs of the rawness of our public. Fechter's failings annoyed me less, however, than those in this kind of other foreigners; and, after a time, I even learned to tolerate the queerest of his blunders, probably because they seldom took the shape of faulty emphasis. Several important and common words he never mastered; even "love"—the verbal talisman, treasure, pabulum, and *sine qua non* of the comedian—he pronounced in a mean between *loaf* and *loave*, to the end of his career. But with the appearance of Fechter American audiences first came in contact with an actor of great natural gifts and Continental training, who used the English language at his performances. In many ways the experience was a revelation. Here was the culture of the Comédie Française, conveyed through the vernacular, and not under the immense disadvantage of exposition in a foreign tongue. One could see, as Fechter played, the potency of abundant but perfectly appropriate gesture, the action fitted to the very word, the word to the action, according to Hamlet's prescript; the trained aptitude for rapid transitions of feeling; the large freedom of movement; the ease and force of style which seemed spontaneous and unstudied, when most refined. After an experience of Fechter in tragedy or romance, one returned to our great native artists, and found them, by contrast, rather cool and starchy.

FECHTER'S SUCCESS IN ROMANTIC PARTS.
HIS RUY BLAS.

Nature, which had definitely, though not meanly, limited Mr. Fechter on the higher side of the intellect, had en-

dowed him with a temperament of rare sensibility and ardor. Even if he had conceived the character of Hamlet aright, I doubt if he would have found it possible to embody his conception. Hamlet sometimes seems to be doing, and, when he is only marking time, tries to make believe that he is marching. I imagine that Fechter could not have contrived to import into the part of the prince that tentative, indecisive quality which characterizes Hamlet's love for talking and thinking, and his disinclination for persistent doing, which is made only plainer by occasional unpremeditated acts of violence. His Hamlet's feet were planted firmly on the earth; and his head was six feet above them,—not in the clouds, where Shakespeare put it. But when the matter in hand was one of clear romance; when youthful love, or the power of loyalty, or the spirit of daring was to be exemplified; indeed, when any common passion was to be shown in any usual way, Mr. Fechter's playing was eminently effective. As Ruy Blas, his bearing in his servile attire at the outset was singularly impressive,—true native dignity without presumption, deep pride without arrogance, the simplicity of a great, unsuspecting nature. His first revelation of his passion for the queen awakened profound sympathy; and in his interview with Don Caesar, wherein one noted the manly affectionateness of his love for his friend, the actor's power of intensity of utterance and of swift transitions of feeling had remarkable illustration: at one moment his heart's secret rushed forth as if it could not be stayed; and in the same breath he checked himself in a spasm of self-disgust at his folly, with a half-mournful, half-humorous gesture of deprecation, but only to be swept away again by the torrent of feeling that must relieve itself by speech. In the great final act the actor's manifold power attained its maximum. Through his soliloquy, dark with his own woe,

yet resonant with exultation over the apparent deliverance of the queen, the agonizing encounter with his mistress, the discovery of the plot to ruin her, the triumphant entrance of Don Saluste, the humiliating disclosure of his humble birth, and the insulting proposals of the nobleman to the wretched queen, — through all these scenes the passion of the actor grew hotter, and hotter, until it culminated in the thrilling passage where he snatched his enemy's sword from its scabbard, and, with the voice of an avenging angel, proclaimed his purpose to slay the don as a venomous snake. In all that followed his action was of magnetic quality; and in his final dying instants, in which, after the proud self-abnegation with which he declared himself a lackey, he held out his arms to embrace the queen, the eager, reverent tenderness of the action, and the look of love and exaltation which transfigured his face before it stiffened in death, were profoundly stirring and very beautiful. There was no rant in any passage, and no evidence of deficient self-control. The charge of extravagance might as well have been made against a tornado as against Mr. Fechter's Ruy Blas, at its height.

FECHTER'S CLAUDE MELNOTTE. HIS
LIMITATIONS.

In *The Lady of Lyons* he achieved a similar triumph, which was perhaps more remarkable because of the material in which he was there compelled to work. Ruy Blas may be called great, without much strain upon the adjective; but Bulwer's play is a crafty thing of gilt, rouge, and cardboard. Fechter's acting redeemed the English work from the artificiality and tawdriness which seemed of its essence, gave it new comeliness, and breathed into it the breath of life. The damnable plot upon which the action of the play turns has cast a shadow over the hero, which his fine speeches and copious tears, upon the tongues and

cheeks of other actors, have failed to remove. But Fechter so intensified the cruelty of the insult received, and made the quality of Claude's love so pure, lofty, and ardent, that he delivered the character from its long disgrace. It is possible to raise a question as to the depth of the feeling displayed; but, leaving that question unanswered, I commit myself to the assertion that Mr. Fechter's love-making was the best I ever witnessed upon the stage. In the gift of self-delivery into one short action or utterance, also, I think he surpassed all his compeers, though Salvini, Booth, Irving, and many other leading actors have excelled in the same way. In the third act of *The Lady of Lyons*, when he turned upon Beauseant and Glavis, there was a remarkable display of this power in Mr. Fechter, when he made three commonplace words, "Away with you!" fall upon his tormentors like a bolt from a thundercloud. Mr. Booth played Ruy Blas and Claude Melnotte rather often in his early life, and briefly returned to them a few years before his death. His performance of neither part — though his playing did not lack distinction, of course — was worthy to be ranked with Fechter's. Booth's Ruy Blas seemed dry and slow in comparison with the French actor's, and Booth's Claude Melnotte, which resembled a double dahlia, was insignificant beside an impersonation that had the splendor and fragrance of an Oriental rose. Fechter was essentially a player of melodrama, however, — a master of the exterior symbolism of the histrionic art, but fully qualified neither to search into the spiritual and intellectual depths of the greatest dramatic conceptions, nor to carry out such conceptions to their just extent, or with a large grasp of their complicated parts, and the relations and proportions of the same. I have said bluntly that in romantic characters, such as the two which have been selected for special comment, he much excelled our leading American actor. But

it is impossible to conceive of Mr. Fechter as interpreting King Lear or Iago or Macbeth with any approach to adequacy. His playing was almost perfect in its order, but the order was not the first.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE OF A SHAKESPEAREAN TEXT.

I deem it worth while to record a curious passage in one of the very few talks I had with Mr. Fechter, because the quoted words will furnish a good illustration of the certainty that a player who is using a foreign language will make some grievous blunder in handling a classic of that language, in spite of his pains and industry. I was so foolish as to get into an argument with the actor concerning his theory of Hamlet, which I attacked on lines already indicated. Mr. Fechter defended his conception, and declared that the prince did not procrastinate, but pursued his task with vigor. Quotations flowed freely, and I was about to clinch my argument by citing the words of the Ghost at his second appearance to Hamlet, when the actor interrupted me.

"Now," he said, "what can you answer to this, Mr. Clapp? Do you not recall the words of Hamlet's father in the queen's closet, 'I come to *wet* thy almost blunted purpose'?"

That inquiry ended the discussion. It was plain that Mr. Fechter had never distinguished "whet" from "wet," and that he had no notion of the force of "blunted." His idea was that the Ghost's declared purpose was to "wet" down, and so reduce, the excessive flame of Hamlet's zeal.

In a few emphatic words I wish to bear testimony to the merits of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, who supported Mr. Fechter, and afterwards went on a starring tour in this country, playing a great variety of parts, both in comedy and tragedy, with admirable intelligence, vigor, and taste.

MR. FECHTER'S DECADENCE.

Mr. Fechter's decline was melancholy. It seemed to date from his engagement as leading actor and general manager of the Globe Theatre, of which Mr. Arthur Cheney was proprietor. In the autumn of 1870 Mr. Fechter entered upon this part of his career. Miss Leclercq accompanied him as leading lady, her brother Arthur being stage manager and of the company. Mr. James W. Wallack was engaged as second leading man. Monte Cristo was brought out by the new corps, successfully and with much splendor, on the 14th of September, and ran eight weeks. Then Mr. Fechter presented many characters in his repertory, showing a very slight falling off in his ability; and the public appetite for his product displayed signs of abatement. Next came internal disorders, which grew chiefly out of Mr. Fechter's impetuous temper and his inability to get on with American actors and employees. With scarcely any warning to the public, a rupture took place, and on the 14th of January, 1871, in Ruy Blas, he appeared in the Globe Theatre for the last time. During several sequent years, after one return to England, he acted in many American cities. Gradually his powers began to fail, and his engagements were made with second-rate theatres. It was pitiful to see the waning of his strength, indicated by lapses into rant, and by the development of slight mannerisms into gross faults. One of his clever devices had been the use of brief pauses for effect; now the pauses were lengthened out till they became ridiculous. It is probable that growing physical disability accounted for this decadence. In 1876 he broke his leg, and retired from the stage to his farm in Richmond, Pennsylvania, where he died on the 5th of August, 1879.

I have known only one other case of gradual histrionic disintegration in the

early life of a player. A native actress, who attained fame in her youth, and, in spite of many crudities and excesses of style, prevailed through frequent flashes of genius, first showed the subsidence of her power by the steady widening of her peculiar extravagances; then, suddenly, all vitality disappeared from her playing, which became a mere desiccated husk, with queer contours, rigid and fixed.

EDWIN BOOTH.

There is no occasion for me to discuss minutely the work of him whose art was the crown of our tragic stage during nearly all the second half of the nineteenth century, — of Edwin Booth, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. There had been scarcely a break in the reign of his dynasty for the seventy-two years between 1821, when the wonderful Junius Brutus Booth, Sr., began to act in the United States, and 1893, when the son, Edwin, after a life strangely mixed of gloom and glory, “passed to where beyond these voices there is peace.” The elder tragedian died in 1852, and in 1852 the younger, at the age of nineteen, in California, was playing “general utility business.” My memory holds an undimmed picture of Edwin Booth as I first saw him at the Boston Theatre, in Shakespearean parts, during the season of 1856–57, when he was twenty-three years of age, — beautiful exceedingly in face and form, crude with the promise-crammed crudity of youthful genius, and already showing, with short intermissions and obscurations, the blaze of the divine fire. From that point I followed him, I may say, through his histrionic course until its close, as hundreds of my readers followed him. We saw, with an interest and curiosity always keen and a satisfaction seldom marred, his gradual growth in refinement and scholarship, the steady deepening and enriching of his docile and intuitive spirit, the swift experimental play of his keen intellect, and the broad development of that style

in which the academic and the vital were so finely fused.

A famous *nomen* I called him even now. Alas! the plain truth in plain English is that his illustrious name and fame and the tradition of his art are all that is left to the American tragic stage, which to-day is trodden only by the spirits of departed actors, of whom all but him are practically forgotten. A vacant stage, haunted by ghosts, visited by dying winds of memory! One recalls with delight the purity of his enunciation, the elegant correctness of his pronunciation, the exquisite adjustment and proportion of his emphases, his absolute mastery of the music and the meaning of Shakespeare’s verse; and, then, one may note, if one chooses, that the art of elocution, as he practiced it, is to all intents and purposes, for the theatre of 1901, a lost art.

BOOTH’S DEVELOPMENT AND VARIETY.

A great tragic actor, who is dealing with material such as that which is furnished by the Great Dramatist, is usually driven by an imperious impulse to try experiments with his text and to vary his histrionic conceptions as he advances in years and knowledge, and as his temperamental force waxes or wanes. Edwin Booth furnished a signal and most interesting example of the effect of this impulse, which was of itself a proof of the unflagging vitality of his spirit. With scholarly eclecticism, at different times he made choice of various “readings,” subjecting them to the test of stage delivery, — often the best alembic in which to try their values, — and with innumerable diversities of vocal shading, *ictus*, and cadence sought to utter the Master Poet’s thought with new delicacies or new potencies. I think it might be fairly said that his theories of the great characters were never wrong or seriously defective. And through his shifting ideals, as they were embodied from year to year, the spectator could

discern the extraordinary variety of treatment which Shakespeare's creations, because of their many-sided humanness, will permit.

I have seen him play Shylock, sometimes as a fierce money-catching old-clothes dealer of Jewry; sometimes as a majestic Hebrew financier and law-giver; sometimes, at his full maturity, in what I suppose to be the just mean between the two extremes: and the Jew was terrible, vital, convincing, in every aspect. I witnessed the advance in his impersonation of Richelieu, whose theatricalism he succeeded in interpreting in terms of fiery sincerity, until the cardinal was equally imposing in his wrath and fascinating in his shrewdness and amiability. The changes in his conception of Iago were peculiarly noteworthy, the movement being almost steady from lightness in tint and texture to darkness and weight. His early Iago was a gay, jocund, comfortable villain, malicious rather than malevolent, at his strongest moments suggesting the liteness and swiftness, the grace and ominous beauty, of a leopard, to which, indeed, in attitude and action, he bore a physical resemblance. His last Iago showed a vast deepening and broadening of the artist's idea. The subtle Venetian, still as persuasively frank in speech and manners, as facile and graceful, as before, now threw a shadow of baleful blackness as he walked, was Prince of the Powers of the Air as he wove and cast the dreadful "net that should enmesh them all," and in his soliloquies uttered such a voice of unquenchable anguish and hate as might proceed from the breast of Satan himself.

Mr. Booth's assumption of King Lear I put at the head of all his performances. The tragedian, as the "child-changed father," showed, I thought, a loftier reach of spirit, a wider and stronger wing of imagination, a firmer intellectual grasp, than he displayed else-

where, even in the other great assumptions more frequently associated with his name. That he had not as magnificent a physical basis for the part as Salvini is to be conceded; but Mr. Booth's Lear had been wrought into as pure a triumph of mind and soul over matter as the most idealistic critic could wish to see. Without extravagance of action or violence of voice, without extreme effort, indeed, of any sort, the chaotic vastness of Lear's nature, the cruel woe sustained through the ingratitude of his daughters, the fullness of his contrition over his own follies and his rejection of Cordelia, the moral splendors which illuminate the darkness of his insanity, and the sweet anguish of his restoration to clearness of mind and to gentleness of thought, word, and deed,—all these were grandly exhibited. The progress of mental decay in the king was indicated with consummate skill, Booth's interpretation of the whole of the third act being a lesson to the profession in the art of picturesque effectiveness without overelaboration. In the final scenes with Cordelia the tragedian reached his highest point. Mr. Booth's ability in pathos was unequal, but in these passages it was exquisite and poignant, the dryness which sometimes marred his efforts in this kind being replaced by suavity and warmth, like those of an April rain.

Mr. Booth's limitations were obvious. He had little success in straight love-making; in some few seconds of his dialogues with Ophelia, the passion of Hamlet's love was mixed with a spiritual pain and unrest, which somehow heightened every tenderness of action and utterance. Like his father, and all his father's other sons, he had small gift in mirth. It was therefore of interest to note that his Petruchio, Benedick, and Don Cæsar de Bazan were almost sufficient, by virtue of his vivacity, fire, and mental alertness, and, in the case of the last two characters, by the elegance and distinction of his manners and speech.

THE HAMLET OF EDWIN BOOTH.

Through his Hamlet Edwin Booth made, upon the whole, his deepest and surest impression. In his performance of the part, there was retained to the last, consciously and deliberately, more of the old-fashioned formality and precision of style than he permitted himself in other impersonations, and the effect was sometimes that of artifice. But Mr. Booth elected to represent Hamlet in a style far less familiar and far more remote from ordinary life than he used for any other character in his large repertory. It was not that his Hamlet was all in one key; that its moods were not many and diverse; that the actor did not finely discriminate between the son, the prince, the courtier, the friend, the lover, the artist, and the wit. The contrary was true. It was as full of delicate and just differences as one could wish. But, through its prevailing quality, made constantly prominent by the tragedian's methods, certain definite and necessary results were reached. Hamlet differs from Shakespeare's other tragic heroes both in his supernatural experience and in his unique spiritual constitution. The grim effects of jealousy upon Othello and of ambition upon Macbeth, the griefs which work their torture and their transformation upon King Lear, do not separate these men from others of the human family, — rather ally them with

every human creature. But the bark of Hamlet's misfortunes is borne upon a current whose dark waters flow from the undiscovered country. Macbeth questions with witches and is visited by ghosts, but at every step his path is shown to be of his own making. To Hamlet, by the conditions of his life and his soul, is given the largest opportunity for choice, and the smallest power of choosing. Mr. Booth, with careful and scrupulous art and full success, attempted thus to distinguish the Prince of Denmark from all the rest of the world. His eyes, after the fourth scene of the first act, never lost the awful light which had filled them as they looked upon his father's ghost; his voice never quite lost the tone which had vibrated in harmony with the utterances of that august spirit.

After all, there is a fine fitness in that closeness of association between Edwin Booth and Hamlet the Dane, which is to abide as long as the man and his art and his life are remembered. In his largeness and sweetness, his rare delicacy and sensibility, he was nobly human to the core, after the pattern of the most human of all the creations of the Poet. Like the melancholy prince, he was required to drink the bitter water of affliction, and to hold his peace when his heart was almost breaking; and, in its extraordinary depth and reserve, his soul, even as Hamlet's and as Milton's,

"Was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Henry Austin Clapp.

(To be continued.)

QUATRAIN.

WHAT compass binds the milkweed skiff?
 What rudder guides its helm?
 What wheel the thistle-head obeys,
 Across the air-king's realm?

Grace Richardson.

A SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP.

AT fifteen Milton F. Stimpson thought himself St. Francis of Assisi. At seventeen he began to merge into Henry David Thoreau. Then exclusiveness coming into apogee, nineteen found him envying St. Simeon Stylites. He was twenty-four before he began to be Milton F. Stimpson, and he was older still before he became appreciably himself.

An ascetic Ohio aunt had marooned him early in life upon a circumspect islet of abstraction. He never sowed so much as a single wild oat, for he had no field in which to sow. The ascetic aunt, with acid precept, had etched out high ideal on the tablets of his mind, and kept the product immune by isolation. His moral quarantine precluded boyish friendships. The ascetic aunt had a marvelous faculty for detecting evil in all men; and in boys, the fathers of men, her appraisals found crime and corruption in a universal ascendant. She close-herded the youthful Milton in a manner sadly despaired of by near-by motherhood whose dominion was described by the radius of an apron string. She felt that her sister, Milton's mutely indulgent mother, had never been born to rear; the very fact of her being his mother had made her prejudiced toward him, and prejudice was fatal to discipline. When Milton's mother died, the aunt regretted her death, but she nevertheless saw design in it; and that design was that she should upbring the child, which was a perfect working out of affairs as she thought they should be.

The flaw in the matter was her own death. It was a neat and unemotional death. The funeral director could have arranged it no more faultlessly. She requested the nurse to call her nephew, and upon his closing the door quietly — lifting it on the hinge, so that it might latch without noise — she had said: "I

wish you would have that door fixed, on my death; the under surface needs planing. Get Masters. No, he littered up the spare room so, last March. Try that German on Washington Street."

"Yes, aunt," said Milton.

But the Book of Life had closed there. She might have wished it so. No visitor, not even Death, could ever have surprised her in an impractical mood or in a dressing sack.

Those who had watched the household over the box hedge waited, after the funeral, for the twenty-four-year-old Milton F. Stimpson to exemplify the inevitableness of reaction. By all their reasoning they saw him heir apparent to Dan Witmers, the town drunkard. They recognized the first step when it was known he had gone to a Lake Erie summer resort, where life assumed all the gayety an average expenditure of fifteen dollars a week could give it. Had they watched him there, they might have realized that good habits, when the product of breeding and development, are as strong as bad ones.

There were women folk there who were interesting. They blossomed on the piny verandas. The array of shirt waists was vertiginous to Milton. It was the same feeling he had on looking down from high places. The men folk interested him not. He did not golf, swim, or cocktail, nor did he dance. But there were the women. They were the most patent things in the landscape. One, he knew, was laughing at him. He was introduced forthwith. He whipped over pools of running conversation, awkward as a fisherman with his first rod, hoping vaguely for something to rise. She, older, wiser, did the same, and caught him. She knew how to choose her bait. The lure was himself. It was the one bait that is never out of

season. He was instantly eloquent, she passively so. He first felt the delights of being listened to, and on such an interesting subject!

Besides, she listened with her eyes, which only clever women can do. He grew to refer to her by those eyes. They aided his own vision. Through them he became conscious he was not tailored as other men were. The shame of the discovery was as definite as a slap. The matter was remedied. Having adjusted himself to the clothes of the hour, young Stimpson began to live down to his externals. The Eyes had wrought the change.

One day, when the sun sent level rays over the bay and the shadows were prepossessing, some words were stammered into being. Stimpson spoke them on impulse. He was not used to speaking on impulse. He generally weighed words to the nicest scruple. But not then. They voiced themselves. The Eyes half responded. There had been many talks. This was one to remember. He and the Eyes, — had there ever been so memorable a dialogue?

He would follow it up on the morrow, he thought. Declaration would finally predicate insinuation. The Eyes had answered, he thought. But he would extort the definiteness of speech. Eyes might lie, — even hers. He would outflank all vagueness, and he mapped out the usual campaign. He was a bold commander, a dashing general, whose tactical powers of reason he would, boy-like, match against one of a sex the least of whom is born an experienced field marshal!

Milton F. Stimpson's morrow never came. A letter did, however. It was from an attorney, and it told of many a thing. It necessitated a quick departure, and before any of the splendid tactics could be put into execution he must go. He explained hurriedly.

"There is such a lot unsaid," he added regretfully.

The Eyes were non-committal.

"And — may I write?" He was fearful of the way the words sounded. "Please," he urged.

"You have my card," was the answer.

And then the fat Mrs. Bellinger wished to know if the finals in the tennis tournament were played to-day.

His aunt's lawyer had settled up the estate. Milton thought it was settled with a vengeance. It seemed the ascetic aunt had laid up store where thieves could not break through and steal, or moths corrupt. The result of it all was that young Stimpson left, a few months later, for Buffalo, where he found a place in a chemical works. The Eyes passed into the abstract, the city intervened. He realized as deep a sense of the personal seriousness of life as he had of its impersonal seriousness under the immediate sway of the ascetic aunt. He wrote no letters. A struggling young chemist had no right to follow up such a matter. The vital concerns were food and room rent. Eyes could play no part in the routine tragedy of a day's work.

The new surroundings gradually drove Stimpson into himself once more. His cells were on the fifth floor of an apartment house which had an Indian name, and there he was an anchored anchorite. The necessities of life were closely compacted into two rooms, and there he tried to develop, but it was development inward.

He had no common grounds on which to meet his fellows with whom he was hurled into contact. He met no one with any interesting, uncommon grounds. He ate at Mrs. Watson's, near by, and the experimental inquisitiveness of the young gentlemen was soon satisfied with the verdict of "Stick!" pronounced by the jury which met him at daily dinner.

A law clerk, named Coreoran, from a country town, burst into his room one night, and the evening ended with an invitation to a "smoker" at a bicycle club the next Tuesday. Stimpson went. He heard doubtful songs sung in more

than doubtful voices; and when the club broke into general revelry and the sham-pooing of each other with beer, he left. He vastly preferred an evening with himself. He was more certain of the company. A Mac-somebody invited him to his room in the same building. This Mac-somebody was a bank clerk. His talk ranged from neckwear to handball through a mediate distance of soubrettes. Stimpson felt too ignorant of the subjects vital to this young man, so the acquaintance died at its birth. The others he met seemed of the same sort. And so time passed. He read German philosophy by choice, and was universally accounted a "freak." But he got along with himself famously.

It was when he fell out with himself that things began. He was in a way to fall in with other people. The truth of the matter was, he tired of himself. It happened because two young men grew confidential over a sirloin steak and a bottle, and this became his undoing or doing, — who can say?

He dined at a café one night, beside two young fellows who were partly screened by an artificial palm. He heard everything they said. It seemed they had been great friends at college, and had first met that night since the old days.

"What's Trotter doing now?" asked one.

"Traveling, I think," said the other.

"Heard of Perk lately?"

"Not since '96. He's married, I hear. Who was it told me? I'm sure I don't know, though."

"And the Good Bill! I hear he's teaching."

"No, he went to the war. Had the fever, so Shep told me."

So it went. And then, because of the general succulence of the steak and its liquid accompaniment, the tone changed from a reminiscence to a requiem.

A requiem for friendship dead. It was horrible not to know the most in-

timate detail of the lives of Trotter, Perk, and the Good Bill. Horrible indeed! What were the old pledges good for? Monstrous! What a wedge was toil! Hammered home by each year that drove apart the old friendships. To sacrifice a friend for cause, — that was in the nature of things; but the slow tubercular passing was frightful. What was it, then, — this friendship? A lie that youth told, great-lipped with deceit. It was, after all, contingent on proximity. Not to know whether Atkins lived in Circleville, Ohio, or Atlanta, Georgia! Instead of Perk, it is now Burton, of Parsons, Smith and Parsons office. Friendship, the creature of contingency! Better a hasty word, a blow for a cause. Mort, but sixty a month and life in a cheap boarding house? To his aid to-morrow! But no; each to his own commercial way. When salaries are paid out of the glass window, friendships fly out of the door. Tells the tale of plastic youth, hotfoot after companionship, moulded into a stern, selfish, commercial being, — and that's the tragedy of life.

The melted butter hardens in the plated platter for a symbol, and the friends to barter wealth and position for not so long ago have become the shadows of memories. They were immolated on the altar of mercantile preferment. No, friendship is not the feeling between two souls, created for mutual need, but the mere creation of juxtaposition. The friendship poets prate of, — we were not capable of it. It is not the product of an age or country such as this. Not even to know the mere abiding place of the Good Bill — Come, a cordial to spice away the vile confession! Life is too real, after all, and friendships, the supports of life, merely uphold a dream fabric.

Stimpson listened acutely, and after they had gone stirred his black coffee in a joyless way. It was sad, all of it. But how about it when one has no friend-

ships to murder? Where were the Mort, the Perk, the Good Bill, in his life? His mind from that moment became a culture where little bitternesses brooded.

Solitude, he had said, was the asepsis of purpose. But what was the end? He was in a fair way to solve the ordinary problems of life, those upon which depend food and clothing; and if solitude is something to be worshiped, surely it needs two worshipers, worshiping together. The next night he scorned the cold friendship of books. He lowered his rear window and looked at the city, close-nested in its own effluvia. The sky line was sordidly broken with regular angles. The darkness was spattered by arc lights, and a light rain streaked slantingly the murky air. A realizing sense of a lack supplied inertia for a need. The city sung loneliness; the drone of the gutter pipe was attuned to his own song. Need grew dominant. He was athirst for a friend. As he turned from the window he saw life from a new viewpoint.

The next night he noticed Corcoran and that Mac-somebody. They were evidently friends of a sort. They were tied by many "a grouse in the gun-room." To each his need. Clearly filling that of each other, neither could fill his. They merely made his need apparent. His friend would be no subterfuge. He would be no dependent on contingency or the result of juxtaposition. He would be a mental complement, — strong where he was weak, and weak where he was strong. He would forgive apathy toward German philosophy, but he must like Thomas Hardy. He must also be fond of Gothic architecture and — But what folly! Were not such things the mere high seasonings of friendship? It must be elemental, and have for its tests "common or garden" grounds. Thus it would be resilient and vital.

He would be such a help. He would broaden him. "Such a man exists," ar-

gued Stimpson. In a few days Stimpson knew almost every nook and cranny of his character. He knew his past history and his present hopes. He knew his tastes in art and literature; he knew his tastes in dress.

Stimpson bought a necktie one day. It was nothing modish. The haberdasher had been thwarted in trying to foist a gay creation on him. Stimpson was back the next day. He got a tie a bit more brilliant. "A friend tells me I'm too conservative, and thinks more color would do better," he said. His friend's judgment thereafter effected a compromise with his own on matters of apparel.

Matters were not well with him in the little suite. The infection worked its way. He was undeniably lonesome. He marshaled his sparse array of acquaintance, weighed each over and over, only to return to the conclusion he never had a friend. The ascetic aunt was bitterly reproached for her methods of upbringing. He saw it: he had never been a boy; he was a product.

The Eyes returned, to be seen through a haze. If the importunate lawyer had delayed a bit — But then, that was folly. He wanted a friend, not a love, hardly realizing he might be fortunate enough to have both.

So he came to think over the directness, the daring, the manliness, of the friend he should have had, had the gods been kind. He would sit loungingly opposite him, and laugh at his chimeras. He would advise him to take bodily comfort. He saw himself expand under the genial raillery. He could almost see him, feet on the table edge, puffing smoke at him. The next day Stimpson bought a pipe, and made great blue clouds which heightened the illusion. He played at "make-believe," which noble game few people outgrow, and there was almost solace in it. Then the hollowness of it all came over him, and he felt the game was tedious to play.

A direct inspiration came one night. He would write a letter to him! The game took on another aspect. It became glorious! The inspiration was immediately acted upon, as all inspirations should be. The sanity of it could be neither denied nor questioned, which classed it as a true inspiration. The name was at his pen's end in a twinkling, and the box of letter paper, so rarely used, was got, some ink borrowed of Corcoran, and the work begun.

So he wrote, and this is the writing:

MY DEAR MR. BELDING, — To begin a letter like this unduly apologetic will cause it to miss its mission. A glance at the signature suffixed may convey no meaning, as I write at a hazard, trusting to chance. But I have been greatly interested in you through a mutual friend, who has so often said, "You ought to know Belding; you would like him so," that I merely determined that if I did n't know you it would not be my fault.

This is admitting the hypothesis of our friend that I ought to know you; and really I do, for I know so much of you. Who knows people the best, anyway, — their intimates or the others? Having granted you are so well worth knowing, I really should, I know, prove that I am; else what would be the use of writing? But I really am not. I will make no pretense. You would find it out if I did. Of course it seems foolish to write at all; and I would n't, only I know you are isolated off in your logging camp, but not as much as I am in my city. You may have a spare evening; mine are exceedingly spare!

I have not tried to prove it worth your while in any way. In all this intercourse between two persons, one has got to gain while the other gives up. Friendship implies a passive and active agent, does it not? I could only be the passive; for if an epistolary clearing house were established between us, what could I bring? Very little, I'm afraid.

But then, there's our friend: he says I should know you, and so he must bear the burden.

Anyway, I think he is right. What do you think? This is all frightfully stilted and unnatural, but how could it be otherwise? And now I have subdued temerity, I will await results.

Hopefully,

MILTON F. STIMPSON.

The letter was written, dried by frantic flapping, and sealed. Then it was addressed.

To any Arthur Belding? Not at all. The inspiration was rose-tinted. It was to Milton F. Stimpson, at his own address. A game like this, if well played, is worth its while. Stimpson went out into the sombre street, and pulled down the red lip of a post box with decision. He dropped the letter in, and walked back to his room with the air of a man of affairs, and slept content.

He worked with an unusual vim the next day. He scolded his assistant for laxity, and when he went home and washed for dinner, he hummed to himself. There was a letter for him under the door, and he crowded it into a pocket. At dinner he opened it nonchalantly, — the others frequently read letters at mealtime, — and read it with great interest. There were red areas on his cheeks, — that was all.

And that night he answered it. He set himself briskly to the task, and made slashes across the tops of his *t*'s and brave dashes for commas. He wrote this: —

MY DEAR STIMPSON, — You kind of interest me. I know a good deal how you feel. You did n't state who the friend was, but I have a guess. You're not altogether unknown to me. I've heard your praises sung — you're all that I'm not, you know. "Why can't you be thorough like Stimpson?" I ought to dislike you, I think.

That cousin of mine is a great press agent. I know just about what he said. He thinks I'm all sorts of things I am not. And I might as well play confes-sant to you; I've needed a father con-fessor for some time. But I know how you feel in a city. Personality has so much to contend with there. But there is so much to contend for, too. There is a certain capillarity about a city that sucks one's self up into the general. I know it — but I don't mind it. Here in the camp I'm much more myself. Indi-viduality has a chance here. That's why I like the small college. The big men, it seems to me, always got big in a small place; and when they went to a large one, they stayed big — out of habit.

I rather like your suggestion. We are n't hampered by knowing each other, and although we may pose all the more because of it — still it's not a bad idea. I won't have to tell you the news, any-way. You seem an ideal correspondent. I know all about the others, and they all about me. Let's try it on for a while. It may do good. When minded, write me. You might be a good person to pass judgment on some ideas I have — but it's too early for that — is n't it?

Cordially,

ARTHUR BELDING.

This was mailed, and of course an-swered; and so it all started. Belding became everything but incarnate. Once started, the game played itself.

The letters were evidence enough to fix habit. There were fierce contentions over moot points of manners and ethics. The very famous quarrel over the ques-tion of the War of 1812 — Belding argu-ing it was quite right, and Stimpson con-tending it arose from a political ruse — aroused a feeling which bordered on the bitter. Stimpson did a lot of research, and on unearthing a choice parry he hastened from the library to a hotel, where he thrust it home at once. But Belding prevailed, as he generally did.

Belding taught Stimpson to drink. One day he sent him a bottle of Scotch whiskey, with his earnest recommenda-tion. Stimpson drank very sparingly; but Belding seemed, from his letters, frequently to use the product to a greater extent. For all of that, the bottle lasted some time, when Belding, without warn-ing, swore off. So Stimpson followed suit.

Stimpson kept track of Belding's suc-cesses with keen interest. He considered him lucky, but principally because he knew how to get in luck's path. Quite often he referred to Belding at the dinner table, which bored Corcoran exceedingly. Belding was too much of a paragon for the mental ease of the boarding house, where, if there was anybody approach-ing a paragon, the world and the board-ing house failed to note him.

A telegram came from Belding one night, and Stimpson read it at the din-ner table. Soon he said: "By the way, my friend Belding will stop off here to-morrow. He's the chap" —

But Corcoran intervened. "We know him. He's your marvel, who's done everything and is doing more," he said.

This hurt Stimpson. He was ex-tremely loyal.

But Belding never came. He went to New York by way of Pittsburg, to investigate something in the glass-mak-ing line. The boarding house was re-lieved. Stimpson reproached Belding bitterly for this. "I wanted to see you, as there is no need telling you, and I did want you to see my fellow creatures, those with whom I am cast daily," he wrote.

So the game went on and on. Had any one known the details, he could have sworn the projected Belding was the more real. The days when letters signed "Belding" were written, Stimp-son was light-hearted, taller, and almost masterful. They noticed it at the works, and Stimpson reaped. He rapidly be-came a person of importance.

Nearly two years had passed since the night on which Belding had sprung armed from Stimpson's head, when a letter came from him that gave Stimpson a shiver of apprehension. It contained a paragraph which ran this way, in Belding's blunt, lateral hand : —

"There is one other matter we have touched on, but never dallied with, — marriage. I can see your attitude. You place so high an appraisal on its sacredness you would shrink from incurring the risk so long as you thought it a risk, and you would insist that it was a risk unless you had a complete foreknowledge. Now I think love the only clairvoyant thing there is. Such a love as would fall to us is prescient, is it not? I hope you will answer this frankly."

Stimpson knew it. Belding was subject to a new alliance. He had felt it. His friend was thinking of the only manner in which the friendship could be shattered. The thought struck him with a sting. The lash of it raised a red weal.

This is part of his answer : —

"Be frank, old man, confess. I know it and knew it. Your tenor has been a high treble, and in spite of yourself you have anticipated. You are in love, and deeply in love, and the doom of our friendship is writ. It had little basis, anyway. It never took on corporeity. It lacked the physical, and friendship must be grounded on the physical. The mental is too slender a tie. We have not our 'grouse in the gunroom.' I am sorry for myself, but glad in your gladness. When you are married, as marry you must, I will fall back on myself."

Belding stormed "Nonsense!" back at him, but in vain. Stimpson replied that he knew more about it than Belding did. He waived his own claims, and wanted an inventory of the lady's charms. Belding confessed a part, but refused to catalogue charms.

"I can't reduce Her to the Common Denominator of adjectives. It would be

both a profanation and an impossibility. She is beloved of me, not you, remember, and that is why I refuse to describe. You would have chosen the immediately spiritual" ("Idiot!" snorted Stimpson), "and you might seek for a feminine complement. I am ruled by the great law of desire. Desire is the stressing of the affections, the curve they take from hindered possession. And Desire has imperially usurped the Throne of Reason, and I rejoice in it. Reason is now bond-slave to a recognized master, and I am happy in it. The reign of an absolute monarch is what I needed, anyway.

"All this is rot, you say, but what happy rot! I don't like to pry into the unknowable, and unknowledge is the wisdom of the Book of Love. If you think me idiotic, I can only produce Her who made me so."

Stimpson sniffed. Belding wrote inanities. It might be well, though. He would lose a friend, but Belding had gained a love. He would be content. It would be worse than ever for him, for Belding married was an impossible correspondent. But he was unselfish enough, thank God, to rejoice at the greater happiness of Belding.

So spun matters for a month. Belding visited the town where the girl lived; wrote rather sporadically, it is true, but Stimpson had foreseen that. He said he had won the girl "on a bluff." He had become intoxicated with her, and the intoxication gave him courage. He had dashed into her affections as Paul Jones descended on Whitehaven; gave her no time to weigh, to refine on, her own thoughts. He owned up later, when his domineering had wrung a confessed reciprocity, and she had been quicker to forgive than she had been easy to domineer over.

Stimpson envied this man. Had he only a tithe of his assertion he had done great things. His cursed reticence, his deliberation which weighed while time elapsed, and conclusions reached after

circumstance had impressed conclusions all its own, gave the reason for his failure. Belding was a battering ram, and battering rams have their own way.

The lady's name? Stimpson asked. He would send her a token. Had he, Belding, never told him? What was a name, anyway? Bathos, quite often. Had a sprite a need for a name? As a matter of record, hers happened to be Kate Parker, which of course was absurd.

Kate Parker!

Stimpson bagged limply. Impossible! Kate Parker was the name of the girl who owned the Eyes! She was the girl, had not circumstance intervened, to whom he might have said things! Stimpson spent the rest of the evening chin on hand.

The next night he walked. The hot hush of the summer's night, the smell of the pave after a slight and sudden rain, the arc lights through the maples, conjured up the Eyes again, more magic than ever. They could so easily have been thaumaturge, and wrought a finished man out of the welter of introspection cast on the world by the ascetic aunt.

The evening, an interval between business and business, brought pleasure crowds out. They solemnly persisted in seeking pleasure, these sidewalk crowds, but never got it. Yet they made Stimpson feel the obviousness of his new isolation as he had never felt it before.

The irony of it, — to lose Belding, and in such a manner, to such a person! He saw the stern solace of even an unrequited affection. Belding had taken from him, not the woman that might have loved him, but the woman he might have loved. A momentary impulse to fight it out with Belding struck him. He at least would declare himself, and tragically accept his fate. He was no rival to the impetuous Belding. He had never declared himself. But he would! He would use craft against Belding! He would give him a fight, anyway.

But no. It was too late. Even the opportunity of rivalry was taken from him. He had nothing left. Ah, but he had! Just one thing. The declaration that was never made he could yet make. Then he would suffer in silence. He would throw conscience and the thought of Belding betrayed to the four winds. He would have something to suffer for, at least. He could rest after telling the girl that he loved her. But did he love her? Did he? Ask the fiercely jealous feeling that came with Belding's letter. He had always loved her, but had been too near-sighted to see it.

Kate Parker about to wed Belding possessed wonderful attractions. That they were so much more intense than they had been before was only natural, and she must know, and know at once. And so, long after the sidewalk crowds had thinned and disappeared, he found himself in the tiny rooms, writing.

This is what he wrote: —

MY DEAR MISS PARKER, — You will pardon this, I know, if you realize the extremity out of which it is born. And Arthur Belding is a friend of mine; so that if you thought it best for him to know, he would pardon, too, for he is a true man and a rare.

But I wanted you to know — it is hard to tell what; and if the telling of it is hard, it is because confessions always are. Now that you are to marry another, I feel I can speak; yes, speak what I might have spoken once in another vein.

Confused as my thoughts are, they scatter only to concentrate on this: Miss Parker, that summer I met you, saw so much of you, I grew to love you. It is written now, and I am easier. I could not tell you then. I was called away, and I had yet a way to make; my means of subsistence were unassured. And now that the time has come when this barrier is nearly removed, you are lost to me.

Yet I wanted you to know. Why, it

is hard to say. It seems strange I should write the word, when the writing of it can only cause me pain, and can scarcely cause you anything less; for you are not the woman to account an honest love which cannot be returned a personal triumph. But why go into such matters? I did not speak when I might have, and perhaps this saved me from the greater pain of a refusal. I have often meant to write, yet hardly dared, from that cursed reticence which has always kept me so apart from the rest of the world.

But now I write it, — I loved you. You perhaps can understand why I write. I can't. I did wish you to know, Kate. (Forgive that once, — the first and last time; I know you will.) It was hopeless ever, had I spoken. Yet — But never mind the "yets;" my life has had too many of them.

Belding is worthy of you, — as worthy of you as you are of him. Love has already arranged best. You will be happy, I know.

Accept this unwelcome note as it is written, from the extremity of a poor, useless, lonesome, indecisive man; and yet he loves you still, and can never love save her who is destined for his best friend. But things are usually so in his life. Never mind; he is eased now. Has he not written what he so often longed to? Yes, and he writes again, knowing too well its present import. I love you, Kate, I love you. You need not answer. I wish to leave that part to your imagination. It's all I have left. So good-by, and bless you, — bless you both.

MILTON F. STIMPSON.

He sealed the letter, and on the envelope he wrote "Miss Kate Parker, 437 Frontenac Street, Detroit, Michigan." He mailed it as a man about to die sends his last message home.

The obtrusion of a new actor had thrown Stimpson out of the rut. He

no longer played the game with himself; it had got beyond him. He was playing with reality unrealizing, for the address had been on the card given him the last day at the resort.

Stimpson neglected to write Belding. He hardly knew why. But he was close-hugging his new sorrow, which Belding could not share. And then a letter came. It took him three minutes to read, and three hours to comprehend it. It ran:

MY DEAR MR. STIMPSON, — Until I am assured your letter is not a joke, how can I answer it? But it really can't be a joke, and yet I can account for it in no other way. I have never heard of any one named Belding, and I am engaged to no one.

Your letter was wrung from you under the impression I was, and what is a poor girl to do in such a case?

This is the natural place to stop, but I can't exactly do it. Do tell me where you heard all this. And you, poor fellow, to have written as you did under such a supposition! Of course it would be most unmaidenly to write anything more. I positively refuse to write a word more until you tell me all about it.

Cordially,

KATE PARKER.

As to the rest of their correspondence, is it not their affair, too sacred for the profanation of print?

Not so many months later a couple sat on the deck of a steamer. The woman said: "Do you know that I never can get used to writing my name 'Mrs. Stimpson'?" And really, from what I've seen of you, I am inclined to think I ought to write 'Mrs. Belding' instead."

He looked over and smiled. "As far as that is concerned," he said, "perhaps you had. I really hope so, don't you?"

But the bass of a whistle drowned her answer.

Eugene Richard White.

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.

THE NORTH.

TRAVELING north through the manufacturing district, particularly round Sheffield, I am struck once more by the ruthless barbarity of this industrialism; not merely the wholesale pollution of water and ground, the killing off of trees and blackening of the sky, but the litter, the heaps of refuse everywhere, the country dealt with worse than the lazy indifference of its inhabitants deals with a southern or Oriental town. The brilliant blue August sky is sicklied over for miles with smoke from almost invisible chimneys, from dim towns scarcely more than guessed at among the misty green uplands.

At what one might call the northern gate of Leeds is a great open square, set with rusty black benches and fences, and a few stunted, leafless bushes; barely a little grass on the blackened earth, and nothing flowering, of course, save colored billboards. This approach to a great city, this place of refreshment and rest for a hard-working people, is appropriately called Hyde Park Corner!

Adel, near Leeds. — Sitting on the rough wall or heaped-up black stones near the little Norman church, I feel that this "North Country" — where, alas, the factory chimney and the pit engine flourish as much as the oak and the ash of the ballad — is beginning to appeal once more to my imagination, with its strange mixture, so English, so modern, of overcrowding and desolation. The high-lying fields, checkered with black walls, stretch in all directions, and the few big trees, beeches and limes, of the churchyard, and the little ancient church itself, acquire deeper significance just because this country is so bleak, its trees so wind-warped, and itself so empty of all past.

This country has indeed taken hold of

me again. Yesterday afternoon I bicycled a few miles in the Ilkley direction, over low slopes, very open to the gray sky, their brilliant pastures and pale crops rippled by the bracing air; rough black walls and scant blackish hedges only serving, with their irregular lines, to make this high-lying country more wide and open. On distant hillsides the chimneys appear, and the smoke of the factories creeping up from the valleys; and far off, in rain or mist, pale lilac ridges, the great heather moors! The old deserted road turns into a track across the fields, and suddenly comes to an end, — becomes a rough, natural stair between great beech trees; and, looking down, you see below you a stream, and opposite, through the misty air, the solitary hills, pale green, pale lavender, and gray, like faded tapestry. And, returning home, at certain bends of the road, between wind-troubled trees and pale, pale pastures, you get a glimpse, down in the valley, of the innumerable chimneys, the vague, endless roofs, the steaming smoke, of Leeds; I was going to say, of hell!

On the North Tyne. — The sense of depopulation, of emptiness of all human life, already so strong in the country in Yorkshire, goes in steady crescendo as one approaches the Scottish Border. We drove about eighteen miles yesterday, not anywhere near moors or waste places, but in the valleys, over excellent roads: only one village visible, houses scarcely any; cottages, one may say, none; traffic not the slightest; nothing but slopes of green and slopes of green; not much of cattle, even, or of sheep; no corn; only a few fields, far between, of oats. The inhabitants of the country seemed all mustered on the two cricket grounds we went to: one at Chollerford, where the Roman camp is; the other

(with band and "all Tyneside" present) above the tiny town — metropolis of these valleys — of Hexham. And these inhabitants appeared to be only gentry and gentry's servants. What has become of mankind as such? One understands, when one remembers how long the Scotch express runs through abominable rows of workmen's houses, built on refuse heaps, before getting into Newcastle; and remembering also the look down the Tyne, the miles of roof, chimney, wharf, which one has from the high level bridge before entering the station. Modern industry, paradox though it sounds, has emptied these dales of the North and South Tynes more effectually than all the Border wars of Percies and of Douglases.

It is when one gets high enough, as we did yesterday toward sunset, that the real quality of Northumberland becomes manifest. The valleys close up, — mere details and accidents; the real country being the great flat, barely undulating moors of grass between them, — moors bare of trees, bare of houses, bare to the sun and storms, naked land, like one of these places which is called, doubtless after some mosstrooper's adventure, "Naked Man." The road we struck and drove along was the highroad from Newcastle to Carlisle; and, across the Tyne the Watling Street runs north and south along similar hilltops. And along the crest of the hills, across the moors, there runs, emerging in black stone heaps among the thin black brambles, or showing through the green pasture, the Roman wall; it also affirming that the real country is the solitary Fell, not the valley. My friend remarked, as we drove along toward the pale sunset, that were but the distant Cumberland hills — faint, uncertain — a little higher, one might almost fancy one's self crossing the Campagna when in these false plains or hilltops and hidden or mist-veiled valleys. Indeed, it is curious to think that the Romans who built this wall would not

have known what we meant; could never have conceived that a great solitude just like this, given over to sheep and birds, would one day stretch even round their town of towns. I remember, some years ago, seeing at Newcastle a Roman altar dedicated "*Dis cultoribus huius loci.*" What can have been the feelings of a Roman legionary, from the Po, or the Straits of Messina, or the coast of Asia Minor, toward the divinities inhabiting such places as these?

The past of this Border country is recorded in the very fact that it has left solitude behind: a couple of castles, here and there a peel tower (like the one against which this house is propped), and this Roman wall! The past gone, disappeared utterly, with the wandering Picts against whom the wall was built; with the knights of Chevy Chase and of Otterburn; with the Jacobites of Derwentwater's rebellion; with the highwaymen who must have stopped the travelers in those more recent days when, as Scott had heard tell, the London mail would arrive at Edinburgh with only a single letter!

On our way up there (the place is called Sewingshields, and has legends of an underground palace of King Arthur) we went to tea at a rectory just under the moors, and found a party of curates and county ladies in feathered hats and blue and pink frocks playing croquet! Taken in conjunction with those neighboring solitudes, such a sight is funny and fantastic: this is all that the present has brought!

Still on the North Tyne. — Just returned from one of the few remaining castles (the only one near here besides the one I am writing from) of Tyneside. A great oblong donjon overlooking the river; added to and restored in the style of a railway hotel, but having kept, nevertheless, the small, gloomy rooms of its original state. We went on to the battlements, well preserved, up black corkscrew stairs, and into the flanking tur-

rets or bartizans above what was once the guardroom, and looked down on the melancholy river and woods, and up the green, empty country swept by storm clouds. I have been reading Border minstrelsy every evening by the big carved fireplace of — Castle; and I thought of that terrible ballad of Lambkin, where the lady, left alone at home, sees the enemy advancing, parleys from the roof, and knows her little ones will be butchered. One feels the possibility of such things here, although the great visored chimneys, clattering in the wind, are all that represents the knights of old.

Like nearly all the houses of this part of the world (Hezlyside, with the famous spur which used to be served up periodically, is let), this castle has many times changed hands; the present owners being partners of Armstrong's. The other Armstrong, the legendary moss-trooper Archie, sung in ballads, was found, 't is said (a common Border story), dead of starvation, his right arm gnawed, by a certain lord of Haughton who had forgotten him while on a journey. The spot was shown us, in the vaults, under the hooks where they now keep their bacon! Remark on this story, my hostess tells me that the same is told, with little difference, of a certain Sir Reginald, who is said still to haunt the peel tower against which this beautiful Jacobean house is built. That was in legendary days. But a tradition exists of a certain Frank Skotoe, smuggler and general hero at the beginning of the eighteenth century, having delivered a squire of the North Tyne, whom his enemy, a Charlton, kept, after a long feud and attempted murder, chained to his kitchen chimney at Leehall, close by here. Savage people, those old Border folk!

And a savagely grand country! We went to-day, in beating rain, across the moors to a place called Thockrington: hard, brownish grass, wave on wave; a steel-blue tarn spilt on the surface of the moor; distant blue hills, the crags where

King Arthur still holds state near the Roman wall. And suddenly, at a bend, on a knoll, a tiny black church, with only a gray stone farm, among wind-warped trees, behind it, — a tiny Norman church; within it the effigy of a lady in a coif, her feet on her dog, and one of those Northumbrian crosses interlaced with the sword of a nameless knight. The keys of the church were brought from the farm by a very pretty red-haired girl of fifteen, whose odd looks and gestures we could not at first understand. She was deaf and dumb!

Such infirmities, I am told, are common in these remote and scattered parishes, whence the inhabitants are constantly emigrating to pit and factory districts, and to which no girl from the dales consents to come; the marriages becoming, therefore, constantly more in and in. . . . The Fell, with its great battle of clouds, and its sere grass rippled by the cold wind, seemed as dumb as that young girl; waiting vainly, one might fancy, for some other Emily Brontë to give voice to its strength, its solemnity, and its tragic desolation.

But if Northumberland is waiting for an Emily Brontë, it is waiting also for a Stevenson. He should have given us the romance of the Derwentwater rising of 1715: that little rebellion undertaken as lightly as a hunting party, ending so tragically, and full of such odd, romantic incidents. The meeting place of the rebel squires is a few miles from here, a hillock called Green Rigg, above a lovely, sedgy tarn full of wild duck; the old Roman road, the Watling Street, runs past it in one of its relentlessly straight, ladder-like reaches, — a long ridge, with a few wind-torn pines, visible for miles in this empty, open country. The place at which the Miss Swinburnes, Jacobite Amazons, like Di Vernon, fetched and carried the treasonable dispatches is immediately opposite, beyond the Tyne, among those great moors near King Arthur's buried palace. The letters, it is

said, were hidden under a Roman altar or milestone, come to the surface, somehow, of the great bleak, grassy places. And then, nearer still, is Tone Hall, the hiding place of the Jesuit who converted Charles II. ('t is said), and the place where, according to local tradition, the Derwentwater rebellion was plotted by the Jacobite squires of the North Tyne. "Would you like to see Tone Hall?" asks my hostess, seeing me poring, as usual, over the local histories by the big Jacobean chimney. "Would you like to see Tone Hall? It belongs to us. We can go and take tea with the tenants, if you care to." . . .

We have been to Tone Hall, and I feel more and more the sort of Stevenson romance of the whole Derwentwater business. You drive endlessly up and down the green, empty, undulating moors, always ruffled by the cold wind; then a screen of beeches, not apparently different from any of those other ragged lines of trees which accentuate the open country every mile or so. You turn it, and you are suddenly in a hollow on the top of the moor, sheltered, safe, hidden, among big trees and hayfields, — a bit of peaceful southern England got lost, inclosed, up here; and in it, among treetops, a little two-gabled gray stone house, flanked by gray steadings. A more remote-looking place, or a sadder, I cannot fancy, with no view save of endless undulations of green moor, and endless skies full of the strife of clouds. The tenants very kindly gave us tea in the front parlor: people come from other parts of the country, a family sadly diminished to an old mother and two sons; a wife gone, a sister dead, and a young brother. The sadness, the sort of subdued secrecy of the place, seemed hanging over them. They showed us the former kitchen, paneled, with oak pillars and frieze, where the Jacobites are said to have held their meetings; and the presumable place, in the wall, of a secret room, perhaps that of Charles II.'s Jesuit.

There had been rough doings at Tone in past days, they said, but seemed to know nothing further, — strangers there, and in a way, apparently, exiles.

We returned home by another way, if possible still sadder and remoter: long avenues of wind-warped beeches and pines; then three or four sharp pitches of the Watling Street, built relentlessly Roman up and down between its black walls of heaped-up stones; and then on to the endless moors, with only a little colliery, its cranes and smoky vent fantastic against the sky, breaking the monotony. Tone Hall, when we looked round, had utterly disappeared, and its very place got lost. . . .

Spent yesterday at Newcastle, going over the slums with a very pleasant High Church curate. These slums are in the old part of the town, a splendid trading town of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, like the old prints of London, and etched in grime on an atmosphere of smoke. I have rarely seen a place more grimly picturesque than this hilly quarter, running down to the great river, with the black mediæval castle at its highest point, the beautiful bird-cage tower of St. Giles, and the high-gabled dormers of the many-storied old houses; while above, on the high level bridge, immense trains are forever crashing along round Stephenson's poor little "Puffing Billy," forefather of all locomotives. We went down endless black steps, between broken red roofs, — glimpses of the Tyne, black, sullen, below; past the houses of the Surtees, rich eighteenth-century merchants, with tiers of uninterrupted balcony-like lattice windows; and finally got to the former town house of some people called A——. A noble old house, looking down plumb on the river (you can see, they say, the salmon jump under the windows), and across it to what was once open moor, and is now the unspeakable suburb of Gateshead, chimneys and blackened roofs on evil-looking green mounds. An old,

old woman showed us round the dismantled house; paper hanging in shreds, wainscoting torn out, and lath and plaster lying in heaps. "It's quite comfortable when you hae lit the *feuer*," the house-keeper assured us. Then to another old mansion, huge, bleak, black, literally crumbling into its oozy yard; every window smashed. And finally, along the street, getting filthier and filthier, to the curate's Mission Rooms. They were the old Assembly Rooms, once upon a time; and my friend had known an old, old lady who could remember when the whole street used to be blocked with the coaches of ball-goers! Now the ground floor of the building is occupied by a crazy public house, and the ballroom, all stuccoed in eighteenth-century taste, is turned into a chapel. We scrambled up the oak stairs, littered with herring heads and hung round with drying rags; vistas, here and there, into appalling workmen's rooms and kitchens. Women were washing in the yard, and the whole place swarmed with ragged urchins. The curate called one of them, a smart little chap, who sang us a Northumbrian song about "getting round the school-board man." These small townsmen were put, lately, through a course of — shall I call it natural history? "And when the milk has stood, what comes on the top?" "Rum," answered the boy.

As we returned sadly up the endless black flights of steps, the sound of an accordion came from an old, grimy inn, with the first bars of Auld Lang Syne on the signboard. Alas, it's very, very far off, that past of Newcastle, — that past of not a hundred years ago, when the noble old houses stood by an undefiled mountain river, and their windows looked on to the moors!

Hawkshope Farm, up the North Tyne. — We have come up here for the 12th (though not for the shooting), to this solitary house on the moors, close to the Scottish Border. These moors are, of course, mainly grass; and what hea-

ther there is merely makes bands as of shadow on the grayish, yellowish green. The delicate intersection of these long, flattish, sloping lines; the washes of pale color, accentuated here and there by thin trees, pines or thorns, ragged against the sky, — all seems done with a blunt pencil, worked in misty sunshine. And toward sunset the gray stone farm buildings on the opposite side of the wide, shallow valley become part of the pale green moor, fall asleep, vanish along with it. On the moor itself no sense of distance, — or rather, every distance grown immense; the men, keepers, dogs, shooting pony, on the horizon, fantastically far off, approach within earshot in a few minutes. The dimness of the air, which makes hills five or six miles off look (to my eye) twenty or thirty, conduces, like the wide, shallow lines, to make this country large: one feels as if, for the moment, it were the whole world; at all events, one's whole world.

What a cumbersome thing, in the midst of this nature reduced, so to speak, to the fewest lines and elements (mere gray grass, sky, and constantly shifting banners and torn sails of cloud), is modern civilization! Seeing the "guns" striding over the moor, with keeper and man with the pony, a cart having had to carry up change of clothes and food; strict injunctions given to walk only in the already shot-over parts, for fear of scaring the birds; even the few sheep which the moor might maintain sacrificed for the sake of the grouse, — all brings home how much ground, service, time, and general complication are required, in this England, for a well-to-do man's amusement of a few hours, with no tangible result beyond a few brace of grouse. They are heaped up in a basket, with sprigs of heather: very lovely birds, dark tortoise shell over delicate gray, with a beautiful geranium-red round their dead eyes. How much better looking, how infinitely more desirable and precious, than the inhabitants of those Newcastle

slums, whose labor, whose flocking into the great black city, has given the open country to the grouse and the grouse slayers!

I have just been to the Border, to the head of the North Tyne at Kielder, and come back, alone, over the moors. The country has the slightly convex lines, the flatness, of a watershed, and the feel of the air, the barrenness, remind one of an Alpine pass. The valley itself has become, so to speak, hill: no woods or hayfields by the little shallow Tyne, — only endless slopes of Bent grass, yellowed here and there by bog, and thinly dotted with sheep; no trees, save a gnarled holly or thorn by the river edge. In the nine miles I went over, along a highroad, not a village, and not as many cottages as miles. What an empty, spacious, airy country! — eternal, with no past, and seemingly no future. This is the culmination of what I think of as *the other half of England*, — the England which cannot or will not be cultivated, which rejects inhabitants or is forsaken of them; an England unknown to foreigners, little thought about (except for shooting) by English folk, and always left out of account in English literature. Yet it exists almost everywhere in England proper, and quite apart from Scotch or Welsh highlands: from the Southdowns to the Cotswolds, from the Chilterns to the Cornish moors and the moors of Yorkshire; and here, in Northumberland, on Tyneside, is its culmination.

It is a desolation, this, which is forever increasing. The Border, in the times of Chevy Chase, was thickly wooded, and studded with villages which have disappeared; the little towns have shrunk almost to hamlets. And the gray smoke cloud, the faint sickly scent, which rise up the Tyne valley with every wind from its mouth, explain the mystery: the men and women of this county, the men and women, more and more, of all England, have left the green places to winds and

clouds, and are gone to live and work and die in the great black cities, where no flower will grow, and where the very trees of the suburbs lose their leaves, become dead sticks which blacken the hand that touches them.

In this North Country one is perpetually faced by the problem of what we call *progress*. Of course, the real moral value of what goes by this name (and the consequent condemnation of its opposite) lies in the fact that progress secures a certain amount of movement, energy, effort, of moral "weigh on." Living in southern counties makes one understand the complicated corruption due to lack of habitual activity. In order to drive a horse, you must have him up to his bit; but then comes the question whither to drive him. Work, as conceived and practiced by Anglo-Saxons, is so far a good thing that it is the reverse of idleness. But one wonders whether, besides this energy and activity, it has, *for the community at large*, produced much worth having. Thinking of Leeds and Newcastle, and of the desolate moors and fells and North Country dales, one grows rather skeptical; one gets to fear that all this activity does little besides sweep a larger amount of wealth into a few heaps, instead of scattering it into many, and sweep human life and activity into the great foul dust heaps called great cities.

THE "RIVER."

As there seems little room for holiday-making and for decorous leisure in English life, so there seems none for the "river" which represents them. The rivers of other countries announce their presence throughout the landscape: the whole country is made for them; their rough banks and beaches are in fact often their most important parts; and even in the plain, you can tell the Loire and the Po by the line of poplars making a guard of honor for their waters. But here in England — in river England — you walk

in flat, quite uninteresting fields, as dry as a bone, and marked (fit symbol of the restrictions and class differences which diversify the dullness of English leisure) by thickset hedges and a few blackish elms. Your eye is caught at most by a line of green flowering weeds; and behold, you are suddenly in presence of the "river," of boats, movement, people, poetry, — of all which gives color, charm, and significance to the country.

Weybridge. — I strike Holiday England again with the Thames, by whose side I am seated, under a big willow, watching the boats on the stream, and listening to the birds and the faint sound of the oars dipping and adjusting in the rullocks. The sky is blue, and barely mottled with Watteau-looking, holiday clouds; the water made gay with the orange and green and red reflections of boats and cushions, and with the wonderful metallic cobalt of the reflected sky. Young men walk up and down the punts, plunging in the poles, women sitting under umbrellas in the stern, — all of them white. Patient, happy fishermen are moored in the stream. These people scarcely speak, and only in subdued tones. They are enjoying themselves in an oddly well-bred way. The church chimes of distant Weybridge are the loudest thing, and they also are decorously cheerful. In the distance great elm and pine tops, visibly park land. Even the green meadows, the newly reaped fields with yellow stacked corn, look as if intended as decoration, some kind of "harvest home." One cannot conceive the existence of farmers or peasants anywhere in this river landscape, and, in fact, one sees none.

Maidenhead. — The boat moored opposite the bridge; my friends painting. Under the wind, the expanse of silvery cat's-paw advancing perpetually toward one, broken by the long, orange reflection of a punt. The Thames is more and more holiday. Near Great Marlowe, some miles higher, a splendid circular

weir, looking like a garden decoration under the clear, windy sky: the water barred cobalt with reflected sky and white with foam. Long, low white houses along the bank behind the thin green rushes. And swans, of course, — swans with blue shadows, sailing and standing on the weir's brink. A wonderful harmony in pure blue, green, and white, as fresh as some charming summer silks. The Kate Greenaway houses of Marlowe look as if put there for play, and Medmenham Abbey, its gables among elms, might be a *folly*. Yesterday evening we stood watching Boulter's lock, — crammed: large steam launches coming back from Henley, and even house boats, and skiffs and canoes crushed against the sides, bobbing as the water pours in or sinks suddenly. The usual kind of music (the same at Oban, at Richmond, and even at Oxford at Commemoration) which seems to accompany English pleasure-taking, — dance or music-hall music, absolutely without any sentiment. There is a crude, though by no means vulgar element in English holiday-making of the better class; an absence of that using up of sentimental association or historical romance which one feels everywhere in Germany, and even in the singing boats before Venetian hotels. It goes with the rather crude light of English river scenery, the mottled blue and white sky and green water, and the railway-station quality given by steam and electric launches. These people are too unæsthetic, too shy, perhaps too deeply, silently sensitive, to be otherwise than superficial in their holiday-makings.

Kingston. — Yet there is something really charming in this English river life; at least, seen from a distance. We drove along the wide towing path. There was a regatta somewhere: barges with bunting out and band playing, little bright launches, quantities of decorated boats all the way up, whole families out, and girls in white frocks punting. Boats drawn up

alongside for tea ; punts moored in mid-stream with patient gudgeon fishers. Big willows, with lots of large house boats, brightly colored barges with flowers at windows and on terraces, among them. A great impression of rather crude daintiness as of new summer frocks.

Even Bank Holiday takes a sort of decorum on the river, and scarcely disturbs the trim, toy-box, Old World quality of the places on its banks. The red brick villages, with Georgian churches or Norman belfries, flowery terraces, lawns and weeping willows, all vaguely *willow pattern*, are not really intruded on by the 'Arries in boats and launches, or those who dash through in breaks ; there is something pensive in the unseen fiddles and melancholy accordions. And there remains the predominance of neat outriggers sweeping along the stream, and Japanese parasols in punts. The old Jacobean house by the wide Thames certainly knows nothing of Bank Holiday. Behind its screen of thick elms spreads the surprise of its Roman villa gardens, with Scotch firs pretending to be stone pines, with its statues and busts of Cæsars in niches. Carriages are drawn up at the end of the long, green avenue, and guests pouring in and out in thin streams. Others are strolling through the great reception rooms, full of Italian furniture, cabinets, and pseudo-Titians and pseudo-Claudes, — every one very quiet, detached, indifferent, vague ; while some one plays, unnoticed, on an old harpsichord in the great hall. There is some kind of reception going on ; but one gets no impression of hosts or guests, — only of a beautiful, unlikely, Old World palace, with well-bred, subdued people moving about in it and around it.

Higher up on the River. — A bridge-keeper's house, covered with superb Marshal Niel roses, and having a little conservatory full of choice flowers ; yet they let out boats, and even sell ginger beer. A young man is starting off in a boat, with portmanteaus and hatbox and

liberty-silk cushions ; what an odd English impression of dainty practical pleasure-taking, not without a spice of poetry ! As dusk falls on the water, there comes from the hayfields an incessant bleating of lambs, and from the willows and reeds the song of all kinds of birds. The stream, already narrow, is islanded near the banks with little flotillas of water-lily leaves. After leaving the river, we return home in twilight, driving across the charming bridge at Abingdon, past its delightful Queen Anne town hall. Oxford, tower and domes, gray, dim, misty, lies at the bottom of a long slope, as in a Turner water color.

Oxford. — The "river" impression, made up, as it is, of England's leisure, daintiness, youthful decorous pleasure, and Old World well-preserved stateliness, is of course at its height at Oxford ; especially when one enters from the Headington side, on a splendid morning like to-day's. The parapets of Magdalen bridge, the river, the parklike willed meadows below, the cedars of the Botanic Gardens, the whole guarded by the towers and almost castellated buildings of Magdalen, unite into a whole of aristocratic magnificence ; while the utter absence of low or mean houses affects one like a holiday. This was the way by which the coach used to enter Oxford from London ; and the youths whom it carried must have felt, as they crossed Magdalen bridge and rolled up the Broad, flanked with monumental and majestic buildings and overtopped by great trees, as if they were entering an enchanted land of pomp and privilege and youthful leisure, far more than a land of study, of discipline, or of boyish recklessness.

Even the railways do not disturb the pastoral and privileged quality of the "river" district, nor take off from its holiday character. All these trains, perpetually hurtling all round, flinging puffs of vapor or flares of red smoke across the landscape, do not suggest

business, and even less travel. One is never made to think of partings, and meetings after cruel absence, but merely of people "going down into the country" at their convenience, and bent on some form of outing. Even at the station people loiter, with predominance of youths and maidens, dressed in flannels, and carrying rackets, cricket bags, and rods; there seem always footmen about, waiting for guests. The very engines and the vans being unloaded are merely preliminaries to punts moored in midstream, and dapper skiffs shipping oars among the water lilies, and tea in the hayfield, where the forget-me-nots cluster at the foot of the willows, whose coral roots steep in the water.

Vernon Lee.

OVER HERMON.

SCALING mighty Hermon's crown,
Oh, the windings up and down
That the dizzy pathway took!
Now along the craggy bed
Of a sun-dried mountain brook;
Now along a ledge that led
By a chasm's crumbling brink,
Dropping deep and sheer away
Through the golden Syrian day
To the dreamy blur of pink
That the oleanders made, —
Here in sun, and there in shade.

Up, and up, and up we went,
While a spacious azure tent,
Arabesqued with morn, the sky
Hung above us radiantly.
We beheld the glowing urn
Of the red anemone;
Nodding 'mid the parsley-fern
Saw the poppy chalice burn;
Marked in cyclamen the bee
Ply his roving robbery.

Now we passed the flower line; now
Left behind the fruited bough;
Came to where, in crannies deep,
Summer-long the snowdrifts sleep,
That the thirsty Damascene,
In his orchard-garden green,
Blesses, as he raises up
To his lips the sherbet cup
Where the snows, dissolving, swim
At the beaker's crystal brim.

Now we stood on Hermon's crown,
Broad and barren, bleak and brown,
Where the long-since-riven veil
Hid the sacred shrine of Baal.
Everywhere, outspread for us,
Shone the scene miraculous:
Cinctured by the rush and reed,
Like a mirror Merom lay;
And a strip of tawny brede,
Jordan wound its gleaming way;
Lebanon outstretched afar,
Violet and cinnabar;
And beyond green Galilee
Burned the blue Sidonian sea.

And, oh, sovereign and supreme,
The dream-city of our dream,
Bosomed in its bloomy bowers,
Showed its minarets and towers!
What a coil of strife and sin
Slept its gloomy past within, —
Khalid, Timur, Saladin!
And the while we gazed we knew
With what jostle and what jars
Still along its packed bazaars
Ebbd and surged a motley crew,
Druse and Dervish, Frank and Jew.

Ay, the olden lure was there,
Calling through the orient air:
Waters lucid as the morn;
Blossoms whiter than the thorn;
All the fairest fabrics spun
In the countries of the sun;
Blades and jewels strangely blent;
Attar richly redolent;
Ruddy fruitage, melting ripe,
And the bubbling water-pipe;
Then, at eve, the nightingale,
Burdened with its deathless tale!

Such the charm that drew us down
From majestic Hermon's crown.

Clinton Scollard.

AUDREY.¹XVI.²

AUDREY AND EVELYN.

HUGON went a-trading to the Southern Indians, but had lately returned to his lair at the crossroads ordinary, when, upon a sunny September morning, Audrey and Mistress Deborah, mounted upon the sorriest of Darden's sorry steeds, turned from Duke of Gloucester into Palace Street. They had parted with the minister before his favorite ordinary, and were on their way to the house where they themselves were to lodge during the three days of town life which Darden had vouchsafed to offer them.

For a month or more Virginia had been wearing black ribbons for the King, who died in June, but in the last day or so there had been a reversion to bright colors. This cheerful change had been wrought by the arrival in the York of the *Fortune of Bristol*, with the new Governor on board. His Excellency had landed at Yorktown, and, after suitable entertainment at the hands of its citizens, had proceeded under escort to Williamsburgh. The entry into town was triumphal, and when, at the doorway of his Palace, the Governor turned, and addressed a pleasing oration to the people whom he was to rule in the name of the King and my Lord of Orkney, enthusiasm reached its height. At night the town was illuminated, and well-nigh all its ladies and gentlemen visited the Palace, in order to pay their duty to its latest occupant. It was a pleasure-loving people, and the arrival of a governor an occasion to be made the most of. Gentlemen of consideration had come in from every county, bringing with them wives

and daughters. In the mild, sunshiny weather the crowded town overflowed into square and street and garden. Everywhere were bustle and gayety,—gayety none the less for the presence of thirty or more ministers of the Established Church. For Mr. Commissary Blair had convoked a meeting of the clergy for the consideration of evils affecting that body,—not, alas, from without alone. The Governor, arriving so opportunely, must, too, be addressed upon the usual subjects of presentation, induction, and all-powerful vestries. It was fitting, also, that the college of William and Mary should have its say upon the occasion, and the brightest scholar thereof was even now closeted with the Latin master. That the copy of verses giving the welcome of so many future planters, Burgesses, and members of Council would be choice in thought and elegant in expression, there could be no reasonable doubt. The Council was to give an entertainment at the Capitol; one day had been set aside for a muster of militia in the meadow beyond the college, another for a great horse race; many small parties were arranged; and last, but not least, on the night of the day following Darden's appearance in town, his Excellency was to give a ball at the Palace. Add to all this that two notorious pirates were standing their trial before a court-martial, with every prospect of being hanged within the se'nnight; that a deputation of Nottoways and Meherrins, having business with the white fathers in Williamsburgh, were to be persuaded to dance their wildest, whoop their loudest, around a bonfire built in the market square; that at the playhouse Cato was to be given with extraordinary magni-

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fience, and one may readily see that there might have been found, in this sunny September week, places less entertaining than Williamsburgh.

Darden's old white horse, with its double load, plodded along the street that led to the toy Palace of this toy capital. The Palace, of course, was not its riders' destination; instead, when they had crossed Nicholson Street, they drew up before a particularly small white house, so hidden away behind lilac bushes and trellised grapevines that it gave but here and there a pale hint of its existence. It was planted in the shadow of a larger building, and a path led around it to what seemed a pleasant, shady, and extensive garden.

Mistress Deborah gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Seven years come Martinmas since I last stayed overnight with Mary Stagg! And we were born in the same village, and at Bath what mighty friends we were! She was playing Dorinda, — that's in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, Audrey, — and her dress was just an old striped Persian, vastly unbecoming. Her Ladyship's pink alamode, that Major D—— spilt a dish of chocolate over, she gave to me for carrying a note; and I gave it to Mary (she was Mary Baker then), — for I looked hideous in pink, — and she was that grateful, as well she might be! Mary, Mary!"

A slender woman, with red-brown hair and faded cheeks, came running from the house to the gate. "At last, my dear Deborah! I vow I had given you up! Says I to Mirabell an hour ago, — you know that is my name for Charles, for 't was when he played Mirabell to my Millamant that we fell in love, — 'Well,' says I, 'I'll lay a gold-furbelowed scarf to a yard of oznaburg that Mr. Darden, riding home through the night, and in liquor, perhaps, has fallen and broken his neck, and Deborah can't come.' And says Mirabell — Büt la, my dear, there you stand in your safeguard, and I'm keeping the gate shut

on you. Come in. Come in, Audrey. Why, you've grown to be a woman! You were just a brown slip of a thing, that Lady Day, two years ago, that I spent with Deborah. Come in the both of you. There's cakes and a bottle of Madeira."

Audrey fastened the horse against the time that Darden should remember to send for it, and then followed the ex-waiting-woman and the former queen of a company of strollers up a grassy path and through a little green door into a pleasant room, where grape leaves wreathed the window and cast their shadows upon a sanded floor. At one end of the room stood a great, rudely built cabinet, and before it a long table, strewn with an orderly litter of such slender articles of apparel as silk and tissue scarfs, gauze hoods, breast knots, silk stockings, and embroidered gloves. Mistress Deborah must needs run and examine these at once, and Mistress Mary Stagg, wife of the lessee, manager, and principal actor of the Williamsburgh theatre, looked complacently over her shoulder. The minister's wife sighed again, this time with envy.

"What with the theatre, and the bowling green, and tea in your summer house, and dancing lessons, and the sale of these fine things, you and Charles must turn a pretty penny! The luck that some folk have! *You* were always fortunate, Mary."

Mistress Stagg did not deny the imputation. But she was a kindly soul, who had not forgotten the gift of my Lady Squander's pink alamode. The chocolate stain had not been so very large.

"I've laid by a pretty piece of sarce-net of which to make you a capuchin," she said promptly. "Now, here's the wine. Shan't we go into the garden, and sip it there? Peggy," to the black girl holding a salver, "put the cake and wine on the table in the arbor; then sit here by the window, and call me if

any come. My dear Deborah, I doubt if I have so much as a ribbon left by the end of the week. The town is that gay! I says to Mirabell this morning, says I, 'Lord, my dear, it a'most puts me in mind of Bath!' And Mirabell says — But here's the garden door. Now, is n't it cool and pleasant out here? Audrey may gather us some grapes. Yes, they're very fine, full bunches; it has been a bounteous year."

The grape arbor hugged the house, but beyond it was a pretty, shady, fancifully laid out garden, with shell-bordered walks, a grotto, a summer house, and a gate opening into Nicholson Street. Beyond the garden a glimpse was to be caught through the trees of a trim bowling green. It had rained the night before, and a delightful, almost vernal freshness breathed in the air. The bees made a great buzzing amongst the grapes, and the birds in the mulberry trees sang as though it were nesting time. Mistress Stagg and her old acquaintance sat at a table placed in the shadow of the vines, and sipped their wine, while Audrey obediently gathered clusters of the purple fruit, and thought the garden very fine, but oh, not like — There could be no garden in the world so beautiful and so dear as that. And she had not seen it for so long, so long a time. She wondered if she would ever see it again.

When she brought the fruit to the table, the two women made room for her kindly enough; and she sat and drank her wine and went to her world of dreams, while her companions bartered town and country gossip. It has been said that the small white house adjoined a larger building. A window in this structure, which had much the appearance of a barn, was now opened, with the result that a confused sound, as of several people speaking at once, made itself heard. Suddenly the noise gave place to a single high-pitched voice: —

"Welcome my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious
wounds."

A smile irradiated Mistress Stagg's faded countenance, and she blew a kiss toward the open window. "He does Cato so extremely well; and it's a grave, dull, odd character, too. But Mirabell — that's Charles, you know — manages to put a little life in it, a *Je ne sais quoi*, a touch of Sir Harry Wildair. Now — now he's pulling out his laced handkerchief to weep over Rome! You should see him after he has fallen on his sword, and is brought on in a chair, all over blood. This is the third rehearsal; the play's ordered for Monday night. Who is it, Peggy? Madam Travis! It's about the lace for her damask petticoat, and there's no telling how long she may keep me! My dear Deborah, when you have finished your wine, Peggy shall show you your room. You must make yourself quite at home. For says I to Mirabell this morning, 'Far be it from me to forget past kindnesses, and in those old Bath days Deborah was a good friend to me, — which was no wonder, to be sure, seeing that when we were little girls we went to the same dame school, and always learned our book and worked our samplers together.' And says Mirabell — Yes, yes, ma'am, I'm coming!"

She disappeared, and the black girl showed the two guests through the hall and up a tiny stairway into a little dormer-windowed, whitewashed room. Mistress Deborah, who still wore remnants of my Lady Squander's ancient gifts of spoiled finery, had likewise failed to discard the second-hand fine-lady airs acquired during her service. She now declared herself excessively tired by her morning ride, and martyr, besides, to a migraine. Moreover, it was enough to give one the spleen to hear Mary Stagg's magpie chatter, and to see how some

folk throve, willy-nilly, while others just as good — Here tears of vexation ensued, and she must lie down upon the bed and call in a feeble voice for her smelling salts. Audrey hurriedly searched in the ragged portmanteau brought to town the day before in the ox-cart of an obliging parishioner, found the flask, and took it to the bedside, to receive in exchange a sound box of the ear for her tardiness. The blow reddened her cheek, but brought no tears to her eyes. It was too small a thing to weep for; tears were for blows upon the heart.

It was a cool and quiet little room, and Mistress Deborah, who had drunk two full glasses of the Madeira, presently fell asleep. Audrey sat very still, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes upon them, until their hostess's voice announced from the foot of the stairs that Madam Travis had taken her departure. She then slipped from the room, and was affably received below, and taken into the apartment which they had first entered. Here Mistress Stagg became at once extremely busy. A fan was to be mounted; yards of silk gathered into furbelows; breast knots, shoulder knots, sword knots, to be made up. Her customers were all people of quality, and unless she did her part not one of them could go to the ball. Audrey shyly proffered her aid, and was set to changing the ribbons upon a mask.

Mistress Stagg's tongue went as fast as her needle: "And Deborah is asleep! Poor soul! she's sadly changed from what she was in old England thirteen years ago. As neat a shape as you would see in a day's journey, with the prettiest color, and eyes as bright as those marcasite buttons! And she saw the best of company at my Lady Squander's, — no lack there of kisses and guineas and fine gentlemen, you may be sure! There's a deal of change in this mortal world, and it's generally for the worse. Here, child, you may whip this

lace on Mr. Lightfoot's ruffles. I think myself lucky, I can tell you, that there are so few women in Cato. If't were n't so, I should have to go on myself; for since poor, dear, pretty Jane Day died of the smallpox, and Oriana Jordan ran away with the rascally Bridewell fellow that we bought to play husbands' parts, and was never heard of more, but is supposed to have gotten clean off to Barbadoes by favor of the master of the Lady Susan, we have been short of actresses. But in this play there are only Marcia and Lucia. 'It is extremely fortunate, my dear,' said I to Mirabell this very morning, 'that in this play, which is the proper compliment to a great gentleman just taking office, Mr. Addison should have put no more than two women.' And Mirabell says — Don't put the lace so full, child; 't won't go round."

"A chair is stopping at the gate," said Audrey, who sat by the window. "There's a lady in it."

The chair was a very fine painted one, borne by two gayly dressed negroes, and escorted by a trio of beribboned young gentlemen, prodigal of gallant speeches, amorous sighs, and languishing glances. Mistress Stagg looked, started up, and, without waiting to raise from the floor the armful of delicate silk which she had dropped, was presently curtsying upon the doorstep.

The bearers set down their load. One of the gentlemen opened the chair door with a flourish, and the divinity, compressing her hoop, descended. A second cavalier flung back Mistress Stagg's gate, and the third, with a low bow, proffered his hand to conduct the fair from the gate to the doorstep. The lady shook her head; a smiling word or two, a slight curtsy, the wave of a painted fan, and her attendants found themselves dismissed. She came up the path alone, slowly, with her head a little bent. Audrey, watching her from the window, knew who she was, and her

heart beat fast. If this lady were in town, then so was he; he would not have stayed behind at Westover. She would have left the room, but there was not time. The mistress of the house, smiling and obsequious, fluttered in, and Evelyn Byrd followed.

There had been ordered for her a hood of golden tissue, with wide and long streamers to be tied beneath the chin, and she was come to try it on. Mistress Stagg had it all but ready, — there was only the least bit of stitchery; would Mistress Evelyn condescend to wait a very few minutes? She placed a chair, and the lady sank into it, finding the quiet of the shadowed room pleasant enough after the sunlight and talkativeness of the world without. Mistress Stagg, in her rôle of milliner, took the gauzy trifle, called by courtesy a hood, to the farthest window, and fell busily to work.

It seemed to grow more and more quiet in the room: the shadow of the leaves lay still upon the floor; the drowsy humming of the bees outside the windows, the sound of locusts in the trees, the distant noises of the town, — all grew more remote, then suddenly appeared to cease.

Audrey raised her eyes, and met the eyes of Evelyn. She knew that they had been upon her for a long time, in the quiet of the room. She had sat breathless, her head bowed over her work that lay idly in her lap, but at last she must look. The two gazed at each other with a sorrowful steadfastness; in the largeness of their several natures there was no room for self-consciousness; it was the soul of each that gazed. But in the mists of earthly ignorance they could not read what was written, and they erred in their guessing. Audrey went not far wide. This was the princess, and, out of the fullness of a heart that ached with loss, she could have knelt and kissed the hem of her robe, and wished her long and happy

life. There was no bitterness in her heart; she never dreamed that she had wronged the princess. But Evelyn thought: "This is the girl they talk about. God knows, if he had loved worthily, I might not so much have minded!"

From the garden came a burst of laughter and high voices. Mistress Stagg started up. "'Tis our people, Mistress Evelyn, coming from the play-house. We lodge them in the house by the bowling green, but after rehearsals they're apt to stop here. I'll send them packing. The hood is finished. Audrey will set it upon your head, ma'am, while I am gone. Here, child! Mind you don't crush it." She gave the hood into Audrey's hands, and hurried from the room.

Evelyn sat motionless, her silken draperies flowing around her, one white arm bent, the soft curve of her cheek resting upon ringed fingers. Her eyes yet dwelt upon Audrey, standing as motionless, the mist of gauze and lace in her hands. "Do not trouble yourself," she said, in her low, clear voice. "I will wait until Mistress Stagg returns."

The tone was very cold, but Audrey scarce noticed that it was so. "If I may, I should like to serve you, ma'am," she said pleadingly. "I will be very careful."

Leaving the window, she came and knelt beside Evelyn; but when she would have put the golden hood upon her head, the other drew back with a gesture of aversion, a quick recoil of her entire frame. The hood slipped to the floor. After a moment Audrey rose and stepped back a pace or two. Neither spoke, but it was the one who thought no evil whose eyes first sought the floor. Her dark cheek paled, and her lips trembled; she turned, and going back to her seat by the window took up her fallen work. Evelyn, with a sharp catch of her breath, withdrew her attention from the other occupant of the room, and fixed it upon

a moted sunbeam lying like a bar between the two.

Mistress Stagg returned. The hood was fitted, and its purchaser prepared to leave. Audrey rose and made her curtsy, timidly, but with a quick, appealing motion of her hand. Was not this the lady whom he loved, that people said he was to wed? And had he not told her, long ago, that he would speak of her to Mistress Evelyn Byrd, and that she too would be her friend? Last May Day, when the guinea was put into her hand, the lady's smile was bright, her voice sweet and friendly. Now, how changed! In her craving for a word, a look, from one so near him, one that perhaps had seen him not an hour before; in her sad homage for the object of his love, she forgot her late repulse, and grew bold. When Evelyn would have passed her, she put forth a trembling hand and began to speak, to say she scarce knew what; but the words died in her throat. For a moment Evelyn stood, her head averted, an angry red staining neck and bosom and beautiful, down-bent face. Her eyes half closed, the long lashes quivering against her cheek, and she smiled faintly, in scorn of the girl and scorn of herself. Then, dragging her skirts from Audrey's clasp, she passed in silence from the room.

Audrey stood at the window, and with wide, pained eyes watched her go down the path. Mistress Stagg was with her, talking volubly, and Evelyn seemed to listen with smiling patience. One of the bedizened negroes opened the chair door; the lady entered, and was borne away. Before Mistress Stagg could re-enter her house Audrey had gone quietly up the winding stair to the little whitewashed room, where she found the minister's wife astir and restored to good humor. Her sleep had helped her; she would go down at once and see what Mary was at. Darden, too, was coming as soon as the meeting at the church had

adjourned. After dinner they would walk out and see the town, until when Audrey might do as she pleased. When she was gone, Audrey softly shut herself in the little room, and went and lay down upon the bed, very still, with her face hidden in her arm.

With twelve of the clock came Darden, quite sober, distraint in manner and uneasy of eye, and presently interrupted Mistress Stagg's flow of conversation by a demand to speak with his wife alone. At that time of day the garden was a solitude, and thither the two repaired, taking their seats upon a bench built round a mulberry tree.

"Well?" queried Mistress Deborah bitterly. "I suppose Mr. Commissary showed himself vastly civil? I dare say you're to preach before the Governor next Sunday? Or maybe they've chosen Bailey? He boasts that he can drink you under the table! One of these fine days you'll drink and curse and game yourself out of a parish!"

Darden drew figures on the ground with his heavy stick. "On such a fine day as this," he said, in a suppressed voice, and looked askance at the wife whom he beat upon occasion, but whose counsel he held in respect.

She turned upon him. "What do you mean? They talk and talk, and cry shame, — and a shame it is, the Lord knows! But it never comes to anything" —

"It has come to this," interrupted Darden, with an oath: "that this Governor means to sweep in the corners; that the Commissary — damned Scot! — to-day appointed a committee to inquire into the charges made against me and Bailey and John Worden; that seven of my vestrymen are dead against me; and that 'deprivation' has suddenly become a very common word!"

"Seven of the vestry?" said his wife, after a pause. "Who are they?"

Darden told her.

"If Mr. Haward" — she began slowly,

her green eyes steady upon the situation. "There's not one of that seven would care to disoblige him. I warrant you he could make them face about. They say he knew the Governor in England, too; and there's his late gift to the college, — the Commissary would n't forget that. If Mr. Haward would" — She broke off, and with knit brows studied the problem more intently.

"If he would, he could," Darden finished for her. "With his interest this cloud would go by, as others have done before. I know that, Deborah. And that's the card I'm going to play."

"If you had gone to him, hat in hand, a month ago, he'd have done you any favor," said his helpmate sourly. "But it is different now. He's over his fancy; and besides, he's at Westover."

"He's in Williamsburgh, at Marot's ordinary," said the other. "As for his being over his fancy, — I'll try that. Fancy or no fancy, if a woman asked him for a fairing, he would give it her, or I don't know my gentleman. We'll call his interest a ribbon or some such toy, and Audrey shall ask him for it."

"Audrey is a fool!" cried Mistress Deborah. "And you had best be careful, or you'll prove yourself another! There's been talk already. Audrey, village innocent that she is, is the only one that does n't know it. The town's not the country; if he sets tongues a-clacking here" —

"He won't," said Darden roughly. "He's no hare-brained one-and-twenty! And Audrey's a good girl. Go send her here, Deborah. Bid her fetch me Stagg's inkhorn and a pen and a sheet of paper. If he does anything for me, it will have to be done quickly. They're in haste to pull me out of saddle, the damned canting pack! But I'll try conclusions with them."

His wife departed, muttering to herself, and the reverend Gideon pulled out of his capacious pocket a flask of usquebaugh. In five minutes from the

time of his setting it to his lips the light in which he viewed the situation turned from gray to rose color. By the time he espied Audrey coming toward him through the garden he felt a moral certainty that when he came to die (if ever he died) it would be in his bed in the Fair View glebe house.

XVII.

WITHIN THE PLAYHOUSE.

Haward, sitting at the table in Marot's best room, wrote an answer to Audrey's letter, and tore it up; wrote another, and gave it to Juba, to be given to the messenger waiting below; recalled the negro before he could reach the door; destroyed the second note, and wrote a third. The first had been wise and kind, telling her that he was much engaged, lightly and skillfully waving aside her request — the only one she made — that she might see him that day. The second had been less wise. The last told her that he would come at five o'clock to the summer house in Mistress Stagg's garden.

When he was alone in the room, he sat for some time very still, with his eyes closed and his head thrown back against the tall woodwork of his chair. His face was stern in repose: a handsome, even a fine face, with a look of power and reflection, but to-day somewhat worn and haggard of aspect. When presently he roused himself and took up the letter that lay before him, the paper shook in his hand. "Wine, Juba," he said to the slave, who now re-entered the room. "And close the window; it is growing cold."

There were but three lines between the "Mr. Haward" and "Audrey;" the writing was stiff and clerkly, the words very simple, — a child's asking of a favor. He guessed rightly that it was the first letter of her own that she had ever

written. Suddenly a wave of passionate tenderness took him ; he bowed his head and kissed the paper ; for the moment many-threaded life and his own complex nature alike straightened to a beautiful simplicity. He was the lover, merely ; life was but the light and shadow through which moved the woman whom he loved. He came back to himself, and tried to think it out, but could not. Finally, with a weary impatience, he declined to think at all. He was to dine at the Governor's. Evelyn would be there.

Only momentarily, in those days of early summer, had he wavered in his determination to make this lady his wife. Pride was at the root of his being, — pride and a deep self-will ; though because they were so sunken, and because poisonous roots can flower most deceptively, he neither called himself nor was called of others a proud and willful man. He wished Evelyn for his wife ; nay, more, though on May Day he had shown her that he loved her not, though in June he had offered her a love that was only admiring affection, yet in the past month at Westover he had come almost to believe that he loved her truly. That she was worthy of true love he knew very well. With all his strength of will, he had elected to forget the summer that lay behind him at Fair View, and to live in the summer that was with him at Westover. His success had been gratifying ; in the flush of it, he persuaded himself that a chamber of the heart had been locked forever, and the key thrown away. And lo now ! a touch, the sudden sight of a name, and the door had flown wide ; nay, the very walls were rived away ! It was not a glance over the shoulder ; it was full presence in the room so lately sealed.

He knew that Evelyn loved him. It was understood of all their acquaintance that he was her suitor ; months before he had formally craved her father's permission to pay his addresses. There were times in those weeks at Westover

when she had come nigh to yielding, to believing that he loved her ; he thought that with time he could make her do so. . . . But the room, the closed room, in which now he sat !

He buried his face in his hands, and was suddenly back in spirit in his garden at Fair View. The cherries were ripe ; the birds were singing ; great butterflies went by. The sunshine beat on the dial, on the walks, and the smell of the roses was strong as wine. His senses swam with the warmth and fragrance ; the garden enlarged itself, and blazed in beauty. Never was sunshine so golden as that ; never were roses so large, never odors so potent-sweet. A spirit walked in the garden paths : its name was Audrey. . . . No, it was speaking, speaking words of passion and of woe. . . . Its name was Eloïsa !

When he rose from his chair, he staggered slightly, and put his hand to his head. Recovering himself in a moment, he called for his hat and cane, and, leaving the ordinary, turned his face toward the Palace. A garrulous fellow Councilor, also bidden to his Excellency's dinner party, overtook him, and, falling into step, began to speak first of the pirates' trial, and then of the weather. A hot and feverish summer. 'T was said that a good third of the servants arriving in the country since spring had died of their seasoning. The slaver lying in the York had thrown thirty blacks overboard in the run from Barbadoes, — some strange sickness or other. Adsbud ! He would not buy from the lot the master landed ; had they been white, they had showed like spectres ! September was the worst month of the year. He did not find Mr. Haward in looks now. Best consult Dr. Contesse, though indeed he himself had a preventive of fever which never failed. First he bled ; then to two ounces of Peruvian bark —

Mr. Haward declared that he was very well, and turned the conversation pirate-wards again.

The dinner at the Palace was somewhat hurried, the gentlemen rising with the ladies, despite the enticements of Burgundy and champagne. It was the afternoon set apart for the Indian dance. The bonfire in the field behind the magazine had been kindled; the Nottoways and Meherrins were waiting, still as statues, for the gathering of their audience. Before the dance the great white father was to speak to them; the peace pipe, also, was to be smoked. The town, gay of mood and snatching at enjoyment, emptied its people into the sunny field. Only they who could not go stayed at home. Those light-hearted folk, ministers to a play-loving age, who dwelt in the house by the bowling green or in the shadow of the theatre itself, must go, at all rates. Marcia and Lucia, Syphax, Sempronius, and the African prince made off together, while the sons of Cato, who chanced to be twin brothers, followed with a slower step. Their indentures would expire next month, and they had thoughts, the one of becoming an overseer, the other of moving up country and joining a company of rangers: hence their somewhat haughty bearing toward their fellow players, who — except old Syphax, who acted for the love of it — had not even a bowing acquaintance with freedom.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg saw their minions depart, and then themselves left the little white house in Palace Street. Mistress Deborah was with them, but not Audrey. "She can't abide the sight of an Indian," said the minister's wife indifferently. "Besides, Darden will be here from the church presently, and he may want her to write for him. She and Peggy can mind the house."

The Capitol clock was telling five when Haward entered the garden by the Nicholson Street gate. There had arisen a zephyr of the evening, to loosen the yellow locust leaves and send them down upon the path, to lay cool fingers upon his forehead that burned, and to whisper

low at his ear. House and garden and silent street seemed asleep in the late sunshine, safe folded from the storm of sound that raged in the field on the border of the town. Distance muffled the Indian drums, and changed the screams of the pipes into a far-off wailing. Savage cries, bursts of applause and laughter, — all came softly, blent like the hum of the bees, mellow like the sunlight. There was no one in the summer house. Haward walked on to the grape arbor, and found there a black girl, who pointed to an open door, pertaining not to the small white house, but to that portion of the theatre which abutted upon the garden. Haward, passing a window of Mistress Stagg's domicile, was aware of Darden sitting within, much engaged with a great book and a tankard of sack. He made no pause for the vision, and another moment found him within the playhouse.

The sunlight entered in at the door and at one high window, but yet the place was dim. The gallery and the rude boxes were all in shadow; the sunbeams from the door struck into the pit, while those from the high window let fall a shaft of misty light upon the stage itself, set for a hall in Utica, with five cane chairs, an ancient settle, and a Spanish table. On the settle, in the pale gold of the falling light, sat Audrey, her hands clasped over her knees, her head thrown back, and her eyes fixed upon the shadowy, chill, and soundless space before her. Upon Haward's speaking her name she sighed, and, loosing her hands, turned toward him. He came and leaned upon the back of the settle. "You sent for me, Audrey," he said, and laid his hand lightly upon her hair.

She shrank from his touch. "The minister made me write the letter," she said, in a low voice. "I did not wish to trouble you, sir."

Upon her wrist were dark marks. "Did Darden do that?" demanded Haward, as he took his seat beside her.

Audrey looked at the bruise indiffer-

ently; then with her other hand covered it from sight. "I have a favor to ask of Mr. Haward," she said. "I hope that after his many kindnesses he will not refuse to do me this greatest one. If he should grant my request, the gratitude which I must needs already feel toward him will be increased tenfold." The words came precisely, in an even voice.

Haward smiled. "Child, you have conned your lesson well. Leave the words of the book, and tell me in your own language what his reverence wants."

Audrey told him, but it seemed to her that he was not listening. When she had come to an end of the minister's grievances, she sat, with downcast eyes, waiting for him to speak, wishing that he would not look at her so steadily. She meant never to tell him her heart, — never, never; but beneath his gaze it was hard to keep her cheek from burning, her lip from quivering.

At last he spoke: "Would it please you, Audrey, if I should save this man from his just deserts?"

Audrey raised her eyes. "He and Mistress Deborah are all my friends," she said. "The glebe house is my home."

Deep sadness spoke in voice and eye. The shaft of light, moving, had left her in the outer shadow: she sat there with a listless grace; with a dignity, too, that was not without pathos. There had been a forlorn child; there had been an unfriended girl; there was now a woman, for Life to fondle or to wreak its rage upon. The change was subtle; one more a lover or less a lover than Haward might not have noted it. "I will petition the Commissary to-night," he said, "the Governor to-morrow. Is your having in friends so slight as you say, little maid?"

Oh, he could reach to the quick! She was sure that he had not meant to accuse her of ingratitude, and pitifully sure that she must have seemed guilty of it. "No, no!" she cried. "I have

had a friend" — Her voice broke, and she started to her feet, her face to the door, all her being quiveringly eager to be gone. She had asked that which she was bidden to ask, had gained that which she was bidden to gain; for the rest, it was far better that she should go. Better far let him think her dull and thankless as a stone than see — than see —

When Haward caught her by the hand, she trembled and drew a sobbing breath. "'I have had a friend,' Audrey?" he asked. "Why not 'I have a friend'?"

"Why not?" thought Audrey. "Of course he would think, why not? Well, then" —

"I have a friend," she said aloud. "Have you not been to me the kindest friend, the most generous" — She faltered, but presently went on, a strange courage coming to her. She had turned slightly toward him, though she looked not at him, but upward to where the light streamed through the high window. It fell now upon her face. "It is a great thing to save life," she said. "To save a soul alive, how much greater! To have kept one soul in the knowledge that there is goodness, mercy, tenderness, God; to have given it bread to eat where it sat among the stones, water to drink where all the streams were dry, — oh, a king might be proud of that! And that is what you have done for me. . . . When you sailed away, so many years ago, and left me with the minister and his wife, they were not always kind. But I knew that you thought them so, and I always said to myself, 'If he knew, he would be sorry for me.' At last I said, 'He is sorry for me; there is the sea, and he cannot come, but he knows, and is sorry.' It was make-believe, — for you thought that I was happy, did you not? — but it helped me very much. I was only a child, you see, and I was so very lonely. I could not think of mother and Molly, for when I did I saw them as — as I had seen

them last. The dark scared me, until I found that I could pretend that you were holding my hand, as you used to do when night came in the valley. After a while I had only to put out my hand, and yours was there waiting for it. I hope that you can understand — I want you to know how large is my debt. . . . As I grew, so did the debt. When I was a girl it was larger than when I was a child. Do you know with whom I have lived all these years? There is the minister, who comes reeling home from the crossroads tavern, who swears over the dice, who teaches cunning that he calls wisdom, laughs at man and scarce believes in God. His hand is heavy; this is his mark.” She held up her bruised wrist to the light, then let the hand drop. When she spoke of the minister, she made a gesture toward the shadows growing ever thicker and darker in the body of the house. It was as though she saw him there, and was pointing him out. “There is the minister’s wife,” she said, and the motion of her hand again accused the shadows. “Oh, their roof has sheltered me; I have eaten of their bread. But truth is truth. There is the schoolmaster with the branded hands. He taught me, you know. There is” — she was looking with wide eyes into the deepest of the shadows — “there is Hugon!”

Her voice died away. Haward did not move or speak, and for a minute there was silence in the dusky playhouse. Audrey broke it with a laugh, soft, light, and clear, that came oddly upon the mood of the hour. Presently she was speaking again: “Do you think it strange that I should laugh? I laughed to think I have escaped them all. Do you know that they call me a dreamer? Once, deep in the woods, I met the witch who lives at the head of the creek. She told me that I was a dream child, and that all my life was a dream, and I must pray never to awake; but I do not think she knew, for all that she is a witch.

They none of them know, — none, none! If I had not dreamed, as they call it, — if I had watched, and listened, and laid to heart, and become like them, — oh, then I should have died of your look when at last you came! But I ‘dreamed;’ and in that long dream you, though you were overseas, you showed me, little by little, that the spirit is not bond, but free, — that it can walk the waves, and climb to the sunset and the stars. And I found that the woods were fair, that the earth was fair and kind as when I was a little child. And I grew to love and long for goodness. And, day by day, I have had a life and a world where flowers bloomed, and the streams ran fresh, and there was bread indeed to eat. And it was you that showed me the road, that opened for me the gates!”

She ceased to speak, and, turning fully toward him, took his hand and put it to her lips. “May you be very happy!” she said. “I thank you, sir, that when you came at last you did not break my dream. The dream fell short!”

The smile upon her face was very sweet, very pure and noble. She would have gone without another word, but Haward caught her by the sleeve. “Stay awhile!” he cried. “I too am a dreamer, though not like you, you maid of Dian, dark saint, cold vestal, with your eyes forever on the still, white flame! Audrey, Audrey, Audrey! Do you know what a pretty name you have, child, or how dark are your eyes, or how fine this hair that a queen might envy? Westover has been dull, child.”

Audrey shook her head and smiled, and thought that he was laughing at her. A vision of Evelyn, as Evelyn had looked that morning, passed before her. She did not believe that he had found Westover dull.

“I am coming to Fair View, dark Audrey,” he went on. “In its garden there are roses yet blooming for thy hair; there are sweet verses calling to be read; there are cool, sequestered walks to be

trodden, with thy hand in mine, — thy hand in mine, little maid. Life is but once; we shall never pass this way again. Drink the cup, wear the roses, live the verses! Of what sing all the sweetest verses, dark-eyed witch, forest Audrey?"

"Of love," said Audrey simply. She had freed her hand from his clasp, and her face was troubled. She did not understand; never had she seen him like this, with shining eyes and hot, unsteady touch.

"There is the ball at the Palace to-morrow night," he went on. "I must be there, for a fair lady and I are to dance together." He smiled. "Poor Audrey, who hath never been to a ball; who only dances with the elves, beneath the moon, around a beechen tree! The next day I will go to Fair View, and you will be at the glebe house, and we will take up the summer where we left it, that weary month ago."

"No, no," said Audrey hurriedly, and shook her head. A vague and formless trouble had laid its cold touch upon her heart; it was as though she saw a cloud coming up, but it was no larger than a man's hand, and she knew not what it should portend, nor that it would grow into a storm. He was strange to-day, — that she felt; but then all her day since the coming of Evelyn had been sad and strange.

The shaft of sunshine was gone from the stage, and all the house was in shadow. Audrey descended the two or three steps leading into the pit, and Haward followed her. Side by side they left the playhouse, and found themselves in the garden, and also in the presence of five or six ladies and gentlemen, seated upon the grass beneath a mulberry tree, or engaged in rifling the grape arbor of its purple fruit.

The garden was a public one, and this gay little party, having tired of the Indian spectacle, had repaired hither to treat of its own affairs. Moreover, it

had been there, scattered upon the grass in view of the playhouse door, for the better part of an hour. Concerned with its own wit and laughter, it had caught no sound of low voices issuing from the theatre; and for the two who talked within, all outward noise had ranked as coming from the distant, crowded fields.

A young girl, her silken apron raised to catch the clusters which a gentleman, mounted upon a chair, threw down, gave a little scream, and let fall her purple hoard. "'Gad!" cried the gentleman. One and another exclaimed, and a withered beauty seated beneath the mulberry tree laughed shrilly.

A moment, an effort, a sharp recall of wandering thoughts, and Haward had the situation in hand. An easy greeting to the gentlemen, debonair compliments for the ladies, a question or two as to the entertainment they had left, then a negligent bringing forward of Audrey. "A little brown ward and ancient playmate of mine, — shot up in the night to be as tall as a woman. Make thy curtsy, child, and go tell the minister what I have said on the subject he wots of."

Audrey curtsied and went away, having never raised her eyes to note the stare of curiosity, the suppressed smile, the glance from eye to eye, which had trod upon her introduction to the company. Haward, remaining with his friends and acquaintances, gathered grapes for the blooming girl and the withered beauty, and for a little, smiling woman who was known for as arrant a scandalmonger as could be found in Virginia.

XVIII.

A QUESTION OF COLORS.

Evelyn, seated at her toilette table, and in the hands of Mr. Timothy Green, hairdresser in ordinary to Williamsburgh, looked with unseeing eyes at her own fair reflection in the glass before

her. Chloe, the black handmaiden who stood at the door, latch in hand, had time to grow tired of waiting before her mistress spoke. "You may tell Mr. Haward that I am at home this morning, Chloe. Bring him here."

The hairdresser drew a comb through the rippling brown tresses and commenced his most elaborate arrangement, working with pursed lips, and head bent now to this side, now to that. He had been a hard-pressed man since sunrise, and the lighting of the Palace candles that night might find him yet employed by some belated dame. Evelyn was very pale, and shadows were beneath her eyes. Moved by a sudden impulse, she took from the table a rouge pot, and hastily and with trembling fingers rubbed bloom into her cheeks; then the patch box, — one, two, three Tory partisans. "Now I am less like a ghost," she said. "Mr. Green, do I not look well and merry, and as though my sleep had been sound and dreamless?"

In his high, cracked voice, the hairdresser was sure that, pale or glowing, grave or gay, Mistress Evelyn Byrd would be the toast at the ball that night. The lady laughed, for she heard Haward's step upon the landing. He entered to the gay, tinkling sound, bent over the hand she extended, then, laying aside hat and cane, took his seat beside the table.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair,"

he quoted, with a smile. Then: "Will you take our hearts in blue to-night, Evelyn? You know that I love you best in blue."

She lifted her fan from the table, and waved it lightly to and fro. "I go in rose color," she said. "'T is the gown I wore at Lady Rich's rout. I dare say you do not remember it? But my Lord of Peterborough said" — She broke off, and smiled to her fan.

Her voice was sweet and slightly drawling. The languid turn of the

wrist, the easy grace of attitude, the beauty of bared neck and tinted face, of lowered lids and slow, faint smile, — oh, she was genuine fine lady, if she was not quite Evelyn! A breeze blowing through the open windows stirred their gay hangings of flowered cotton; the black girl sat in a corner and sewed; the supple fingers of the hairdresser went in and out of the heavy hair; roses in a deep blue bowl made the room smell like a garden. Haward sighed, so pleasant was it to sit quietly in this cool chamber, after the glare and wavering of the world without. "My Lord of Peterborough is magnificent at compliments," he said kindly, "but 't would be a jeweled speech indeed that outdid your deserving, Evelyn. Come, now, wear the blue! I will find you white roses; you shall wear them for a breast knot, and in the minuet return me one again."

Evelyn waved her fan. "I dance the minuet with Mr. Lee." Her voice was sweet and languid, her manner most indifferent. The thick and glossy tress that, drawn forward, was to ripple over white neck and bosom was too loosely curled. She regarded it in the mirror with an anxious frown, then spoke of it to the hairdresser.

Haward, smiling, watched her with heavy-lidded eyes. "Mr. Lee is a fortunate gentleman," he said. "I may gain the rose, perhaps, in the country dance?"

"That is better," remarked the lady, surveying with satisfaction the new-curled lock. "The country dance? For that Mr. Lightfoot hath my promise."

"It seems that I am a laggard," said Haward.

The knocker sounded below. "I am at home, Chloe," announced the mistress; and the slave, laying aside her work, slipped from the room.

Haward played with the trifles upon the dressing table. "Wherein have I offended, Evelyn?" he asked, at last.

The lady arched her brows, and the

action made her for the moment very like her handsome father. "Why, there is no offense!" she cried. "An old acquaintance, a family friend! I step a minuet with Mr. Lee; I stand up for a country dance with Mr. Lightfoot; I wear pink instead of blue, and have lost my liking for white roses, — what is there in all this that needs such a question? Ah, you have broken my silver chain!"

"I am clumsy to-day!" he exclaimed. "A thousand pardons!" He let the broken toy slip from his fingers to the polished surface of the table, and forgot that it was there. "Since Colonel Byrd (I am sorry to learn) keeps his room with a fit of the gout, may I — an old acquaintance, a family friend — conduct you to the Palace to-night?"

The fan waved on. "Thank you, but I go in our coach, and need no escort." The lady yawned, very delicately, behind her slender fingers; then dropped the fan, and spoke with animation: "Ah, here is Mr. Lee! In a good hour, sir! I saw the bracelet that you mended for Mistress Winston. Canst do as much for my poor chain here? See! it and this silver heart have parted company."

Mr. Lee kissed her hand, and took snuff with Mr. Haward; then, after an ardent speech crammed with references to Vulcan and Venus, chains that were not slight, hearts that were of softer substance, sat down beside this kind and dazzling vision, and applied his clever fingers to the problem in hand. He was a personable young gentleman, who had studied at Oxford, and who, proudly conscious that his tragedy of *Artaxerxes*, then reposing in the *escritoire* at home, much outmerited Haward's talked-of comedy, felt no diffidence in the company of the elder fine gentleman. He rattled on of this and that, and Evelyn listened kindly, with only the curve of her cheek visible to the family friend. The silver heart was restored to its chain;

the lady smiled her thanks; the enamored youth hitched his chair some inches nearer the fair whom he had obliged, and, with his hand upon his heart, entered the realm of high-flown speech. The gay curtains waved; the roses were sweet; black Chloe sewed and sewed; the hairdresser's hands wove in and out, as though he were a wizard making passes.

Haward rose to take his leave. Evelyn yielded him her hand; it was cold against his lips. She was nonchalant and smiling; he was easy, unoffended, admirably the fine gentleman. For one moment their eyes met. "I had been wiser," thought the man, "I had been wiser to have myself told her of that brown witch, that innocent sorceress! Why something held my tongue I know not. Now she hath read my idyl, but all darkened, all awry." The woman thought: "Cruel and base! You knew that my heart was yours to break, cast aside, and forget!"

Out of the house the sunlight beat and blinded. Houses of red brick, houses of white wood; the long, wide, dusty Duke of Gloucester Street; gnarled mulberry trees broad-leaved against a September sky, deeply, passionately blue; glimpses of wood and field, — all seemed remote without distance, still without stillness, the semblance of a dream, and yet keen and near to oppression. It was a town of stores, of ordinaries and public places; from open door and window all along Duke of Gloucester Street came laughter, round oaths, now and then a scrap of drinking song. To Haward, giddy, ill at ease, sickening of a fever, the sounds were now as a cry in his ear, now as the noise of a distant sea. The minister of James City parish and the minister of Ware Creek were walking before him, arm in arm, set full sail for dinner after a stormy morning. "For lo! the wicked prospereth!" said one, and "Fair View parish bound over to the devil again!" plained the other. "He's

firm in the saddle ; he 'll ride easy to the day he drinks himself to death, thanks to this sudden complaisance of Governor and Commissary ! ”

“ Thanks to ” — cried the other sourly, and gave the thanks where they were due.

Haward heard the words, but even in the act of quickening his pace to lay a heavy hand upon the speaker's shoulder a listlessness came upon him, and he forbore. The memory of the slurring speech went from him ; his thoughts were thistledown blown hither and yon by every vagrant air. Coming to Marot's ordinary he called for wine ; then went up the stair to his room, and sitting down at the table presently fell asleep, with his head upon his arms.

After a while the sounds from the public room below, where men were carousing, disturbed his slumber. He stirred, and awoke refreshed. It was afternoon, but he felt no hunger, only thirst, which he quenched with the wine at hand. His windows gave upon the Capitol and a green wood beyond ; the waving trees enticed, while the room was dull and the noises of the house distasteful. He said to himself that he would walk abroad, would go out under the beckoning trees and be rid of the town. He remembered that the Council was to meet that afternoon. Well, it might sit without him ! He was for the woods, where dwelt the cool winds and the shadows deep and silent.

A few yards, and he was quit of Duke of Gloucester Street ; behind him, porticoed Capitol, gaol, and tiny vineclad debtor's prison. In the gaol yard the pirates sat upon a bench in the sunshine, and one smoked a long pipe, and one brooded upon his irons. Gold rings were in their ears, and their black hair fell from beneath colored handkerchiefs twisted turbanwise around their brows. The gaoler watched them, standing in his doorway, and his children, at play beneath a tree, built with sticks a mimic

scaffold, and hanged thereon a broken puppet. There was a shady road leading through a wood to Queen's Creek and the Capitol Landing, and down this road went Haward. His step was light ; the dullness, the throbbing pulses, the oppression of the morning, had given way to a restlessness and a strange exaltation of spirit. Fancy was quickened, imagination heightened ; to himself he seemed to see the heart of all things. Across his mind flitted fragments of verse, — now a broken line just hinting beauty, now the pure passion of a lovely stanza. His thoughts went to and fro, mobile as the waves of the sea ; but firm as the reefs beneath them stood his knowledge that presently he was going back to Fair View. To-morrow, when the Governor's ball was over, when he could decently get away, he would leave the town ; he would go to his house in the country. Late flowers bloomed in his garden ; the terrace was fair above the river ; beneath the red brick wall, on the narrow little creek shining like a silver highway, lay a winged boat ; and the highway ran past a glebe house ; and in the glebe house dwelt a dryad whose tree had closed against her. Audrey ! — a fair name. Audrey, Audrey ! — the birds were singing it ; out of the deep, Arcadian shadows any moment it might come, clearly cried by satyr, Pan, or shepherd. Hark ! there was song —

It was but a negro on the road behind, singing to himself as he went about his master's business. The voice was the voice of the race, mellow, deep, and plaintive ; perhaps the song was of love in a burning land. He passed the white man, and the arching trees hid him, but the wake of music was long in fading. The road leading through a cool and shady dell, Haward left it, and took possession of the mossy earth beneath a holly tree. Here, lying on the ground, he could see the road through the intervening foliage ; else the place had seemed the heart of an ancient wood.

It was merry lying where were glimpses of blue sky, where the leaves quivered and a squirrel chattered and a robin sang a madrigal. Youth the divine, halfway down the stair of misty yesterdays, turned upon his heel and came back to him. He pillowed his head upon his arm, and was content. It was well to be so filled with fancies, so iron of will, so headstrong and gay; to be friends once more with a younger Haward, with the Haward of a mountain pass, of mocking comrades and an irate Excellency.

From the road came a rumble of oaths. Sailors, sweating and straining, were rolling a very great cask of tobacco from a neighboring warehouse down to the landing and some expectant sloop. Haward, lying at ease, smiled at their weary task, their grunting and swearing; when they were gone, smiled at the blankness of the road. All things pleased. There was food for mirth in the call of a partridge, in the inquisitive gaze of a squirrel, in the web of a spider gaoler to a gilded fly. There was food for greater mirth in the appearance on the road of a solitary figure in a wine-colored coat and bushy black peruke.

Haward sat up. "Ha, Monacan!" he cried, with a laugh, and threw a stick to attract the man's attention.

Hugon turned, stood astare, then left the road and came down into the dell.

"What fortune, trader?" smiled Haward. "Did your traps hold in the great forest? Were your people easy to fool, giving twelve deerskins for an old match-coat? There is charm in a woodsman life. Come, tell me of your journeys, dangers and escapes."

The half-breed looked down upon him with a twitching face. "What hinders me from killing you now?" he demanded, with a backward look at the road. "None may pass for many minutes."

Haward lay back upon the moss, with his hands locked beneath his head. "What indeed?" he answered calmly. "Come, here is a velvet log, fit seat for

an emperor — or a sachem; sit and tell me of your life in the woods. For peace pipe let me offer my snuffbox." In his mad humor he sat up again, drew from his pocket, and presented with the most approved flourish, his box of chased gold. "Monsieur, c'est le tabac pour le nez d'un monarque," he said lazily.

Hugon sat down upon the log, helped himself to the mixture with a grand air, and shook the yellow dust from his ruffles. The action, meant to be airy, only achieved fierceness. From some hidden sheath he drew a knife, and began to strip from the log a piece of bark. "Tell me, you," he said. "Have you been to France? What manner of land is it?"

"A gay country," answered Haward; "a land where the men are all white, and where, at present, periwigs are worn much shorter than the one monsieur affects."

"He is a great brave, a French gentleman? Always he kills the man he hates?"

"Not always," said the other. "Sometimes the man he hates kills him."

By now one end of the piece of bark in the trader's hands was shredded to tinder. He drew from his pocket his flint and steel, and struck a spark into the frayed mass. It flared up, and he held first the tips of his fingers, then the palm of his hand, then his bared forearm, in the flame that licked and scorched the flesh. His face was perfectly unmoved, his eyes unchanged in their expression of hatred. "Can he do this?" he asked.

"Perhaps not," said Haward lightly. "It is a very foolish thing to do."

The flame died out, and the trader tossed aside the charred bit of bark. "There was old Pierre at Monacan-Town who taught me to pray to *le bon Dieu*. He told me how grand and fine is a French gentleman, and that I was the son of many such. He called the English great pigs, with brains as dull and muddy as the river after many rains. My mother was the daughter of a chief.

She had strings of pearl for her neck, and copper for her arms, and a robe of white doeskin, very soft and fine. When she was dead and my father was dead, I came from Monacan-Town to your English school over yonder. I can read and write. I am a white man and a Frenchman, not an Indian. When I go to the villages in the woods, I am given a lodge apart, and the men and women gather to hear a white man speak. . . . You have done me wrong with that girl, that Ma'm'selle Audrey that I wish for wife. We are enemies: that is as it should be. You shall not have her, — never, never! But you despise me: how is that? That day upon the creek, that night in your cursed house, you laughed ” —

The Haward of the mountain pass, regarding the twitching face opposite him and the hand clenched upon the handle of a knife, laughed again. At the sound the trader's face ceased to twitch. Haward felt rather than saw the stealthy tightening of the frame, the gathering of forces, the closer grasp upon the knife, and flung out his arm. A hare scurried past, making for the deeper woods. From the road came the tramp of a horse and a man's voice singing, —

“To all you ladies now on land ” — and an inquisitive dog turned aside from the road, and plunged into the dell.

The rider, having checked his horse and quit his song in order to call to his dog, looked through the thin veil of foliage and saw the two men beneath the holly tree. “Ha, Jean Hugon!” he cried. “Is that you? Where is that packet of skins you were to deliver at my store? Come over here, man!”

The trader moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and slipped the knife back into its sheath. “Had we been a mile in the woods,” he said, “you would have laughed no more.”

Haward watched him go. The argument with the rider was a lengthy one. He upon horseback would not stand still in the road to finish it, but put his beast

into motion. The trader, explaining and gesticulating, walked beside his stirrup; the voices grew fainter and fainter, — were gone. Haward laughed to himself; then, with his eyes raised to the depth on depth of blue, serene beyond the grating of thorn-pointed leaves, sent his spirit to his red brick house and silent, sunny garden, with the gate in the ivied wall, and the six steps down to the boat and the lapping water.

The shadows lengthened, and a wind of the evening entered the wood. Haward shook off the lethargy that had kept him lying there for the better part of an afternoon, rose to his feet, and left the green dell for the road, all shadow now, winding back to the toy metropolis, to Marot's ordinary, to the ball at the Palace that night.

The ball at the Palace! — he had forgotten that. Flare of lights, wail of violins, a painted, silken crowd, laughter, whispers, magpie chattering, wine, and the weariness of the dance, when his soul would long to be with the night outside, with the rising wind and the shining stars. He half determined not to go. What mattered the offense that would be taken? Did he go he would repent, wearied and ennuyé, watching Evelyn, all rose-colored, moving with another through the minuet; tied himself perhaps to some pert miss, or cornered in a card-room by boisterous gamesters, or, drinking with his peers, called on to toast the lady of his dreams. Better the dull room at Marot's ordinary, or better still to order Mirza, and ride off at the planter's pace, through the starshine, to Fair View. On the river bank before the store MacLean might be lying, dreaming of a mighty wind and a fierce death. He would dismount, and sit beside that Highland gentleman, Jacobite and strong man, and their moods would chime as they had chimed before. Then on to the house and to the eastern window! Not to-night, but to-morrow night, perhaps, would the darkness be pierced by the

calm pale star that marked another window. It was all a mistake, that month at Westover, — days lost and wasted, the running of golden sands ill to spare from Love's brief glass. . . .

His mood had changed when, with the gathering dusk, he entered his room at Marot's ordinary. He would go to the Palace that night; it would be the act of a boy to fling away through the darkness, shirking a duty his position demanded. He would go and be merry, watching Evelyn in the gown that Peterborough had praised.

When Juba had lighted the candles, he sat and drank and drank again of the red wine upon the table. It put maggots in his brain, fired and flushed him to the spirit's core. An idea came, at which he laughed. He bade it go, but it would not. It stayed, and his fevered fancy played around it as a moth around a candle. At first he knew it for a notion, bizarre and absurd, which presently he would dismiss. All day strange thoughts had come and gone, appearing, disappearing, like will-o'-the-wisps for which a man upon a firm road has no care. Never fear that he will follow them! He sees the marsh that it has no footing. So with this Jack-o'-lantern conception, — it would vanish as it came.

It did not so. Instead, when he had

drunken more wine, and had sat for some time methodically measuring, over and over again, with thumb and forefinger, the distance from candle to bottle, and from bottle to glass, the idea began to lose its wildfire aspect. In no great time it appeared an inspiration as reasonable as happy. When this point had been reached, he stamped upon the floor to summon his servant from the room below. "Lay out the white and gold, Juba," he ordered, when the negro appeared, "and come make me very fine. I am for the Palace, — I and a brown lady that hath bewitched me! The white sword knot, sirrah; and cock my hat with the diamond brooch" —

It was a night that was thronged with stars, and visited by a whispering wind. Haward, walking rapidly along the almost deserted Nicholson Street, lifted his burning forehead to the cool air and the star-strewn fields of heaven. Coming to the gate by which he had entered the afternoon before, he lifted the latch and passed into the garden. By now his fever was full upon him, and it was a man scarce to be held responsible for his actions that presently knocked at the door of the long room where, at the window opening upon Palace Street, Audrey sat with Mistress Stagg and watched the people going to the ball.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

MATIN SONG.

ARISE! Arise!

Dawns not the day within thy waking eyes:

The mist that on them lies

Delays the blossom of the eastern skies.

'T is at their light alone the darkness flies,

And Night, despairing, dies:

Behold thine altar free for sacrifice!

Arise! Arise!

John B. Tabb.

THE AUTHOR OF OBERMANN.

IN November, 1849, Matthew Arnold, then a young man of twenty-seven, almost at the beginning of his literary career, wrote some Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann, an obscure French poet, whose name and writings had, until then, been scarcely known outside of France, and who had died, almost unnoticed, three years before. These were followed, many years after, by other stanzas, Obermann Once More. It is through these two poems by Matthew Arnold that the author of Obermann, Étienne Pivert de Senancour, has been chiefly known to the reading public of England and America. But while his name has in this way become familiar to many, his writings have never attained celebrity; and even in his own country he is not famous. The prose poem Obermann has been read by a few, who have been attracted by its rare poetic quality and interpretative power, but it has not received general recognition, nor been awarded by the public its just rank as a work of marked talent.

There are good reasons why the author of Obermann should have remained without fame beyond a narrow circle of admirers, as we shall see by a study of his character. His own description of this isolation, which oppressed him, even though he sought it, is filled with a sense of pain. On the 12th of October, in Letter XXII., he writes from Fontainebleau:

"I am alone. . . . I am here in the world, a wanderer, solitary in the midst of a people for whom I care nothing; like a man deaf for many years, whose eager eyes gaze upon the crowd of silent beings who move and pass before him. He sees everything, but everything is withheld from him; he suffers the silence of all things in the midst of the noise of the world; . . . he is apart from the entirety of beings; . . . in vain do all

things exist around him; he lives alone, he is severed from the living world."

Although the author of Obermann separated himself by choice from the life of his times, and, while the turmoil of events swept past him, stood apart as a solitary figure, deaf to their noise and seemingly unconscious of their object, yet he must take his place as a member — the most isolated, it is true — of the sentimental democratic movement which had its rise in the second half of the eighteenth century. By right of talent, through affinity of sentiment and feeling, he belonged to that romantic school of France which was the successor of classicism and intellectual atheism, and numbered in its ranks a Rousseau, a Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, a Chateaubriand, a Madame de Staël, whose names sounded like clarion notes through the end of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth. But even the gentler lights among the pantheists of literature, Vigny, Maurice de Guérin, Lamartine, Musset, Amiel, received wider recognition than the solitary dreamer who has, nevertheless, written pages more beautiful, perhaps, in their simplicity, charm, grandeur even, than have many of his better known contemporaries or successors.

These pages, which formed the repository of the intimate personal reveries of a nature delicately responsive to every impression and emotion, and which contained a depth of feeling and experience not appreciated by the many, were, however, we are told by Sainte-Beuve, cherished by a small band of admirers, — Sautetet, Bastide, Ampère, Stapfer, Nodier, — young and ardent spirits, who looked up to their author with reverence as to a master, and by a group of men of letters which counted such names as Rabbe, Ballanche, Pierre Leroux, and Boisjolin, the editor of the second edition

of Obermann. More than this, Sainte-Beuve himself, George Sand, and in recent years Jules Levallois, attracted by his rare gifts and his singular charm, have done for him in France what Matthew Arnold has done in England, and Alvar Törnudd in Finland: they have made him a name to the many, and more than a name to the few who appreciate beauty of style and the poet's power to interpret nature.

Several of the writers of the romantic school possessed to a remarkable degree this gift of rendering nature. Chateaubriand possessed it, though often in a studied form; Maurice de Guérin had it in all its naturalness and grace; Senancour had it with a simplicity, grandeur, and eloquence which have seldom been surpassed. He has given us pictures of singular beauty, both as a landscapist and as a poet; for he not only paints nature in her outward semblance, but he leads us into close companionship with what is hidden and intimate in her life. This is why Obermann has outlived obscurity. Although Senancour made no use of metrical form, he held more of the poetic gift of understanding and appreciating nature, and of interpreting her with subtle sympathy, than did many poets who wrote in verse. And in this feeling for nature he was perhaps less akin to Lamartine, the chief singer of French romanticism, than to Wordsworth and others among the English poets.

It may appear singular that the only countries where the works of Senancour have been widely appreciated are the lands of the far north, Finland, Sweden, and Norway. But his strong sympathy with all that was primitively sublime and titanic in nature and in man, which inspired him to write in Obermann, "It is to the lands of the north that belong the heroism born of enthusiasm, and the titanic dreams bred of sublime melancholy," must have formed a powerful attraction to a people whose early literature

represented types of primeval man and nature.

Obermann, written during 1801 to 1803, and first published in 1804, is a book of disconnected impressions and meditations, in the form of letters to a friend, containing the reveries of a recluse on life and nature. But although Obermann is an internal autobiography of Senancour, we must guard against taking too literally its external details, for the author purposely altered facts and dates in order to mislead the reader.

Étienne Pivert de Senancour was born in Paris in 1770, the year of the birth of Wordsworth. His father, who belonged to a noble and a comparatively rich family of Lorraine, and who held the office of comptroller of the revenues under Louis XVI., was a man of inflexible will, and of small sympathy with youth or with what goes to make youth gay. Young Senancour's childhood was not happy; he had little companionship, and no pleasures. A profoundly melancholy temperament, given him by nature, developed by all the conditions of his home life, made him prematurely sombre and discontented; ill health and his father's sternness increased a self-repression, apathy, and awkwardness which were the result partly of physical immaturity, and partly of mental precocity. Romantic from childhood, thirsting for joy with an intensity rarely seen in one so young, receiving back from life only disillusion and unsatisfied longings, he soon became acquainted with suffering, and could say with reason that he had never been young. Born without the power, but with the fierce desire, for happiness, his "joy in everything" was withered before it bloomed. The few allusions in Obermann to those early years show how greatly they influenced his after life. But among these memories of his youth one ray of content pierces now and then the general gloom, — his love for his mother, and her sympathy with him. Later, after death had separated him from her,

he pictures, with unwonted tenderness, the walks they took together in the woods of Fontainebleau, when he was a school-boy spending his vacations with his parents in the country. He was only fifteen at that time, but showed even then his love for all things beautiful in nature, his longing for solitude, his premature seriousness, his changeful moods, his ardent, sensitive, restless temperament which gave him no peace. At Paris, on the 27th of June, in Letter XI., this recollection comes to him as an inspiration: —

“The first time I went to the forest I was not alone. . . . I plunged into the densest part of the woods, and when I reached a clearing, shut in on all sides, where nothing could be seen but stretches of sand and of juniper trees, there came to me a sense of peace, of liberty, of savage joy, the sway of nature first felt in careless youth. Yet I was not gay. . . . Enjoyment grew wearisome, and a feeling of sadness crept over me as I turned my steps homeward. . . . Often I was in the forest before the rising of the sun. I climbed the hills, still deep in shadow; I was all wet from the dew-covered underbrush; and when the sun shone out I still longed for that mystic light, precursor of the dawn. I loved the deep gullies, the dark valleys, the dense woods; I loved the hills covered with heather; I loved the fallen boulders and the rugged rocks; and still better I loved the moving sands, their barren wastes untrdden by the foot of man, but furrowed here and there by the restless tracks of the roe or the fleeing hare. . . . It was then that I noticed the birch, a lonely tree, which even in those days filled me with sadness, and which since that time I have never seen without a sense of pleasure. I love the birch; I love that smooth, white, curling bark, that wild trunk, those drooping branches, the flutter of the leaves, and all that abandonment, simplicity of nature, attitude of the deserts.”

Here, then, at Fontainebleau, came

the first awakening of his feeling for nature, — a feeling which had perhaps already been unconsciously stirred at Ermenonville, a small village in the Valois, where Rousseau had died a few years before, in 1778. Young Senancour, who had early shown his love of study, and when only seven years old had devoured with feverish ardor every book of travel that fell into his hands, had been sent to school at Ermenonville, and lived with the curé of the parish. There, as an impressionable boy, he must have stood by the tomb of Rousseau; must have wandered in the castle grounds where Rousseau had spent his later years; have listened to the “rustling leaves of the birches;” have seen “the quiet waters, the cascade among the rocks, . . . and the green that stretches beyond like a prairie, above which rise wooded slopes,” as Gérard de Nerval, in *Sylvie*, pictures it to us in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

At fifteen Senancour entered the Collège de la Marche, at Paris, where he followed the four years’ course diligently, not brilliantly, but successfully, and graduated with honor. In those four years, his mind, already open to philosophic doubt, was definitely led into channels which destroyed whatever religious belief may have been feebly lodged there by his mother’s teaching. He left college an atheist. It had been the intention of the elder Senancour that his son should enter the priesthood, and, being a man of imperious will, unaccustomed to remonstrance or opposition, he immediately made arrangements for Étienne to take a two years’ preparatory course at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice.

By nature without depth of Christian religious feeling, by temperament fiercely opposed to rules and institutions, by education steeped in the philosophic thought of the day, the young student of Malebranche and Helvétius rose in revolt against a step which “essentially shocked his nature.” In August, 1789,

with the help of his mother, he left Paris, and buried himself in the solitudes of the Swiss Alps: there, in the region of perpetual ice, the primitive man in him strove to wrest from primitive nature the key to life.

At this period, when we see in him so much to "essentially shock" our natures, — his atheism, his antagonism to Christianity, his bitterness against institutions, — he has at least the merit of austere sincerity and of scrupulous morality. With a nature so sincere and so strongly opposed to a religious vocation, he could not bring himself to enter the priesthood solely for the sake of earning a living, or to play the hypocrite in order to satisfy an exacting parent.

"I could not sacrifice my manhood," he protests, "in order to become a man of affairs."

And in another place, in the same letter, he says: —

"It is not enough to look upon a profession as honest for the simple reason that one can earn an income of thirty or forty thousand francs without theft."

Sincerity he regarded as one of the natural, simple virtues. The grander virtues he had also known; he writes: —

"I have known the enthusiasm of the great virtues. . . . My stoical strength braved misfortunes as well as passions; and I felt sure that I should be the happiest of men if I were the most virtuous."

This stoicism was merely a phase; it went hand in hand with an atheism and a fatalism which were also nothing more than phases. They were not destined to endure long, but they produced his first work, *Réveries sur la Nature Primitive de l'Homme*, written during the early years of his exile in Switzerland, and published in 1799, when he had returned secretly to Paris. During those ten years France had passed through her great crisis; but the distant rumblings of the Revolution which had shaken his country to her foundations, and had reëchoed throughout Europe, seem to have left

Senancour unmoved. Buried in his mountain solitudes, surrounded by the silence of the snows, absorbed in the contemplation of natural forces, he remained apparently unconscious of the movement of the gigantic social forces around him. He represents passivity in an age of intense moral and social activity, the sage among soldiers, the dreamer of ideas for which the rest of the world were fighting, the believer in a new system which was even then overturning society, and which fifty years later was to produce men of his stamp.

But the Revolution which he ignored did not pass him by unnoticed, as he might have wished. His noble ancestry, and his abrupt departure from Paris immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution, were sufficient reasons to lay him open to suspicion, and for him to be classed as an *émigré*: thus his voluntary retirement was turned into a forced exile. Obligated, for political reasons, to make Switzerland his home, we find him, not long after his arrival, living in the house of a patrician family in the canton of Fribourg. A daughter of the house, unhappy in her home, and in her engagement to a man for whom she had no attachment, became interested in Senancour; they saw each other constantly, even began to write a romance together; she confided her troubles to him, and at last broke her engagement. Young Senancour, sensitive, scrupulous, believing himself to be morally, though unintentionally, bound to the young girl, married her in 1790, at the age of twenty. The marriage was not a happy one, but he remained a devoted husband until his wife's early death. He had been in love once, some years before, — a transient fancy, as he then thought, but one that had for a moment opened before him visions of happiness which might have been his, and that returned to him, in later years, with almost overwhelming force in the hour of his great moral crisis.

In Letter XI., from Paris, he writes: —

"It was in March; I was at L——. There were violets at the foot of the thickets, and lilacs in a little meadow, springlike and peaceful, open to the southern sun. The house stood high above. A terraced garden hid the windows from sight. Below the meadow, steep and rugged rocks formed wall upon wall; at the foot, a wide torrent; and beyond, other ledges, covered with fields, with hedges, and with firs! Across all this stretched the ancient walls of the city; an owl had made his home among the ruined towers. In the evening, the moon shone, distant horns gave answering calls; and the voice that I shall never hear again . . . !"

These dreams had passed, and in their place had come misfortunes in a long and overwhelming train. The loss of his fortune through the French Revolution, and of his wife's inheritance through the Swiss Revolution, a painful nervous trouble which deprived him throughout his life of the natural use of his arms, the long and mortal illness of his wife, the death of his father and of his much-loved mother, separation from his son and from his friends, — all these formed the setting of a grief, stifling and sombre, that found frequent expression in the book which was the *Journal Intime* of Senancour's inward experience.

In a life so grave, so full of disillusion, Senancour turned for support to nature, — to a nature calm, broad, majestic, that brought him moments of content, almost of happiness. His sensitive organization responded like an echo to every impression from the natural world, yet his enjoyment of nature had in it as much of an intellectual as of an emotional quality. His style attracts us, not so much from the sound of the words as from the musical flow of the phrase and the exquisitely harmonious turn of the sentence, the falling cadence at the close, with here and there a sudden break in the rhythm. No one who reads Obermann can fail to find rare

delight in the charm of its cadences, in the remarkable power of language which it shows, and in the magic faculty of the artist to see the elements that constitute a picture.

On the 19th of July, in Letter iv., Senancour writes from Thiel of a night spent on the shores of Lake Neuchâtel:

"In the evening, before the rising of the moon, I walked beside the green waters of the Thièle. Feeling inclined to dream, and finding the air so soft that I could pass the whole night in the open, I followed the road to Saint-Blaise. At the small village of Marin I turned aside to the lake at the south, and descended a steep bank to the shore, where the waves came to die on the sands. The air was calm; not a sail could be seen on the lake. All were at rest, — some in the forgetfulness of toil, others in the oblivion of sorrow. The moon rose: I lingered long. Toward morning she spread over the earth and the waters the ineffable melancholy of her last rays. Nature appears immeasurably grand when, lost in reverie, one hears the rippling of the waves upon the solitary shore, in the calm of a night still resplendent and illumined by the setting moon.

"Ineffable sensibility, charm and torment of our fruitless years, profound realization of a nature everywhere overwhelming and everywhere inscrutable, all-absorbing passion, deepened wisdom, rapturous self-abandonment, — all that a human soul can experience of deep desire and world-weariness, — I felt it all, I lived it all, on that memorable night. I have taken a fatal step toward the age of decay; I have consumed ten years of my life. Happy the simple man whose heart is always young!"

This passage has been quoted before; it cannot be quoted too often. There is a sentence in one of Emerson's *Letters to a Friend* that reminds one of it. He has been reading the *Vedas* "in the sleep of the great heats," and writes: —

"If I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, nature makes a Brahmin of me presently. Eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence, — this is her creed. Peace, she saith to me, and purity and absolute abandonment."

Less lyrical than Maurice de Guérin, Senancour was more of a Titan in power and daring; he was the epic poet of landscape. Nature in her bolder moods appealed to him most strongly: it was not her smiles, her graceful fancies, her waywardness, her exuberance, that moved him, as they did the more "elusive," changeful temperament of Maurice de Guérin; it was the rugged in her, the mysterious, the vast; he loved to grapple with the strength, the difficulties, of a wild and savage region. And in this he showed an intellectual rather than a sensuous quality, a quality which it is interesting to trace even in the words used to express the elements in nature that aroused his sympathy. Maurice de Guérin was attracted by the evanescence and grace of nature; Senancour by her "permanence" and "austerity." This austerity and permanence are especially insisted upon in one of the most striking of the Obermann letters, — the letter in which he tells of a day spent on the Dent du Midi.

On the 3d of September, in Letter VII., he writes from Saint-Maurice: —

"I have been to the region of perpetual ice, on the Dent du Midi. Before the sun shone upon the valley I had already reached the bluff overlooking the town, and was crossing the partly cultivated stretch of ground which covers it. I went on by a steep ascent, through dense forests of fir trees, leveled in many places by winters long since passed away: fruitful decay, vast and confused mass of a vegetation that had died, and had regerminated from the wrecks of its former life. At eight o'clock I had reached the bare summit which crowns the ascent, and which forms the first sali-

ent step in that wondrous pile whose highest peak still rose so far beyond me. Then I dismissed my guide, and put my own powers to the test. I wanted that no hireling should intrude upon this Alpine liberty, that no man of the plains should come to weaken the austerity of these savage regions. . . . I stood fixed and exultant as I watched the rapid disappearance of the only man whom I was likely to see among these mighty precipices. . . .

"I cannot give you a true impression of this new world, or express the permanence of the mountains in the language of the plains."

The whole of that day he spent among the chasms, the granite rocks, and the snows of the Alps, taken possession of by the inexpressible permanence of life in those silent regions, which seemed to have in them less of change than of immutability.

We can see the landscapes which Senancour paints: they are bold, vivid, and full of atmosphere. And we can feel the mysterious hidden life which he feels so profoundly, which becomes a passion with him, subdues him, absorbs him, until he has grown to be a part of it. The great Pan claims him. We must not, however, mistake Senancour. He loves nature, but to him man is the highest part of nature; only, man troubles him by departing from primitive standards, and nature does not. "It is true I love only nature," he writes, "but men are still the part of nature that I love the best."

It is not social man, as he existed at the close of the eighteenth century, that fills this high place in Senancour's affections. He pictures to himself a primitive life, simple, austere, uniform; a state of human relationships in which friendship such as the ancients knew it — the friendship of Cicero and Atticus, of Lælius and Africanus — holds a conspicuous place. By nature strong in the affections, this bond of two minds and souls, united in

thought, feeling, and belief, the "absolute running of two souls into one," as Emerson expresses it, has for him a deep attraction. He realizes what Emerson emphasizes with greater force when he writes that "the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell." And so Senancour writes: "Peace itself is a sad blessing when there is no hope of sharing it."

Believing firmly in the inborn goodness of humanity, he feels that the dictates of one's own nature are safe guides to be followed in life, "convinced," he declares, "that nothing that is natural to me is either dangerous or to be condemned." Yet these impulses which he acknowledges as wise leaders are never to be other than moderate, for, he says, "dejection follows every immoderate impulse." And the goodness which he broadly ascribes to all human nature is far from being of a commonplace order, to judge from his own definition: "True goodness requires wide conceptions, a great soul, and restrained passions." Himself a man of restrained passions, he willingly believes that all men are originally made virtuous, and he insists upon the melancholy degeneration of man as he has been made by the "caprices of this ephemeral world."

This forms the keynote of his aversion for the world, and the reason for his appeal to nature, when overwhelmed with despair at "the hopeless tangle of our age;" and with a full sense of his own impotence, he seeks solace in the strength of the stars and the peace of the solitary hills. For nature "holds less of what we seek, but . . . we are surer of finding the things that she contains." And thus, he believes, the tie is often stronger between man and the "friend of man" than between man and man; for "passion goes in quest of man, but reason is sometimes obliged to

forsake him for things that are less good and less fatal." Alone, battling with the "obstacles and the dangers of rugged nature, far from the artificial trammels and the ingenious oppression of men," he feels his whole being broaden. I cannot refrain from quoting in this connection a vivid description of one of his first communings with the "friend of man," after he had fled from a world which oppressed him, and against which he had neither the courage nor the power to struggle. In Letter VII., on the 3d of September, he writes from Saint-Maurice: —

"On those desert peaks, where the sky is measureless, and the air is more stable, and time less fleeting, and life more permanent, — there all nature gives eloquent expression to a vaster order, a more visible harmony, an eternal whole. There man is reinstated in his changeful but indestructible form; he breathes a free air far from social emanations; . . . he lives a life of reality in the midst of sublime unity."

In this very year Wordsworth was writing: —

"To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."

We can now, I think, understand in a measure why Senancour has remained obscure. He shunned the world, and the world neglected him; he could not make his way with a public whom he ignored and disliked. Shrinking from contact with men, craving neither applause nor popularity, despising every means of obtaining celebrity that savored of intrigue or expedient, he marked out for himself a rigid line of sincerity and truth. "If it is not sufficient," he writes, "to say things that are true, and to strive to express them in persuasive language, I shall not have success." And in harmony with this ideal of literary simplicity and directness was the feeling he had that an author should not strive to re-

ceive "approbation during his lifetime." The only success he honored and desired was the austere success of the future which assigns a work "to its right place." Surely this was not the temperament from which springs the desire to court notoriety or the power to win it.

Another reason for Senancour's failure to reach general appreciation is perhaps his unevenness. Like Wordsworth, he falls, at times, far below his level; not that he is ever weak, but in his tendency to repetition he becomes tiresome. Although in his later work he shows more unity and a clearer sense of proportion, in *Obermann* he is wanting in what is necessary to the creation of a complete work of art, — the power to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential. It is this power which makes Chateaubriand's *René* a finished painting, and the lack of this power which makes *Obermann* a portfolio of sketches as exquisite as Turner's water colors, intermingled with minute studies of unimportant details.

Obermann has been compared to *René*. Both books describe the same order of psychologic experience; they are both the expression of thwarted lives, of unsatisfied cravings. But there exists this difference between them: *René* represents passionate struggle, and, later, victory; *Obermann*, despairing acceptance, and, later, resignation. With *René*, nature is secondary to moral power; his expression is strong, brilliant, vigorous. With *Obermann*, nature is the spring of all beauty and perfection, — she is mystic, vast, inscrutable; his expression has something of the sensitive, the hidden charm which he has caught from the inner life of nature.

We know that Senancour became familiar with the works of his great contemporary, Chateaubriand; and that in 1816 he published a critical study of the *Génie du Christianisme*, in which he exposed with merciless candor and logic the insincerity of Chateaubriand's religious

position. But at the time that Senancour wrote *Obermann*, while he had read *Atala*, as he himself tells us, *René* and the *Génie du Christianisme* were still unknown to him. Whatever similarity existed between *Obermann* and *René* was therefore due to the spirit that animated the whole literary movement of the time, to the romantic tendency of which they were the simultaneous expression.

Another parallel that suggests itself is with *Amiel*; but here, too, there is a marked difference. Senancour's rendering of nature, which makes him worthy of being classed among the poets, is on a far higher plane of beauty than *Amiel's*, while he is greatly *Amiel's* inferior in strength of intellect, culture, and mental training. It is *Amiel's* keenness and justness as a critic of life and things, of men and books, that give him his claim to distinction. Senancour is a poet and moralist, *Amiel* a critic and speculative philosopher. The difference in their style is equally marked: *Amiel* is at his best where he is incisive, critical, epigrammatic, full of verve, cutting to the root of his subject like fine steel; Senancour, where he is poetical and meditative. The philosophy of *Amiel* is on a far more intricate scale, and takes a more prominent place in his *Journal* than does that of Senancour in *Obermann*; but the idea of the indefinite, miscalled the infinite, appeals equally to both, though in different ways. *Amiel* is fascinated by it, — his individual life is absorbed, evaporated, lost, in the universal nothing; while Senancour, alone, as an individual, stands face to face with an immutable and inscrutable eternity, which terrifies and overwhelms him, but which he desires to comprehend through an etherealized intelligence. The common ground on which they meet is their desire to be in unison with the life of nature, their mystical pantheism, and their morbid melancholia which leads them into pessimism, — all of these traits being an in-

heritance from their great progenitor, Rousseau. It was the malady of the century, — “melancholy, languor, lassitude, discouragement,” as we find in Amiel’s Journal, — lack of will power, the capacity to suffer, a minute psychologic analysis, the turning of life into a dream without production, that furnished the basis of their affinity.

We must, in fact, go back to the ideas which formed the spring of the Revolutionary movement and changed the conditions of modern society, to find the common meeting ground of all the romanticists. Unswerving belief in human nature, desire for the simplification of life and dislike of the complicated social conditions of the old order, passionate love of the natural world, full return to nature as the ideal of life, glorification of savage man, — these ideas, formulated by Rousseau, were the inspiration of Chateaubriand, Senancour, and Amiel. Rousseau, as the father of the movement, became the chief influence in the work of his successors: he set the type for their beliefs; he opened the path through which all were to walk, — some as leaders, like Chateaubriand, others as recluses, like Senancour; his spirit pervaded not only France, but Europe; from him proceeded Childe Harold, Werther, and René, as well as *Obermann*.

The poet with whom Senancour has most of kinship in mood, in feeling, in charm of expression, is Matthew Arnold. That *Obermann* exerted a strong influence over Matthew Arnold’s early years is clear from several references in both of the *Obermann* poems. “We feel thy spell!” the English poet cries; and that spell draws him to solitude, to sad reverie, to companionship with the eremite, the “master of my wandering youth,” the name he gives, many years later, to *Obermann*. But stronger still than this inclination is the opposite impulsion, the necessity which is upon him to go out into the strife of men, — an

unseen driving power which he calls fate, but which we might call conscience. And so he cries: —

“I go, fate drives me; but I leave
Half of my life with you.”

Yet with him he carries into the world that thing which

“has been lent
To youth and age in common discontent,”
and the

“infinite desire
For all that might have been,”

and

“The eternal note of sadness.”

It is the poet in Matthew Arnold that claims “fellowship of mood” and sympathy with the poet in Senancour. This may explain why Matthew Arnold has not given of him one of his delightful critical portraits. The affinity is too close, the influence too subtle, to be brought within the limits of analysis. But beyond this personal affinity of mood, Matthew Arnold reveres *Obermann* as a sage and seer. Every one will recall those verses, in the first *Obermann* poem, beginning:

“Yet, of the spirits who have reigned
In this our troubled day,
I know but two who have attained,
Save thee, to see their way.”

These two spirits are Wordsworth and Goethe.

Twenty years later he returns to “*Obermann* once more,” and in a vision is charged by the ancient sage to carry to the world the message of that hope for which Senancour had so passionately longed. *Obermann*, addressing the younger poet, urges him to bear

“‘Hope to a world new-made!
Help it to fill that deep desire,
The want which crazed our brain,
Consumed our soul with thirst like fire,
Immedicable pain.’”

Matthew Arnold here constitutes himself the disciple and exponent of *Obermann*, the interpreter of his aspirations, and the complement, as it were, of his unfulfilled and disappointed life.

The fellowship of Matthew Arnold

with Obermann is seen in several of his poems, — in *The Grande Chartreuse*, *The Youth of Nature*, *The Youth of Man*, and markedly in *Self-Dependence*.

Indirectly, it is also apparent in many modes of thought and feeling. In both poets there is a ground tone of melancholy underlying the passionate craving for tranquillity and joy, which leaves them forever reaching out toward a goal that can never be attained. Together with this is the sense of the futility of human effort, and a blind reliance on fate. Both are stoical in their austerity, and both are transcendental in their tendencies. In both we find a deep discontent with "the thousand discords" and the "vain turmoil" of the world; a desire to be in sympathy and union with the inner life of the universe, — to

"Yearn to the greatness of Nature;"

and the final appeal to nature, whose glory and greatness and calm are alone enduring, while all else is subject to change, — a nature who can say of men in Matthew Arnold's words, —

"They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
I remain.'"

And how like Senancour is the spirit of these lines! —

"For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

But this resemblance, strong as it is in many ways, belongs more to their moods, their ethical attitude toward life, the peculiar temper of their minds, than to character, or intellect, or creative power. As a result of this affinity of sentiment is a certain similarity in rhythm, the outward but elusive expression of the inner feeling. In both writers we find the same note of sadness in the cadence, the same grace and charm of diction, the same dying fall at the end of the sentence, like the ebb and flow of the

waves on the shore. Especially is this evident in *The Youth of Man*, *The Youth of Nature*, parts of *Tristram and Iseult*, and *Dover Beach*. There exists this difference between them: in Senancour the expression is spontaneous and natural; in Matthew Arnold it is finished, and the result of art and study.

Senancour's inward changes during the twenty-five years that followed the appearance of his first work, the *Rêveries*, were great; they formed a gradual and continuous growth, from despair to resignation, from restlessness to calm, from doubt to belief, from materialism through pantheism to theism. Throughout Obermann we see traces of a passionate longing for more than nature could give him, something higher than nature. On the 17th of August, in Letter XVIII., he writes from Fontainebleau: —

"I am filled with an unrest that will never leave me; it is a craving I do not comprehend, which overrules me, absorbs me, lifts me above the things that perish. . . . You are mistaken, and I too was once mistaken; it is not the desire for love. A great distance lies between the void that fills my heart and the love that I have so deeply desired; but the infinite stretches between what I am and what I crave to be. Love is vast, but it is not the infinite. I do not desire enjoyment; I long for hope, I crave knowledge! . . . I desire a good, a dream, a hope, that shall be ever before me, beyond me, — greater even than my expectation, greater than what passes away."

At the time he wrote these words, he had no belief in the immortality of the soul, no hope beyond this world. Later, this belief and this hope were to come to him; but even then he had glimpses of the future peace, as when he writes, in Letter XIX., on the 18th of August: —

"There are moments when I am filled with hope and liberty; time and things pass before me with majestic harmony, and I feel happy. . . . I have surprised myself returning to my early years; once

more I have found in the rose the beauty of delight and its celestial eloquence. Happy! I? And yet I am; and happy to overflowing, like one who reawakens from the terrors of a dream to a life of peace and liberty, — like one who emerges from the filth of a dungeon, and, after ten years, looks once again upon the serenity of the sky; happy like the man who loves the woman he has saved from death! But the moment passes; a cloud drifts across the sun and shuts out its inspiring light; the birds are hushed; the growing darkness drives away both my dream and my joy.”

The time was to come when this life of “peace and liberty” would no longer be seen by snatches, between the drifting clouds, but would fill him with the serenity he so ardently craved. Perhaps he little dreamed that his prayer, framed as a question, was to be answered in his life with the same beauty that he pictured it in words. In Letter XXIII., dated on the 18th of October from Fontainebleau, we find this passage: —

“Will it also be given to man to know the long peace of autumn after the unrest of the strength of his years, — even as the fire, after its haste to be consumed, lingers before it is quenched?”

“Long before the equinox the leaves had fallen in quantities, yet the forest still holds much of its verdure and all of its beauty. More than forty days ago everything looked as though it would end before its time, and now everything is enduring beyond its allotted days; receiving, at the very door of destruction, a lengthened life, which lingers on the threshold of its decay with abundant grace or security, and seems to borrow, as it weakens with gentle loitering, both from the repose of approaching death and from the charm of departing life.”

This we may take as a picture of his own old age. Not that his material surroundings had in any way improved; the change was internal, and was the fulfillment of his own words: “The true

life of man is within himself; what he absorbs from the outside world is merely accidental and subordinate.” The fruit of this change came to maturity in his last important work, *Libres Méditations*, written fifteen years after Obermann. In the writer of the *Méditations* we see a man who has profoundly suffered, and whose spirit has been softened, chastened, harmonized. His last word to the world is the calm, majestic expression of one who has realized the existence of a distant truth, and has succeeded in lessening the space which separated him from it. It is the answer to the restless questionings, the doubt, of Obermann. Even in Obermann he had begun to feel that nature was not the beginning and the end of all things. On a day in August, in Letter XVI., he wrote from Fontainebleau: —

“What noble sentiments! What memories! What quiet majesty in a night, soft, calm, luminous! What grandeur! But the soul is overwhelmed with doubt. It sees that the feelings aroused by sentient things lead it into error; that truth exists, but in the far distance.”

In the *Méditations* the pursuit of this distant truth has led him to belief in a God, in a future life, in a governing power in the universe; nature is the proof of divine wisdom; the world we live in, and the world to which we are pressing forward, are the results of divine justice. The *Méditations* is a work of distinct ethical value; its writer, a moralist of the type of Marcus Aurelius. The classic dignity and repose of its style, its full and measured numbers, like the solemn harmonies of church music, are the perfect outward expression of elevation of thought, a poised nature, a spirit of peace and consolation. We are lifted above the strife of the world to a region of moral grandeur. The poet is lost in the philosopher.

This change, although so fundamental, is not a mark of inconsistency. The youth of nineteen, who ran away from

home to avoid acting a part, is still the man of maturity, who wrote the *Méditations*; genuineness, simplicity, and the love of truth form the basis of his nature.

Senancour lived for twenty-seven years after writing the *Méditations*, and the spirit of calm continued to grow upon him; yet his external life can scarcely have held more of happiness in his old age than it had in his youth. He had left Switzerland many years before, soon after the completion of *Obermann*, and had returned to Paris, where, poor and almost in want, he lived a secluded life, with his daughter as his only companion,

in a house near the Place de la Bastille, on the Rue de la Cerisaie, a street of interesting historic memories connected with Charles VI. and Francis I. There, a recluse in the midst of the world, he composed his *Méditations*, and there, obliged to live by his pen, the only way open to him, he wrote for the periodicals and journals of Paris, edited encyclopædias, prepared historical summaries, and spent years in the drudgery of the literary profession. In 1846, four years before the death of Wordsworth, at the age of seventy-six, he died at Saint-Cloud, a lonely old man.

Jessie Peabody Frothingham.

SMALL VOICES OF THE TOWN.

WHEN this roaring, stony, aching city dies; when its harbor is choked, and commerce goes elsewhere; when corruption and oppression, or a hope of exercising them, have driven the last of its cave dwellers to the tenements of rival towns, the grass will sprout in its streets, its Babel towers will soften into ruin, the birds will return, and within a twelve-month Nature will have declared herself in the place that had forgotten her. The bird's voice, then, is not its racial memory alone: it utters prophecy. How futile this hiding from the universal will! Law finds us in every habitation. Perch we never so high, we cannot cheat gravity; delve we never so low, the moral also seeks us. At its worst the town is open to some beauty, and has lately, in alarm for its own state, widened its gates to more. Public parks, gardens, playgrounds, recreation piers, and boulevards are creations almost of our day, and have been forced into being by the huddling of mankind into a throng, with faces turned inward. That meant the denial and desertion of every benefit the town stands for. A city of a million without

a breathing spot, — conceive it! A barbarism! A monstrosity! It is astonishing and pathetic that multitudes come and go along the avenues and years without knowledge of the silence, the music, the grace, hue, light, substance, and resource of the world. They are not so to pass forever. Voices have begun to call from the fields, and they listen. They are learning the need of touch with the soil. They have discovered air. They have seen water, and have timidly put their hands into it. Their children have been haled away to the farms, and have come back brown and strong; and their sons have gone away as soldiers, discovering, as they marched with their regiments, that parts of the earth had no build-ings, and yielded only grateful smells and colors. When these town folk are stubborn, and keep out even of the parks, the darkness, the miasm, and the uproar do their work, and in the third generation their line runs to its end.

But not only are the masses learning to use their parks: they are beginning to watch for those estrays who come in from that region round about the city, — that

region of vague report where trees grow, where creatures call and sing, where water flows strangely among rocks instead of through pipes, and where one can even walk on grass! Not all these waifs are of our own species. No; for they bring proof instead of rumor. There are feathered bipeds who can speak on this point, and without looking up statistics, which I cannot venerate, I should not dare to say how many species of birds have been seen in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and particularly in the wicked town of Chicago. Certainly there were scores. Most of these are astonished and unhappy migrants, who pause in their flight to the North or South; but now and again some robin, bluebird, swallow, crow, or warbler goes deliberately to town to see what manner of place it is, and lingers for two or three days, making bold to sing of a morning in the supposed security of a shade tree. Wood thrushes have been seen and heard in crowded sections of New York, and in my yard in town I have been honored by the visit of a humming bird to my honeysuckles.

Even the house sparrow, or, as we usually name him, the English sparrow, carries in his voice and flight a hint of wildness and liberty, albeit no other bird is so seldom wild and wants less freedom. Some of us are undergoing a reluctant change of heart toward this little beggar. He is so noisy, quarrelsome, greedy, and assertive that we don't like to concede any good in him; yet he does scavenger service about our streets. He did eat up the cankerworms that used to dangle from our shade trees and measure their length along our coats and hats, and once in a while he tries his luck with bigger game. In a park, the other day, I saw a cock sparrow pounce on the slithy green grub of one of our largest moths, a creature nearly as long as himself, give him a dislocating flip with his beak, such as a terrier gives to a rat, and leave him dead. Whether or no he

would have eaten the grub I cannot say; for just then he caught my eye, and, discovering me to be of a stone-throwing race, flew off discreetly. Animals pain me by such reflections on the human species; for it is not such a bad species when we catch it young and train it right. The sparrow resembles it in that he is a social imp. He wants no end of his own society, and will not endure to be far from ours. It is by sheer force of numbers, by taking to himself all available nesting and roosting places, that he has so nearly driven our shy and tuneful wild birds from the town. Nearly, I say; for in our Southern and Western cities, albeit the sparrow has arrived, we may still hear the choirs at practice.

If ever you should be cast away in one of those towns, in Missouri or Kansas, where you change cars at four in the morning, and which your own train does not leave till nine, if it gets in on time, do not take the case too sorely. If it is the opera season, — say June, — walk about the streets in the dawn, and hear the mocking birds and their rivals, the brown thrushes. The sparrows have not driven them away, at all events. These artists will stand on the ridgepoles of houses and barns, on the locked arms of windmills, on telegraph wires, on tree-tops, and deliver themselves to the joy of song. I will not believe that all this melody is for mates and children in the nests: it is pure exuberance and delight in music. Sometimes I fancy that it flatters them to have an audience, not too near, and I am always ready to subscribe for a box for these concerts; still, they like to sing just as Paderewski likes to play. The brown thrush or thrasher, who is a better singer in the West than in the East, and is as tame as the mocking bird, is one of the most delightful of soloists. The brightness, range, and variety of his performance, in which he suggests rather than copies the notes of other birds, give to his song a frequent surprise and enduring interest that contrast indeed with

the monotony of the sparrow's rasping chirp. Yet, if you listen, you will find that the sparrow has variety, likewise. If, did I say? Alack! there is no alternative. You do not go to him to hear what he may disclose: he brings his remarks to you. Probably you have never seen an English sparrow so far away as a mile from any house; and it is a question of only a few years when all the other birds will retire to the woods, and leave the peopled districts to him.

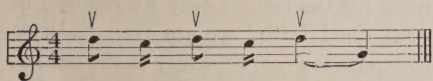
Beyond the Missouri the wild birds are almost as plenty in the towns as they were in the Eastern cities until just after the war. Not many days ago, in a walk through Wichita, Kansas, I stopped to discover the cause of a bobbery that was going on at a stone's toss from the main street. It was in a big apple tree in a front yard, where a blackbird was evidently trying to rear a family. A jay had called to see how the industry was progressing, and the blackbird, being disturbed in his mind, was launching at the visitor a series of opinions that were not fit for publication. The jay would stand secreted in another tree till the father of the family had calmed himself, when he would venture on another visit, and would again be driven forth with contumely. I have a fancy that the jay took a malicious delight in rousing his neighbor's temper, and the whole thing may have been a lark, — if a jay can be a lark.

The owner of the premises, noting my interest, came to the gate, and looking at the jay asked, "Did you know those fellows would steal poultry? The other day one of them pounced on to a small chicken in my yard, and pecked his head and neck till the blood ran; then he lifted him and had him fairly in the air before I made a rush. I was only thirty feet away. It did n't do much good to save the chicken, though, for it died next morning." Such a feral tendency on the part of this bird is surprising; but another man, in a town a hundred miles

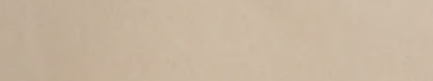
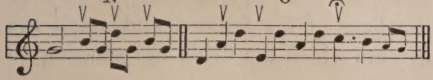
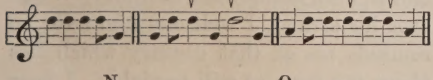
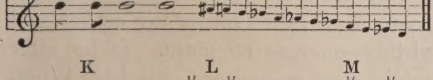
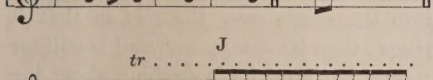
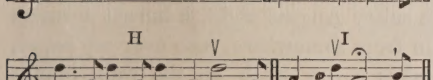
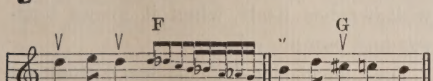
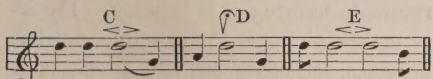
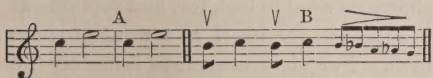
from there, had already told me the same thing, so it seems as if the tale were true. I had heard of crows eloping with chickens, but never before of the blue jay as an abductor. Yet I should not wonder if he and his friends were learning vices from civilization; for winged people, who see us somewhat distantly, and suffer no end of wrong from our cruelty, greed, and appetite, must take us to be the embodiment of all the mischiefs. Even the sparrow might have had a better voice, if he had not so often heard us quarreling and discussing our affairs in a needless octave above the pleasant. He is almost the only bird of whom it may be said that his voice is disagreeable; yet that may be merely because we do not know how to read it. There are voices and voices, and some of the sparrows hint at music.

As to the variety which pertains in vocal modulations alone, — not in quality, frequency, or duration; only in the order of tones, — another town bird will give us all the illustration we can ask. It is the cock of the common domestic fowl, who, for reasons theoretically associated with fresh eggs, is permitted to haunt the abiding places of men, and trouble their morning sleep. The cat is occasional, but the cock is chronic. The cat sings with a motive: it is love or fighting. But the cock's clarion has no discovered reason, at least when he blows it at two in the morning; and if his noise breaks loose at that hour, every bird of his sex and species who has heard him will arise in the darkness and say so. They tell us you can keep him quiet during the night by putting his perch a few inches below a roof or shelf, so that he will not have room to stretch his neck. Also, they say, you can cut his vocal cords, if you know where to look for them, and do not cut his jugular or any other of his more important works instead; and a friend has described to me the astonishment of a cock who had been subjected to this surgery, when he tried to crow next morning. He strained himself

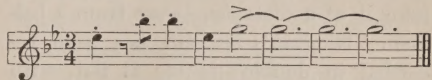
almost into an apoplexy, and hearing no sound except a faint hissing, like the escape of gas, he looked over the earth, with eyes that bulged in marveling, as if he had lost his voice somewhere in the grass. If we listen to this bird, instead of heaping reproof upon him, however, we shall learn something of animal personality. We of course know that in size, form, weight, color, plumage, markings, and so on, he is different from all his fellows, but we have to know him a little better than as a nuisance to discover that in conduct and character he is also apart. His voice betokens his habits and thinking, if only we could read it; and while there is a type of his crow that we all recognize, there are as many variants as there are birds. The type song is in 4-4 time, accented on the first three beats, with a hold on the third, and a diminuendo thence to the closing note, which is usually a fifth below: —



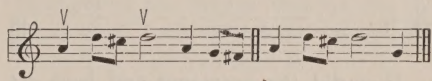
Here are a few of these calls of the cock:



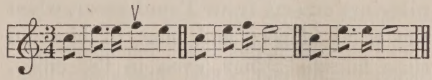
Those last fellows will be musicians, if they keep on. Which suggests the question if any other musician than Saint-Saëns ever made use of the cock-crow in a serious work. He brings it in near the end of his *Death Dance*, when the skeletons that have been clattering about the graveyard in their mad waltz are put to flight by this herald of the dawn, whose voice is idealized by the oboe, and whose phrase is idealized, too, as observe: —



The “rooster,” having decided upon his crow, usually keeps to it; yet the same fowl may sing false notes, or change the tempo, or introduce a Chopinesque rubato. Here are two consecutive attempts of one of these songsters: —



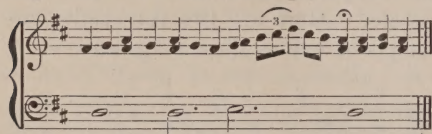
In a space of a couple of minutes I have heard another cock give three separate versions of his challenge. Do you suppose he made them up, on purpose, or that they were accidental and unconscious?



The rhythm, as may be noticed, is the same in each of these three versions, and the differences are slight, yet they are differences. And we might follow these instances with others, to show that birds have a larger scope of vocal expression, in proportion to their size and presumed mental activity, than men have, — oh, far more. It is of interest to reduce matters of this kind to notes, for it proves that music, instead of being a device of man, is one of the basal functions; that it is as inevitable in nature as is molecular or atomic change. And what, pray, are the chemical alliances of the elements but silent chords — har-

monies of material — expressing themselves to the eye in the perfectness and loveliness of the crystal ?

This matter of animal voices is commended to naturalists. If they inquire patiently, they will learn something, we may be sure. Other voices, also, there are, which speak to us in whispers or faint music, too commonly without a listener. I dare guess that the turmoil of Broadway would resolve itself into a melodious or even harmonious roar, if we could take it at a distance, — say from a balcony. Niagara's anthem has been recorded in double-double B flat, with fifths and octaves; and while reading on an October afternoon, I found my attention straying to listen to this eerie crooning of the wind in a stovepipe : —



How did the overtones and bass get in? The substance and stimulus for the arts abound everywhere, and new arts await development by those who look, and feel, and taste, and smell, and hear. Who knows but that one of these days our stovepipes will be fluting the pilgrims' chorus from Tannhäuser, when the wind blows; and that in blossom time human beings, even in the cities, will as joyously harmonize with the environment which is their right as do the birds and butterflies? Flowers are least common in the city, but for that reason they are the more esteemed. When we see carriages and coffins decorated with them, we wonder why they have not also been adapted to the adornment of living creatures; at least to the extent of providing wreaths for our heads, in place of hats. We show stupidity in no other thing so strikingly as in our thick, hot, unsuitable clothing. When we wear a dress fitting for the summer, we shall have borrowed the robes of the angels. Think, now, of a mantle of rose petals,

velvety, tender, pink, fragrant, edged with yarrow leaves, lacy, curling, fine, and spicy; a crown of pansies, modest, cheerful; a water-lily stem for belt, its pure flower for a knot or buckle, unless you will have honeysuckle, which will more copiously enrich the air about you; and a golden coreopsis at the throat. Not a costume for iron moulders, but I wish any of us were worthy of this attire. How timidly we would accept it, till Mrs. Grundy said we might! For we are averse to experiment, and find fewest briars and least resistance in the beaten track. We occupy our middle plane in the world, seeing and knowing what we find at that level. The microscope and the telescope, the poet and the minister, the bird and the blossom, hint at our losses and ignorances. Some of the matters missed by our thick ears and weak sight are missed luckily; but others are so beautiful that we should weep for the lack, if only we realized it. And, good faith! we are even loath to recognize the coarse beauty of the streets, seeing nothing there till an artist has shown us what to look for, and repining at the picturesque itself as a want of slickness. For picturesqueness is merely the return to nature; it is honesty. Poverty makes pictures, for example, until it becomes self-conscious, and smirks and whitewashes itself, when it grows tedious and commonplace.

As I sit at my desk at ten o'clock on a sultry August night, a hornet bounces in from somewhere, runs over my paper, takes a dry wash on the wall, bumps into the shade over the gas so that it rings; then he disappears, and is still for a time, but later he is slashing about the room again; then retires to a corner, and visibly emerges no more. Is he after moths, flies, mosquitoes, or light? Whatever his errand, I welcome him; for he reminds me of that country which lies about the town so still to-night. I hear the buzz of his fellows, and smell the incense which the fields are offering to

the moon. The primrose candles are lighted, out there, and the moths are dancing about them. When I bury my face in a mass of roses and revel in their fragrance, I am smitten by a sense of unfitness for this blessing. It is the gay, pure-souled insect for whom the flower was made. He takes only a simple, trusting mind to it. If we could carry such natures into the world, maybe we also should find our paths hedged everywhere by flowers. And to think! It was but yesterday we were taught that nature was made for man! Now we know that man has been graciously allowed to adapt himself to nature. And I am grateful to the hornet that he has brought in these hints of the open, and proved anew that the town is pervious to wild presences and good influences. He sheds visions from his wings, and I see green and hear the birds. Let us be thankful for these dreams, — thankful that in our idle moments we can be more than ever busy; that we can offset our conduct with intentions, our misfortunes with hopes, our earthiness with heaven, the loneliness and heaviness of town with love. For what our lame, tired, heavy bodies refuse our minds may do, even though they move on so light a vehicle as the gossamer wing of a hornet. Imagination is the blessed compensate for material lack: through it the invalid becomes the athlete; the timid becomes the hero; the poor revels in a bounty that money could never supply; and the shut-in is free to the uttermost range of space.

My hornet has a sting, but he confides in me, and I in him: hence there is no violence. I do not strike at him. I merely wonder how he survived the journey through the streets. If he were fifty times as large and entirely harmless, he would have been struck down some-

where on the way. This infamous rage for killing! Oh, the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose: the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of a man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! Oh, brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on these harmless ones, that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

Charles M. Skinner.

A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

THE house was very still, and the little boy was all alone. His mother and uncle had gone downtown an hour ago, and the servant girl had taken advantage of their absence to slip out for a gossip in a neighboring kitchen. The blinds were closed to keep out the sun, and the scent of lilac blossoms stole into the darkened rooms through the open windows. The boy had been sitting on the lounge in the study, regarding attentively the frontispiece to Sturm's *Reflections for Every Day in the Year*, which represented a gentleman and lady examining a vase of goldfishes. The author's reflection appertinent to this plate was given upon page 234; but the boy was unable to profit by it, for the letterpress was beyond him as yet. Instead, he had reflections of his own upon the gentleman's swallow-tailed coat and the bell-crowned hat which he politely held in his hand, — as the boy himself had been taught to do when indoors. The lady's ringlets and very short-waisted gown also invited reflection; and the goldfishes would lend themselves to decorative purposes, if only one had not mislaid the camel's-hair brush belonging to the box of water-color paints upstairs.

There was no sound about the house except the sucking and flapping of a shade in one of the study windows, as it drew in and out in the soft spring air. But presently there blended with this something more insistent, more distinctly rhythmical, and suggestive of human agency. The boy listened. Yes, it was unmistakably the strains of a hand-organ, though very far away. He turned the pages of moral Sturm, and arrived at the engraving of a youth playing on the harp in a lofty, bare apartment, whose furniture consisted of a globe and a pair of compasses. These emblems were mysterious; but the harp seemed

to be subtly allusive to that other musical instrument, the sound of which, however, had now failed. Suddenly it started up again, and much nearer. The artist was in our own street.

The boy dropped his book, and ran to the front door. The door itself was open, but the blinds were shut, and he stood behind them, expectant, "in the sunlight greenly sifted." Before long the music stopped again, and soon the hand-organ man himself was seen approaching, with his melodious burden on his back. It was a quiet street of shady dooryards and houses inhabited by elderly people. Few children were there at any time, and now it was the middle of the long forenoon, and school was in. So the minstrel's progress along the lonely block was unattended, and he glanced wistfully from house to house, uncertain of a harvest.

Finally he arrives before the house of the boy. He pauses; he regards the green door blinds. Moment big with fate! Slowly he unslings his hurdy-gurdy. He is going to play here, — right here. Ours is the divinely selected mansion. It would not have occurred to the little boy to do anything himself toward influencing the decision. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the principle which governs a hand-organist in passing by one gate, and stopping before another, is inscrutable by human boys. Older people might have suspected that, in this instance, the row of small finger tips visible between the slats of the door blind had something to do with the choice.

A lover of soda water has assured me that in Germany he found only two flavors, — *mit* and *ohne*. *Mit* is red; *ohne* is white. Even so, at a New England rural fair, an itinerant fizz-vender was wont to explain to his customers

the distinction between his "serrops." "Rawsberry 'n' sars'p'rilla," he would announce: "rawsberry's red; sars'p'rilla's yaller." Of hand-organs, also, the kinds are two: mit, with a monkey; ohne, without. There used to be sometimes a third species, that had cardboard figures in the front, which danced to the music; but this was so rare that it may be disregarded in the classification.

This hand-organ, of which I tellè you my tale, was of the ohne variety, and it was more fitting so. Among the respectable dwellers in this back street — what the policeman on the beat once called "the nobility of the block" — and in the still profundity of the mid-forenoon — what the Greeks called "the deep of the morning" — the antics of even the most melancholy monkey would have been little short of an outrage.

And now the instrument began to play. The first tune on its list was Old Dog Tray, a good, droning melody which might seem to have been composed expressly for hand-organs. Behind his screen the boy listened invisibly, until a click in the machinery announced that the tune was changed. When the Marseillaise struck up, he was emboldened to throw open the shutters and seat himself on the stone doorstep. He was having the performance all to himself. No neighbor came along the sidewalk; not even the baker's cart passed. He was like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, sitting alone in the vast, empty, brilliantly lighted theatre, while Wagner's operas were played for his sole benefit.

But presently he bethought himself that it was customary to give pennies or other coin to organ grinders. He had seen the thing done repeatedly, and this grinder would doubtless expect it. He knew where his uncle kept his money, and he went to the study to get it. There was a desk, in whose upper compartments were writing materials and other articles: a tray of quill pens; a perforated receptacle for sand, — black, glittering

sand, with which the uncle would pepper a freshly written sheet, to dry the ink, and which it was fun to scrape off afterwards with the paper folder, when it rustled fascinatingly against the paper; a box of varicolored wafers, nice to wet with the tongue — flavored, as they were, with wintergreen — and stick in patterns upon the closet door; sticks of red, green, and yellow sealing wax, with a seal which stamped a monogram on the wax when melted; a shoehorn, simulating a scimiter; and a lamp pick, which, withdrawn from its spool-like sheath, made an excellent dagger to stab enemy Turks.

But in the drawer of the desk there was treasure: rolls of bright red new copper cents, done up in paper, gummed at the ends, twenty in a roll; better still and more easy to come at, a chamois-skin bag containing silver of all denominations, from the tiny pieces that Ki Graham, the cook's nephew, called "thripenny bits" up to big round dollars.

Arrived with all this wealth at the front door, the boy sat down upon the mat, untied the string which fastened the mouth of the bag, emptied the silver coins on the broad top landing of the doorsteps, and proceeded to arrange them in glittering rows, beginning with the three-cent pieces, — mere thin wafers of white metal, — and running up through an ascending series of half-dimes, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollars. It was his plan to give a coin after each tune, commencing with the smallest, and when they were all gone rising to the next higher denomination. He had an imperfect understanding of money values, but he argued, from the analogy of candies and other possessions, that the biggest must be the best; and he calculated that, in this way, not only would he get music as long as the money held out, but the constantly increasing size of the reward would stimulate the hand-organ man to higher exertions.

The Italian's black eyes glistened, but he did not swoop down upon the treasure, gather it in, and march off. Perhaps he was a good hand-organ man; perhaps he thought the risk too great. He did not even glance up and down the street to see if any one was coming, but, with eyes fixed lovingly upon this potentiality of wealth, and with a grin about his bearded lips, he entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and ground away with steady rapidity. The Marseillaise had been followed by Pop Goes the Weasel, Rosalie the Prairie Flower, and a number of national airs, and the row of threepenny bits was sensibly diminishing.

"Grinder, who serenely grindest

At my door the Hundredth Psalm,

Till thou ultimately findest

Pence in thine unwashen palm,"

exhibited no greater patience and forbearance than did this favorite of fortune, as he saw the beginning of the half-dime row approaching. *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, he wielded his crank. He had played clear through his repertory of tunes, and now commenced on them again. But repetition did not pall upon his audience. So have I seen school

children, — reinforced with a luncheon of cookies and chocolate caramels, — after a long forenoon at a "continuous performance," when the programme began its round again, greet each familiar feature of the show with unimpaired eagerness.

It was in the midst of a spirited execution of Dandy Jim of Caroline that the shuffle of feet and the rap of a cane made themselves heard along the sidewalk. A gentleman and lady stopped at the gate. At the same moment footsteps sounded along the entry, and the servant girl arrived upon the scene, R. U. E. and pat as the conclusion of an old comedy. There was a momentary tableau, and then the lady pounced upon the boy, and smothered him with kisses and laughter; the maid, with a shriek, threw herself upon the silver, and swept it into the bag; the gentleman lifted his hat ironically to the musician, who touched his own grimy headpiece in answer, with a sympathetic grin, and then, shouldering his organ, strolled pensively down the street; while the boy was borne into the penetralia of the house, struggling and protesting that the concert was only just begun.

Henry A. Beers.

THE ILLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"IN the long run," wrote Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in a passage which is said to have cost him fifty thousand Quaker votes, "a class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the best interests of a community as a class of professional wrong-doers." These words, we shall see, set forth one of the causes of Pennsylvania's political corruption.

But before we lay Pennsylvania's shame at the doors of a sect whose personal morality is leagues above the average of other denominations, let us inquire a moment.

"What's the matter with Pennsylvania?" shouted the Quay captains, flushed with victory, after the famous fight of 1895; and from every corner of Harrisburg, from the marching columns of heelers with which Quay delights to add a touch of mediæval pageantry to his battles, from lips that smacked with the thought of the loaves and fishes of official plunder, came the slow, hoarse, exultant slogan, "She's all right!" But a few weeks ago, when Philadelphia tried to borrow \$9,000,000 at 3 per cent, and got only \$5000, then the bankers and

business men would have taken time to think before answering the question, "What's the matter with Pennsylvania?" When political knavery reaches the point where the state's financial credit is impaired, then even calloused Pennsylvania realizes it is no longer a mere cry of "wolf," and begins a searching of hearts.

What's the matter with Pennsylvania? Indeed, she hath more than one disease. But the principal one is, she is politically the most corrupt state in the Union. I know the editor of the Philadelphia Press denied this vehemently. "We only seem so," said he, "because the lid is off just now; instead of being blamed we ought to be praised. We took the lid off, ourselves; other states leave it on." His loyalty I appreciate; his logic I deplore. I am more inclined to the testimony of another Philadelphia editor: "I lived in Nevada in the boom times; I have lived in New York through several administrations; I have lived in the easy virtue of official Washington. Pennsylvania beats them all. Pennsylvania has every kind of political deviltry I ever saw or heard of elsewhere, and a few more that she has evolved herself."

Now why? Why cannot Philadelphia borrow money at 3 per cent, when other large cities can, and Baltimore can borrow for less? Why do you expect a fresh tale of political debauchery in Pennsylvania in your morning paper as regularly as floods in Texas or train robberies in Montana? Why does your casual acquaintance in the smoking car, when you tell him your native state, ask you, "What's the matter with that state of yours, anyhow?" And what answer ought you to make him, if you had made a thorough study of the deeper causes of the trouble? If it were New York, the question would insult your intelligence. You would merely point to the ships at the immigrant station, adding two hundred a day to the voting population, — many of them ignorant and venal;

making 82 per cent of New York's population foreign-born or the children of foreign-born. But in Pennsylvania — Here is the story: —

Massachusetts:

Native-born of native parents	44 per cent.
Foreigners	56 per cent.

Pennsylvania:

Native-born of native parents	66 per cent.
Foreigners	34 per cent.

Boston:

Native-born of native parents	35 per cent.
Foreigners	65 per cent.

Philadelphia:

Native-born of native parents	47 per cent.
Foreigners	53 per cent.

As Webster said, "Massachusetts, — there she stands." And Pennsylvania, — there she stands, too. Philadelphia is the most native-born and the most evil large city in America. You can't dismiss Pennsylvania's problem with a shrug of the shoulders and an easily uttered "Oh, hordes of ignorant foreigners!" You may go over the whole list of the bosses and sub-bosses of the state, and find hardly ever a "Mac," or an "O," or a "berg," or a "stein," or a "ski." It is sons of the Revolution, descendants of the first inhabitants, that are responsible for Pennsylvania's condition. Now why? Why is Massachusetts, with her native-born in a numerical minority, the best governed commonwealth in the Union, while Pennsylvania, with her native-born in large majority, wallows in corruption?

The first answer is, Because Pennsylvania has an overwhelming Republican majority. But this is too obvious to be good. It does n't carry us anywhere. Why does Pennsylvania have such Republican majorities? Again the obvious answer, Because it is a manufacturing state, and wants a protective tariff. But so is Massachusetts a manufacturing state, so does Massachusetts want a protective tariff. Massachusetts' delegations in Congress have been just as largely in favor of protection as Pennsylvania's; Massachusetts has just as uniformly gone

Republican in general elections when protection was involved; yet the Massachusetts Republican voter does not obey the Pennsylvania behest, "Hold your nose and vote the straight ticket."

No, you must look deeper than the tariff for the cause of Pennsylvania's corruption. In the long run, the politician is a correct representative of the people. You can't have corrupt politicians without some moral deficiency in the mass of the voters. And that is precisely what you have in Pennsylvania. If Mr. Quay ever reduces the lessons of his valuable experience into a Confucian book of maxims, the first will be, "Every man has his price." For carload lots, f. o. b. at Baltimore, to serve as repeaters at the Philadelphia elections, \$1.00 per head; for a member of the legislature at a critical pinch, \$37,000; for a respectable business man and church official to lend the dignity of his name to a Quay meeting, a reduced assessment on his property, or a franchise to a company of which he is a director; for a socially ambitious *nouveau riche*, the appointment of his son as under secretary of a foreign legation.

A very popular clergyman in Philadelphia — popular in the sense of being widely known, and drawing congregations notable rather for numbers than for discriminating intelligence — included among his philanthropic activities the presidency of a large hospital. The institution depends for maintenance chiefly on state aid, appropriations made by the legislature at each session. Two years ago the clergyman was in the ranks of the reformers, and his hospital was not on the list when the appropriation bill was passed. This year the clergyman needed \$50,000 for his hospital, needed it badly. The machine just as badly needed moral support, clerical support, a badge of respectability for a notorious bill then pending before the legislature. The conditions were just right for a deal. The clergyman, not very gracefully,

made a public speech in favor of the bill, and got his appropriation, — \$50,000; not for himself, for he probably would n't sell his vote or his influence for his personal profit, but for his hospital.

"Does a thing like this shock Pennsylvania?" I asked a business man.

"Well," he said, "did n't the preacher do right? Ain't he doing better to get \$50,000 for his hospital and help the sick than to set himself up as a holier-than-thou reformer and get nothing? You've got to be practical in this world."

Now, I know that this sort of thing is mere "log-rolling." I know it happens, in one shape or another, in other legislatures, and even in better places than legislatures are commonly counted. I know it is not forbidden by the decalogue, nor yet by human statute. It is not even a thing for which we blackball men at the club. It is not looked on as an evil; but it is none the less the thing that keeps the machine in power.

Every hospital, every institution, that depends on state appropriations is compelled to yield tribute in this way. I know a state senator in an interior town who is offensive, because of his allegiance to Quay, to the majority of his constituents, but has been returned again and again on this argument: "He stands in with the machine, and can get us an appropriation. If we send the Wana-maker candidate to Harrisburg, he'll be an outsider, and we'll have to close our hospital." The hospital, in this case, is an institution of much local pride, and its welfare commands enough unwilling votes to return a Quay member of the legislature from a naturally anti-Quay district. Not only do the hospitals pay tribute in the shape of votes, as in the case just mentioned; they are also compelled to pay by giving a mantle of decency to the machine cause, as in the case of the clergyman. The directorates of the hospitals and normal schools of the state include the most worthy men in their communities, the natural leaders of the

reform movement. But they are constrained, for their institutions' good, to pay the tribute of silence, or often of actual moral support, to the machine.

Another club much used by the machine is its power to harass the citizen's individual business interests. Here is an instance: A large cotton mill in the northern part of Philadelphia wanted a new street opened and larger water mains laid. The manager of the mill brought the matter to the attention of the city council in the ordinary way, but it was tabled. On inquiry, it was intimated that the matter could be "fixed" for \$15,000. But the manager did n't believe in doing things that way, and held out for over a year. Meanwhile, the mill was prevented from making contemplated enlargements, and suffered financially. The directors became restive, investigated, and found that a manager with a Scotch sense of morality was standing between them and profits. They decided they wanted a more "practical" man for manager (this word "practical" has in Pennsylvania a peculiar shade of meaning indigenous to the state), and at the next annual meeting they made the change. Here is another example: An official of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, a man of great wealth and influence, was mentioned as a good man to preside at the reform meeting brought about by the recent franchise scandals. Apropos of the suggestion a minion of the machine remarked, "Oh, I guess he won't lift up his voice a great ways." The reason for his confidence was that there is a public alley between two buildings of the Baldwin works. It is closed at one end. Nobody uses it, nobody could possibly want to use it, from one year's end to the other, except the Baldwin company, who have it filled with machinery and material. But it would be an easy matter for a vindictive mayor to order the alley cleared, to the great inconvenience of the Baldwin company.

The way in which Mr. Wanamaker's

business interests have been blackmailed is well known even outside Pennsylvania. His store is an inadequate old two-story building, a transformed freight shed. He has long wanted to put up a new one. On one occasion he had gone so far as to buy the structural iron. He asked for a permit to put the heating apparatus, for purposes of cheaper insurance, in another building he owned, farther down the street, and conduct the pipes underground to the new building. The permit was refused by the mayor, and the merchant's plans were blocked. Last year, on the day before Christmas, when his store was filled with customers, an officer of the Department of Public Safety visited Mr. Wanamaker, and ordered him to move his tables, on which holiday goods were displayed, back from the aisles. The weight of the crowds may have been dangerous; but every one understood that Mr. Wanamaker's financial loss, rather than the safety of the public, was the object of the city government's interference. All these incidents are familiar in Philadelphia. They are discussed as generally as the new elevated road in Boston, but they shock no one.

As for the buying of individual votes, that is so common I almost neglected to mention it. I was driving with a lawyer friend in one of the southwestern counties, a community Scotch-Irish in origin, and native American two centuries back. We met a shirt-sleeved farmer, an acquaintance of the lawyer. The farmer was a man of action. No empty formalities about the weather for him. He came to business at once.

"Well, colonel," he said to the lawyer, "I suppose we'll be able to do a little business together next week?"

"I'm afraid not, Henry," replied the lawyer; "there's no money at all floatin' around, this campaign."

"All right," said the farmer truculently, as he slapped the reins on his horse's back. "No money, no votes, I guess. Get ep, Jinny."

"Now, Old Godly Purity," said my friend, who knew my ideas about bribery, "there's a case for you. That man owns a two-hundred-acre farm clear, and he's got four thousand dollars' worth of bank stock; but he's mad clean through because I won't give him five dollars for his vote and his hired man's. I told him the truth: there is no money this time, for there's no fight on. But I suppose I'll have to give him something, just to keep him in line for the time when I need him. I would n't mind if he was a poor man: you can't expect a man to leave his cornfield and go two miles to vote for nothing. But that fellow's an old skinflint. He counts on five dollars for his family's vote twice a year just as certainly as he depends on the sale of his wheat crop and his fat hogs."

A word should be said about the reformers. "Reformers?" said a distinguished Philadelphia woolen manufacturer, who had given me much light on other aspects of the situation. "One half fools, the other half frauds." Now, like all epigrams, that is an exaggeration. Undoubtedly, even my cynical business friend would except at least one or two of the better known leaders; and I should except a very large body of independent voters, most of them well-to-do farmers and small tradesmen in the interior counties. These men, in the face of discouraging defeat, each year take up the fight with unfailing enthusiasm. One must admire their sincerity and endurance; but their blind faith in their leaders, their inability to realize or refusal to acknowledge that they have been betrayed again and again, diminishes one's sympathy. Every six months one or another of the Quay captains becomes dissatisfied over the division of spoils, and leaves, or is forced to leave, the machine. Immediately the reformers receive him as a prophet. Their newspapers hail him in hysteric headlines. He takes hold of the reform forces. He is a good leader, or else he

would never have been a machine captain. He makes a good fight; and when he is strong enough to be dangerous, there are overtures from the machine, and he "sells out," as the Pennsylvania vocabulary has it. This has happened again and again. Were a quarrel to come to-day between Quay and Ashbridge, Ashbridge would be found to-morrow commanding the enthusiastic loyalty of the reformers. An analogous thing happened a few years ago. Three fourths of the reform leaders to-day were formerly high in the Quay councils, and their names are associated with the worst acts of the machine. The reformers have a curious inability to realize that this prejudices their cause. "We've found out how to do it now," said one of them naively, speaking of the present fight: "this time we're going to fight the devil with fire. We're hiring a lot of the machine's own 'ward men' and 'window men'" (heelers who attend to getting out the vote on election day).

To show how easily the reformers are imposed on, I have a story from a Quay member of the legislature. Two years ago a machine leader holding a seven-thousand-dollar office resigned, with much flourish of trumpets about his conscience and the error of his ways, and for six months stood high in the councils of the reformers. Then he turned a back somersault into the Quay camp again. The whole performance was planned in advance. It was a simple and successful instance of sending a spy into the enemy's stronghold.

How is the Democratic party kept small, disorganized, and inefficient? Again the tariff? By no means. Quay rules the Democratic party perhaps more effectively than the Republican. Enough of the local leaders are in his pay to sway the party. Democrats who got into the state and federal offices when Cleveland and Pattison were in power are retained by Quay as the price of guiding the party for his interests. Some of them, to be

sure, are protected by the civil service rules. But they have little faith in that protection. They feel far more comfortable when they are working for the interests of the Republican machine, and so are secure from disturbance. An aggressive, ambitious young man of Democratic antecedents, likely to become a leader, is marked by the Republican machine before he comes of age. Before he has a chance to make trouble he is seduced by a policeman's uniform or an easy official birth. Thus is the minority party kept inefficient.

Now, what does all this indicate, — this placing of material interest above civic duty, this sale of votes and influence, by the masses for cash, by the educated for favor, for office, for hospital appropriations? It means sluggish moral vitality, a low moral thermometer. And this inference is borne out by the conditions in other fields than politics.

Philadelphia is the arch-hypocrite of cities. One newspaper in Philadelphia supports the machine; the other eight pay daily homage to reform, in double-leaded editorials and three-column headlines. This is the Philadelphia idea exactly: for eight ninths of the papers to preach reform publicly, while eight ninths of the people practice the other thing privately. You are virtuous in Philadelphia by appearing so, not by being so. Appearances are everything. Respectability is a thing entirely divorced from conduct. It consists in living on a certain street, belonging to a certain club. You cannot get a glass of wine in a Philadelphia hotel on Sunday, with meals or without them. But the Law and Order League can raid two hundred "speak-easies" between midnight and dawn of a single night. There is a Pharisaical cry raised by those who deplore the present agitation. "Don't expose the city," they say: "it is bad policy. It will keep money from the city. It will keep business away. Let us not

clean our Augean stables; let us hide them from the eyes and nostrils of outsiders."

If I were dealing in glittering generalities and comfortable platitudes instead of facts, I might repeat, with the same ample gesture, the words of the speaker at the town meeting: "At last Philadelphia is aroused; the plunderers have gone too far." But the appropriate comment is that brief but eloquent one of Sir Admiral Hawser, K. C. B., "Bah!" Philadelphia never gets aroused. It is unbecoming, undignified, to be aroused. The Puck and Judge and New York Sun jokes are not so far wrong. Philadelphia's vitality is that of a fire-side grandfather, who sleeps twenty hours of the day, and nods the other four. All this fuss is a part of Philadelphia's habitual hypocrisy. It is of a piece with her press pretensions of reform. Yearly, on the eve of election, the papers shriek in three-column headlines: "At last! The city is aroused!" Yearly, the morning after, they wail: "Alas! The city is snowed under" — with bogus ballots. And what if the present movement should win? What is the office at issue? District attorney. These waves of reform occur too regularly in "off" years, — the years when tax collectors and coroners are to be elected, — and never when the governorship or the senator's seat is at issue!

Since the monumental rascality recently exposed, Pennsylvania has had much sympathy. This pleases Pennsylvania mightily; for a state of weak moral fibre, like an individual, loves sympathy. Philadelphia reprints in her own papers pages of condolences from outside, and in her own editorial columns wails lugubriously. But is Philadelphia really indignant? Is the cartoon correct that represents William Penn, with disheveled hair, brandishing in his hand a nine-lashed whip to drive the rascals out? No. The editorial wailings, the town meetings with a hundred speakers

and a thousand vice presidents, all have an effect as of stage thunder, and leave us unconvinced.

After he has noticed the statue of William Penn, and commented on the universal white marble steps and door-sills, the next conspicuous object to catch the stranger's eye in the Quaker City is the "busybody." Just below the second-story windows of row after row of houses projects a three-sided mirror arrangement, designed to reflect affairs on the sidewalk into the room above. In the case of your own acquaintances, of course, this serves a legitimate purpose. Madam in the second story can tell, without leaning out of the window, after the fashion of McFadden's alley, who her caller is at the door below, and can decide whether or not she is at home before the maid goes down. But the universal name "busybody" suggests a less worthy use of these mirrors, — in families other than your own acquaintances, of course. The busybody is distinctly a Philadelphia institution. I know no one who has seen it in any other city. Fifty thousand women spending their afternoons in fifty thousand rocking chairs, observing the callers at their neighbors' doors, the passers-by on the sidewalk, and even happenings in their neighbors' second stories, — this is perhaps an even more depressing feature of a city's life than stolen franchises and bribed councilmen.

Philadelphia was once the capital of the United States; she was once the metropolis. Philadelphia was once the centre of New World society; she had once the greatest foreign commerce in America. Philadelphia was once the American centre of art and literature. She has lost all these claims to distinction; if she loses her good name, she will have one virtue left, — consistency.

Massachusetts and Pennsylvania persistently invite comparison. In the matter of their respective contributions to the American gallery of immortals, the difference is so striking it need only be

suggested. Practically, it is the comparison of a blank page with a full one. Frederic Harrison, I believe, it is, in an essay on Reading, remarks that for a young man born in poverty, and ambitious to make his way in the world, there is no author like Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's career, as Franklin's writings, is essentially an inspiration toward getting on in the world. Franklin is preëminently the apostle of "brown-stone-front respectability." All Poor Richard's maxims are but variations of one exhortation, "Young man, put money in thy purse." It is a fair expression of all Franklin's philosophy. Compare it with any epigrammatic summing up you may attempt of the career and teachings of Whittier, of Sumner, of Phillips, of Adams, of Garrison. By all means, if there be any dispute about it, give Pennsylvania one niche in the Hall of Fame; Massachusetts has enough and to spare. Credit Franklin, not to the land of his birth, but to the congenial soil of his fruition, the enthusiastic and literal disciple of his worldly wisdom.

A gentleman of broad experience and keen observation, who has been in a position to employ large numbers of educated young men in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, says he has become accustomed to three distinct types of the letter of introduction, one indigenous to each city. In Boston: "Permit me to introduce Mr. Jones, who graduated with highest honors in classics and political economy at Harvard, and later took a degree at Berlin. He speaks and writes French and German, and if you employ him I am sure his learning will make his services extremely valuable to you." In New York: "The bearer, Mr. Brown, is the young fellow who took hold of Street and Company's Chicago branch when it was so run down, a few years ago, and built it up to a hundred thousand a year. He also made a great hit as Jackson and Company's representative in London.

He's a hustler, all right, and you'll make no mistake if you take him on." In Philadelphia: "SIR, — Allow me the honor to introduce Mr. Rittenhouse Penn. His grandfather on his mother's side was a colonel in the Revolution, and on his father's side he is connected with two of the most exclusive families in our city. He is related by marriage with the Philadelphia lady who married Count Taugenichts, and his family has always lived on Spruce Street. If you should see fit to employ him, I feel certain that his desirable social connections would render him of great value to you." This story, I am well aware, looks suspiciously like an amplification of a very ancient tale, of uncertain origin, which every one has heard; but it has a responsible father, and it serves to represent the tests by which men are measured in the three cities.

Pennsylvania is a state of large corporations. Office in them is more attractive than political office. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad gets \$50,000 a year; the governor of the state, \$10,000. The president of the railroad controls over 150,000 employees; the governor, perhaps 500. The presidency of the railroad lasts for life; the governorship, for a thorny, uncertain four years. There are in the Pennsylvania Railroad system more than two hundred officials that have more pay and more power than the governor of the state; and there are in the state a score of corporations only a little less imposing than the Pennsylvania Railroad. Is it any wonder that the best of the young men take to the corporations, and devote their every energy to promotion therein, leaving politics to the less capable, the less intelligent, the less moral? At one time it was the young lawyer's ambition to come to the front in politics; now it is to become a corporation counsel. So he leaves speech-making alone, and devotes himself to corporation law.

Besides, in Pennsylvania, the young

men of wealth and good birth look with disfavor on politics. No less a Philadelphian than Mr. Owen Wister, who was born in a position to know whereof he speaks, tells this story: The descendant of an old Philadelphia family had written some verses, and showed them to a fellow clubman. "Excellent," said his friend. "I shall publish them," said the author. The other was horrified. "The verses are all very well," he said, when pressed for a reason, "but — publish a book — is that the sort of thing one does, don't you know?" Now, politics, like publishing books, is not "the sort of thing one does, don't you know," in Philadelphia. Had Senator Lodge and the late Governor Wolcott been born in Philadelphia, they might have attained fame as golf champions or cotillion leaders, but never as writers, college professors, or politicians, except at the sacrifice of social position.

There is an historic reason. The Quakers were — and are — a good people. This cannot be too much emphasized. Membership in the Society of Friends is as strong an evidence as can be given that a man possesses every personal virtue. For the conditions that beset Pennsylvania the present generation of Quakers are in no sense responsible. They are now too few to sway the state one way or another. But if the early Quakers had had the spirit of the Puritan fathers, Pennsylvania might have been held steadier to the moorings of civic decency. It is unnecessary to draw any comparison between the personal virtues of the Puritans and the Quakers. That question was thrashed out at length on Boston Common some years ago, and was decided, in the manner of the time, to the satisfaction of the Puritans at least, by a gallows rope with a Quaker at the end of it.

It is one of the anomalies of history that when the Puritan hanged the Quaker, both were happy, — the one to hang a man for his belief, the other to die for

his belief. This brings out strongly the distinction between them. The Puritans were a church militant. The Puritan went to church with a Bible in one hand, and in the other a musket for hostile Indians. The Quaker settled his difficulties with the Indians by reading tracts to them. When the Quaker came to the Puritan commonwealth to spread a doctrine which the Puritan did n't like, the Puritan beat him and drove him out; and when the Quaker came meekly back to turn the other cheek, the Puritan hanged him. The point is this: the Puritan insisted on governing his commonwealth in his own way. He founded his commonwealth to carry out a certain set of ideas, and he never let his eye wander from that purpose. What the Puritan resolved upon was to be done: he would have no objector, be he Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, or Quaker. The Puritan formed the dominating habit, and to this

day Puritan ideas dominate the essentially non-Puritan population of Massachusetts.

Among the Quakers, on the other hand, meekness was the cardinal virtue. Their creed forbids them to bear arms. It does not, in so many words, forbid them to take part in politics, but certainly the rough and tumble of actual party contest is hostile to the ideal which the Quaker seeks to follow. The early Quakers, instead of strangling doctrines not in agreement with their own, instead of casting out the apostles of strange creeds, welcomed them, tolerated them. They soon came to the point where they were tolerating intolerance. Put in a minority by the unrestricted immigration of less worthy people, and lacking the strenuous, dominating spirit of the Puritans, the early Quakers soon let the control of the colony pass into the hands of the less desirable elements; and there it has always remained.

A Pennsylvanian.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS TO READ.

It is everywhere conceded, in commercial pursuits, that the manufacturer must comply with the demands of the market. He must be ready to forsake the old hand-powered methods and adopt machinery. To-day, it is less important that any one bolt in a bedplate, for instance, shall be beautifully chased than that it shall be exactly like every one of a thousand of that standard thread and size. The British manufacturer, we are told, is penalized heavily, in the world's commerce, because he insists upon sacrificing time to unnecessary finish and solidity. The American manufacturer is passed by, in the race for new markets, because he makes his packages too large for carriage on a mule's back, or wraps his wares in brown paper, when the hea-

then purchaser prefers red, as being luckier.

For general manufactures these timely hints are conveyed to us in the consular reports, which, next to the necessity of rewarding political fidelity, are our greatest reason for maintaining agents in foreign parts. It is to be regretted, therefore, that for the professional literary man there is no official bureau of statistical information on such subjects as: what flavor of literary product may be put forth in carload lots, what may be tentatively introduced in small quantities, and what the public will not take on any condition; what lucky labels may be affixed to make slow sellers go like hot cakes, and so forth and so on. It must be confessed that many or most of

those who get their living by writing would pay no heed to such reports, if they existed, for they are as conservative or obstinate (it comes to the same thing) as any British bridgebuilder that ever lost a contract in the Soudan. They lay off each book or article as differently as possible from every other book of the same kind. Instead of fitting adjectives to nouns after standard patterns, they fuss and fiddle by the hour hunting up new arrangements. Instead of snatching up the first word that comes handy, they paw over the whole big dictionary to find just the right one. And then, when the parts are all assembled, they take a rag and some putz pomade and go over all the bright work till you can see to comb your hair in it. A heavy coat of green paint, say, for such running gear as descriptions of scenery, wears better and gives as good general satisfaction, but you can't beat that into their heads.

I admit that there will always be a market for hand-made literature, though it rarely pays adequately to the time expended upon it. There are plenty of British manufacturers that never ship out of the United Kingdom, and plenty of American manufacturers that do not care a pin if the folks in Bogota or Hankow never see or hear tell of their goods; but great fortunes are to be amassed by those who study the wants of the multitude, and it is important that the young writer, desirous of becoming rich by his pen or typewriter, shall consider this while his mind is yet plastic, and before it becomes obsessed by "devotion to his art."

Some little inkling is to be had from talks with editors, though most of them have learned their trade under the old hand-powered system. Their words are full of wisdom, but the public gets from them, not what it wants, but as much as their prejudices will let get into print. They are like papa buying Christmas gifts for baby. When it is n't something

deadly instructive, it is some footy tin toy that winds up with a key.

No. To learn the wants of the public, one must study the public, which I take to mean that portion of the American people that can read, that wants to read, and that will pay money for a book instead of drawing it out of the free library. In the default of consular reports, there is much to be picked up from the consideration of recent popular successes. Some of them have done fairly well, though, as compared with the book to which I propose directing your attention, there is no occasion for enthusiasm over them. Each in its brief day has been much in evidence; but at present one had almost rather be caught whistling *After the Ball* than reading *Richard Carvel*, and what typewriter lady rides to the office now with her nose in *David Harum*? The volume I have in mind loses not its charm with one perusal, but is carried about in trolley car and ferryboat year after year, read and re-read and read again, until its tattered leaves, browned at the edges and rounded at the corners from much thumbing, drip from its broken binding. Even in the advertising columns of the publisher few of these "books of the season" pass the quarter-of-a-million mark, but this one has. Really, that figure should be doubled; for of these "books of the season," what must one pay for a copy? At the most \$1.75, oftener \$1.00, to say nothing of department-store prices. But this book of 651 pages, none too well printed on indifferent paper, and bound in the ugliest of brown muslin, sells for \$3.00, and at wholesale \$2.75. The American Bible Society will retail a book twice as big, of the same type, and better paper and binding, for 50 cents; so that it is fair to suppose that the author's share is not the common beggarly royalty of 15 cents on every \$1.50 book, but nearer \$2.50 on each of the 250,000 copies sold. This does not include the profits on editions in "levant, divinity circuit, leather-

lined to edge, round corners, gold edges, silk-sewed, each, prepaid, \$6.00."

A little swift arithmetic will show that even these enormous profits will not foot up a million dollars (which is the reputed fortune of the author, who was once very poor), but as the adherents to the book's doctrine have been mainly well-to-do persons, their personal gifts have been large. Bellamy's novel made him a following, and the disciples of Henry George are extant unto this day; but their converts were mainly among those to whom the world had not been kind. Martyrs in a mild, tepid sort of way they certainly have been; but so far as I know, there is no instance in this country where a Socialist or Single Taxer has ever offered up his life for his principles. This book can number hundreds of such cases; it can even boast of baby martyrs.

But who is this fortunate author that has discovered exactly what the public wants? What the hitherto unexploited province of thought? What the secret charm of style?

I have half a mind to keep you waiting till the last, did I not know that, devoured by curiosity, you would turn the leaves to look, and then, in revenge, reading no farther, would miss my consular report. I will be frank with you. Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the most popular writer of the day, the Rev. Mary Morse Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, author of *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*. (I think I have all the name as per schedule. Some say there ought to be a "Mason" in there somewhere; some say not. The lady herself preserves silence, as she does in regard to the date of her birth.) She has also published: *Miscellaneous Writings, 1883-1896*; *Christ and Christmas*; *Retrospection and Introspection*; *Pulpit and Press*; *Unity of Good*; and several pamphlets, sermons, and poems, — all offered at about double the prices ordinarily asked for works of the same size.

Photographs for sale for her own benefit: tinted, \$3.00; untinted, \$1.00, only correct, authorized, and latest likeness, taken in 1865.

The success which has crowned the lady's literary efforts has been due, in the first place, to the accuracy with which she has planted her arrow in the very centre of Americanism, which is: We are all right; and if we are not, we don't want to hear about it. Through a glass darkly the editors have been permitted to glimpse a little of this great truth; for, as the kind-hearted Mr. Editor of one of our leading magazines has recently confessed, they have "a predilection for stories that end happily," — a statement that may be multiplied by ten and still come far short in intensity of what the editor would say were he not so gentle with the young author.

So far as I have been permitted to observe, and hence to generalize, the beginner in literature is unfailingly sad. Whether or not it is the ink that engenders his gloom I cannot say, but his first stories are either about little children dying amid peculiarly heart-rending circumstances, or adults that perish in the most discouraging and depressing manner. When he essays verse, he becomes so downhearted and distrustful of this naughty world that editors dare not read more than one of his submitted stanzas, lest they be thereby unfitted for business.

Now, I grant you that this is a pretty tragic world, and that it is much easier to make a story true to life that is fairly soggy with tears than one that fizzes with joy. It is a world conducted on business principles, and to get a verisimilar hero into a tight place, whence he can be extricated by nobility of character, without making him look silly, and so forfeit respect, is extremely difficult. That is just it. If it were easy to do these things, there would n't be any money in the business. It is easier to pick up dornicks than diamonds, but harder to get high prices for them.

Other authors think they do pretty well, when, in the last chapter, "she gets him," and Uncle John dies and leaves the pair a million dollars. But a moment's thought will show that such novelists are unprofitable servants. They dodge the question. What have they to say about the other girls in the world that don't "get him," and the sad fate of Uncle John, who must die and leave behind him all that money? What about the starving multitudes that have no Uncle John? If everybody had a million, then our hero and heroine were as poor as the poorest. No. We shut the book, and realize, with a sigh, that this is still the same old tragic world, conducted on strictly business principles.

Mrs. Eddy does not so deceive us for a little while, making life seem all the sadder afterward. She permanently proves that nobody, except by willful self-delusion, can possibly be unhappy. Does the approach of the King of Terrors cause affright? Are there bodily aches or ails? Or — ah! hardest of all fates! — does a guilty conscience burn with unquenchable fire? Sin, sickness, and death are all put to flight by this book, and it costs only \$3.00.

It is enough to point out to the young author that the public will reward richly any one that drives dull care away. Mrs. Eddy's book sells because it makes everybody cheerful that reads it. Those who believe in its teachings cannot choose but be happy. Those who do not believe have the choice of being actively happy with laughter or passively happy with sleep: one or the other result is sure to be the skeptic's portion.

But in Mrs. Eddy's style as well as in her matter there is a lesson for the young author to learn. There is none of that so offensive assumption of superiority that manifests itself in words not in common use, compelling the reader to guess at their meaning, or be humiliated by having to turn to the dictionary. It is true that she frequently

says "brainology," which is somewhat rare, but any one would know at once what that means, *I* should think. What she has to say is set forth "just as a body would talk that never had no college education." To be sure, her *magnum opus*, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, bears traces of having been ironed out smooth by some one possessing a nodding acquaintance with the English grammar. There is, I admit, some work in it yet for an editor to do; though, if I had the job, I should draw but one blue-pencil mark, beginning on page 1 and ending on page 651.

To get the pure and unsophisticated flavor of Mrs. Eddy's style, it is necessary to turn to *Miscellaneous Writings, 1883-1896*. It is not my purpose here to cull out large excerpts from it and set them before you. A discriminating public, such as that to which I now address myself, will ask no more than a thin slice, delicately shaved off and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. To get a taste of that which has enchanted a million readers, take this conclusion of a sentence: "For it is a Delilah who would lead him into the toils of the enemy where Cerberus (the apt symbol of Animal Magnetism) waits to devour the self-deceived." The allusion to an anthropophagous foe might lead one to suppose that our author had in mind "an allegory on the banks of the Nile;" but I am morally certain that Mrs. Eddy would never dream of plagiarizing from the works of that other celebrated literary character, Mrs. Malaprop. Mrs. Eddy is, as she so often says, "hopelessly original." She meant Cerberus, no doubt, for classical allusions are frequent in her writings, as witness this testimonial of her deep learning: "The parable of the Ten Virgins is derived from the pathetic tale of little Vesta, condemned at the tender age of eight years to a life of celibacy under the penalty of severe torture."

But mythology and classical allusion

are not the only flowers with which the authoress adorns her pages. Figures of speech are strewn upon them with no sparing hand. Metaphors she does not scorn, not even mixed metaphors. This concluding paragraph of the preface to *Miscellaneous Writings* is, in fact, as fine a selection of mixed metaphor as I have ever seen: "With armor on I continue the march, command and counter-command, meanwhile interluding with loving thought this afterpiece of battle. Supported, cheered, I take my pen and pruning hook to learn war no more, and with strong wing to lift my readers above the smoke of conflict into life and liberty."

I dismiss the pettifogging criticism that there is no such word in the dictionary as "counter-command," and pass on to the contemplation of the splendid picture here presented. I would I were a painter, that I might limn it. I would spread upon the canvas the rolling cloud of battle smoke, and in the middle foreground set the aged figure of the Discoveress and Foundress, clad in breastplate, casque, and iron petticoats, commanding and counter-commanding; provided with some musical instrument to interlude upon (an accordion seems about the thing); supported I know not how, unless by crutches, since one hand holds the pen, and the other the pruning hook; cheered, I doubt not, by the contents of her canteen, for she is on the march; and pinnated, with at least one strong wing on which to lift her readers somewhat lopsidedly "into life and liberty." Mr. Howells, no doubt, would give her rubbers as a further panoply against all ills that might befall her, — supposing, for the sake of argument, that there were such things as ills.

Though Goethe was a philosopher, and, in a way, the forerunner of the Evolution theory, it is as a poet he is known to fame. It is the other way round with Mrs. Eddy. Her philosophy

tends to obscure the fact that she is a poetess of the first rank. (The word "poetess" is used advisedly.)

It is quite apropos of Goethe and Evolution that the first lines to which I turn should happen to be these: —

"If worlds were formed by matter
And mankind from the dust,
Till Time shall end more timely
There's nothing here to trust.

"Thenceforth to Evolution's
Geology we say —
Nothing have we gained thereby,
And nothing have to pay.

"My world has sprung from spirit
In everlasting day;
Whereof I've more to glory,
Whereof have much to pay."

Having much to pay has always been a strong point with Mrs. Eddy.

Here is part of a poem addressed to Love: —

"Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing
'Neath which our spirits blend
Like brother birds that soar and sing
And on the same branch bend.
The arrow that doth wound the dove
Darts not from those that watch and love."

That about the birds bending is nice. The too literal mind might say it was the branch that bent, but she is evidently using that familiar figure of speech called — er — called — er — What's its name, now? Funny I can't think of it! You know what I mean, — that about the church-going bell.

From the poem called *The Isle of Wight* I extract these lines: —

"Soul sublime 'mid human débris
Paints the limner's work I ween,
Art and Science all unweary
Lighting up this mortal dream.

"Work ill-done within the misty
Mine of human thoughts we see;
Soon abandoned when the Master
Crowns life's cliff for such as we.

"Students wise He maketh now thus
Those who fish in waters deep,
When the buried Master hails us
From the shores afar complete."

I think I am safe in saying that the above is as fine a specimen of cryptic verse as is known to English literature, if we except Dodgson's immortal lines, read by the White Rabbit, in Alice in Wonderland, beginning :—

"They told me you had been to her
And mentioned me to him.
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim."

In defense of the charge that Mrs. Eddy is often as obscure as Browning, her friends are wont to cite Mother's Evening Prayer as being at once clear and beautiful. It is such a favorite that it has been set to music, and may be had for the extremely low price of one dollar per copy ; nothing off to music teachers. I quote a stanza :—

"Oh, gentle presence, peace and joy and power,
Oh, life divine that owns each waiting hour !
Thou Love, that guards the nestling's faltering flight,
Keep thou thy child on upward wing to-night."

Parse ? Certainly not. Gracious Heaven ! Is poetry made to be *parsed*, enslaved to petty man-made rules, like "Verbs must agree with their subjects in number and person" ? Never.

Again :—

"The lark's shrill song doth wake the dawn,
The eve bird's forest flute
Gives back some maiden melody
Too pure for aught so mute."

So mute as what ? It were an impertinence to inquire.

Our gifted authoress is quite as much of a Discoveress and Foundress in her verse as in her prose, as this from a familiar hymn of hers will show :—

"Strangers on a barren shore,
Lab'ring long and lone ;
We would enter by the door
And thou know'st Thine own."

So far as my reading informs me, she is the first poet to establish the great advantage of a door in a barren shore, thus taking rank with the man that, chased by hostile Indians on the boundless prairie, escaped by running up an alley. I am no poet myself, but it seems to me that the obvious rhyme of "shore" and "door" would have long ago suggested it. I wonder nobody ever thought of it before.

Probably the finest single poem of this popular authoress is that written after the laying of the corner stone of the Mother Church in Boston. For haunting melody and profundity of thought she has never excelled it. Incidentally, the stanza here given settles forever the vexed question of the correct pronunciation of the word "stone" :—

"Laus Deo, it is done.
Rolled away from loving heart
Is a stone.
Lifted higher, we depart
Having one."

The expression "having one" may strike one as being somewhat unattached, lonely and remote, at first ; but as one reads on he will soon cease to be affected by any such slight variations upon grammar.

But I forbear to quote further. Surely I have made it plain to the dullest what it is the public wants in style and matter, what it will pay double prices to obtain,—the cloying sweetness of optimism enlivened with the peppermint of such sayings as that the man that relies on both prayer and drugs to cure him "divides his faith between Catnip and Christ." This, young author, is your model, this your guide. If there be those that say to me, "Physician, heal thyself," to them I make the answer of a hanging head, and the plea, "I am too old a dog to learn new tricks."

Eugene Wood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN reading the essay on Beauty, contributed to the September Atlantic by the late W. J. Stillman, I was singularly conscious of one quality of its author. I recall the same impression, several years ago, upon reading his Atlantic essays upon Journalism and Literature and The Revival of Art, and it was renewed last spring, when his remarkable Autobiography was published. I mean Mr. Stillman's intellectual integrity. It is difficult for a layman to assess the value of his philosophy of art, or to follow in the Autobiography all the intricate politics of the Cretan and Herzegovinian insurrections. But both the Autobiography and the essays have left me wondering whether honesty is not, after all, one of the rarest equipments of a writer. "As honest as old Joe Stillman" was a proverb in the younger Stillman's native town, and it is pleasant to think that, however far the son wandered "on the track of Ulysses," however varied were his excursions into the fields of art and thought and personal converse in many countries, he always kept this best inheritance from the upright but unlucky mechanic of Schenectady. It satisfies one's sense of the fitness of things thus to find W. J. Stillman his father's son to the very last; to recognize even in his argument for an intuitive sense of Beauty the born woodsman's instinct for striking across country, confident of reaching his goal. It was an endowment, I suppose, of a sort of primitive candor and faith, a matter of character rather than of capacity. He was on good terms with his own conscience, whatever ill fortune he may have suffered in his brave adventures in a fast-changing world; sure-footed in traversing the Adirondack wilderness and the maze of European revolutions and the unblazed paths of

intuitive philosophy, because he was first of all sure of himself.

THERE are days in which even a Northerner knows the delight of wasted hours. When the New England woman smiles at the call of duty, and turns on her side in the moss, then is the triumph of June complete.

It was on such a day in June that I lay among the cedars, while the hours drifted over me; or were they moments, or years? Above were the branches, and beyond huge silver clouds loitering through the blue. Suddenly I remembered to have read that in these moments one entered into "the consciousness of a race life," and I began straightway to study my consciousness, but could make nothing of it.

A breeze from over the mountain ruffled a leaf of my book, and I read from Maurice de Guérin, where the page lay open: "An innumerable generation actually hangs on the branches of all these trees,—like babes on the mother's breast."

This profoundly ingenious suggestion troubled me. I looked up, and there was sunlight in the branches; but sunlight and branches were not enough, it seemed. I read on, and learned that "all these germs" (the babes, presumably) "are suspended in their cradle between heaven and earth, and given over to the winds, whose charge it is to rock these beings."

And now I was puzzled, and oppressed with a sense of unworthiness; for the thought of this true poet and lover of nature was beyond me.

Sunlight, filtering through the cedars, rested on a bank of green moss, and that was good. The carpet of pine needles was warm and fragrant, and that also was good. But being a New England

Mr. W. J.
Stillman's
Honesty.

A Plea for
the Unima-
ginative.

woman, in spite of June, I turned resolutely in search of the best.

From my much-beloved copy of Mr. Mabie I read that, to one of imagination, the woods are peopled with dryads and fauns, who retire to their coverts at the approach of a human being; and that such an one should start at the notes of a hermit thrush, since haply it may be a signal for revelry.

The pages were turned listlessly, and at last the book slipped from my fingers. It was too evident that I belonged among the smug and self-sufficient beings who are glad to read of outdoor things—in the house; but who, when in presence of Nature, must interpret her for themselves. We have no wish to feel that the woods are peopled with the creatures of Greek folklore, or that the notes of the hermit thrush are signals for revelry. It is enough that there is sunlight and shadow, and something of solemn mystery; enough that the song of the thrush, sweet, serene, unearthly, comes from remote and sacred places in the woods; enough to lie on the pine needles while the hours drift over us, to wonder and worship, content that the mystery of creation should remain veiled; enough that through the warm stillness a bird sings on, and that there are strange and solemn whispers in the trees—But how can one tell of these things?

THE editor of the Club was rash enough to print in the July number the first eight lines of a sonnet by a Wyoming shepherd. The shepherd's Muse was interrupted, it will be remembered, by the untimely appearance of a jack rabbit; for after the shepherd-poet had paused to shoot, clean, and cook the rabbit, he found it impossible to complete the sonnet satisfactorily. "My inspiration had departed," he wrote mournfully. "Here is the uncompleted sonnet. You finish it!"

In this kindly task the coöperation of other poets was invited by the Club.

The promptness of their response was gratifying, and a good deal of light has been thrown upon the vexed question of the geographical distribution of American poets. In regard to the number of competitors, Pennsylvania heads the list! Pennsylvania is getting a great many harsh things said about her nowadays, even by Pennsylvanians themselves. And here she is revealed as a very "nest of singing birds," with Nebraska and Massachusetts tied for a poor second place!

But the highest excellence, as Matthew Arnold was wont to remind us, is often in inverse proportion to numbers, and there seems to be some rift within the lute of even the best Pennsylvania poet. We alluded in the August Atlantic to one of these poets, a venerable Quaker, whose sestet begins with the painful but deliberately chosen words,—

"Damn that jack rabbit!"

Obviously, "this will never do." Another Pennsylvanian portrays

"The nimble rabbit darting from the gorse."

The line is sprightly, but the word "gorse" is sadly un-American. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt, that sportsman without fear and without reproach, never uses it. Errors in natural history, too, abound in many of the competing sonnets. A Michigan poetess describes the dead jack rabbit as

"God's creature, once athrill with gratitude,"

whereas experts know that, next to a dogfish and a blue jay, the jack rabbit is the most ungrateful of God's creatures. Here is a Minnesota competitor, who insists that the rabbit is caught by an eagle,

"Who falls like lightning, and the quarry dies."

But the only time we ever saw an eagle attempt this feat, he fell, indeed, like lightning (in accordance with all the best traditions of English poetry); but by the

The Successful Jack Rabbit Sonneteer.

time he struck the sagebrush ("gorse") "the quarry" was about eighty yards away, traveling like one of Harry Vardon's brassy shots.

Yet to err in such matters of detail is surely better than to leave the rabbit quite out of the picture, as do many of the sonneteers. Listen to a Nebraska poet, who remarks that, "as the octave is the work of a Westerner, it seems but proper that the sestet also should be supplied by one who breathes the same pure atmosphere. . . . I wanted to close with the suggestion that a reaction of public feeling here, with a corresponding political change, would yet give the Filipinos the freedom they seek, but I was unable to find room for the thought within the required limits." Then follows his effort:—

"For five long days and nights the driving
snow
Fled ever onward 'fore the angry blast
From out the icy north; no shadow cast
By sun or moon in all that time. But lo!
A new day dawns. The distant mountains
show
Their broad, majestic brows; the storm has
passed:
The sun in glory shines, and now at last,
Its fury o'er, the wind breathes soft and low.
Thus, in the storm of death o'erwhelmed
and dazed,
Her new-lit flame of freedom glimmering
low,
Sits fair Luzon, still reeking with the stains
Of blood of martyred children; sits amazed,
And waits the only boon that tyrants
know,—
The calm imposed by fetters and by chains."

This is good verse, and for all we know may be good politics; and yet it seems to us that "fair Luzon" is made to pop up not so much after the fashion of a jack rabbit as of Mr. Dick's head of Charles I.

But if irreconcilable differences in politics and natural history are betrayed here and there in these curious sonnets, what shall be said of differences in philosophy? An uncle and a nephew in Lynn, sending their contributions in the same envelope, begin their sestets re-

spectively, "*So man*" and "*Not so with man*"! When members of one family differ thus vitally on all-important questions, it would be "temerious," as Kentuckians say, to judge between them.

Like most judges in prize contests, however, we are taking quite too much time in announcing the winner, on the theory that the more prolix the preliminary compliments, the greater will be the suspense among the audience. We approach with diffidence, and by way of quotation, the question of the winner's sex. Says a Pennsylvanian contestant: "I, with one thousand others, try my hand at the six lines of the sonnet. I have quoted '*So man*,' and brought in '*Brer Rabbit*,' but left out the '*jack*.' Having no doubt the prize will be given to the best man,—or woman, although some one says a woman cannot write a sonnet, which I don't believe,—I am," etc. His sestet reads:—

"'So man, the child of trouble' and of strife,
Swift as the hunted rabbit flees away:
Here in the sunshine, there in the storms' of
life;
Here when the wintry blasts around him
play,
There when the air with balm and warmth
is rife,
Until his journey end in perfect day."

This is tolerably soothing, upon the whole, and yet what seeds of discord lurk in that remark about a woman not being able to write a sonnet!

A woman not write a sonnet? Dear Pennsylvanian, take the word of one who sorrowfully knows! There are thousands of women who do nothing else but write sonnets, attach stamps to them (sometimes), and send them to the magazines. Or is it meant that a woman cannot write a good sonnet? The judge of the Jack Rabbit contest is now getting very "warm," as the children say; the patient audience need listen but a moment longer. Yes, a woman can write not only a good sonnet, but a good Jack Rabbit sonnet, and, what is more, she can write five just as easily as she can write one!

Here they are, with her letter. Alas that her signature must be withheld, in deference to that strict anonymity upon which the freedom of the Club depends!

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR OF THE CLUB, — I have read Enter the Jack Rabbit, and it induced a protracted spell of Uncle Remus's "dry grins." No doubt you will bitterly regret your rash invitation to the "chaffering swallows" to complete the roundelay of the "holy lark." It is an irresistible temptation, and the mischief is, it is impossible to stop with one trial. I've done five, and could have made it an even half dozen as well as not!

Here in the West one figures so perfectly to one's self the situation of the shepherd, the wide stillness, the solitude inviting to poesy, the sportsman's instinct elbowing the Muse, and, finally, the stern necessity of embracing the means of bodily sustenance, however inopportunely proffered. One is reminded of Stevenson leaving David Balfour to help Fanny build a pigsty. Oh, it is all too delicious!

So here are my efforts, in different styles, and with varying degrees of explicitness as regards their reference to the intruder.

You have brought them on your own head, and I have n't had so much fun for an age.

SESTET FOR THE SHEPHERD'S SONNET.

No. 1.

Reader, excuse my leaving this unfinished. Think not my inspiration is diminished: Life's sordid needs intrude. Remuneration Arrives too slowly, for the soul's oblation. At any rate, if I've not wholly done it, I've come within a hare's breadth of a sonnet.

No. 2.

But stop! Excuse me, listening world (a rabbit Looms on my ken); when a substantial dinner Presents itself, 't is common sense to nab it. (A sizzly jack, and fat, as I'm a sinner!)

Art's long, and I am short (he's on that hummock!
Lord! what a shot!), and rhymes fill no man's stomach.

No. 3.

Here with my gun, as quick as I could snatch it,
I shot a hare. (You know the rule, "First catch it.")
I chopped his head off with my little hatchet,
Cleaned, cooked, and ate; for, you must know,
I "bach it."
Thus was my sonnet most untimely ended,
As long ere this the Muse had fled, offended.

No. 4.

"So man, the child of trouble," for a season
Endures distress, privation, beyond reason.
When sudden something happens at this juncture
With stars of hope the threatening sky to puncture;
Man takes fresh aim, and, if he does not miss,
Achieves his mark, — success, *full-fill-ment*,
bliss!

No. 5.

"So man, the child of trouble," for a season
Bows him in anguish 'neath inclement fate;
Alone, in pain, privation, till his reason
Must totter, dreaming not what bliss may wait,
When lo! the scene is changed in every feature,
And joy leaps toward him like some fleet wild creature!

It must be confessed that Boston is not what she used to be. Her literary primacy is passing to Indianapolis, while her commercial enterprise no longer keeps pace with that of Omaha. But the saddest symptom of her decline is the fact that she has abdicated higher functions still. She has allowed mushroom towns, of which no one had heard a few years ago, to usurp her historic position of moral and political influence. For instance, until quite recently, who was aware of the existence of Pierce City, Missouri? But to-day, among those who keep in touch with the latest ethical and philanthropic developments, that hitherto obscure place has gained a reputation which it will take Boston some effort to rival. The city associated with the names of

Why not on
Boston Com-
mon?

Garrison and Phillips and Lowell must look to her laurels.

There is one simple expedient that would do more than anything else to restore this lost prestige, — the burning of a live negro on Boston Common. To the superficial observer, such an incident might appear inconsistent with the distinctive note of Bostonian history ; just as, superficially, peace appears to be a more desirable condition than war. But as the more profound philosophy of our own time has discerned that war is, in its essence and ultimate intention, humane, so the truly penetrating mind is aware that torture and lynching, while abhorrent to the conventional and sentimental, really indicate a high order of spirituality, inasmuch as they exhibit the supremacy of that stoical view of life which regards physical sensations as indifferent.

From a political as well as a moral point of view, there is urgent need of such an object lesson as I have suggested above. At the time of the Revolution, what Boston did was certain to be expressive of characteristic Americanism. It was in Boston, as everybody knows, that the national protest against the injustice of the British government came to a head. But as the principle of evolution carries on its fruitful work, the type of characteristic Americanism is modified with every succeeding generation. To-day it is represented in forms to which slowly moving New England is as yet a stranger. A few years ago, the combustion of negroes was not regularized to the point of becoming a normal indication of the enlightened public opinion of the country at large. The practice was local and provincial : like other minority judgments, it was slowly fighting its way to national recognition. But when an innovating custom of this seriousness has taken root in Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and Indiana, as well as in Georgia and Tennessee, it is evidently too late to pooh-pooh it as of merely sectional application. Indeed, it has ac-

quired, in a sort, official sanction ; for did not a Texas sheriff, the other day, issue a formal certificate testifying that the best people in the United States had been present at the festival of which he was a patron ?

If, then, Massachusetts means to vindicate her right to be included in the up-to-date American commonwealth, it is high time for her to make up for her past deficiencies. Mere declarations of sympathy with her more progressive sister states will not suffice : what is needed is a conspicuous object lesson. For this, Boston offers exceptional advantages. There is Faneuil Hall ready at hand as a meeting place for the committee that makes the preliminary arrangements, and the head of the Common, just below the Shaw monument, as an unrivaled scene for the actual celebration. It may be urged that there will be some difficulty in supplying a *corpus vile*, as the negroes of the neighborhood are not sufficiently numerous or turbulent for it to be easy to discover among them one worthy of serving as the sport of the power that is greater than the law. But the study of precedent suggests a practicable way of escape. From the statistics collected by the Chicago Tribune, it appears that only sixteen per cent of the persons lynched during 1900 were thus punished for rape. The list is completed by a remarkable variety of offenses, including arson, suspicion of arson, threats to kill, and suspected robbery. In one instance the alleged crime was "unpopularity." Surely, if this is a sufficient gravamen, it will be possible to find a suitable victim, when the honor of the state is, in a double sense, at stake !

Pusillanimous counsels will most likely be heard in opposition to my suggestion. But the question is, Shall Boston prove herself to be in the advance line of civilization, or shall she, faint-hearted, cower in the rear of the onward march of progress ?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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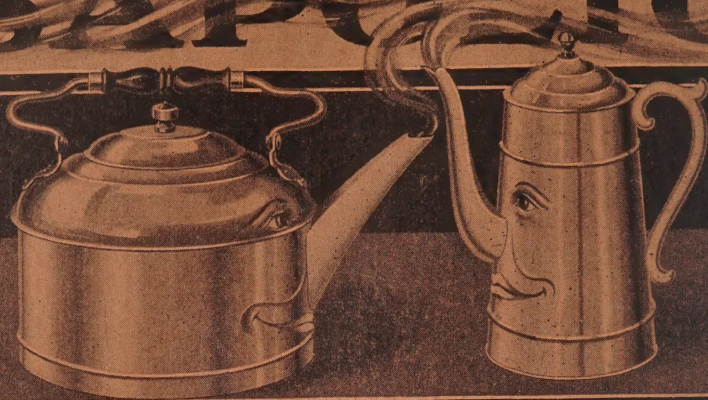
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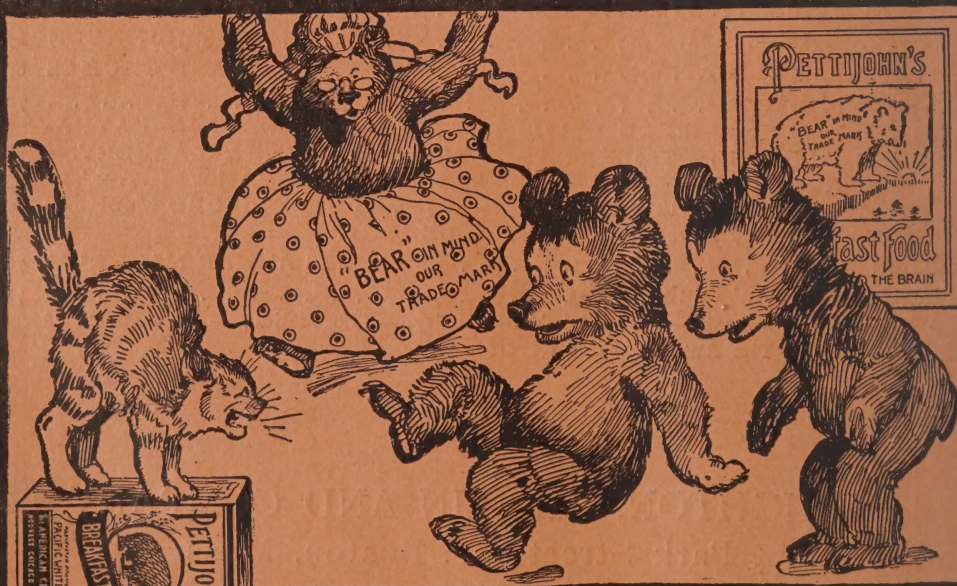
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 EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE great European question of the present moment is certainly America. The United States is occupying the second thoughts of English and Continental statesmen more continuously to-day than ever before; and from all one can gauge, this newborn interest is likely to grow rather than fall off. To whatever department of national life one turns, to industry, to agriculture, to finance, or to the higher kind of politics, one finds the unwonted, unpredictable cloud of American competition overhanging Europe like a pall. Whether it will burst in a deluge of destruction; whether it will pass, and leave the sky clear once more; whether, if it bursts, there will be a chance of saving from the wreckage more than a fragment here and there of the old order, are questions which Europe is asking with increasing feverishness, but without getting any very satisfactory answer.

At present all is bewilderment and speculation. America's plunge into *Welt-politik*, the American swoop upon industrial Europe, the first strokes of the new American finance, have been too dramatic and too recent to allow men's thoughts to settle. Mr. Brooks Adams, in his remarkable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, names 1897 as the year of revolution, the year which produced the first clear forewarning that the relations between the New and the Old World were entering upon a new phase. In a matter of such moment five bustling years are all too few for

anything in the nature of a policy to take shape, and in the presence of her unexampled danger Europe remains as yet without a policy. There are tendencies, however, and there is a state of mind which may, and, I think, will, develop into definite action. There are also certain clear-edged facts to go upon, — facts none the less substantial, but all the more bewildering, because their precise issue is unknowable. The action of America upon the nerves and emotions of Europe is that of a power whose strength is known, but whose future course can only be guessed at. America has sprung suddenly upon the platform of the world powers. In a flash she has expanded from a stay-at-home republic into a venturesome empire. She is building a fleet, which seems to point to a determination to hold, if not to enlarge, her new position. She is reaching out, with an intensely irritating consciousness of success, for the commercial supremacy of the world, and her voice is raised among those of the decisive nations of the earth in the settlement of international questions. All this is disquieting and perplexing enough to Europe, which is woefully misinformed upon America and all things American, and even in the sphere of politics knows not what to predict of this formidable and erratic competitor. That the United States has a mind of her own, and is by no means inclined to obey European dictation, has been made sufficiently clear in the last twelve

months of the Chinese situation. But this only adds to the consternation of Europe. What use Americans will make of their new international standing, what their policy will be in the Pacific, China, the West Indies, and, above all, in South America, are points which European statesmen are discussing with angry uncertainty. Possibly, Americans themselves could not say with confidence how far the upheaval produced by the Spanish war will carry them. Europe, at any rate, is completely in the dark. She resents what has already been accomplished, but with even more anxiety she waits to see what will follow.

This, too, carried somewhat farther, is the European attitude toward the American industrial invasion. Already the pressure of the screw is painful enough, but not so painful as the consciousness that there is more and worse to come. A few weeks ago, I asked the Vienna correspondent of one of the great London papers, a man of singular powers of observation and with a highly trained political sense, what was the popular movement of the day in central Europe. He replied at once, "What the people of the dual monarchy and of the German Empire are thinking and talking most about just now is American competition, and the best ways of meeting it," — an answer which ten years ago would have been amazing, and fifty years ago incredible. The conditions which have made such a reply not only possible to-day, but almost natural, are of too great complexity to be touched on here. The broad results to which they lead, however, are comparatively few and simple. Just when the excessive production of cereals and meat in America, Argentina, India, and even Australia, but chiefly in America, has half strangled the agriculturalists of middle Europe, the remaining workers employed in manufactures find themselves ominously threatened by the competition of American artisans. The decline of European agriculture has been

the familiar nightmare of the past generation, but the intrusion of the American manufacturer has a doubly sinister significance. It blocks up the one road of escape open to Europe, and chokes the source on which she is relying to make good her natural deficiencies. With the stress of foreign competition in the bare necessities of life growing keener and yet keener, the production of food under European conditions, it is feared, must become in the end unprofitable. The landlords will be ruined, and the peasantry forced back into that primitive stage of civilization in which men eat only what they grow, clothe themselves in their own wool and flax, and, having no margin to fall back upon, are incapable of commerce. This, as sketched by the *London Spectator*, is the agricultural peril that, unless substantial relief can be found, lies inevitably ahead of middle Europe. The danger has been foreseen, and prepared for in the way England met it fifty years ago, in the way M. Witte is hoping to meet it to-day in Russia, — by a vast extension of manufactures, by calling in the towns to redress the adverse balance of the country. The formula is easier to prescribe than to apply. Alone of all the countries in the world, the United States maintains a progressive equilibrium between the farmer and the artisan. In England trade has gained what agriculture has lost. In Europe, and especially in Austria, Germany, and Hungary, the landlords, holding a social and historical position incomparably stronger than the English squires ever attained to, dispute the industrial advance inch by inch, — always with furious stubbornness, sometimes with success. The recent triumph of the Prussian Agrarians in defeating the canal bill, from no other reason but that it was expected to benefit commerce at the expense of agriculture, is a wonderful token of the vitality of the Junker element. Even if one leaves indus-

trial America out of the question, there yet remains a terrible internal struggle to be fought out before the manufacturers of central Europe can feel themselves fairly equipped for the fight. So engrossing has been the conflict, and so passionate the emotions it has provoked, that until quite recently its issue has dominated and excluded every other consideration. What Europe is now painfully realizing is, that the decision between free trade and protection, whichever way it goes, is not the vital matter she thought; that, instead of being the precursor of victory, it will prove at best but a weapon for mitigating defeat; and that if, as now seems more than likely, American manufactures are to undersell the manufacturer as completely as American products have undersold the farmer, then the hope of restoring national prosperity by bringing a fresh and buoyant industrialism to the aid of a decaying agriculture must be given up.

To Count Goluchowski belongs the honor of being the first responsible statesman in Europe to sound a note of warning. Speaking to the parliamentary delegations in November, 1897, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, by way of emphasizing the necessity of peace to Europe, gave a sketch of what he believed to be the coming danger of the twentieth century. The "very existence" of the European peoples, he declared, would be staked upon their power to defend themselves, "fighting shoulder to shoulder," against "transoceanic competition." Prompt and thorough "counteracting" measures were a necessity, if the vital interests of all European nations were not to be gravely compromised. The echoes of that speech are rumbling still, and, historically, it may perhaps be looked upon as the beginning of the anti-American movement on the Continent. That movement has had its ups and downs in the last five years, but not the most skeptical doubter of its final efficacy can deny that it has gained ground amaz-

ingly. It has already passed through its first stage of grandiloquence and sentimental sensationalism. It is now settling down into an agitation as practical and businesslike as was John Bright's and Cobden's against the Corn Laws. Hardly a Chamber of Commerce meets anywhere in Germany, Austria, or Hungary without some discussion taking place on American competition. Though Count Goluchowski gave the movement its first impulse, it is not the statesmen, but the people themselves, and especially the industrial and commercial elements, that have maintained and expanded it. In the shape of a "Pan-European combine" against American aggressiveness, it had from the start an obvious attractiveness for the populace. This was the visionary and sentimental phase of the propaganda. Nothing came of it; nothing ever can come of it so long as the political map of Europe remains as it is. To talk, as the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* was talking a short time ago, of Pan-Europe, "in the inevitable war with America," imitating Napoleon I., and adopting a "Continental system of exclusion against the United States," is easy enough; but to apply the suggestion in practice, to reconcile the divergent interests of the different states, and, above all, to get England to join the coalition, is quite another matter. The one point in Mr. Brooks Adams's article which an Englishman would decidedly dispute is his supposition that circumstances might arise in which England "would shift to the side of our antagonist." So long as England has to rely upon America for two thirds of her food supply, self-interest of the most flagrant and peremptory kind forbids her the futile luxury of taking part in a *Weltboycott* of American products. The smiling neutrality which self-interest points out as the proper policy has also the backing of English sentiment and English traditions. Infallibly, Downing Street would answer an invitation to join Europe in putting economic pres-

sure upon America just as, in 1898, it replied to another coalition that was aimed at the humiliation of the United States. Whatever Europe may do, England will continue to trade with America, as at present; and from this attitude only one contingency could by any chance induce Englishmen to swerve. That contingency is the possibility that some day or other the British Empire may be able to supply the mother country with the food she needs, at prices no higher than those of Kansas or Nebraska. Such a contingency is obviously remote; it may, indeed, never occur; but not until it does occur, not until an imperial *Zollverein* has found its indispensable basis, need Americans trouble themselves lest their goods or products will be discriminated against in the English markets. Nothing less than that supreme realization of the commercial side of empire will be needed to plunge England and America into a war of tariffs. For the rest, Englishmen laugh at Pan-Europeanism. The weapon has been used against them before, and even in the grasp of a master hand it snapped like a twig. What Napoleon could not effect against England, the Concert of Europe is hardly likely to effect against America. Such, at any rate, is the English view, both popular and official. England will have no hand in forging the new weapon, still less in directing it. One may even go farther, and with not less assurance. Were united Europe, in some freak of madness, to attempt, as it has actually been suggested she might attempt, to prohibit American exports by force, England would be compelled by sheer national necessity to join with America in frustrating it.

Offensively, Pan-Europe dare do nothing. It might forbid the importation of American food, but at what a cost! At the cost, inevitably, of raising the price of bread to the point of revolution. It might also close the Continent against American manufactures; but the bulk of

Europe is agricultural, and would gain nothing thereby. Or, finally, it might do both: fence the Continent round with a tight wall, place an impossible duty on American products as well as American goods, and so restrict all trade to Continental Europeans, in a desperate effort to find out whether nations cannot live by taking in one another's washing. All these schemes were broached in the first few months of nervous alarm after Count Goluchowski's warning; and to them, of course, was added the pet Continental specific of handsome, universal bounties. All died the death, and Pan-Europeanism to-day is but a rhetorical catchword. It comforts the popular imagination, and it expresses accurately enough the ideal of the toilers of Europe. Statesmen and economists muse over it, play with it, wish it could be, are sure that it ought to be, and will not for worlds admit its impossibility. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, I believe, stands absolutely alone among men of authority in thinking that an economic alliance of all Europe is really feasible. His idea is, not to abolish customs duties between the different states, but to reduce them considerably by means of clearly defined commercial treaties concluded for a long period. "With few exceptions," he elaborates, "the maximum should, for example, be twelve per cent; and a permanent European customs commission should be appointed, and intrusted with the task of providing for successive reductions of the duties, and of establishing the closest possible relations among the European nations. There can be no doubt as to the possibility of such an arrangement." M. Leroy-Beaulieu may have no doubts, but others, remembering there is still such a thing as politics, have several. Indeed, the anti-American movement, in its first seductive form of a Pan-European alliance, may be said to have fallen through. We have not, on that account, heard the last of either the name or

the thing. Pan-Europeanism may easily continue to be the symbol and battle cry of an agitation working along humbler lines and with less unwieldy weapons. It is something gained for a cause when it has found a taking title, and in Pan-Europeanism, in the delightfully simple idea of "opposing the United States of Europe to the United States of America," there are some most fascinating possibilities of rhetoric, — just the vague suggestion of grandiose schemes, the hint that something big is on foot, that Demos most delights to be tickled with.

As a matter of fact, anti-Americanism quickly drifted from the nebulous ideal conveyed in its rallying word to the discussion of less fantastic measures. Failing a united Europe, it fell back not unhopefully on the Triple Alliance, and the chances of converting it into a sort of Trade Defense League, only to find itself once more confronted by insuperable politics. Neither Austria nor Hungary can afford the political price which a customs alliance with Germany would entail. In both countries there are millions of German-speaking subjects, — nearly ten million in Austria, and over two in Hungary, — all of them more or less infected by the propaganda of Pan-Germanism, some of them warm and even intolerant in its advocacy. In Austria, a loud and aggressive party, holding over twenty seats in the Reichsrath, work openly for the incorporation of German-speaking Austria in the German Empire, and it is significant that one of the chief items in their programme has always been a customs union between the two nations. They know, and everybody knows, that such a union would put the seal on the political and commercial predominance of Germany in central Europe, and render inevitable the absorption of the weaker party to the compact. A central-European customs union will become possible only on the day Austria and Hungary have

reconciled themselves to signing away their political independence.

This was the second stage of the anti-American movement. The third is still in progress, and developing along sound, businesslike lines. Joint action is postponed, presumably to the Greek kalends; individual action, based on a common motive, is now the formula. It was, I believe, at a meeting of Austrian manufacturers, summoned last April to consider how best to "protect European industry against the threatened danger of American competition," that this new plan was first put forward. It is practicable, and, within its limits, effective. Americans cannot disregard it; it is a weapon that will move even the Senate. The Austrian manufacturers — and it was in all ways a thoroughly representative gathering — unanimously adopted a resolution declaring "the necessity of placing the commercial relations of the dual monarchy and the United States on a basis of reciprocity and equality simultaneously with the renewal of the commercial treaties in 1903." The resolution was sent to the Ministry of Commerce, and by them it has been seriously considered. Both in Austria and in Germany the official departments have since set themselves to find out in detail just where the American shoe pinches, and the results of their researches point to the adoption of an American weapon to fight American competition. Hitherto Germany and the dual monarchy have included in their commercial treaties a general and unconditional most-favored-nation clause. This is now to be abandoned, and the American example followed instead. One may take it for certain that the motive force of the new central-European treaties will be the American peril, and that it will be fought against by a common agreement to abandon the universal application of the most-favored-nation clause, and for the future to conclude treaties only on a reciprocal basis with each particular state.

This policy has several advantages from the Continental point of view. It enables the states to act in concert, and yet preserves to each, in great part, its liberty of action. It involves no political dangers, and, thanks to the adverse balance of trade, it puts a decided and peculiar pressure upon the United States. Americans are, as a rule, so complacently content with the prodigious disparity between their exports and their imports as to forget that this very disparity exposes them to easy retaliation. Whatever she may become, Europe is not yet an economic dependency of the United States; and so long as American bread-stuffs and provisions are not the necessity to her that they are, for instance, to England, she can always strike back with effect. Russia, on a small scale, by her prompt acceptance of Mr. Gage's challenge, has thrown a useful light on the precariousness of being an enormous seller and a small buyer. In German hands, the lesson could, and, as it seems, will, be brought home yet more unmistakably; for Germany's exports to the United States are worth only about half as much as American exports to Germany, — \$97,374,700 to \$184,648,094. Germans believe, and, as the new provisional tariff bill shows, are ready to act on their belief, that America has better reason to keep on good commercial terms with them than they with America; and they are therefore using their advantage to force Congress to choose between an equitable reciprocity treaty and the loss, or partial loss, of the German trade. Whether, looking to the peculiar nature of the German-American trade, they are right in their expectations, I am not economist enough to judge; but evidently they are determined to risk it. The Reichstag will doubtless modify the new tariff bill in parts, but as a whole it will remain what its framers intended it to be, — a rigid measure of protection aimed at the American farmer in the interests of the German Agrarians,

the first blow in the battle between the New World and the Old.

And this, be it noted, is how the Austrian agriculturalists view it, in spite of the small amount of consideration shown in its clauses for the interests of either half of the dual monarchy. At an August sitting of the government department, intrusted with the preparation of the commercial treaties, the most influential representatives of Austrian agriculture passed a resolution, in which it was declared that they regarded the projected German customs tariff as "the first step toward the union of the central-European producers and the realization of a convention for their mutual protection against the competition of transoceanic countries, and more particularly of the United States, on the basis of the general adoption of high duties."

Here, then, we reach the end of the effects so far produced on Europe by the commercial expansion of America. It has given Europe a certain sense of solidarity. It has to some extent appeased, and in the future it may wipe out, the jealousies that prevent the agricultural and industrial interests of the different countries from combining. It has thus done something to create nationalism as well as Continentalism. It has also, through the agency of the German Agrarians, seemingly committed Europe to a high-tariff policy, tempered by inter-European commercial treaties, and it has immensely popularized the American system of reciprocity. These results, or some of them at least, have already found expression in the projected German tariff bill; but we shall have to wait till 1903, when the terms of the new commercial treaties get published, to judge how much farther the leading countries of Europe are prepared to go. Unless Congress quickly and radically alters its attitude toward reciprocity treaties, it will be found, I think, that Europe is not by any means so irresolute as Americans seem to suppose. One way

or the other, 1903 will be a decisive year in the history of the two continents.

It is, of course, an open question, to be settled only after long and minute examination into an infinity of conditions, — conditions historical, social, economic, educational, and so on, — whether Europe has not half brought the American invasion upon herself, or at least whether its unexampled success is not due as much to a certain mental and manual backwardness and an artificial valuation of the non-productive side of life among the conquered as to the known enterprise and ingenuity of the conquerors. To put it in another way, would not the Americans have made more of Europe than the Europeans have done? If, as one suspects, the answer to this query were found to be affirmative, tariffs alone cannot be trusted to make good a deficiency which has its root in an ineptitude, partly natural, partly the result of social and political conditions, for turning patently inferior resources to the best account. But this can be barely glanced at here, nor may I more than hint at what to many Europeans seems the essential threat of American expansion. The strength that the nations of Europe waste in arming themselves against one another, Americans have turned to "fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace;" and to some who are not dreamers, the inexorable forces that are destined to grapple behind the veil of imports and exports, reciprocity treaties and what not, are those of industrialism and militarism. As the stress of American competition grows fiercer, may it not prove for Europe a rough-and-ready alternative between facing commercial ruin and abandoning militarism? Will American competition reach the annihilating point when the loss of productive power involved in conscription becomes intolerable? Will it end by supplying Socialism with the concentration and the basis of fact to convert it from a movement of opposition into a movement of revolu-

tion? These are speculations, merely, but speculations that are of vital moment to the continent of Europe, that are already the nightmare of more than one chancellery. What was the prelude to the Czar's Peace Conference but a recognition that the American farmer and the American artisan may yet, between them, make Europe do from necessity what the Czar wished her to do from sentiment?

Meanwhile, the first few tokens of the American advance have done nothing to lessen that dislike of the United States which is the common sentiment of Europe. United in nothing else, all Europe is at one at least in this. Even England, among the smaller nations that remember her as the great Liberator, can still count on a Continental friend or two. The United States has no friend in Europe. Americans, I know, hate to think that they are not beloved, and, wrapping themselves up in sentiment and tradition, refuse as long as possible to face the plain facts of international life. Sometimes it ceases to be longer possible. Sometimes, as in the Spanish war, the veil is torn aside, and then nothing can surpass the ingenuous surprise of the average American on finding that the France of Lafayette is not necessarily the France of to-day; that England has no thought of fitting out another Alabama; that Germany, instead of being a benevolent neutral, seems strangely waspish; and that even Russia can actually so far forget "the dear old past" as to drop hints of coalitions, and point with bewildering tactlessness to the unfortified state of the Pacific coast. Then for a lucid interval does America realize that it is not quite safe always to judge the present by the past. But after a while things calm down; tradition, nowhere so strong as among Americans, reasserts itself; the professional Anglophobia takes the stage once more, and the lion's tail, if not twisted with all the old heartiness, is at least tentatively

fingered. Let me say, as an Englishman, that I have not the slightest objection; that England, as a whole, is perfectly comfortable on the score of Anglo-American friendship, has no desire to force the pace, and is quite willing to wait till America finds herself in a tight corner again. If, and when, that happens, it will be seen, as it was seen in 1898, who are the friends of America, and who are not; and in my country it is believed that this process of enlightenment, sufficiently repeated, will at last induce Americans to collect themselves for the effort of seeing things as they are.

The reasons that make Europe dislike England are, in part, the reasons that make her dislike America. There is at the bottom of it all a despairing envy of her prosperity and success. To this is now added a dread, almost a conviction, that competition with America in business is growing impossible; that America aims at nothing less than a monopoly of the world's trade,—a suspicion pointed by the terrible fact that the trusts do not raise prices; and that, sooner than miss her goal, America would willingly see Europe plunged into Socialism and revolution. Cultured Europeans intensely resent the bearing of Americans; they hate the American form of swagger, which is not personal, like the British, but national; and they cannot with patience think of a country so crudely and completely immersed in materialism. They look upon Americans, to adopt a happy simile which I wish I could claim as my own, much as a New York mugwump looks upon a Tammany alderman. They accuse them of having vulgarized life as a Tammany alderman may be trusted to vulgarize politics. If any American ever troubled to read the comments of the European press on the annual presidential message, he would discover that, in the eyes of the Continent, the United States is a monster of hypocrisy, only less unctuous than Great Britain herself. Habits, natures, instinc-

tive ways of doing things, separate the two worlds by more than the breadth of the Atlantic. Even in such a trifling matter as diplomatic etiquette, Americans would probably be surprised if they knew how much irritation they provoke. The professional diplomats of Europe do not at all relish being called upon to negotiate with amateurs; they relish it still less when these amateurs treat the rules of the profession with small respect, are more bluntly insistent than is common, and show in their dispatches a strain of masterfulness, an unholy certainty that the American view must be complied with, which are highly "irregular." Any one who, merely from the standpoint of manner, compares Mr. Olney's dispatches, during the Venezuelan affair, with Lord Salisbury's will understand at once what I mean.

These things may seem trivial in themselves, and doubtless would be so if international likes and dislikes were determined by broad principles instead of being the outcome of caprice and accident and uninquiring prejudice. I doubt whether anything is of so little consequence as not to have its influence in shaping national preferences and aversions. The few causes I have ventured to suggest, by way of explaining the European attitude toward America, would of themselves be enough to explain it entirely. But they do not complete the list. Above and beyond them all is an intense political antagonism, the issue of the Spanish war and of the latest crisis in the Far East. In beating to her knees an ancient Catholic power, the United States not only grievously affronted the whole of the "Latin" race, but challenged the solidarity of Catholicism. The Vatican to-day is as instinctively the opponent of political as of theological "Americanism," and those who know Europe best have the most respect for the realities of papal power. It may some day happen that Americans themselves, in one or the other of their

new possessions, will find the Pope a useful ally or a most dangerous foe. Meanwhile, Catholic unity, such as it is, counts for something in the trend of European sentiment against America. So, too, does republicanism; the old spirit and the old fear are not yet dead. But at the root of the political objections to American expansion lies the apprehension, one might say the certainty, that the United States intends to bar the way to two of the greatest markets of the future, — China and South America. To undersell us at home, and to keep us from finding an outlet abroad, is the European version of American policy, not, perhaps, without its basis in fact.

It is at least curious to trace in one's political scrapbook the sure growth of anti-Americanism during the past few years. Before the Spanish war the United States figured in the politics of Europe chiefly as a redoubtable tail-twister, to whom, some day, would fall the honor of humbling Great Britain. When England and America were "out," the Continental Foreign Offices were always in high feather; both the official and popular view of the matter being that a war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race would be Europe's ideal opportunity. Even now nothing would give the Continent sincerer pleasure than to see a further deadlock between the two countries over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Spanish war, therefore, sprang upon Europe a double surprise. It showed America bounding out of her long, innocuous isolation to fell at a stroke a kingdom once the most powerful in the world, and still an essential member of the European family. More amazing yet, it showed England enthusiastically abetting her, — saying in so many words that no interference would be tolerated; that if any were attempted, the British fleet would do what it could to keep the course clear. Americans presumably have not forgotten, though they may not even yet

realize all that it meant, how they made their first venture in Weltpolitik in the teeth of a sullen and resentful Europe, and unwelcomed by any friend but England. A singularly cool and competent observer thus described at the time the Continental feeling: "In newspapers, in clubs, in society, even in the street, the dislike of America, the wish that she might be defeated, the desire, if it were only safe, to give her some savage snub, is unmistakable."

Since then much has happened to confirm and amplify that feeling. The futile rudeness of the German squadron in the Bay of Manila, the pro-British sympathies shown by the American people when war threatened over Fashoda, the Samoan affair, the Philippine war, Secretary Root's speech on the Monroe Doctrine, the American quarrel with Turkey, the dispute with Venezuela, Vice President Roosevelt's Bismarckian bluntness at the Buffalo Exposition, the whole action of America throughout the Chinese crisis, and, lastly, the threat of American interference in the trouble between Colombia and Venezuela, — all these incidents, some of them important, others irredeemably ephemeral, have been canvassed in Europe, and especially in Germany, with a bitterness that might shake even America's incorrigible optimism. Out of many goodly instances I choose one only, an article that appeared in the *Listok of Odessa*, early in May of last year. No article, it may be as well to remind Americans, can be published in a Russian newspaper without the sanction of the censor, who does not spare his pencil when he finds opinions expressed that the authorities are at all likely to object to. The *Listok*, after hinting at a European coalition to oppose America in China, went on to express its mingled anger and surprise that the United States should "venture to threaten a European power" like Turkey in order to enforce a pecuniary obligation. "It is, however," added the

writer, "highly improbable that the thing will go so far as a naval demonstration," — that is, by America, — "for there are powers in Europe, with Russia in the van, who will lose no time in reminding the United States that the Concert of Europe has in the past made sacrifices on far too extensive a scale, in the settlement of the question of free passage through the straits, to think of allowing the United States now to nullify at a stroke agreements which have cost so much blood in working out."

I draw no inferences from this, except to note, with something like awe, the frankness of the threat to blow out of the water any American ships that might seek to pass the Dardanelles. But lest it be said that these are merely the imaginings of an irresponsible diplomat, I add a sentence from a speech by Admiral Count Canevaro, delivered last April at Toulon. Count Canevaro, at any rate, can hardly be dismissed as irresponsible. He has been Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy; he is an energetic and capable sailor, and, as his conduct in the Cretan imbroglio showed, something more than a merely clever statesman. After expressing his conviction that the Triple and the Dual Alliance, taken together, had given Europe thirty years of peace, he let fall the pregnant remark that "this fact would perhaps lead the European nations to consider the possibility *and the necessity* of uniting against America, as the future of civilization would require them to do."

Where, Americans will ask, is "the necessity"? The answer, from the European point of view, is simple, and supplied by America herself in her Chinese and South American policies. Rightly or wrongly, Europe believes that the action of Washington throughout the muddle in the Far East points to an American determination to preserve China to the Chinese, or at least to resist, with force if necessary, any scheme of partition that threatens to put American traders at a

disadvantage. Either way, her policy cuts directly across the path of European ambitions. What Europe seeks in China is not only fresh markets, but exclusive markets; and exclusive markets are to be had only by conquest. Europe has learned to her cost that it is usually England and America who manage to slip in first through the "open door," and that her chance lies in carving out an empire of her own on Chinese territory, which she may fence in with a discriminating tariff, and from the development of which she alone may reap the profit. This is the policy which all the Continental nations think vital to their commerce with China; they cannot separate the idea of trade from that of conquest. Partition, they honestly believe, is not only good in itself, as opening up fresh fields of enterprise, and bringing the Chinese into first-hand acquaintance with Western civilization; it is also a safeguard and a protection against the bustling Anglo-Saxon traders. Nor is it impossible that some such stratagem as wrested Kiao Chou from China might have been repeated in 1900 but for the United States. Up to the time the Americans found themselves in the Philippines, the protectionist powers had only England and Japan to reckon with: the former weakened for offensive action by the Boer war; the latter still, for all her sacrifices and activity, only half organized. The advent of America just turned the scale against them, and it is therefore on America that they lay the blame for the fiasco of the year's work. Europe quits the scene baffled and empty, with nothing to show for all her toil but the promise of an indemnity which may or may not bear fruit. The policy as well as the diplomacy of the United States has left behind a legacy of friction and irritation.

And if this is true of China, with how much greater force does it hold good for South America! I have no space left for anything more than a brief note on the

European view of the Monroe Doctrine. Americans, I presume, have made up their minds on the subject, though even now it is a question whether they are aware how far the stream of inexorable tendencies may carry them. What is South America? It is something more than "a land of revolutions." It is the only part of the world's surface that has escaped the modern rage for colonization. It is the last and most tempting field for the reception of overcrowded Europe, — colossal, sparsely populated, much of it almost unexplored, inhabitable by Caucasians, its interior easily accessible by water, its soil of seemingly exhaustless fertility, its mineral wealth barely tapped. And this magnificent domain is at present divided among a congeries of pseudo-republics, the best of them unstable, the prey of military adventurers, as turbulent in spirit as they are crooked in finance. What a prize to dangle before a world whose ceaseless endeavor it is to lower the social pressure by emigration, and secure for her workers easy access to exclusive markets! One has to realize what Europe would give to have South America as defenseless as Africa, before one can gauge the spirit in which she views the Monroe Doctrine. To Europe that edict is the most domineering mandate issued to the world since the days of imperial Rome. It is an abridgment of her natural rights, enforced, as she regards the matter, simply in the interests of the dog in the manger. The United States will neither take South America for herself nor let any one else take it. She does not colonize the country with her own people; she has no trade with it worth mentioning; she admits no responsibility for the outrages, disorders, and financial freakishness of her protégés. But she insists that South America is within her sphere of influence; that such European holdings as exist there shall be neither extended nor transferred; that immigrants who settle on its soil

must make up their minds to leave their flag behind them; and that, in the event of trouble between a European government and one of the half-breed republics under her patronage, satisfaction must be sought, if at all, in a mere financial indemnity, — never in the seizure and retention of South American territory.

Do Americans seriously believe that Europe will lie passive forever under such an edict? Any one who has looked into the bloody and tangled history of South America, and kept an eye on the steady stream of European immigration into Brazil and Argentina, can imagine at least a score of incidents, any one of which would bring the Monroe Doctrine to a decisive test. Put on one side the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other the congested state of Europe, which would make expansion a necessity even if it were not all the fashion; the military spirit of the Continent, which will never show England's compliance with American wishes; the extraordinary inducements to colonization offered by South America, and the spirit of revolutionary turbulence that broods over the country from Panama to Patagonia — and one has a situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another fifty years.

I write as an Englishman who has learned to know and like America, and has no conscious tendency toward Jingoism. The subject is, in fact, one on which an Englishman may express an opinion with singular impartiality, for it concerns his own country only indirectly. The work of England during the century that has just begun is to consolidate and develop what she has won, not to seek fresh territory. The Monroe Doctrine, I conceive, touches none of her vital interests; indeed, were the question to be raised, it would, I imagine, be found that England and the United States are really at one in desiring to preserve South America from European encroachments. But with the

Continent it is different. No European power has an empire to organize; all are driven by necessity to seek new outlets, and when found, to close them to competitors. It is therefore but a part of the inevitable evolution of things that Europe should some day burst upon South America. This, as it seems to an on-looker, is what Americans have too long shut their eyes to. They appear to

have regarded the Monroe Doctrine as a self-acting barrier, as something which had merely to be enunciated to be an effective check to European designs. The Kaiser himself, some twenty months ago, supplied the unanswerable comment on this illusion: "If anything has to be done in this world, the pen will be powerless to carry it through unless backed by the force of the sword."

Sydney Brooks.

THE SOLITUDE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN a notable passage, Hawthorne has said of his own *Twice-Told Tales* that "they have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade. . . . Instead of passion there is sentiment. . . . Whether from lack of power or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos." And a little further on he adds, "The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound." Rarely has a writer shown greater skill in self-criticism than Hawthorne, except where modesty caused him to lower the truth, and in ascribing this lack of passion to his works he has struck what will seem to many the keynote of their character. When he says, however, that they are wanting in depth, he certainly errs through modesty. Many authors, great and small, display a lack of passion, but perhaps no other in all the hierarchy of poets who deal with moral problems has treated these problems, on one side at least, so profoundly as our New England romancer; and it is just this peculiarity of Hawthorne, so apparently paradoxical, which gives him his unique place among writers.

Consider for a moment *The Scarlet Letter*: the pathos of the subject, and the tragic scenes portrayed. All the world agrees that here is a masterpiece of mortal error and remorse; we are lost in admiration of the author's insight into the suffering human heart; yet has any one ever shed a tear over that inimitable romance? I think not. The book does not move us to tears; it awakens no sense of shuddering awe such as follows the perusal of the great tragedies of literature; it is not emotional, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, yet shallow or cold it certainly is not.)

In the *English Note-Books* Hawthorne makes this interesting comparison of himself with Thackeray. "Mr. S—— is a friend of Thackeray," he writes, "and, speaking of the last number of *The Newcomes*, — so touching that nobody can read it aloud without breaking down, — he mentioned that Thackeray himself had read it to James Russell Lowell and William Story in a cider cellar! . . . I cannot but wonder at his coolness in respect to his own pathos, and compare it with my emotions when I read the last scene of *The Scarlet Letter* to my wife, just after writing it, — tried to read it, rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides

after a storm." Why, then, we ask, should we have tears ready for *The Newcomes*, and none for *The Scarlet Letter*, although the pathos of the latter tale can so stir the depths of our nature as it did the author's? What curious trait in his writing, what strange attitude of the man toward the moral struggles and agony of human nature, is this that sets him apart from other novelists? I purpose to show how this is due to one dominant motive running through all his tales, — a thought to a certain extent peculiar to himself, and so persistent in its repetition that, to one who reads Hawthorne carefully, his works seem to fall together like the movements of a great symphony built upon one imposing theme.

I remember, some time ago, when walking among the Alps, that I happened on a Sunday morning to stray into the little English church at Interlaken. The room was pretty well filled with a chance audience, most of whom, no doubt, were, like myself, refugees from civilization for the sake of pleasure or rest or health. The minister was a young sandy-haired Scotsman, with nothing notable in his aspect save a certain unusual look of earnestness about the eyes; and I wonder how many of my fellow listeners still remember that quiet Sabbath morn, and the sunlight streaming over all, as white and pure as if poured down from the snowy peak of the Jungfrau, and how many of them still at times see that plain little church, and the simple man standing in the pulpit, and hear the tones of his vibrating voice? Opening the Bible, he paused a moment; then read, in accents that faltered a little, as if with emotion, the words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" and then paused again, without adding the translation. I do not know what induced him to choose such a text, and to preach such a sermon before an audience of summer idlers; it even seemed to me that a look of surprise and perturbation stole over their faces as, in tones tremulous from the start,

with restrained passion, he poured forth his singular discourse. I cannot repeat his words. He told of the inevitable loneliness that follows man from the cradle to the grave; he spoke of the loneliness that lends the depth of yearning to a mother's eyes as she bends over her newborn child, for the soul of the infant has been rent from her own, and she can never again be united to what she cherished. It is this sense of individual loneliness and isolation, he said, that gives pathos to lovers' eyes when love has brought them closest together; it is this that lends austerity to the patriot's look when saluted by the acclaiming multitude. And you, he cried, who for a little while have come forth from the world into these solitudes of God, what hope ye to find? Some respite, no doubt, from the anxiety that oppressed you in the busy town, in the midst of your loved ones about the hearth, in the crowded market place; for you believe that these solitudes of nature will speak to your hearts and comfort you, and that in the peace of nature you will find the true communion of soul that the busy world could not give you. Yet are you deceived; for the sympathy and power of communion between you and this fair creation have been ruined and utterly cast away by sin, and this was typified in the beginning by the banishing of Adam from the terrestrial paradise. No, the murmur of these pleasant brooks and the whispering of these happy leaves shall not speak to the deafened ear of your soul, nor shall the verdure of these sunny fields and the glory of these snowy peaks appeal to the darkened eye of your soul: and this you shall learn to your utter sorrow. Go back to your homes, to your toil, to the populous deserts where your duty lies. Go back and bear bravely the solitude that God hath given you to bear; for this, I declare unto you, is the burden and the penalty laid upon us by the eternal decrees for the sin we have done, and for the sin of our fathers before us.

Think not, while evil abides in you, ye shall be aught but alone; for evil is the seeking of self and the turning away from the commonalty of the world. Your life shall indeed be solitary until death, the great solitude, absorbs it at last. Go back and learn righteousness and meekness; and it may be, when the end cometh, you shall attain unto communion with him who alone can speak to the recluse that dwells within your breast. And he shall comfort you for the evil of this solitude you bear; for he himself hath borne it, and his last cry was the cry of desolation, of one forsaken and made lonely by his God.

no. I hope I may be pardoned for introducing memories of so personal a nature into an article of literary criticism, but there seemed no better way of indicating the predominant trait of Hawthorne's work. Other poets of the past have excelled him in giving expression to certain problems of our inner life, and in stirring the depths of our emotional nature; but not in the tragedies of Greece, or the epics of Italy, or the drama of Shakespeare will you find any presentation of this one truth of the penalty of solitude laid upon the human soul so fully and profoundly worked out as in the romances of Hawthorne. It would be tedious to take up each of his novels and tales and show how this theme runs like a sombre thread through them all, yet it may be worth while to touch on a few prominent examples.

Shortly after leaving college, Hawthorne published a novel which his maturer taste, with propriety, condemned. Despite the felicity of style which seems to have come to Hawthorne by natural right, Fanshawe is but a crude and conventional story. Yet the book is interesting if only to show how at the very outset the author struck the keynote of his life's work. The hero of the tale is the conventional student of romance, wasted by study, and isolated from mankind by his intellectual ideals. "He had seemed, to

others and to himself, a solitary being, upon whom the hopes and fears of ordinary men were ineffectual." The whole conception of the story is a commonplace, yet a commonplace relieved by a peculiar quality in the language which even in this early attempt predicts the stronger treatment of his chosen theme when the artist shall have mastered his craft. There is, too, something memorable in the parting scene between the hero and heroine, where Fanshawe, having earned Ellen's love, deliberately surrenders her to one more closely associated with the world, and himself returns to his studies and his death.

From this youthful essay let us turn at once to his latest work, — the novel begun when the shadow of coming dissolution had already fallen upon him, though still not old in years; to that "tale of the deathless man" interrupted by the intrusion of Death, as if in mockery of the artist's theme.

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain!
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

In the fragment of *The Dolliver Romance* we have, wrought out with all the charm of Hawthorne's maturest style, a picture of isolation caused, not by the exclusive ambitions of youth, but by old age and the frailty of human nature. No extract or comment can convey the effect of these chapters of minute analysis, with their portrait of the old apothecary dwelling in the time-eaten mansion, whose windows look down on the graves of children and grandchildren he had outlived and laid to rest. With his usual sense of artistic contrast, Hawthorne sets a picture of golden-haired youth by the side of withered eld: "The Doctor's only child, poor Bessie's offspring, had died the better part of a hundred years before, and his grandchildren, a numerous and dimly remembered brood, had vanished along his weary track in their youth, maturity, or

incipient age, till, hardly knowing how it had all happened, he found himself tottering onward with an infant's small fingers in his nerveless grasp."

Again, in describing the loneliness that separates old age from the busy current of life, Hawthorne has recourse to a picture which he employed a number of times, and which seems to have been drawn from his own experience and to have haunted his dreams. It is the picture of a bewildered man walking the populous streets, and feeling utterly lost and estranged in the crowd: so the old doctor "felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion; . . . or else it was that nightmare feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity." We are reminded by the words of Hawthorne's own habit, during his early Salem years, of choosing to walk abroad at night, when no one could observe him, and of his trick, in later life, of hiding in the Concord woods rather than face a passer-by on the road.

Between Fanshawe, with its story of the seclusion caused by youthful ambition, and *The Dolliver Romance*, with its picture of isolated old age, there may be found in the author's successive works every form of solitude incident to human existence. I believe no single tale, however short or insignificant, can be named in which, under one guise or another, this recurrent idea does not appear. It is as if the poet's heart were burdened with an emotion that unconsciously dominated every faculty of his mind; he walked through life like a man possessed. Often, while reading his novels, I have of a sudden found myself back in the little chapel at Interlaken, listening to that strange discourse on the penalty of sin; and the cry of the text once more goes surging through my ears, "Why hast thou for-

saken me?" Truly a curse is upon us; our life is rounded with impassable emptiness; the stress of youth, the feebleness of age, all the passions and desires of manhood, lead but to this inevitable solitude and isolation of spirit.

Perhaps the first work to awaken any considerable interest in Hawthorne was the story — not one of his best — of *The Gentle Boy*. The pathos of the poor child severed by religious fanaticism from the fellowship of the world stirred a sympathetic chord in the New England heart, and it may even be that tears were shed over the homeless lad clinging to his father's grave; for his "father was of the people whom all men hate."

But far more characteristic in its weird intensity and philosophic symbolism is the story of *The Minister's Black Veil*. No one who has read them has ever forgotten the dying man's fateful words: "Why do you tremble at me alone? Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend, the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

In another of the *Twice-Told Tales* the same thought is presented in a form as ghastly as anything to be found in the pages of Poe or Hoffman. *The Lady Eleanore* has come to these shores in the early colonial days, bringing with her a heart filled with aristocratic pride. She has, moreover, all the arrogance of queenly beauty, and her first entrance into the governor's mansion is over the prostrate body of a despised lover. Her insolence is symbolized throughout by a

mantle which she wears, of strange and fascinating splendor, embroidered for her by the fingers of a dying woman, — a woman dying, it proves, of the small-pox, so that the infested robe becomes the cause of a pestilence that sweeps the province. It happens now and then that Hawthorne falls into a revolting realism, and the last scene, where Lady Eleanore, perishing of the disease that has flowed from her own arrogance, is confronted by her old lover, produces a feeling in the reader almost of loathing; yet the lady's last words are significant enough to be quoted: "The curse of Heaven hath stricken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapped myself in PRIDE as in a MANTLE, and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy." Alas for the poor, broken creature of pride! She but suffered for electing freely a loneliness which, in one form or another, whether voluntary or involuntary, haunts all the chief persons of her creator's world. It is, indeed, characteristic of this solitude of spirit that it presents itself now as the original sin awakening Heaven's wrath, and again as itself the penalty imposed upon the guilty soul: which is but Hawthorne's way of portraying evil and its retribution as simultaneous, — nay, as one and the same thing.

But we linger too long on these minor works of our author. Much has been written about *The Scarlet Letter*, and it has been often studied as an essay in the effects of crime on the human heart. In truth, one cannot easily find, outside of Æschylus, words of brooding so profound and single-hearted on this solemn subject; their meaning, too, would seem to be written large, yet I am not aware that the real originality and issue of the book have hitherto been clearly discussed. Other poets have laid bare the workings of a diseased conscience, the perturbations of a soul that has gone astray; oth-

ers have shown the confusion and horror wrought by crime in the family or the state, and something of these, too, may be found in the effects of Dimmesdale's sin in the provincial community; but the true moral of the tale lies in another direction. It is a story of intertangled love and hatred working out in four human beings the same primal curse, — love and hatred so woven together that in the end the author asks whether the two passions be not, after all, the same, since each renders one individual dependent upon another for his spiritual food, and each is in a way an attempt to break through the boundary that separates soul from soul. From the opening scene at the prison door, which, "like all that pertains to crime, seemed never to have known a youthful era," to the final scene on the scaffold, where the tragic imagination of the author speaks with a power barely surpassed in the books of the world, the whole plot of the romance moves about this one conception of our human isolation as the penalty of transgression.

Upon Arthur Dimmesdale the punishment falls most painfully. From the cold and lonely heights of his spiritual life he has stepped down, in a vain endeavor against God's law, to seek the warmth of companionship in illicit love. He sins, and the very purity and fineness of his nature make the act of confession before the world almost an impossibility. The result is a strange contradiction of effects that only Hawthorne could have reconciled. By his sin Dimmesdale is more than ever cut off from communion with the world, and is driven to an asceticism and aloofness so complete that it becomes impossible for him to look any man in the eye; on the other hand, the brooding secret of his passion gives him new and powerful sympathies with life's burden of sorrow, and fills his sermons with a wonderful eloquence to stir the hearts of men. This, too, is the paradox running like a double thread

through all the author's works. Out of our isolation grow the passions which but illuminate and render more visible the void from which they sprang; while, on the other hand, he is impressed by that truth which led him to say: "We are but shadows, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream, — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, — then we begin to be, — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

Opposed to the erring minister stands Roger Chillingworth, upon whom the curse acts more hideously, if not more painfully. The incommunicative student, misshapen from his birth hour, who has buried his life in books and starved his emotions to feed his brain, would draw the fair maiden Hester into his heart, to warm that innermost chamber, left lonely and chill and without the household fire. Out of this forbidden love illicit desire springs all the tragedy of the tale. Dimmesdale suffers because he loves; but the desire of Chillingworth, because it is base, and because his character is essentially selfish, is changed into rancorous hatred. And here again the effect of the man's passion is twofold: it endows him with a malignant sympathy toward the object of his hate, enabling him to play on the victim's heart as a musician gropes among the strings of an instrument, and at the same time it severs him more absolutely from the common weal, blotting out his life "as completely as if he indeed lay at the bottom of the ocean."

And what shall we say of the fair and piteous Hester Prynne? Upon her the author has lavished all his art: he has evoked a figure of womanhood whose memory haunts the mind like that of another Helen. Like Helen's, her passive beauty has been the cause of strange trials and perturbations of which she must herself partake; she is more human than Beatrice, nobler and larger than Marguerite, — a creation altogether

fair and wonderful. Yet she too must be caught in this embroilment of evil and retribution. The Scarlet Letter upon her breast is compared by the author to the brand on the brow of Cain, — a mark that symbolizes her utter separation from the mutual joys and sorrows of the world. She walks about the provincial streets like some lonely bearer of a monstrous fate. Yet because her guilt lies open to the eyes of mankind, and because she accepts the law of our nature, striving to aid and uplift the faltering hearts about her without seeking release from the curse in closer human attachments, following unconsciously the doctrine of the ancient Hindu book, —

"Therefore apply thyself unto work as thy duty bids, yet without attachment;

Even for the profiting of the people apply thyself unto work," —

because she renounces herself and the selfishness of self, we see her gradually win our sympathy in our presence, until the blessing of her presence reaches all the poor and afflicted following her goings about, and the Scarlet Letter, ceasing to be a stigma of scorn, becomes "a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too."

As a visible outcome of the guilty passion little Pearl stands before us, an elfin child that "lacked reference and adaptation to the world into which she was born," and that lived with her mother in a "circle of seclusion from human society." But the suffering of the parents is efficient finally to set their child free from the curse; and at the last, when the stricken father proclaims his guilt in public and acknowledges his violation of the law, we see Pearl kissing him and weeping, and her tears are a pledge that she is to grow up amid common joys and griefs, nor forever do battle with the world.

And in the end what of the love between Arthur and Hester? Was it deemed of shame, and made prophetic of a perfect union beyond the grave? Alas,

there is something pitiless and awful in the last words of the two, as the man lies on the scaffold, dying in her arms: —

“‘Shall we not meet again?’ whispered she, bending her face down close to his. ‘Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?’

“‘Hush, Hester, hush!’ said he, with tremulous solemnity. ‘The law we broke! — the sin here so awfully revealed! — let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I-fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God, — when we violated our reverence each for the other’s soul, — it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion.’”

With his next novel Hawthorne enters upon a new phase of his art. Henceforth he seems to have brooded much on the immediate effect of [redacted] on its influence when handed down in a family from generation to generation, and symbolized (for his mind must inevitably speak through symbols) by the ancestral fatality of gurgling blood in the throat or by the print of a bloody footstep. But whatever the symbol employed, the moral outcome of the ancient wrong is always the same: in Septimius Felton, in *The Dolliver Romance*, and most of all in *The House of the Seven Gables*, the infection of evil works itself out in the loneliness of the last sufferers, and their isolation from the world.

It is not my intention to analyze in detail Hawthorne’s remaining novels. As for *The House of the Seven Gables*, we know what unwearied care the author bestowed on the description of Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, alone in the desolate family mansion, and on her grotesque terrors when forced to creep from her seclusion; and how finely he has painted the dim twilight of alienation from himself and from the world into

which the wretched Clifford was thrust! And Judge Pyncheon, the portly, thick-necked, scheming man of action, — who, in imagination, does not perceive him, at last, sitting in the great oaken chair, fallen asleep with wide-staring eyes while the watch ticks noisily in his hand? Asleep, but none shall arouse him from that slumber, and warn him that the hour of his many appointments is slipping by. What immutable mask of indifference has fallen upon his face? “The features are all gone: there is only the paleness of them left. And how looks it now? There is no window! There is no face! An infinite, inscrutable blackness has annihilated sight! Where is our universe? All crumbled away from us; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once

“Hear ye no other sound? One other, the ticking of the old watch, which, ever since Hepzibah left the room in search of Clifford, he has been holding in his hand. Be the cause what it may, this little, quiet, never ceasing throb of Time’s pulse, repeating its small strokes with such busy regularity, in Judge Pyncheon’s motionless hand, has an effect of terror, which we do not find in any other accompaniment of the scene.”

Many times, while reading this story and the others that involve an ancestral curse, I have been struck by something of similarity and contrast at once between our New England novelist and Æschylus, the tragic poet of Athens. It should seem at first as if the vast gap between the civilizations that surrounded the two writers and the utterly different forms of their art would preclude any real kinship; and yet I know not where, unless in these late romances, any companion can be found in modern literature to the Orestean conception of satiety begetting insolence, and insolence

calling down upon a family the inherited curse of Atë. It may be reckoned the highest praise of Hawthorne that his work can suggest any such comparison with the masterpiece of Æschylus, and not be entirely emptied of value by the juxtaposition. But if Æschylus and Hawthorne are alike poets of Destiny and of the fateful inheritance of woe, their methods of portraying the power and handiwork of Atë are perfectly distinct. The Athenian, too, represents Orestes, the last inheritor of the curse, as cut off from the fellowship of mankind; but to recall the Orestean tale, with all its tragic action of murder and matricide and frenzy, is to see in a clearer light the originality of Hawthorne's conception of moral retribution in the disease of inner solitude. There is in the difference something, of course, of the constant distinction between classic and modern art; but added to this is the creative idealism of Hawthorne's rare and elusive genius.

I have dwelt at some length on *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, because they are undoubtedly the greatest of Hawthorne's romances, and the most thoroughly permeated with his peculiar ideas, — works so nearly perfect, withal, in artistic execution that the mind of the reader is overwhelmed by a sense of the power and self-restraint possible to human genius.

Over the other two long novels we must pass lightly, although they are not without bearing on the subject in hand. *The Blithedale Romance*, being in every way the slightest and most colorless of the novels, would perhaps add little to the discussion. But in *The Marble Faun* it would be interesting to study the awakening of Donatello's half-animal nature to the fullness of human sympathies by his love for Miriam; and to follow Miriam herself, moving, with the dusky veil of secrecy about her, among the crumbling ruins and living realities of Rome like some phantom of the city's long-buried tragedies. Hawthorne never made known

the nature of the shadow that hovered over this strange creature, and it may be that he has here indulged in a piece of pure mystification; but, for my own part, I could never resist the conviction that she suffers for the same cause as Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. Granting such a conjecture to be well founded, it would be interesting to compare the two innocent victims of the same hideous crime: to observe the frenzy aroused in Beatrice by her wrong, and the passion of her acts, and then to look upon the silent, unearthly Miriam, snatched from the hopes of humanity, and wrapped in the shadows of impenetrable isolation. Powerful as is the story of the Cenci, to me, at least, the fate of Miriam is replete with deeper woe and more transcendent meaning.

It is natural that the reader of these strange stories and stranger confessions should ask, almost with a shudder, What manner of man was the author? We do not wonder that his family, in their printed memoirs, should have endeavored in every way to set forth the social and sunny side of his character, and should have published the Note-Books with the avowed purpose of dispelling the "often expressed opinion that Mr. Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid." Let us admit with them that he had but the "inevitable pensiveness and gravity" of one to whom has been given "the awful power of insight." No one supposes for a moment that Hawthorne's own mind was clouded with the remorseful consciousness of secret guilt; and we are ready to accept his statement that he had "no love of secrecy and darkness," and that his extreme reserve had only made his writings more objective.

Morbid in any proper sense of the word Hawthorne cannot be called, except in so far as throughout his life he cherished one dominant idea, and that a peculiar state of mental isolation which destroys the illusions leading to action, and so tends at last to weaken the will; and there are, it must be confessed,

signs in the old age of Hawthorne that his will actually succumbed to the attacks of this subtle disillusionment. But beyond this there is in his work no taint of unwholesomeness, unless it be in itself unwholesome to be possessed by one absorbing thought. We have no reason to discredit his own statement: "When I write anything that I know or suspect is morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie." Nor was he even a mystery-monger: the mysterious element in his stories, which affects some prosaic minds as a taint of morbidness, is due to the intense symbolism of his thought, to the intrinsic and unconscious mingling of the real and the ideal. Like one of his own characters, he could "never separate the idea from the symbol in which it manifests itself." Yet the idea is always there. He is strong both in analysis and generalization; there is no weakening of the intellectual faculties. Furthermore, his pages are pervaded with a subtle ironical humor hardly compatible with morbidness, — not a boisterous humor that awakens laughter, but the mood, half quizzical and half pensive, of a man who stands apart and smiles at the foibles and pretensions of the world. Now and then there is something rare and unexpected in his wit, as, for example, in his comment on the Italian mosquitoes: "They are bigger than American mosquitoes; and if you crush them, after one of their feasts, it makes a terrific blood spot. It is a sort of suicide to kill them." And if there is to be found in his tales a fair share of disagreeable themes, yet he never confounds things of good and evil report, nor things fair and foul; the moral sense is intact. Above all, there is no undue appeal to the sensations or emotions.

Rather it is true, as we remarked in the beginning, that the lack of outward emotion, together with their poignancy of silent appeal, is a distinguishing mark of Hawthorne's writings. The thought underlying all his work is one to trouble

the depths of our nature, and to stir in us the sombrest chords of brooding, but it does not move us to tears or passionate emotion: those affections are dependent on our social faculties, and are starved in the rarefied air of his genius. Hawthorne indeed relates that the closing chapters of *The Scarlet Letter*, when read aloud to his wife, sent her to bed with a sick headache. And yet, as a judicious critic has observed, this may have been in part just because the book seals up the fountain of tears.

It needs but a slight acquaintance with his own letters and Note-Books, and with the anecdotes current about him, to be assured that never lived a man to whom ordinary contact with his fellows was more impossible, and that the mysterious solitude in which his fictitious characters move is a mere shadow of his own imperial loneliness of soul. "I have made a captive of myself," he writes in a letter of condolence to Longfellow, "and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out; and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out. You tell me that you have met with troubles and changes. I know not what these may have been, but I can assure you that trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment, and that there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys or sorrows." Was ever a stranger letter of condolence penned?

Even the wider sympathies of the race seem to have been wanting in the man as they are wanting in his books. It is he who said of himself, "Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner." Though he lived in the feverish ante-bellum days, he was singularly lacking in the political sense, and could look with indifference on the slave question. When at last the war broke out, and he was forced into sympathies foreign to his nature, it seemed as if something gave way within him beneath the unaccustomed stress. It is

said, and with probable truth, that the trouble of his heart actually caused his death. His novels are full of brooding over the past, but of real historic sympathy he had none. He has mentioned the old Concord fight almost with contempt, and in his travels the homes of great men and the scenes of famous deeds rarely touched him with enthusiasm. Strangest of all, in a writer of such moral depth, is his coldness toward questions of religion. So marked was this apathy that George Ripley is reported to have said on the subject of Hawthorne's religious tendencies, "There were none, no reverence in his nature." He was not skeptical, to judge from his occasional utterances, but simply indifferent; the matter did not interest him. He was by right of inheritance a Puritan; all the intensity of the Puritan nature remained in him, and all the overwhelming sense of the heinousness of human depravity, but these, cut off from the old faith, took on a new form of their own. Where the Puritan teachers had fulminated the vengeance of an outraged God, Hawthorne saw only the infinite isolation of the errant soul. In one of his stories, in many ways the most important of his shorter works, he has chosen for his theme the Unpardonable Sin, and it is interesting to read the tale side by side with some of the denunciatory sermons of the older divines.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of Ethan Brand, the lime-burner, who, in the wilderness of the mountains, in the silences of the night while he fed the glowing furnace, conceived the idea of producing in himself the Unpardonable Sin. Every one must remember how at last he found his quest in his own wretched heart, that had refused to beat in human sympathy, and had regarded the men about him as so many problems to be studied. In the end, he who had denied the brotherhood of man, and spurned the guidance of the stars, and who now refuses to surrender his body

back to the bosom of Mother Earth, — in the end he must call on the deadly element of fire as his only friend, and so, with blasphemy on his lips, flings himself into the flaming oven. It is a sombre and weird catastrophe, but the tragic power of the scene lies in the picture of utter loneliness in the guilty breast. And would you hear by its side the denunciations of our greatest theologian against sin? Read but a paragraph from the sermons of Jonathan Edwards: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. . . . If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or showing you the least regard or favor, that, instead of that, he will only tread you underfoot. . . . And though he will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet he will not regard that; but he will crush you under his feet without mercy; he will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment." Is it a wonder that strong men were moved to tears, and women fainted, beneath such words? Yet in the still hours of meditation there is to me, at least, something more appalling in the gloomy imaginations of Hawthorne, because they are founded more certainly on everlasting truth.

I have spoken as if the mental attitude of Hawthorne was one common to the race, however it may be exaggerated in form by his own inner vision; and to us of the Western world, over whom have passed centuries of Christian brooding, and who find ourselves suddenly cut loose from the consolation of Christian faith, his voice may well seem the utterance of universal experience, and we may be even justified in assuming that his words have at last expressed what has long slumbered in human consciousness. His was not the bitterness,

the fierce indignation of loneliness, that devoured the heart of Swift; nor yet the terror of a soul like Cowper's, that believed itself guilty of the unpardonable sin, and therefore condemned to everlasting exile and torment; nor Byron's personal rancor and hatred of society; nor the ecstasy of Thomas à Kempis, whose spirit was rapt away out of the turmoil of existence; but rather an intensification of the solitude that invests the modern world, and by right found its deepest expression in the New England heart. Not with impunity had the human race for ages dwelt on the eternal welfare of the soul; for from such meditation the sense of personal importance had become exacerbated to an extraordinary degree. What could result from such teaching as that of Jonathan Edwards but an extravagant sense of individual existence, as if the moral governance of the world revolved about the action of each mortal soul? And when the alluring faith attendant on this form of introspection paled, as it did during the so-called transcendental movement into which Hawthorne was born, there resulted necessarily a feeling of anguish and bereavement more tragic than any previous moral stage through which the world had passed. The loneliness of the individual, which had been vaguely felt and lamented by poets and philosophers of the past, took on a poignancy altogether unexampled. It needed but an artist with the vision of Hawthorne to represent this feeling as the one tragic calamity of mortal life, as the great primeval curse of sin. What lay dormant in the teaching of Christianity became the universal protest of the human heart.

In no way can we better estimate the universality, and at the same time the modern note, of Hawthorne's solitude than by turning for a moment to the literature of the far-off Ganges. There, too, on the banks of the holy river, men used much to ponder on the life of the

human soul in its restless wandering from birth to birth; and in their books we may read of a loneliness as profound as Hawthorne's, though quite distinct in character. To them, also, we are born alone, we die alone, and alone we reap the fruits of our good and evil deeds. The dearest ties of our earthly existence are as meaningless and transient as the meeting of spar with drifting spar on the ocean waves. Yet in all this it is the isolation of the soul from the source of universal life that troubles human thought; there is no cry of personal anguish here, such as arises from Christianity, for the loss of individuality is ever craved by the Hindu as the highest good. And besides this distinction between the Western and Eastern forms of what may be called secular solitude, the Hindu carried the idea into abstract realms whither no Occidental can penetrate.

"HE, in that solitude before
The world was, looked the wide void o'er
And nothing saw, and said, Lo, I
Alone! — and still we echo the lone cry.

"Thereat He feared, and still we fear
In solitude when naught is near:
And, Lo, He said, myself alone!
What cause of dread when second is not
known?"

But into this ultimate region of Oriental mysticism we have no reason to intrude. We may at least count it among the honors of our literature that it was left for a denizen of this far Western land, living in the midst of a late-born and confused civilization, to give artistic form to a thought that, in fluctuating form, has troubled the minds of philosophers from the beginning. Other authors may be greater in so far as they touch our passions more profoundly, but to the solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne we owe the most perfect utterance of a feeling that must seem to us now as old and as deep as life itself.

It would be easy to explain Hawthorne's peculiar temperament, after the modern fashion, by reference to heredity

and environment. No doubt there was a strain of eccentricity in the family. He himself tells of a cousin who made a spittoon out of the skull of his enemy; and it is natural that a descendant of the old Puritan witch judge should portray the weird and grotesque aspects of life. Probably this native tendency was increased by the circumstances that surrounded his youth: the seclusion of his mother's life; his boyhood on Lake Sebago, where, as he says, he first got his "cursed habit of solitude;" and the long

years during which he lived as a hermit in Salem. But, after all, these external matters, and even the effect of heredity so far as we can fathom it, explain little or nothing. A thousand other men might have written his books if their source lay in such antecedents. Behind it all was the dæmonic force of the man himself, the everlasting mystery of genius inhabiting in his brain, and choosing him to be an exemplar and interpreter of the inviolable individuality in which lie the pain and glory of our human estate.

Paul Elmer More.

SEA IN AUTUMN.

I KNOW how all the hollows of the land
Are bright with harvest; how with every breeze
Her largess autumn scatters from the trees,
And how the sheaves are piled on every hand.
Basks the brown earth; her toil hath bought her ease.
Here is the lesson, plain to understand.
Yet there remaineth somewhat; pace the strand,
And watch awhile the vast, the infertile seas.

Deeper than earth's their calm; from marge to marge
Wide stretched they lie, untroubled by the need
Of any fruitage; barren and content,
They know the secret of a hope more large
Than earth has guessed at; them a richer meed
Than toil can win th' inscrutable heavens have sent.

C. A. Price.

DANIEL WEBSTER.¹

WEBSTER'S EARLY EDUCATION.

WHEN Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College, more than one hundred years ago, it had attained a considerable degree of prosperity. For a quarter of a century after Wheelock planted it in the wilderness it remained the only college in northern New England, and the rapid settlement of the country about it gave it an important constituency. During the ten years immediately preceding Webster's graduation it was second among the colleges of the country in the number of graduates to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He came from one of the frontier families that crowded into this region. When the smoke first curled from the chimney of his father's log cabin in Salisbury, there was, as the son has said, "no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada." Professor Wendell tells us, in his scholarly book on literature in America, that Webster was the "son of a New Hampshire countryman;" and again, that "he retained so many traces of his far from eminent New Hampshire origin" that he was less typical of the Boston orators than were some other men. It is true that the father was a "New Hampshire countryman," and he does not appear to have attained any remarkable eminence; but only the most cautious inferences should be drawn from a surface or negative fact of that character, in a past necessarily covered for the most part with darkness. A great deal is to-day unknown about that sturdy race of men who swarmed over our frontiers more than a century ago, and especially a great deal that was worthy and noble in indi-

viduals. And it is hardly useful to turn to a doubtful past in order to learn of a known present, or to judge of a son whom we know well from a father of whom we know but little. It is often more safe to judge of the ancestor from the descendant than of the descendant from the ancestor. I supposed that Daniel Webster had forever settled the essential character of the stock from which he sprung, just as the pure gold of Lincoln's character unerringly points to a mine of unalloyed metal somewhere, if there is anything in the principles of heredity; and whether the mine is known or unknown, its gold will pass current even at the Boston mint. Perhaps neither of these men, in himself or in his origin, was wholly typical of any place; it is enough that both were typical of America.

But what we know of Webster's father indicates the origin of some of the great qualities of the son. He was a man of much native strength of intellect and of resolute independence of character. He had those magnificent physical qualities which made the son a source of wonder to all who knew him. He had, too, a heart which, the son once said, "he seemed to have borrowed from a lion." "Your face is not so black, Daniel," Stark once said, "as your father's was with gunpowder at the Bennington fight." And on the night after the discovery of Arnold's treason, at that dark moment when even the faithful might be thought faithless, and the safety of the new nation demanded a sure arm to lean upon, it was then, according to the tradition, that Webster was put in command of the guard before the headquarters of our general, and George Washington, another "countryman," said, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you."

The schooling of Webster before he entered college was of a limited charac-

¹ From an address delivered at Dartmouth College, September 25, 1901, at the centennial of Webster's graduation.

ter. He appears to have been well drilled in Latin, but he possessed only the rudiments of English, and of Greek he knew very little. It must not be overlooked, however, that even at his youthful age he had acquired a fondness for the *Spectator* and for other good English books. While in college he broadened his reading of English and history, until he was said to be at the head of his class in those branches. Perhaps his most positive acquirement was in the Latin language, in which he became a good scholar, and which he continued to study in after life. A profound knowledge of a foreign tongue can hardly be conclusively inferred from frequent quotations from it. In the oratory of the first half of the last century the Latin quotation was an established institution, and for much of it little more than the manual custody of the Latin author was apparently necessary. But the quotations from that language in Webster's speeches were apt, and usually betrayed an insight into the meaning of the author, deep enough often to get a second or poetical meaning. He continued to neglect Greek, probably because he had been so miserably prepared in it, and long afterwards he lamented that he had not studied it until he could read and understand Demosthenes in his own tongue. The course of study which he followed was the rigid and unyielding course of that day, where every branch was impartially prescribed for everybody. The debating society was an institution to which Webster was devoted, and from which he derived great benefit. It enabled him to overcome his timidity, which had been so excessive at Exeter that it was impossible for him to recite his declamations before the school, and he became in college a ready and self-possessed debater. I do not find it easy, however, to detect under the flowers of his early rhetoric the promise of that weighty and concentrated style which afterwards distinguished him. Although not the first in

scholarship, he undoubtedly acquired a leadership among his college mates. His popularity was the natural result of the display of his ability and manly qualities in that most just and perfect democracy in the world, — a democracy of schoolboys. It lingered in the college after he left it; and when he returned, after his graduation, with the "shekels," as he expressed it, which he had earned for his brother Ezekiel, he was received as quite a hero.

It is difficult to believe, in view of the majestic proportions of his later years, that he was ever slender and delicate, but he is spoken of as being in his college days "long, slender, pale, and all eyes." Yet his slight form supported an enormous mass of head, with its noble brow crowned by hair as black as the wing of a raven. Those wonderful black eyes, which near the end of his life Carlyle spoke of as "dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown," were then lighted up with the fire and brilliancy of youth.

HIS LEGAL TRAINING.

It was a fortunate circumstance, in Webster's early career, that it fell to his lot to meet often in the courts so great a lawyer as Jeremiah Mason. When Webster came to the Portsmouth bar, he found Mason its unquestioned leader. Mason was a giant, mentally and physically, thoroughly trained in his profession, with an absolute contempt for rhetorical ornament, and a way of talking directly at juries in a terse and informal style which they could comprehend; standing, as Webster expressed it, so that he might put his finger on the foreman's nose. Long afterwards, when Webster's fame as a lawyer and statesman extended over the whole country, he wrote it as his deliberate opinion of Mason that if there was a stronger intellect in the country he did not know it. From this estimate he would not even except John Marshall. Webster quickly

outstripped his other rivals, and for nine years maintained the struggle against this formidable antagonist for supremacy at the Portsmouth bar. He was compelled to overcome his natural tendency to indolence, and to make the most careful preparation of his cases. The rivalry called into play the most strenuous exercise of all his faculties. The intellectual vigilance and readiness which became his marked characteristics in debate were especially cultivated. He soon saw the futility of florid declamation against the simple style of Mason, and his own eloquence rapidly passed out of the efflorescent stage, and became direct and full of the Saxon quality; although he never affected little words, and would use a strong word of Latin origin when it would answer his purpose better. When his practice at the Portsmouth bar came to an end, he had proved his ability to contend on even terms, at least, with Mason, and had developed those great qualities which enabled him to take his place as the leader of the Boston bar almost without a struggle, and to step at an early age into the front rank of the lawyers who contended in the Supreme Court at Washington.

THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE.

This occasion demands more than a passing reference to the cause in which Webster gained a recognized place among the leaders of the bar of the national Supreme Court. It marked an epoch in his professional career, and it vitally concerned the existence of this college. The Dartmouth College causes grew out of enactments of the New Hampshire legislature, making amendments in the charter of the college which differed little from repeal. In substance, they created a new corporation, and transferred to it all the property of the college. There would have been little security in the charters of our colleges, if state legislatures generally had possessed the power to pass acts of that sweeping character.

The point upon which the court at Washington had jurisdiction was regarded by the college counsel as a forlorn hope, and to be more daring and novel than sound. It apparently originated with Mason. It was, however, the only ground open on the appeal, and this was a fortunate circumstance for the fame of the cause. If the whole cause had been subject to review, it might well have been decided upon one of the other grounds, and thus it would not have become one of the landmarks of constitutional law. Wirt, who was then the Attorney-General of the United States, and Holmes appeared against the college, and Hopkinson with Webster in its favor. It must be admitted that Webster possessed an advantage over the other counsel. He had fought over the ground when it was most stubbornly contested, and knew every inch of it. His whole soul was in his case. He had the briefs of Mason and Smith as well as his own, and had absorbed every point in all the notable arguments on his side at Exeter. He generously gave all the credit to Mason and Smith. He was interested in preventing the printing of the Exeter speeches, because, he said, it would show where he got his plumes. This was undoubtedly too generous, but his debt was a great one, and no lawyer was ever better prepared than Webster was when he rose to speak in the college cause. He possessed, too, as complete a mastery of his opponents' arguments as of his own. With his extraordinary power of eloquence thus armed, it is not strange that the court was to witness a revelation, and that he was destined to a signal personal triumph. He took the part of junior counsel, and opened the argument; but when he took his seat, after five hours of high reason and clear statement, kindled with tremendous passion and delivered with all the force of his wonderful personality, the case had been both opened and closed, and nothing remained to be said. The spectators were aston-

ished and overawed. It is not to be wondered at that Marshall sat enchained, and that Story forgot to take notes. The counsel against the college were far from being so well prepared. Webster afterwards wrote a letter to Wirt, complimenting him upon his argument, and Wirt apparently satisfied himself; but the extraordinary performance by Webster took his antagonists by surprise. A majority of the court was carried, and carried, probably, by the eloquence of the advocate. The college was saved, and at the same time there was witnessed the birth of an important principle of constitutional law and of a great national fame.

There have been arguments before the same high tribunal more discursively eloquent, more witty, and delivered with a greater parade of learning; but in the boldness, novelty, and far-reaching character of the propositions advanced, in the strength with which they were maintained, in the judgment with which the points of argument were selected and the skill with which they were pressed upon the court, in the natural oratorical passion, so consuming that for five hours the spectators were held spellbound by the discussion of questions of law, no greater speech was ever made before the Supreme Court. No other advocate in that tribunal ever equaled what he himself never surpassed. The published report of this speech is apparently much condensed, and contains only the outlines of what was said. There is no hint of the beautiful peroration. Mr. Ticknor says of the printed version that those who heard the speech when it was delivered "still wonder how such dry bones could ever have lived with the power they there witnessed and felt." But even the printed version is a classic in its severe simplicity and beauty. Although this was not the first cause argued by Webster before the national Supreme Court, it especially marked the beginning of a career which continued for more than a

third of a century, and stamps him as, on the whole, the greatest figure who ever appeared at that august bar.

WEBSTER AS A LAWYER.

It is sometimes said of Webster that he was not learned in the law. But in the very best sense of the term he was a learned lawyer. If his mind was not an encyclopædia of cases, it was a storehouse of legal principles. He had the art of condensation, and would select the genuine points of his case, and put them with unsurpassed simplicity and weight. He possessed to a remarkable degree, too, the inborn legal sense, without which there can be no lawyer. From the day when, a mere stripling, he graduated from college, the law was his chief study. Usually acting as senior counsel in important cases, he had the advantage of the preparation of learned juniors. He was called upon in court to display a mastery of his own side, and to hear and meet all that could be said by accomplished lawyers against it. His memory was prodigious. The result of it all was that, with his great natural powers thus disciplined by forty years of practice, one would have been willing to back him, not merely as a parliamentary Hercules, as Carlyle said, but as a legal Hercules, against the whole extant world.

A great part of a lawyer's work is ephemeral, and perishes with the day that brought it forth. Some of the miracles which Rufus Choate wrought in the courts were a nine days' wonder, passed into splendid traditions, and were then forgotten. This is due to the fact that while there are many causes of vast consequence to individuals, there are comparatively few which are of importance to society generally or in the development of the law. But a great mass of Webster's legal work survives, and insures him permanent fame as a lawyer. Take, for instance, the great case of *Gibbons and Ogden*, where the state of New York had attempted to grant a monopoly

of navigation on its inland waters. The doctrine which Webster contended for in that case was sustained by the court. In a time when so much is said of the evils of granting franchises in the public streets, we can appreciate the far-reaching importance of a decision which at one stroke forever rescued our great lakes and harbors and the Mississippi and the Ohio from the grasp of monopolies, and left our inland waters open highways for all to navigate on equal terms. In the formative period of our institutions, when their limits were explored in the courts and established by judicial construction, there were great judges besides Marshall, and great lawyers besides Webster. But Marshall stands, in America, unapproached as a jurist, just as Webster stands as an advocate without a rival. The former set our constitutional landmarks, and the latter pointed out where they should be placed. And it is significant of Webster's primacy that in important debates to-day, in Congress or elsewhere, upon great questions of a constitutional character or of a political legal character, relating to our systems of government and the nature and limitations of their powers, he is more widely quoted than any other lawyer, whether speaking only with his own voice or *ex cathedra* as a member of our highest court.

An important sphere of his professional activity would be neglected if I did not refer to his strength as an advocate before juries. The same simple style which enlightened the highest courts made him easily understood by the ordinary jurymen. But his oratory was less fettered by technical rules, and was more varied, before juries than before the courts. Only two of his very many speeches to juries are preserved in his published works, and each of these amply demonstrates his enormous capacity in that field.

HIS POWER OF SPEECH.

The chief source of Webster's success as a statesman is found in his transcendent

power of speech. When his public career began, a highly decorated fashion of oratory, which has been termed the Corinthian style, flourished in this country. Our orators were justly conscious of the fact that we had won our independence from the greatest power in the world, and had become a nation. Every one was inspired to talk eloquently about Liberty, and, as a consequence, a vast number of literary crimes were committed in her name. It was an excessively oratorical era. Whether the thought was great or little, the grand manner was imperatively demanded. The contemporary accounts of the speeches of that time were as highly wrought as the speeches themselves, and one would suppose that orators of the grade of Demosthenes existed in every considerable village; although it will be observed that they gradually diminished in number as the cold art of stenography became more commonly and successfully practiced. The simple art of speaking with reference to the exact truth was held in contempt, and the art of extravagant expression was carefully cultivated. It is not difficult to detect in this extravagance the influence of Edmund Burke. He was chiefly responsible, however, only because he stood in a class by himself, and could defy successful imitation. There is nothing more gorgeous in English literature than the best of his speeches or his essays; for his speeches and essays were the same sort of composition. His knowledge was varied and prodigious, and even his conversation, well compared by Moore to a Roman triumph, was enriched with the spoils of all learning. In depth and intensity of feeling and a noble sympathy for the oppressed of every race, he was surpassed by no orator, ancient or modern. He had the glowing and exuberant imagination that

"Kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven's gates with her bright
hoofs."

Imitation of Burke, thus royally en-

dowed, and blazing with indignation at some great public wrong, would easily lend itself to extravagance, and would produce the empty form of colossal speech without its substance. I think Burke's influence can be clearly seen in our orators from his own day to the end of Charles Sumner's time. A few of Webster's speeches show not merely the inspiration due to an appreciative understanding of Burke, which was legitimate and might be wholesome, but a somewhat close and dispiriting imitation of Burke's manner. This is true particularly of the much-admired Plymouth oration, which substituted John Adams for the Lord Bathurst of Burke's celebrated passage, and extorted from that venerable patriot, who had come under the spell of the Corinthian era, the statement that Burke could no longer be called the most consummate orator of modern times. But it is Webster's glory that, at his best, he had a style that was all his own, simple, massive, and full of grandeur; and compared with some of his noble passages, Burke's sublimity sometimes seems as unsubstantial as banks of cloud by the side of a granite mountain. While Webster was slow in reaching his full mental stature, how rapidly his style developed, and simplicity took the place of the flowery exaggeration that was then thought to be fine, may be seen by contrasting passages from two of his speeches. In his Fourth of July address, delivered a year before his graduation, occurs this passage: "Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire among us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity, from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land, and Dartmouth, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the register of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those Oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in un-

eclipsed radiance." The other is from a speech, early in his congressional career, against the policy of forcing the growth of manufactures, or of rearing them, as he expressed it, "in hotbeds:" "I am not anxious to accelerate the approach of the period when the great mass of American labor shall not find its employment in the field; when the young men of the country shall be obliged to shut their eyes upon external nature, upon the heavens and the earth, and immerse themselves in close and unwholesome workshops; when they shall be obliged to shut their ears to the bleatings of their own flocks upon their own hills, and to the voice of the lark that cheers them at the plough." The one passage is little above or below the style then prevailing among schoolboys; the other possesses a simple and lyric beauty, and might have been written by a master of English prose in its golden age.

In his speech upon the Greek revolution, delivered while he was still a member of the House, his style may be said to have become fixed in its simplicity. Upon such a subject there was every temptation to indulge in passionate declamation about freedom and to make a tremendous display of classical learning, and such a treatment seemed to be demanded by the prevailing taste of the time; but the generous sympathy he held out to the Greeks he extended in a speech of severe and restrained beauty, and the greater part of his effort was devoted to a profound study of the principles of the Holy Alliance as a conspiracy against popular freedom. Jeremiah Mason pronounced this speech the best example of parliamentary eloquence and statesmanlike reasoning which our country had seen. The Plymouth speech greatly extended his reputation as an orator, and was most impressive in its immediate effect. George Ticknor, who was disposed to be critical, and usually admired with difficulty, somewhat hysterically wrote in a letter, on the day of the

delivery of this speech: "I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely. . . . It seems to me incredible. . . . I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood." This speech was received everywhere with the most extravagant praise, and may fairly be said to have established Webster's position as the first orator of the nation. While it contains noble passages, it sometimes expresses the platitude of the day in a style that suggests the grandiose, and it shows more strongly than any other of his important speeches the literary faults of the time. The first Bunker Hill speech and the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson are distinctly superior to it. That splendid piece of historical fiction, the speech which he puts in the mouth of Adams, is an excellent illustration of his ability to reproduce the spirit of a great event and endow it with life. It was precisely such a speech as the most impassioned and strongest advocate of the Declaration of Independence might have made on the floor of the Continental Congress. If Webster's understanding had been less powerful, he would have been credited with a very great imagination. That faculty, however, was strictly subordinated to his reason; and instead of producing anything unusual and fantastic, the creature of a disordered rather than a creative imagination, he summoned the event out of the past, and so invested it with its appropriate coloring and rational and proper setting that it seemed to be a fact rather than a fancy.¹

A CREATIVE STATESMAN.

It is sometimes said of Webster that, as a statesman, he was not creative, and that no great legislative acts are identi-

fied with his name; that he was the unrivaled advocate of policies, but not their originator. It must be remembered that during most of his congressional career his party was in a minority, and he had only a limited opportunity to fashion political legislation. He did not, it is true, pass any considerable portion of his time in drawing bills, embodying more or less fanciful theories of government. But he displayed in a prominent degree the qualities of statesmanship most loudly called for by his time. He was highly successful in adapting to the needs of a nation the provisions of a written Constitution, by applying to its construction the soundest principles of government. It was beyond human foresight for the framers of the Constitution to comprehend the unknown demands of the future. The application of that frame of government to new needs and conditions demanded as high and as original an order of statesmanship as was required in the first instance to write it. It might easily have supported a greatly different structure of government, if it had been less wisely expounded. If our highest court has been able to recognize supposed national exigencies and apply contradictory judicial constructions to the same clause of the Constitution, we can see that it might indeed be a flexible instrument in the hands of statesmen whose prime function is political, and not judicial. But there was no paltry expediency in Webster's expounding. His recognition of sound principles, his profound sympathy with the genius of our system, and his true political sense enabled him to display the most difficult art of statesmanship, the practical application of theory to the government of a nation. The principles of government are derived from a long series of experiments, and the statesman who produces

¹ We regret that considerations of space make it necessary to omit Mr. McCall's detailed discussion of Webster's Reply to Hayne and

other speeches, as well as some additional portions of the address. — EDITORS ATLANTIC.

something novel produces something which experience will usually show it is well to avoid. Originality of statesmanship does not alone consist in bringing forth something unheard of in government, or in keeping on hand, as Sieyès was said to have done, a large assortment of constitutions ready-made. Neither can I see originality or even a high order of statesmanship in patching up a truce by some temporary device, which, after it shall have lost its effect, may leave the body politic in a worse condition than before. Webster aided in making the Constitution work among conditions that its founders did not foresee. He contributed to protect it from danger against which they made no provisions, and to endow it with perpetuity. His adherence to sound principles was as resolute as his recognition of them was instinctive. This unbending quality and an indisposition to appeal to a pseudo-patriotism prevented him, in the conditions then existing, from becoming a successful party leader; and in that respect he strikingly resembled Fox. After a career unexampled among statesmen, in its constant treatment of liberty as a birthright of all men, and not as a peculiar prerogative of Englishmen, it was said of Fox's following in Parliament that they could all be put in a hackney coach. The reason is obvious. The British Parliament has usually been jealous for British freedom; but when British demands come in conflict with the freedom of foreign peoples, liberty then becomes a much less influential sentiment than what, on such occasions, is sometimes termed humanity, and sometimes civilization.

Let us follow Webster's course upon some of the more important issues of his time, in order to gain a practical insight into his statesmanship. He was a friend of commerce, which, he declared, had paid the price of independence, and he was in favor of encouraging it both with foreign nations and between the states

themselves. He was, therefore, strenuously opposed to the embargo which preceded and attended the war with Great Britain. He was so hostile to the war itself that he refused to vote supplies to carry it on. Even that much-quoted passage, so frequently employed against those who would question a proposed aggression upon other nations, "Our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge," was uttered by him in a speech against a bill to encourage enlistment. The question of peace or war, he declared, was "not to be compressed into the compass that would fit a small litigation." It was a great question of right and expediency. "Utterly astonished at the declaration of war, I have been surprised at nothing since. Unless all history deceived me, I saw how it would be prosecuted when I saw how it was begun. There is in the nature of things an unchangeable relation between rash counsels and feeble execution." The struggle itself, whether just or unjust at its inception, became almost a war of self-preservation, and Webster's attitude was an extreme one in refusing to vote the necessary means to carry it on. At a much later period of his life he voted for supplies for the war with Mexico, to which he had also been opposed. But when, during the War of 1812, he declined to be badgered out of the right of public discussion,—for he did not escape the fury of the small patriots of his time,—his position was unassailable. "It is," he said, "a home-bred right, a fireside privilege. . . . It is not to be drawn in controversy. . . . Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty. . . . This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this House and without this House, and in all places, in time of peace, in time of war."

His earlier speeches in Congress on the tariff were upon free-trade lines, and against the exercise of the taxing power

of the Constitution for the purpose of protection. During his term of service in the House he voted against tariff bills that were protective in their nature, but after he became a member of the Senate, in 1827, he voted for bills that were protective; and he has often been accused of inconsistency on account of these apparently contradictory votes. But his answer was simple and, as it seems, conclusive. He had opposed the policy of artificially calling manufactures into being, but it had been adopted. New England had acquiesced in a system which had been forced upon her against the votes of her representatives. Manufactures had been built up, and he would not vote to strike them down.

During the early years of his service in the House he began his advocacy of a sound money system, and continued to support it, while the currency was an issue, to the end of his career. The delusive arguments in favor of a money which the art of printing made cheap of production did not impose upon him. No man of his time set forth more clearly the principles of a sound system of finance, or the disaster which would follow a deviation from it. He had been so conspicuous in the debates upon financial measures that President Harrison requested him to accept the secretaryship of the Treasury at the time he became Secretary of State. He was too firm a friend of civil justice not to make an indignant protest against the bill proposing to take the trial of certain cases of treason from the courts, and give them to military tribunals. The Force Bill of 1833, which gave Jackson the authority to cope with the nullification movement in South Carolina, would probably have failed of passage without Webster's support. That measure, however, became of little consequence after the substantial concession to that state made in the tariff propositions brought forward by Mr. Clay, who was usually ready to apply temporary devices to any threatening situation.

Webster austerey declined to surrender to the threats of South Carolina, and voted against the tariff bill. He jealously upheld the prerogatives of the Senate, and resolutely severed the growing friendship between himself and Jackson, when the latter showed a disposition toward personal government and an autocratic administration of the laws. But first of all he was attached to the principles of popular government, and while a Senator he favored a broad construction of the power which the Constitution gave to the Representatives to originate revenue bills.

In a running debate in the Senate, he took the position that territories were not a part of the United States, within the meaning of the Constitution, and he referred for authority to a class of decisions of the Supreme Court. It so happened that the court had decided but a single case of the class he mentioned, and that he himself had been counsel in it. It showed his remarkable memory and command of his resources that, thirty years afterwards, he was able, apparently upon the spur of the moment, to urge in all its force the argument he had prepared in the law case. The court, however, although it had decided the case in his favor, had not put its decision upon the ground he urged. In the same debate in the Senate, he made it clear, whatever he may have meant in claiming that the Constitution did not extend to the territories, that the oath of members of Congress bound them to observe its limitations even when legislating for the territories, which is an essential point in the great controversy in which he has recently been so often cited as an authority. So far from admitting that a denial of congressional absolutism, in dealing with human rights anywhere, would make our government an incomplete or crippled government, he saw in tendencies of an opposite character the danger that our Constitution would be converted "into a deformed monster,"

into a great "frame of unequal government," and "into a curse rather than a blessing." He also gave weighty expression to the opinion that while arbitrary governments could govern distant possessions by different laws and systems, we could do no such thing. He protested against the policy of admitting new and small states into the Union, because of its tendency to destroy the balance established by the Constitution, and convert the Senate into an oligarchy, — a policy which has been pursued, until at last states having less than a sixth of the population of the country elect a majority of the entire Senate. He took a leading part in the codification of the criminal laws of the nation, and in the enlargement of its judicial system. He profoundly deplored the existence of slavery, and many striking utterances against it may be found in his speeches; but he held to the opinion, which indeed appears to have prevailed everywhere at that time, that the national government had no authority, under the Constitution, to interfere with slavery in the states where it was established. He believed that the non-political offices of the government should not be used as party spoils, and a generation before civil service reform made its appearance on this continent he gave luminous expression to its most essential principles. His public career was singularly free from demagoguery, and his speeches will be explored in vain for catchpenny appeals to the passing popular fancy.

One of the great achievements of his career, as well as one of the most definite and honorable triumphs of American diplomacy, is found in the negotiation of the Webster-Ashburton treaty. The dispute over the northeastern boundary had for years been a source of irritation between this country and Great Britain, and had baffled such earnest attempts at solution that it promised to continue a menace to the peace of the two countries. The British government

had finally dispatched a large number of soldiers to Canada, and our minister at London expressed the opinion that war appeared inevitable. There were also other annoying sources of dispute aside from that relating to the boundary. Webster triumphantly overcame all obstacles, and he could proudly appeal, as he subsequently did in the Senate, "to the public men of the age whether, in 1842, and in the city of Washington, something was not done for the suppression of crime, for the true exposition of the principles of public law, for the freedom and security of commerce on the ocean, and for the peace of the world." The qualities which he displayed in these negotiations attracted attention in the British Parliament. Macaulay commented on his "firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding" manner. Diplomatic writing has a peculiar rhetoric, — a rhetoric which Webster had the good sense to refuse to adopt in preference to his own. Compared with his condensed and weighty letter upon impressment, for instance, the ordinary fawning or threatening diplomatic performance seems a flimsy structure indeed. The claim, on the part of the British government, of the right to impress British-born sailors from the decks of American ships could not survive the conclusive arguments which he crowded into the brief letter to Ashburton, and which, without any pretense, led to the conclusion that "the American government then is prepared to say that the practice of impressing seamen from American vessels cannot be hereafter allowed to take place." And then he ran up the flag, not for rhetorical purposes, but over the solid masonry of reason, from which it can never be hauled down without overturning established principles. "In every regularly documented American vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag that is over them." No one could mistake the meaning of what was so simply stated, after its jus-

tice had been so conclusively shown. It is impossible for an American to read the diplomatic correspondence of Webster while Secretary of State and not feel a new pride in his country. The absolute absence of anything petty or meretricious, the simple dignity, and the sublime and conscious power cause one to feel that it ennobled the nation to have such a defender. It may be said, too, that the manner in which he conducted the State Department proved that he possessed the highest qualities of executive statesmanship.

WEBSTER AND THE UNION.

But the overshadowing work of Webster's public life is to be found in the part he performed in maintaining the supremacy of the laws of the national government, enacted in conformity with the Constitution. In the great controversy over the relations between the central and state governments, which began soon after the adoption of the Constitution, and continued until it was removed from the forum of debate, to be settled by the arbitrament of arms, Webster was the colossal figure. From the high ground he took in the Reply to Hayne he never wavered. If he erred at all in his devotion to the national idea, it was in the sacrifices he was willing to make for it. Twenty years after his first great discussion upon the Union, he made a speech on that subject which excited fiercer controversy than has ever been kindled by any other utterance of an American statesman. His Seventh of March Speech gave rise to more criticism, to employ no harsher term, than grew out of all the rest of his public career. The alienation it caused from so many of his old friends, who were grieved to the heart and regarded him as a fallen archangel, the relentless abuse it drew forth from others who had never been his friends, embittered the last days of his life. A half century after it was spoken, we should be able to hear some-

thing of those permanent voices which are drowned in the fleeting tumult of the times, but which speak to after ages. I do not wholly agree that that speech must be passed by in silence, out of regard for Webster's fame. Twenty years ago the poet Whittier made noble reparation for Ichabod in *The Lost Occasion*; and even more ample reparation would be his due, if, in judging him, one applied the same tests that are apparently applied to his critics.

When he replied to Hayne, the danger to the Union was chiefly theoretical, except for the attitude of a single state; but when he spoke on the 7th of March, the controversy had become more angry and practical. Only a few weeks before he spoke, an anti-slavery society, most respectable in numbers and the character of its members, had met in his own state, and in Faneuil Hall, and had resolved that they were the enemies of the Constitution and the Union, and proclaimed their purpose to "live and labor for a dissolution of the present Union." These declarations were but the echo of what had come from a similar society in the state of Ohio. They emanated, not from the home of nullification doctrines, but from that portion of the country where the hopes of the Union lay. There was an equally uncompromising and a more resentful feeling upon the other side of the slavery questions, and a convention had been called at the city of Nashville to give it voice. That convention subsequently put forth an address in favor of disunion. The annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the treaty of peace had produced practical and pressing questions, and Webster had come reluctantly to believe that their solution, without detriment to the Union, was most difficult, in the inflamed condition of the public mind. More than a year after he made the speech, he declared that, "in a very alarming crisis," he felt it his "duty to come out." "If," he said at that time, "I had seen

the stake, if I had heard the fagots already crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform." That a similar opinion of the importance of the crisis was entertained by those two great men whose names stand, perhaps, next to his own, and forever to be associated with it in our congressional annals, there can be no doubt. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of those three statesmen, then almost at the end of their careers, who had often radically differed with one another upon public questions, bending their energies to the support of a common cause, and struggling to avert a common danger. Clay put forth a last effort of his statesmanship, and brought forward his compromise measure. For the moment he forgot his differences with Webster, and earnestly besought the latter for his support. Calhoun, too weak to utter his own words, spoke through the mouth of another, in his last speech in the Senate, his sense of the gravity of the crisis.

It was said, and has been so often repeated that it is accepted in some quarters as an article of political faith, that Webster made his speech as a bid for the presidency. The imputation of an unworthy motive to a public man is easy to make and difficult to disprove. But on this point it is pertinent to remember that he threw away his fairest chance for the presidency by patriotically refusing, at the dictates of his own party in his own state, and of its leaders in the country, to retire from Tyler's Cabinet until our differences with Great Britain should be composed; that he had many times resigned or refused to accept important public office; that the great position of Senator from Massachusetts had more than once to be forced upon him; and that, before the 7th of March at least, he had fully lived up to his own impressive declaration that solicitations for high public office were

"inconsistent with personal dignity, and derogatory to the character of the institutions of the country." Solicitude for the Union certainly was no new thing with him, that an ignoble motive should be ascribed. But it was not the first time, as it will not be the last, when those having solely in view the accomplishment of some great public object, to the exclusion of everything else, have imputed evil motives to those who have not sanctioned their particular course of procedure, especially when they threatened to pull down the pillars of the state itself, if thereby the evil might be destroyed in the common calamity. Reform not only draws to itself the single-minded who have no sordid aims, but it is attractive also to those censorious spirits who delight not so much in battering down the ramparts of wrong as in abusing those hapless individuals who do not believe that evil methods are to be sanctified by noble ends. In the speeches of some of the leaders of the anti-slavery movement, denunciation of slavery had the second place, and denunciation of Webster the first; and when the time of consummation came, even Lincoln did not escape their acrimony. The high moral purpose and the great practical value of the abolition movement cannot be questioned; but it also cannot be questioned that much of that agitation was disruptive, and, in the conditions then existing, tended less toward freedom than to disunion and war. They might have broken this "compact with hell," which was the favorite term of some of them for the Constitution of their country; but it is not easy to see how this programme could have broken a single chain, with a free and a slave republic side by side and hostile to each other. In the light of to-day, it can be clearly seen that to accomplish freedom the concurrence of other forces was demanded. Agitation was necessary to educate and arouse the people, but it needed also to be checked before it should become swollen beyond

constitutional limits and form the basis of revolution ; for with any important body of opinion at the North coöperating with disunion at the South, the nation would have been rent asunder.

But look a little more closely at the matter. I presume no one would now criticise the willingness of Webster, as the great advocate of constitutional supremacy, to concede to the South whatever it had a right, according to the terms of the Constitution, to demand. The specific thing in the speech questioned with the nearest approach to justice was the position with regard to New Mexico. He declared that natural law had effectively banished slavery from that territory, because of its sterile and mountainous character, and that he would not vote uselessly to reënact the will of God and banish slavery by a statute. He therefore accepted that feature of Clay's compromise, with the declaration that he would favor the application of the so-called Wilmot Proviso to any territory in which there was danger that slavery might be established. This was certainly a technical if not a practical concession to the Southern demands. For accepting this policy with regard to New Mexico, he was charged by Mr. Seward, who undoubtedly spoke the sentiments of a great many people, with having "derided the proviso of freedom, the principle of the ordinance of 1787." Ten years later, when it did not require a statesman's eye to see the danger, nor a statesman's ear to hear the thunders of the approaching storm, Congress consented to apply the very principle which Webster was willing to concede to New Mexico to the whole of that vast domain out of which the Dakotas and Nevada and Colorado have since been carved ; and neither Seward, nor Adams, nor Sumner, nor any other member of Congress, belonging to the great, new anti-slavery party, was heard to raise his voice or vote against it. Surely, if Webster was a traitor to the cause of freedom, his ac-

cusers must bear him company. If he was a traitor, their guilt was deeper than his, for they were the special guardians of freedom, while he was only the champion of the Union ; and the scornful repeal by the South of the settlement of 1850 shed a brighter light for them than was given to him upon the futility of all compromise. The truth is, none of them was a traitor. They were true-hearted, patriotic men, solicitous for the preservation of the republic which they loved. But when the most responsible of Webster's accusers saw the danger as he saw it, they were willing to make concessions to slavery far more hateful than any of which he had ever dreamed.

In the great conflict of arms in which the debate finally ended, it was the sentiment of Union that banded those invincible armies together, and it was only through the triumph of that sentiment that we enjoy the blessings of a restored government, and that the slave secured his freedom. And had that great statesman, on the 7th of March, shown any less anxiety for the Union ; had that great centripetal force become centrifugal, and weakened in the attraction which it exerted to hold the states in their orbits, who shall say that our vast and now united domain might not be covered by two hostile flags, one of which would float over a republic founded upon slavery !

DETRACTION OF WEBSTER.

And then there is that ill-omened thing which, wherever else it may be found, is sure to attend greatness. The baleful goddess of Detraction sits ever at the elbow of Fame, unsweetening what is written upon the record. Whether it springs from the envy of rivals, or from the tendency in human nature to identify the material of greatness with common clay, it is true, as Burke says, that obloquy is an essential ingredient in the composition of all true glory. This proof of greatness, such as it is, exists in am-

ple measure in the history of Webster. No man since Washington has had more of it. The pity of it all is that, when an unsupported charge is disproved, some people will shake their heads and say it is unfortunate that it should have been necessary to establish innocence, — as if reproof belonged rather to the innocent victim than to the author of calumny. I have alluded to the Seventh of March Speech, which has been accounted one of his crimes. One other matter I shall notice, because it bears upon a point which has often been conceded to be the weak place in his character. It so happens that in this case a slander was tested, and the evidence upon it carefully marshaled before a congressional investigating committee. He was charged in Congress with a misuse of the Secret Service Fund while Secretary of State. A resolution of inquiry upon the subject was presented in the Senate while he was a member of that body. He opposed it. Rather a singular course, it might be said, for an innocent man to take. It would ordinarily be regarded as an evidence of guilt. It might also show an extraordinary degree of public virtue, and indicate one of the rare men to whom the interests of their country are dearer than their own, even than their own reputations. What it implied in this instance may be inferred from the event.

A law had been framed, evidently, on the theory that, in conducting the government, it would sometimes be necessary to employ secret agents for confidential purposes, and a fund was accordingly created, to be expended upon the sole responsibility of the President. A publication of the special disbursements would violate the spirit of the law, and, to say nothing of the bad faith with reference to the past, might cripple the government in its future operations. Webster declared in the Senate that every dollar had been spent for a proper public purpose, but that he could not wish to see an important principle and

law violated for any personal convenience to himself. The Senate overwhelmingly refused to make the inquiry. The author of the charges, writhing under the lashing which Webster had administered to him in a speech in the Senate, again pressed them in the House, and a committee of investigation was appointed. That committee was politically hostile to Webster, and was established with a view to his impeachment if the charges were sustained. A thorough investigation was made, and it appeared, as the outcome of it all, that Webster had not, indeed, displayed the highest skill as an accountant; but it appeared also that he himself had paid the amount of certain lost vouchers out of his own pocket. The report concluded that there was no proof "to impeach Mr. Webster's integrity or the purity of his motives in the discharge of the duties of his office." And that report, exonerating the defender of the Union, will not lose weight from the fact that it bears the name of Jefferson Davis.

It is true that his friends contributed considerable sums of money to his support, and for this he was severely criticised. Burke received from his friends, during his life, gifts or loans that were never repaid, to an enormous amount for those days. Fox's friends gave him an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars a year. It has occurred to no one to accuse either of them of impropriety. Can it be doubted that Webster's friends were as much attached to him, or that they gave from pure personal loyalty mingled with a desire to maintain in the service of their country talents as splendid as ever Fox or Burke possessed, and that were even more successfully employed? It is to be regretted, from the abuse to which his example may give rise, that he found it necessary to accept this aid. The danger is that a far lesser man than Webster, in high public place, might receive a more calculating homage. However, each case must be judged on its own

merits. It is very true that he was not a bookkeeper. But if accounts had been carefully kept, it may be doubted whether, even from the money standpoint, he did not give more than he received. Instead of neglecting his profession, and eking out his expenses by the aid of friends, he might have remained out of the public service, and enjoyed the most lucrative practice at the American bar. His father and his brother made great sacrifices to educate him; but it must also not be forgotten that he taught school, and at the same time copied two large volumes of deeds at night, and generously gave the proceeds of it all to his brother, and that he assumed and paid his father's debts. He certainly was not a man "who much receives, but nothing gives." He had a regal nature, and men would give him their all because he was as free and generous as he was receptive. There is a strong light thrown upon this trait of his character by an incident which, among great speeches and public policies, may seem unimportant, and yet, as showing the real character of the man, is a great one. A young man who had been

employed by him in connection with his farms in the West came to Washington, where he fell ill. Webster was at that time nearly sixty years old, at the summit of his fame, and engrossed in his public duties. But he saw this farmer's boy sick in the city, among strangers. He took care of him with his own hands; for a week he was with him almost constantly, day and night. Critics have applied to this generous nature the little standards for little men. They have told us that he ought not to have been extravagant, that he did not closely calculate his expenses, that he did not carefully keep his accounts; and as they would arraign a petty criminal before a police court, they have harried this transcendent figure at history's bar. They demanded too much of Nature. If she had tried to do more for him upon whom she had lavished so many gifts, she might indeed have made him a great clerk or bookkeeper, but she might also have spoiled him as a statesman. Careless he may have been, but anything like conscious corruption was utterly alien to his nature.

S. W. McCall.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ORGANIZED.

THE territory of Oklahoma, with the Indian Territory the last fragment of the Mississippi Valley not yet constitutionally organized, has at the present time every requisite for statehood, and will, so says report, apply at the next session of Congress for admission to the Union. The moment when the great basin becomes occupied throughout by proper commonwealths, these taking the place of the wilderness which a hundred and fifty years ago was quite unbroken, is a fitting one in which to review its story.

The Mississippi Valley has long been famed as the most remarkable river

basin of the world. While that of the Amazon may surpass it in area, the South American basin is far less available for human uses. The northern valley has a climate well suited in every part for the better breeds of men. Millions of its acres are surpassingly fertile; where tillage fails, the herdsman and shepherd find opportunity; or, if both farmer and ranchman miss their chance, the miner wins from desert or mountain coal, oil, and almost every useful metal. Scarcely a square mile but yields gifts that are precious. It is the very lap of Plenty.

Into this favored region are gathered some thirty-five million English-speaking men, the largest compact body, except possibly the population of Great Britain, to be found in the world. Here are half the states of the American Union, sending their waters to the Gulf through the great river. Near its heart is the centre of population of the Union; the centre of influence, too, is here, as each decade shows more plainly. In our history there are no more heroic figures than have arisen here; nor is the general average of intelligence, energy, and manly virtue anywhere higher. In no other region of the earth, probably, are the conditions so favorable for the best human development.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, in the valley, the wilderness was scarcely broken. Coronado's superb march from the Gulf of California to the Missouri River (even so far, it has been thought, he may have penetrated) had left no trace except in the pages of the chroniclers; nor was there trace of Hernando de Soto. The French, in their turn, had done little more than the Spaniards. Marquette, Hennepin, La Salle, and their fellow pathbreakers had threaded the streams and pierced the woods with the sturdiest heroism, but to little purpose as far as the redemption of the area to civilization was concerned. The forests were unfelled, the prairies unploughed; the Indians still possessed the land. In the half dozen clusters of cabins scattered from New Orleans to the Great Lakes, the likelihood was far greater that the habitan would sink into the savage than that the savage would rise into something higher. But the subduers were at hand.

In 1748, an explorer penetrating the virgin land had named a river and a mountain gap after the proud-prancing Cumberland, a great hero of those days; oddly perpetuating thus a memory of the Jacobite crisis in the nomenclature of a land that was to care nothing for

either James or George. But the first symptom of an interest in the thirteen colonies in the world beyond the mountains was the dispatching, in 1753, of the youth George Washington into the woods; his mission being to inquire of the French commandant at the head springs of the Alleghany, where the French came in by a short portage from the Great Lakes, what were the intentions of France, and to explain what were the claims of Virginia. Presently came Braddock's attempt, and in 1759 the event on the Plains of Abraham. The colonial world was now well alive, and straightway began a movement for the winning of the West.

Early in the eighteenth century, the Scotch-Irish, a race doubled and twisted in the making, flung by persecution and hardship from island to island, knit and toughened in the stress of exile and war, came in large numbers to America. They were received especially at ports of the middle and Southern colonies, and their taste and enterprise soon led them away from the seaboard into the backwoods. At a synod held at an early day in Philadelphia, John Caldwell, grandfather of John Caldwell Calhoun, proposed to the governor that if freedom of conscience were allowed, the Scotch-Irish would fend off the Indian danger at the back of the province. The bargain was made, and well did the Scotch-Irish perform their part. Following the valley between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge in a movement at the time little marked, assimilating new elements, Huguenot, German, and English, they reached, in a generation or so, the highlands of western North Carolina, and here were recruited by bands of their kindred coming west from their landing place at Charleston. A race better fitted than this one to play the part of frontiersmen has never appeared. As an axe has welded upon its front a mass of steel before the softer iron, a mass capable of taking on a keen cutting edge, not to be

dinted or broken by anything it may have to cleave or hew, so, providentially it would seem, the Anglo-Saxon advance was provided with a Scotch-Irish cutting edge of extraordinary temper. Presently the pioneers were on the Mississippi watershed; and hardly had they entered, when, at a clump of cabins on a mountain stream, the "Watauga Association" was established, a system of government for a little state formed after the best Anglo-Saxon precedents. Thus significantly on the very threshold began the organizing, James Robertson, a Scotch-Irishman, and the Huguenot John Sevier standing out as leading spirits; and shortly after, Daniel Boone and his men, just established in Kentucky, followed the example. Now occurred an incident which showed plainly how the pioneers meant to stand. In the late spring of 1775, a newcomer to a camp having read from a scrap of newspaper the announcement of the event of the 19th of April, the backwoodsmen forthwith baptized the stockade, and the town that sprang from it, Lexington.

The backwoodsmen were effective strivers in the struggle for independence, though they had a foe to face in the Indians, nearer at hand and more terrible than the soldiers of George III. At King's Mountain, in 1780, when things were darkest, the men who had crossed the watershed, turning back under Sevier and Shelby, decided the day for the Americans; and still earlier, in 1778, George Rogers Clark, in one of the most extraordinary of campaigns, won for Virginia, and ultimately for the United States, the great Northwest. In the drama of the Revolution, there is, perhaps, no episode so picturesque as this enterprise of Clark. As if fortune loved so brave a soul, he happened to strike in at the most opportune moment. As he laid his plan before Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, the news came of Burgoyne's surrender, and soon after of the French alliance. His first task with

his little army of two hundred was to win the Creoles of the Wabash and the Illinois, — a task now not difficult, since the Americans had defeated the conquerors of Montcalm, and been taken into friendship by the French king. To gain the Indians was a far different achievement, as they gathered from the remotest points, and with implacable faces confronted the young leader at the Cahokia council fire. They were won, however, by a union of bravado with the deftest tact; after which came a problem where difficulty culminated, the coping with Hamilton, the capable British commander at Detroit. How Clark stole upon Vincennes, in February, through the drowned lands of the Wabash, his men plunging to the waist, to the breast, at last to the chin, through the icy flood; how he fought their discouragement, now by sternness, now by contriving to turn hardship into a joke; how the fortress was captured at last, almost without bloodshed, the whole campaign, indeed, presenting a spectacle of fine strategy and iron persistency, with almost nothing sanguinary, — all this is remarkable in the history of warfare. The means of Clark were insignificant; the results he achieved in the highest degree momentous, — achievements performed with swiftness and ease springing from a high degree of genius. Our military history has no page more brilliant.

Tracing, as we are trying to do, the organization of a wilderness into a well-ordered state, the year 1787, in which fell the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance, is beyond all others epoch-making. In the framing of these most mighty instruments the men of the Mississippi Valley had no part; yet no other region has derived so much from their far-reaching, beneficent action. Kentucky in 1792 and Tennessee in 1796 came forward into statehood, heading the recruitment which has brought the confederation of thirteen up to (if we count Oklahoma) forty-six. The states of the Mississippi

Valley, more than a score in number, have come into being as a consequence of these instruments; most of them with slavery prohibited, with the sixteenth section of each township set apart for the support of public schools, with every point of Anglo-Saxon freedom effectually guaranteed. No sooner had their ordinances gone fairly into effect than the area over which their influence was to be felt was immensely increased.

In the nineteenth century, perhaps in all the centuries, there has been no hero quite so picturesque and magnetic as Napoleon. Refuse though we may to regard him as good, or, in the highest sense, great, yet there is no such other name to conjure by, and the spell he exercises over men seems to increase rather than diminish. Probably in no previous portrayal has that towering personality appeared to a greater extent unique and ultrahuman than in the presentment lately made by Lord Rosebery in his *Napoleon, the Last Phase*. With the opening of the nineteenth century the Mississippi Valley felt a memorable effect from the commotion at that time changing the face of Europe. The French Revolution having taken its course, the fateful Corsican was in full career, having reached, through the campaigns of 1796, of Egypt, and of Marengo, the position of First Consul. While there can be no doubt as to the extent to which Napoleon affected Europe, have we fairly made it real to ourselves that scarcely any other man has affected so momentarily America? Washington was the father of the country; Lincoln preserved it; Napoleon doubled its area. The conjunction seems grotesque, but it can be justified.

The addition to our Union of the vast territory lying between the great river and the Rocky Mountains was a result of French statesmanship, and ought to be so described. Jefferson and his negotiators, Livingston and Monroe, played but a secondary part in the transaction.

That this great area is ours to-day is simply and solely because the exigency of Napoleon at the moment made it expedient for him that it should be ours. It was not asked for by us; nor, in giving it to us, was there in his mind any thought of our interests. Louisiana was simply tossed over to us because the stress of the occasion made this disposal of it convenient. At first the arbiter had had a different thought. Remembering the loss of New France, in the days of Wolfe, as a terrible disgrace, Napoleon had dreamed of recovering it, as his hand grew powerful. But things went badly in San Domingo, and at home a terrible pressure was close at hand. It was becoming plain that the whole of Europe must be confronted. Napoleon, no less prudent than bold, saw in time the folly of engaging his hands in an American complication, when foes were so near. He wanted money, too, for his combat. Just at the moment, the Americans, desiring free navigation of the Mississippi, made an offer to buy the mouth of the river, and the town of New Orleans which guarded it. They asked for nothing more; they dreamed of nothing more. "That you shall have," said Napoleon, of a sudden changing his policy, and driving at once, as was his wont, impetuously to his end; "and besides, you shall have the vast wilderness lying north and west. I wish to keep it out of the hands of England, whom only in this way I can baffle, and the fifteen million dollars which you shall give me for it I will use in preparations against her." So Louisiana fell to us; for who, in those years, could stand against Napoleon! In the transaction, the First Consul gave, for the first time, free course to his autocratic will; for he rode cavalierly, as his brother Lucien has graphically narrated, over the opposition of his family and the muttered disapproval of the Chambers and the nation. Shortly afterward he had grasped crown and sceptre, having increased two-

fold, by his first imperial nod, the area of the United States. In the whole history of the Mississippi Valley, there is nothing more startling than the way in which this Olympian figure touched momentarily, but so momentously, the course of its development.

The great new West beyond the river, thus acquired, and immediately after explored by the stout pathbreakers Lewis and Clark, fell early into danger of being cut off from the nation to which it had come. What, precisely, Aaron Burr had planned has not been definitely ascertained; but Spain was to be robbed and the United States to be dismembered that Aaron Burr might sit exalted. That he was foiled was due, possibly, in the main, to the action of a person the most characteristic type of the frontiersman, perhaps, that the border has ever furnished; though the importance of the man, and of the stand he then took, did not appear until later. When Burr, pursuing his scheme, had reached Tennessee, he encountered there a spare, fiery, impetuous figure, of Scotch-Irish blood, major general of the Tennessee militia, — Andrew Jackson. To win Jackson would have been for Burr a great, it may be a decisive thing; for already Jackson showed a most masterful spirit. He felt strongly the fascination of the conspirator; but when, in Burr's talk, there fell out a hint at disunion, the glamour vanished; the frontiersman could not be moved, blocking thus early in his career the course of separatism. Suppose that, in those uncertain days, Jackson had taken the other turn. What he could do at the head of a body of frontier riflemen he was before long to show.

But Jackson was to go far higher. Napoleon fell at last from his high estate, and languished in Elba. Was the Mississippi Valley really to escape the clutch of England? England put on ship-board nearly twenty thousand fighting men, soldiers and sailors, and, in the lull of European conflict, sent the expedition

to the mouths of the Mississippi. The captains of Nelson marshaled the ships; the veterans of Wellington stood ready for the shore work. Civil officials were provided; for, when the easy victory had been gained, the land possessed and newly organized was to become a Canada of the South, balancing the Canada of the North. It was a motley crowd that confronted the great army before New Orleans, January 8, 1815: pirates from Barataria, French and Spaniards from the ancient Creole city, now and then among them an old soldier from the Napoleonic wars, negroes and Indians, waifs and strays from everywhere; but among them stood a body of Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen. That day, Andrew Jackson, as leader, showed a power of command quite extraordinary. Through personal force he welded these fragments, so ill assorted, into an effective army; so that after the English line had charged, three generals, — the commander among them, — seven colonels, and the rank and file by thousands lay prostrate, and there was nothing for it but retreat. Andrew Jackson became the leading man in the country, an extraordinary force both for evil and for good in the shaping of American destinies. Raised to the highest place, he was the main promoter of the spoils system; in finance he was a bull in a china shop; in dealing with foreign nations a bully, always with a chip on his shoulder. But, on the other hand, in spite of ignorant violence, he set an example of character always honest, chivalric, and nobly virile; and from him more than from any other American, with the possible exception of Daniel Webster, proceeded the influence which made it possible for Abraham Lincoln to hold us together as a nation. The landscape of our past would indeed be lacking, if, looking backward, we failed to encounter there the great Scotch-Irish frontiersman, in the high places by force of his grit and genius.

Lacking a thread on which may be strung, in a convenient order, the details of the development of the Mississippi Valley during the nineteenth century, nothing better can be done than to trace the consequences flowing from the introduction of two machines,—the steam engine as applied to traffic and communication, and the cotton gin. These potent devices have shaped our ends almost as if they were divinities instead of mere constructions of matter. The steamboat in the West dates from the moment when, through Jackson's arm, we became secure from foreign attack; the Enterprise and Ætna—one of which had carried down a cargo of ammunition for the army which had defeated Pakenham—being the first craft to make their way upstream from New Orleans to the Ohio. But deferring until later a consideration of the debt of our valley to the power of steam, the influence of the other invention, Eli Whitney's cotton gin, is even more noteworthy; for the cotton gin, besides affecting vastly material well-being, changed men's ways of looking at life, and caused to be set up new standards of right and wrong.

From that early time when the captive in war, instead of being put to death, was *preserved*, made a *servus*, down through all the ages, human slavery has existed, and even in the eighteenth century, up to near the end, there were few indeed disposed to question the right of it. Merchants of Boston and Newport used their ships in the slave trade without scruple; and if a doctor of divinity, wanting a servant, shipped a hogshead of rum to the West Coast, to be exchanged there for a kidnapped boy, such a transaction, far from being held discreditable, was not accounted even eccentric. The South favored slavery no more than the North: the anti-slavery clause of the Northwest Ordinance was introduced by Southern representatives; humane spirits like Washington and Jefferson, inclined

to emancipate their slaves, were as numerous South as North. At the close of the eighteenth century slavery appeared to be dying everywhere in America: as it failed, the conscience of the land asserted itself as to its evil in a way quite new. It was the general expectation that negro slavery would soon disappear. It has long been held that the cotton gin, invented in 1793, by suddenly lending new effectiveness to the work of negroes in the South, wrought a change, spiritual as well as material,—the economic advantage lulling to sleep the awakening moral sense. As years passed and cotton became king, slavery grew to be considered as never before, the very apple of the patriot's eye. Meantime, at the North, no economic advantage intervening to favor the preservation of slavery, it followed the course of decay upon which it had entered, and died out; and as the century advanced, it came to be regarded, under the influence of earnest teachers, as the chief of human evils.

Sundered thus as the North and South became in their interests and moral conceptions, a conflict was inevitable, and it was first joined in the Mississippi Valley. Before 1820, the streams of immigration, coming into the Northwest Territory up through Kentucky from the south, through Ohio and along the Lakes from the northeast, were jarring sharply, as they met in Indiana and Illinois, over slavery; and now, under the especial leadership of Henry Clay, the Missouri Compromise, the first effort to adjust the difficulty, was put through the federal Congress. Slavery being admitted into Missouri, it was ordained by Congress that all the territory north of Missouri should remain forever free; and with this settlement the country went on in a somewhat troubled peace for a full generation.

But the black shadow was far enough from being removed. Pro-slavery feeling in the South grew constantly more

intense, the institution coming to stand as the very corner stone of the social structure; in the North abolitionism became constantly more earnest, and increasing numbers fell under the spell of its great advocates. When, in 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, declared in the Senate that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, that Congress had no right to declare territory slave or free, that only the people on the territory had that right, — in a word, the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," — it was the forerunner of a cyclone.

At once Douglas embodied the doctrine of squatter sovereignty in the Nebraska Bill, — the whole valley north and west of Missouri being called Nebraska, — and the great war of words began which was the prelude to the actual clash of arms. In Congress, Seward, Chase, Sumner, Giddings, Wade, as leaders of the Free-Soilers, ranged themselves against Douglas, who rallied to his side champions especially from the South. Kansas, which had been set off from Nebraska, became a seat of tumult, the Northern immigrants coming in such numbers as to arouse in the South the fear that squatter sovereignty would be disastrous to it: incursions of border ruffians were encouraged, to prevent such a catastrophe. The moment when the crisis became tinged with the hue of blood was marked by the starting forth of that most ominous of apparitions, John Brown of Ossawatimie. "Without shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins!" he cried, as he smote; and when, flitting to the valley of the Potomac, he appeared on the border of the South, his fateful voice summoning the slaves to rise against their masters, all chance for peace was over. The old man's body might lie mouldering in its far Northern grave, but his soul marched on in trooping armies. Douglas, meantime, had been confronted in his own state by a champion he could not vanquish. They wrestled in field after field, — on

the hillside, on the prairie, in the forest, by the shores of great rivers; the people gathering by many thousands to listen, till the blue canopy alone furnished an adequate auditorium. Abraham Lincoln came off victor; and now, while the South, state by state, ranged itself in rebellion, he stood opposed for the saving of the Union.

While in all this preliminary struggle between slavery and freedom it was the Mississippi Valley mainly which formed the arena, that gloomy distinction can hardly be claimed for it after the cannon began to thunder. The focus and centre of the Civil War was on the soil of Virginia, where the largest armies, and as far as the South was concerned the ablest generals, fought for four years, back and forth: on the one hand to seize Washington, on the other hand to seize Richmond. The operations of the Civil War in the Mississippi Valley are to be regarded as a vast subsidiary movement by which ultimately the flank of Lee was turned.

But if the war in the Mississippi Valley was in a sense subsidiary, it was by no means of small account. Military energy did its utmost. Rarely have armies been more vast, and only Borodino and Leipsic surpass in appalling grandeur the greater battles. The Army of Virginia, at the end of four years, lay surrounded and helpless, an isolated nucleus of warlike energy from which every supporting connection and attachment had been knocked away. On one side was the sea, in the hands of its foes; on the other Thomas lowered, about to pour through the passes of the Alleghanies. Sherman, charged with lightnings, rolled up from the south, a tempest gathering fury as it sped, while on the north Grant smote implacably. Not till then was Lee beaten. Appomattox came inevitably, and for the Confederacy all was over. Slavery was destroyed, and the Union was made secure.

Strange indeed was the development

which sprang from the cotton gin; scarcely less momentous has been the influence of the steam engine as applied to traffic and communication. The locomotive has succeeded, and often superseded, the steamboat, with results that are modifying all the continents. The new West, which has come to pass in the old Louisiana of the Purchase, was before the war in a most incipient stage, and as it stands to-day may properly be called the child of the locomotive. While that extraordinary machine in the eastern half of the valley has been a powerful modifier, in the western half it has worked almost as a creator. It has made possible a reclaiming and populating more rapid than has ever before been seen when new lands were occupied. The unknown wilderness of Jefferson's day has become filled throughout with fully organized commonwealths, and is about, with the admission of Oklahoma, to become, so to speak, politically mature. Whether such a rapid exploitation of the national domain will be for the ultimate benefit of our country, or otherwise, may well be questioned. Our grandchildren may wish their forefathers had gone more slowly.

There are in the Mississippi Valley pleasant signs that, although heretofore railroads and the country tributary to them have often jarred, the expediency of harmony is beginning to be recognized, with most happy results. That the road may flourish, the country through which it passes must be prosperous. What better than for the road to help the country prosper? It has helped; and in this way: Some proper official, — the general freight agent, it may be, — studying his districts to find out for what they were best fitted, using the helps which in his high place he could easily command, has discovered, perhaps, that tomatoes can well be raised here, potatoes here; that here there is a fine opportunity for creameries, and here again a good field for poultry and eggs. Straightway

he enters upon a campaign of education. To each village, hamlet, crossroads, teachers are sent to convert the farmers from their bad methods or unprofitable crops. They are instructed as to the better ways and the more marketable products. Finally, the road engages to find a sale for what is raised, and to carry it to market at a rate which will make sure the farmers' profit. When all is done, the country, from being poverty-stricken, has become a scene of plenty; while the beneficent road — beneficent not from a philanthropic impulse, but simply because it pays to be so — reaps a vast advantage from having tributary a body of rich and contented communities, instead of a population depressed and struggling. In many places of the Mississippi Valley these methods have found trial, and the invariable happy result makes it not doubtful that it will influence the policy of the future.

That we suffer at present is largely due to the fact that, in the immense complexities which modern life develops, we do not at first grasp the right handle. We may hope it will be better some day as regards the problems the railroad gives rise to; as regards the problems, also, which the cotton gin has given rise to; for, though slavery has vanished, the black shadow has not ceased to hang heavily over the Mississippi Valley as well as elsewhere. So, too, as regards our problems in general, — but a few have been hinted at, — the manful heart will not consider any of them hopeless, and never before since the world began have so many good hands and brains as now been ready to work to remove the difficulties.

The Mississippi Valley organized, — a basin of unexampled resources, occupied by thirty-five million English-speaking men possessed of the ancient, well-ordered Anglo-Saxon freedom! With the admission of Oklahoma to statehood, the Mississippi Valley may be said to be politically complete. The constitutional

framework will be all in place in twenty-three commonwealths. As a vine expands over its supporting trellis, so the life of these millions will be upheld and guided in future years by these constructions, begun before Alfred's day, but confirmed and perfected, during many

centuries, by liberty-loving peoples. With their life so braced and directed, the states of the Mississippi Valley possess the most favorable conditions for a perfect evolution. While their history in the past is full of interest, they can face the future with high hope.

James K. Hosmer.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

IV.

MIDWAY of the *quinquennium mirabile* to which most of my reminiscences appear to be related, to wit, on the evening of Monday, November 24, 1873, Tommaso Salvini acted for the first time in Boston, appearing at the Boston Theatre as Samson, in Ippolito d' Aste's tragedy of that name. During the engagements of his first year in America he was supported by a company who spoke only Italian. Afterward, beginning with the season of 1880-81, he played frequently in this country, and was the "star" of troupes otherwise composed of English-speaking actors. This bilingual arrangement was a monstrosity, and nothing short of Salvini's genius could have made the combination tolerable. During the season of 1882-83 Miss Clara Morris was his leading lady; in other years, Miss Prescott, Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Bowers, and other reputable performers belonged to his supporting companies. In the spring of 1886 he appeared in *Othello* and *Hamlet* with Edwin Booth, who played *Iago* and *Hamlet* to Salvini's *Othello* and the *Ghost*.

For many of the most finely discriminating connoisseurs of acting, in this region, Salvini became the first and foremost of the histrionic artists of our day, and with nearly all "the judicious" he took, held, and holds a highly exalted position. His personality was the most

splendid — the adjective is fit, and, indeed, required — that has illustrated the theatre of his time. When he was first seen here, the beauty and strength of his classic face, the grand proportions of his figure, and the vibrant, sympathetic sweetness of his voice — a voice as glorious as ever proceeded from a man — combined to overpower the observer and listener. As was said of Edmund Kean, "he dominated stage and audience completely." His training in the Continental school had been thorough, and, in temperamental force, I doubt if he was surpassed by any player at any period of the world. His acting was of the Latin order, not of the Teutonic or Anglo-Teutonic; it was, however, though always vital and strong, never extravagant; in gesture, though exuberant, it was not excessive; in its general method, it belonged to what, in choice from a poverty of terms, must be called the exhaustive rather than the suggestive school of art; there was in it not so high a solution of pure intellectuality as in Edwin Booth's, but in its mastery, in the largest way and to the smallest detail, of the symbols of histrionic expression, it ranked, I think, above that of every other player whom the stage of America has known within the past fifty years. Salvini was Charles Fecchter carried up to the second power of all the Frenchman's virtues, with scarcely a hint of his limitations.

SALVINI'S OTHELLO.

The Othello of Salvini was the assumption through which he most strongly impressed the public, by which he will be most widely remembered. Fully conscious of its magnificence and of the unequaled and terrible force of its passion, which in the third scene of the third act represents, perhaps, the highest conceivable stress of which humanity is capable, I personally preferred to it several of his other impersonations. It seemed to me that his Othello was Shakespeare orientalized and supersensualized, at the cost of some of the Master's heroic conception, and of much of the Poet's beautiful thought. Salvini knew that Othello was a Moor, and a Moor he would have him in body, soul, and spirit; not such a Moor as he might have discovered from the wondrous text, but a tawny barbarian, exuberant with the qualities conventionally assigned to the race. His gloating over Desdemona ill became the lines which displayed the depth and chastity of the hero's love, and in the fierce savagery of his jealous rage, during the last half of the play, the imaginative grace and beauty of many passages were smothered and lost. In the murder of Desdemona, done with realistic horrors, and in Othello's suicide, effected, not with indicated dagger, but with a crooked scimitar and hideous particulars of gasp, choke, and gurgle, I perceived that both the letter and the spirit of Shakespeare were defied and defeated for sensational purposes.

But thirty years ago criticism of this sort fell, as now perhaps it falls, upon few ears that would hear; one of my friends said that such carping was like girding at Niagara. Salvini's Othello was undoubtedly stupendous and monumental. Leaving Shakespeare and Anglo-Saxon scruple out of account, it was great; considered by itself, it was homogeneous and self-consistent, — "one en-

tire and perfect chrysolite," or, with a suitable variation of the Moor's own phrase, one huge, ardent carbuncle.

SALVINI'S SAMSON AND SULLIVAN.

In witnessing the Italian dramas which Salvini produced, the spectators did not need to be troubled with Shakespearean doubts and qualms. His Samson, which he played on his opening night in this city, seemed to me a supreme histrionic expression of the emotional-picturesque. The play, which was in verse, freely dramatized the Biblical story of the Lion of Dan, had considerable merit, and was quite redeemed from commonplace by the character of its hero. In Samson's mighty personality two individualities were fused: the giant, the man of blood, the slave of passion, was also the son of promise, the just judge, and, above all, the appointed deliverer of God's people Israel. It was wonderful to see how Salvini's impersonation combined these two natures; expressing with sensuous fullness all that was gross and earthy in the man, and not less effectually displaying the lofty consciousness of the leader and commissioned servant of the Lord Jehovah. When directly under the divine inspiration, as in the second act of the play, when he perceived in the flames that consumed his house the presence of the I AM whom Moses knew in the burning bush on Horeb, the face and speech of the actor became glorious and awful in their consciousness of Divinity; and at lower moments, sometimes in the midst of unholy and degrading pleasures, a strange and mystical light seemed to fill his eyes, to touch and amplify his form. In his fatal drunkenness there was something godlike as well as pathetic, even while the details of intoxication were shown with remorseless truthfulness, — touches of rare delicacy being made in the facial action accompanying the first draught of the "wine of Sorec," where the repulsion of the Nazarite for the

forbidden cup was merged in his presentiment of coming ill. His declamation of Jacob's blessing of the tribe of Dan was like the tramp of a jubilant host. The long speech, in which he rehearsed in detail, with appropriate action, the story of his victory over the young lion that roared at him in the vineyards of Timnath, afforded by far the most signal illustration I have ever seen of the ability of an actor to reproduce in narrative a series of varied incidents. The performance had the effect of a set of biograph pictures, with the added vividness of ear-filling sound, and, somehow, of apparent color. Another almost equally remarkable and even more stirring triumph in a similar sort was Salvini's narrative, in *La Morte Civile*, of Conrad's escape from prison. No other actor of our day was capable of either achievement. In the Biblical play his highest point was attained in the fourth act, when he discovered the loss of his hair and his strength; and here his cry of agony and his frenzied, vaguely grasping gesture, accompanying the words, "*Gran Dio! La chioma mia! la chioma!*" were indescribably thrilling and awful. His Samson was in its different aspects as closely human as the Ajax of Sophocles, as heroic and unhappy as *Cedipus*, as remote as the Prometheus of *Æschylus*.

Salvini's skill was as high in comedy as in tragedy. His impersonation of Sullivan, in the Italian play of which David Garrick is a replica, was ideally perfect, even surpassing Mr. Sothorn's performance in grace, vivacity, and distinction. He played Ingomar occasionally, in the Baron Munsch-Bellinghausen's drama of that name, and filled the part to overflowing with humor and virile gentleness. His interpretation of King Lear was of great merit, though some of the subtleties of the text did not reach him through the Italian version. His Hamlet was quite unsatisfactory to American audiences, and was seldom

given in this country; but his performance of the Ghost far surpassed every other that our stage has known.

SALVINI IN *LA MORTE CIVILE*.

Without dealing with his other admirable assumptions, I wish to put myself on record for an opinion which is shared by hundreds of my fellow citizens. Salvini's impersonation of Conrad, the central personage of *La Morte Civile* of Paolo Giacommetti, has not been rivaled, has not been approached, by any dramatic performance of our time, in respect of pure and heart-searching pathos. The story is that of an Italian artist, Conrad, who, condemned to imprisonment for life for the commission of a crime of unpremeditated violence, after many years of confinement escapes from jail, finds his wife and daughter, both of whom had been saved from want by a kind and honorable physician, and learns that his daughter, now almost grown to womanhood, has received the name of her protector, and been brought up in the belief that the physician is her father. Though strongly drawn by natural instinct to make himself known to the girl, Conrad is persuaded, through a desire for his child's happiness and peace of mind, to conceal his relation to her; the supreme effort required for this sacrifice completes the work of his many sufferings and privations, and in it he dies. The character of Conrad is built upon a large plan. He is naturally a man of violent passions, capable of furious jealousy, easily wrought to suspicion, and by years of solitude and misery has been made sullen and morose. Yet the spirit within him is really great, and, possessed by the passion of paternal love, rises to such deeds and self-denials as might be sung by choirs of angels. Every phase of the man's nature was presented by the actor with fine discrimination and full potency. But as the fiery soul was brought to its great trial, and prepared

itself for the renunciation of its one hope and joy, the player's art took on an entrancing loveliness. From scene to scene Conrad's face was gradually transformed, its grim severity being replaced by a sober earnestness. The passage with his wife, in which they were united in their spirit of self-abnegation, where disappointment, desire, and grief swelled his heart almost to bursting, was deeply impressive, but served principally to lead the mind of the spectator to the last scene of all. What words can do justice to that, — to the exquisite pathos of his final interview with his daughter, when, struggling with the agony of imminent death, he endeavored, by caressing tones and timid gestures of tenderness, to excite an answering throb in the young breast, which he would not press against his own, and, having borne the extremity of anguish and shame in her discovery upon his wrists of the flesh marks that told the disgrace of his captivity, found one moment of happiness in the offer of her childish prayers in his behalf? The pain depicted was so awful, the heart hunger so terrible, that the sight of them could not have been endured but for the glory and grandeur of the act of self-immolation. At the very last, the yearning in his hollow eyes as they glazed in death was almost insupportable, and was, indeed, so pitiful that the dread realism of the final moment, when the strong soul parted from the weary body, was felt as a relief. At the first performance of this play in Boston, I had the never paralleled experience of being one of a company of spectators whose emotion was manifested by audible gasping for breath, by convulsive choking and sobbing; strong men being specially affected.

SIGNORA PIAMONTI.

I must not lose the opportunity to declare the deep impression which was made upon me at this time by the acting of Signora Piamonti, who was the tra-

gedian's leading lady during his first season in America. In none of the impersonations which she presented was the highest force required of her, and therefore I am not justified in pronouncing her the equal of Ristori or Bernhardt or Seebach. But in the large variety of her performances, which ranged from Ophelia in Hamlet to Zelia in Sullivan, — corresponding to Ada Ingot in David Garrick, — Signora Piamonti exhibited such grace, *adresse*, dramatic judgment, and vivid delicacy of style as the world expects only from players of the first rank. Her Ophelia was the most beautiful and poetic assumption of the character that I have witnessed, surpassing by a little even Miss Terry's fine performance; and the achievement was especially remarkable because the Italian artist could not sing, and was obliged to interpret Ophelia's ballads in a kind of dry chant, or monotone, with occasional cadences. Better than any one of all the other players I have seen, many of whom well expressed the Dramatist's idea, Signora Piamonti made Ophelia's insanity lovely as well as pathetic, turning "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favor and to prettiness," according to the word of the Poet. Her Desdemona was charming in its unaffected sweetness, and in its final passages indicated, with true tragic stress, the heroic loyalty of the wife, while preserving the feminine softness of the gentle Venetian. A striking contrast, whereby the breadth of her art appeared, was afforded by her impersonations of Delilah in Samson and Zelia in Sullivan. The latter was shown as a young girl of modern type, fresh and unconventional, but of a character strongly based in purity, intelligence, and refined sensibility, — an ideal daughter of England, emotional, yet dignified and self-contained; the anxious, restless attention, crossed by shame and disgust, with which she watched the actor in the early moments of his pretended intoxi-

cation was a triumph of the eloquence of attitude and facial expression, interestingly followed by the voluble passion of her oral appeal to his nobler soul. Signora Piamonti's Delilah, though kept at every moment entirely within the lines prescribed by good taste and propriety, exhibited Samson's mistress and destroyer like some flaming flower of the voluptuous East, incarnadined in tint, heavy with aromatic odors, intoxicating to the sense of man, — the hireling slave of passion, yet almost redeemed at the last by the violent access of her remorse and self-loathing. Her final rejection of the Philistines' reward of her perfidy was so mixed of rage and shame as to seem strong even against the background of Salvini's tremendous performance.

ADELAIDE NEILSON: HER LIFE AND CAREER.

No player in my time vied with Adelaide Neilson in respect of the keenness of the curiosity and the profuseness of the admiration of which she was the object. Both curiosity and admiration were justified. As a woman and as an artist she was difficult to account for. I do not pretend to know the truth about those portions of her life which have a dubious aspect. After she came to the fullness of her power the voice of disparaging gossip grew faint, as if there could be but one verdict, and that of approval, upon a personality which appeared so refined in every public manifestation. It is known that her baptismal name was Elizabeth Ann Brown; that she was born in Leeds, March 3, 1848, and was the daughter of an actress of no great ability. As a young girl, she had employment in a mill, as a nurserymaid, as a barmaid, and as a member of a theatrical *corps de ballet*; having been befriended, at the beginning of her career on the stage, by Captain, afterward Admiral, Henry Carr Glyn, a noted officer of the British navy. Through all the occupations just now mentioned she must have

passed before she was eighteen years of age, since her début as Juliet was made at Margate in 1865. Her success was immediate, and her repertory soon embraced many parts in Shakespearean and other dramas. She made her first appearances in America and in Boston during the autumn and winter of 1872-73; and afterward, in a nearly unbroken succession of seasons, she acted in most of the chief cities of this country, until the winter of 1879-80. On the 15th of August, 1880, after many months of failing health, she died suddenly at the Chalet du Rond Royal, in the Bois de Boulogne. A considerable portion of her estate she bequeathed by will to Admiral Glyn. She acted frequently in England, also, during the last eight years of her life, appearing, in the course of one memorable engagement, in one hundred consecutive performances of *Julia*, in *The Hunchback of Sheridan Knowles*.

MISS NEILSON'S PROGRESS.

When Miss Neilson, at the age of twenty-four, first played in this city, her beauty and charm were on all sides conceded to be of a rare and bewildering sort, and the public acclaim upon that theme was loud and sonorous. Her great ability, also, was obvious. It was easy to see that "the root of the matter" was in her; that she possessed the true plastic quality of the actor, native histrionic discrimination, and extreme temperamental sensibility. But her style, at that time, lacked the highest distinction; her voice, though usually very pleasant in quality, had many unrefined nasal intonations; and in the interpretation of her text she frequently missed delicate opportunities, sometimes squarely blundered. It happened that she did not reappear in Boston till 1880, and connoisseurs of acting were then permitted to note the effect upon her of seven years of the experience and culture of the stage. The change was remarkable: she had gained greatly in vivacity and

power, almost equally in breadth and suavity of style. Her voice had acquired an absolute clarity, with no loss of richness of tones. An extraordinary advance had been made in the finish of her work, which now exhibited, at almost every point and in almost every detail, an exquisite precision that testified to the operation of a clear and highly cultivated intelligence.

The evening of February 16, 1880, when, after the long absence referred to, she was once more seen in Boston, was an evening to be much remembered by every star-long-suffering critic. At last a Juliet had appeared whose style was as large as it was passionate and sweet, — a Juliet who did not color the words "Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?" with hostility, sincere or affected; who did not fall into a twenty seconds' ecstasy of terror because the orchard walls were high and hard to climb, and the place death to Romeo, considering who he was, if any of her kinsmen found him under her window; who did not get out of temper with her nurse, and emit her "By and by I come" like a blow from an angry fist; who did not rush on from "Dost thou love me?" to "I know thou wilt say ay," as if she were mortally afraid that Romeo would say no, and proposed to stop his tongue in time; who did not exhibit all the symptoms of a blue funk of terror while the friar was describing the consequences of her drinking his potion. These *bêtises*, and many others like unto them, some practiced for effect, some mere products of misunderstanding, we had endured at the hands and lips of many noted actresses. A large style here, suited to Shakespeare's large scheme! A style, that is to say, which takes into account, at every moment, not only the text by itself, but the text as it is related to all the other texts, and to the Juliet revealed by them in her many aspects and in her total definite personality. Not a studied, self-conscious Juliet, not a Juliet

adorned with foreign excrecences, not a babyish, lachrymosal Juliet, but Shakespeare's own true love-taught heroine. Illustrations of her strong judgment, and of its coöperation with her delicate intuition, might be indefinitely multiplied: I cite only one other, which relates to a passage that crucially tests both the fineness and the strength of an actress's artist eyesight.

In the first act of *As You Like It*, Miss Neilson's treatment of Rosalind's concluding interview with Orlando was ideally expressive: the words, "Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies," were made to carry just as far as they ought, and no farther, — winging their message of incipient love to the young man's faithful ear, bravely, modestly, gravely, without smile or simper, it might fairly be said without a hint of coquetry.

MISS NEILSON AS IMOGEN.

It happened that Miss Neilson played at no time in Boston any other than Shakespearean characters, confining herself, during her early engagement, to *Rosalind* and *Juliet*. At her season here in February, 1880, she added to her record with impersonations of *Viola* and *Imogen*, presenting *Cymbeline* on the 23d of that month, for the first time here within twenty-four years. She returned to Boston for one week, two months later in the same year, and on the night of the 19th of April appeared as *Isabella*, in *Measure for Measure*, which until then had not been performed in this city. Her impersonation of *Imogen* was masterly, the adjective befitting an interpretation whose gamut ran from high passionate force to the most delicate sensibility. In her interview with *Iachimo* she showed admirable judgment; not falling into a frenzy at the disclosure of his baseness, but, in her repulse of the libertine, combining courage, scorn, and loathing, in a grand demonstration of womanhood and wifehood. Her loftiest

point was reached in the scene with Pisanio, wherein she learned of her husband's mad disbelief and murderous purpose. Here, at first, a hundred shades of fond hope, of anxiety and alarm, were depicted in her face; and when the blow fell from the letter of Posthumus, and she dropped to the earth as if she had been shot, her passion of grief seemed to pass beyond simulation, and in the speech beginning,

"False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep twixt clock and clock?"

honest indignation, outraged affection, and anguish were uttered, without a touch of rant or self-consciousness, in a cry that pierced the heavens and the listener's heart. The feminine sweetness and physical delicacy of Imogen were shown with true poetic grace; and among all the lovely images that the stage has shown, none is, I think, so appealingly lovely as that of Miss Neilson's Imogen as, emerging from her brothers' cave, she made her trembling declaration of hunger and honesty and her meek yet clear-voiced plea to the gentleness of the stout strangers.

I must not multiply details, especially as a difficult and more important attribution is to be attempted. More than once I have spoken of Miss Neilson's beauty, and of the general enthusiasm over that theme. In truth, her face was not distinguished by the regularity which the sculptor approves. Her forehead was broad and full; her eyes were softly brilliant, and their gray shifted into every appropriate color; her mouth, both firm and sensitive, had not the outline of the conventional Cupid's bow; her chin was square and strong. In the one interview I had with her, she compared herself with a notoriously handsome English actress, concluding, with a frank laugh, "But *I* have n't a *featchur*, I know." Yet on the stage her beauty irradiated the scene. The explanation

is easy. She had a countenance over which the mind and spirit had absolute control, in and through whose plastic material they uttered themselves without let or hindrance, making it their exponent rather than their veil, as if, by a mystical operation of the physical law, the force of the soul were transmuted into terms of flesh. These words, which sound extravagant, are simply true. One does not remember the beautiful Adelaide Neilson *in propria persona*: the figures and faces which are associated with her are those of Shakespeare's heroines, every one of them unlike every other, every one immortally beautiful. I suspect that, as a histrionic artist, she excelled not so much through swift impulses and inspirations as through her supreme docility, discretion, and responsiveness. She was always studying, evolving, and considering fresh ideas, eliminating old faults, taking on new excellences. She afforded in her person a rare example of artistic and mental development; and I have ventured to go so far in my thought — now confided to the reader — as to believe that of her intimacy with the pure and lovely conceptions of the Poet whom she sincerely revered she was making a ladder upon which her soul was mounting and to mount.

MISS NEILSON'S INEFFABLE CHARM.

It remains to be said that, perhaps not for all, but certainly for very many persons, Miss Neilson as an actress possessed an ineffable charm, which has never been analyzed or explained. A signal illustration of this charm was afforded by her Viola, in *Twelfth Night*. Of all Shakespeare's women, Viola is the most elusive. Deeply reserved, void of initiative, confirmed in patience, exquisitely fine in all the texture of her nature, as pure as new-fallen snow, she is, however, not like Miranda, fearless with the ignorant innocence of Paradise, or Isabella, calm with the untempted chas-

tity of the cloister, but is familiar with life and its lures, as well as susceptible of love and its enthrallment. Yet she passes through uncounted compromising situations without a smirch, and in her masculine attire is no less virginal-sweet than in her woman's weeds. Miss Neilson's performance said all this, and the much more there is to say, with an art that was beyond criticism; keeping the character well in the shadow to which it belongs, and at the point of highest tension, with a hundred deft touches, conveying the strength of the tender passion which could endure and smile at grief. But, aside from the distinction and charm, the subtilty and the depth, of the impersonation; aside, even, from the completeness with which the personality of the artist was transformed into that of Shakespeare's heroine, there was a quality in the performance by which it was related to some evanescent ideal of perfect beauty, to some vision of supernal loveliness vaguely apprehended but eagerly desired, through which it touched the infinite. Other of Miss Neilson's assumptions had a like power; but the manifestation through this character was singularly clear. More than once I saw scores of mature men and women gazing through eyes filled with sudden-surprising moisture at this slip of a girl, as she stood upon the wreck-strewn shore of the sea, in the midst of sailors, and began a dialogue no more important than this:—

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

In that slender maid, as she looked through Adelaide Neilson's eyes and spoke through her voice, the fairest dream of romance seemed incarnate; in her the very "riches of the sea," strangely delivered from its "enraged and foamy mouth," had "come on shore."

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN ORATORIO.

Approaching the end of these reminiscient sketches, the scenes of which must not be brought too near the foreground in time, I purpose to note several disconnected and contrasting experiences of stage and platform, which stand out in my memory by reason of some salient peculiarity. The moments of highest exaltation, among many lofty moments, which came to me at any concert of sacred music, were passed as I listened, at the Music Hall, in April, 1871, to Christine Nilsson's interpretations of "There were shepherds abiding in the fields" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a performance of the Messiah given by the Handel and Haydn Society. The former of the numbers named was, in her mouth, a piece of idyllic religious poetry, the Pastoral Symphony of the oratorio, informed with a soul, and uttered, as it were, through the voices of rapt men and jubilant angels. The latter was the only utterance of the centuries' great Song of Faith to which I had, or have, ever listened with entire satisfaction. Then, for the first time, I heard the spirit's assurance of immortality breathed from its depths, not argued with its lips. Here and there, as in the words "Yet in my flesh shall I see God" and "Now is Christ risen from the dead," the singer, as if overborne by a sudden ecstatic vision, broke forth with vehement intensity; but for the most part the words were sung as by a soul communing with the Almighty, not as by a man defending a doctrine against men. So, the customary conventional exaggeration of emphasis upon the "*I know*" was discarded, and the stress was thrown upon "*liveth*," which, by some swift alchemy of tone or accentuation, was charged with the fullness of the soul's conviction; while, in the closing passages of the air, the words "the first fruits of them that sleep" ascended like the breath of one who longed to be

with those that rest in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

LEVI THAXTER, INTERPRETER OF
BROWNING.

Time is most relentless in effacing remembrance of the work of public readers. Let a strong word, then, be said for Levi Thaxter, who read the poems of Robert Browning in a fashion beside which all other attempts in that kind were, and yet are, prosaic, small, and faint. He was not a professional elocutionist, and his efforts were not deformed by mechanical artifice; his voice was sweet, pure, and of extraordinary depth and reach, and his enunciation and pronunciation were elegantly faultless. The source of his peculiar power was in his full sympathy with poet and poem, and in his firm grasp of their thought. His reading, as an illumination of the text, was marvelous, and fairly compelled Browning to be comprehensible, even in works as subtle and obscure as *La Saisiaz*. Mr. Thaxter's dramatic gift was nothing short of magnificent, and I put his reading of the dialogue of *Ottima and Sebald*, in *Pippa Passes*, in the same class, for force and completeness, with Mrs. Kemble's reading of the Shakespearean tragedies.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S READING OF SHELLEY.

In quite another kind, but unique and highly remarkable, was the reading of Shelley's and Keats's poetry by Mr. William Ordway Partridge, now noted as a sculptor. Not much of the verse of Shelley will bear putting under the logician's press or into the analyst's crucible; but some of it is the fine wine of poetry, — poetry for poets, as has been cleverly said, appealing to the subtlest parts of the imaginative sense, as remote from the common touch as a rosy cloud dissolving in a sunset glow. Mr. Partridge read Shelley as if he were the author as well as the interpreter of the verse. His refined and delicate beauty of face,

intensified by a rapturous expression as if he were thrilled by the melody which he made; the clear tones of his cultivated voice, not widely varied in modulation, but perfect within a sufficient range; his absolute plasticity and responsiveness under the thrill of the music, combined to give his reading an exquisitely appropriate distinction. There was, indeed, in his delivery something singularly lovely and impossible to describe, — the product, apparently, of a gift, like Shelley's own, to charge mere sound with sense, so that it seemed to bear a message almost without the help of articulate utterance.

TWO FALSTAFFS.

The reference to Mrs. Kemble suggests a contrast sharply noted in my mind a few years ago. As a very young man, I had the keen delight of hearing Mrs. Fanny Kemble at one of the last series of readings which she gave in the Meionaon. I vividly recall the occasion when I listened to her delivery of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and was one of an audience which laughed itself almost faint over her interpretation of Falstaff. A middle-aged Englishwoman, in usual afternoon costume, read from an ungarnished platform, out of the big book which had come down to her from her aunt, Mrs. Siddons! Some thirty years later I was present at Mr. Beerbohm Tree's opening night in Boston, and saw the leading actor — "made up" with extreme skill, assisted by an accomplished company, using all the appliances of an excellent stage — succeed in carrying the part of Sir John Falstaff, in the same comedy, through an entire evening without once evoking a laugh for his incomparably humorous text.

A FEAT IN PARAPHRASE.

Another case of professional misfit, which worked less serious results, and, indeed, made a remarkable display of ingenuity, appeared during Miss Genevieve Ward's last engagement in Boston.

The play was Henry VIII., Miss Ward impersonating Queen Katharine. Mr. Louis James, her leading man, was cast for Cardinal Wolsey. The cardinal's part is long and hard to learn, and very likely was new to Mr. James, whose position was onerous. He got through the evening without incurring or causing disaster. He hit his cues with necessary precision; and it is also true that he performed the astounding feat of presenting Wolsey's words in an original paraphrase *ex tempore*. Of the cardinal's lines not so many as one in three were exactly reproduced, even the most familiar sustaining some twist or variation. Sometimes the original text was entirely suppressed. But Mr. James's speech did not halt, and his mind demonstrated extreme address, furnishing his tongue with phrases which carried a considerable portion of the Dramatist's meaning, and even fell decently in line with the rhythmic scheme of the verse. William Shakespeare, or John Fletcher, or whoever is responsible for Wolsey's share of the dialogue, would have been tickled by the actor's performance, which was in the line of the "descant" that Elizabethan gentlemen were expected to be able to supply with the voice, upon any melody, at short notice.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK.

Madame Janaushek is so near the present day that it has seemed best to me not to make her work the theme of extended comment. Her achievement on our stage was great, considering the handicap which she sustained in dealing with a foreign language; she had a large style, and her playing was steadily marked by intellectual clarity and emotional power. Her unique performance, the assumption of the French waiting maid, Hortense, in the stage version of Dickens's *Bleak House*, played under the name of Chesney Wold, is not likely to be forgotten by any who were so fortunate as to witness it. The French ac-

cents and intonations of the girl were made piquantly effective through the operation of a tongue more familiar with them than with English vocables, and the feline malice and alertness of the character — which in the novel is scantily outlined — were reproduced with high picturesqueness and vivacity.

ALEXANDER SALVINI AS DON IPPOLITO.

By natural association with Madame Janaushek's achievement, there occurs to my mind the rarest example I have known of the fortunate fitting of an alien actor to a part in which all his lingual imperfections made for ideal success. On the evening of November 5, 1889, at the Tremont Theatre, was performed a dramatic version of Mr. Howells's novel, *A Foregone Conclusion*, with Alexander Salvini as Don Ippolito. The play "was caviare to the general," and was obviously deficient in constructive skill; but its gay wit, its lavish humor, — now frank and direct, now sly and ironical, — its intuitive schemes of character, its large human sympathy, its reproduction of the atmosphere and beauty of Venice, and its literary distinction made its presentation delightful to the critical few. As for Alexander Salvini, — of whom, as an artist, I entertained, in general, a rather low opinion, finding him in his larger attempts pretty steadily commonplace, — his impersonation of Don Ippolito was a marvel. Every native physical peculiarity of the player repeated the figure of the romance, and the priest's Italianic English was the actor's very own dialect. It is to be added that the don's timid sweetness, naiveté, and humility, and his shy yet substantial manliness, with their overlay of southern finesse, were clearly appreciated and nicely indicated.

MR. LATHROP'S ELAINE, AND MISS ANNIE RUSSELL.

The performance, on the evening of May 14, 1888, at the Park Theatre, of

Mr. George P. Lathrop's drama of Elaine has taken a little niche of its own in my mind and memory. The play, which was in blank verse, had real merit: its text was always smooth, sweet, and graceful, and was fine or fervid in a mode much like that of Tennyson, the story of whose idyl was strictly followed until the final passages, when grave liberties were taken with Launcelot and Guinevere. The effect of the work and its representation was to transport the soul of the spectator out of the dusty glare of common day into the empurpled twilight of romance. Through Miss Annie Russell the play was supplied with an ideal Elaine. The actress had but recently recovered from a severe illness, and her fragile beauty and delicacy pathetically befitted the lily maid of Astolat. Her gentle speech had a thrilling quality which seemed made to utter the heart of Elaine. Few of those who saw the scene will forget how, after love for Launcelot had entered her soul, she began to look at him with a gaze as direct, as unhesitating, and as maidenly as full moonlight. At great moments the concentration and simplicity of her style exactly fulfilled the difficult conditions of the part; the shudder with which she caught and held her breath when Launcelot kissed her forehead, the gasping pain of the sequent words, "Mercy, my lord," and the dry despair of her "Of all this will I nothing," will be long and deservedly remembered. Few more beautiful scenes have been shown upon the stage than the fifth tableau, which reproduced a famous picture, and exhibited the barge, draped in black samite, bearing the body of the maiden — pale as the lily which her right hand held, the "dead steered by the dumb" old servitor — up with the flood.

THE PRIVATELY ENDOWED THEATRE.

My last word may well bear my message of desire and hope for the theatre in America. Some fourteen years ago,

I began to contend in public for the establishment in one of our largest cities of a playhouse which should be supported or "backed" by the munificence of two or more men of great wealth and proportionate intelligence, — even as the Symphony Orchestra in Boston is maintained by one public-spirited gentleman. It is to be a *théâtre libre* in that it is to be absolutely absolved from slavery to its patrons and box office. As a place of edification, it is not to be a kindergarten for infants who still suck their sustenance from a "vaudeville" bottle, nor a primary or grammar school for small children, but a high school or university for adults, dedicated to the higher culture of that great "humanity," the histrionic art. For this house are to be engaged the best-equipped managers, and the most highly accomplished company of actors, artists, and artisans that the country can furnish; and on its stage are to be produced, with the closest attainable approximation to completeness, only clean plays, of real merit. These dramas are to be in every key and color, of any and every nation, of any period in time. Rare inducements will be held out for the production of new and original works, of which the censorship will be critical, yet catholic and unniggardly; but there will be no limitation of the field to the domestic inclosure. This theatre once open and operant, let the dear public attend or not, as it pleases; and let the experiment be faithfully tried for three years.

From the effecting of such a scheme I did not expect, soon or ever, every conceivable advantage. I did not, in prevision, anticipate the speedy regeneration of the theatre as an "institution," the prompt suppression of cheap and vulgar plays, the immediate elevation of public taste. But I was confident — judging by the success of similar enterprises, and by the parallelism of European theatres maintained by national and civic subsidies or organized subscrip-

tion — that salutary results would flow from a theatre thus maintained and managed. This playhouse would at once be the talk of the country; and the city that contained it would soon be a dramatic Mecca, drawing to itself, from every part of the land, true amateurs of the drama and of acting. A standard of high excellence would be set up, and held up to view, in respect both of material of programme and mode of representation. By and by our swift people would respond and appreciate. Before many years had passed we should have our own American Theatre, evolving the material of a fine tradition, dedicated to the best expression of a great art; and by the time that point was reached, Conservatories of Acting would be clustered about the new house, and be preparing to feed its companies with trained actors and actresses.

Much good ought eventually to come to the theatrical profession out of the maintenance of such a privately subsidized theatre: first and obviously, through the higher esteem and appreciation which actors would then receive from the public; secondly, through the advance in means of training which would be open to neophytes. It will be a shame if we do not develop a great race of actors in this country. The American temperament is, I believe, the best adapted of any in the world for histrionic success. As a nation, we unite English thoughtfulness, steadfastness, and aplomb with Gallic vivacity, intuition, and speed. It is true, as I said in a former article, that our native artists show extraordinary swiftness and sensibility and a very large mimetic gift, and that the general level of histrionic attainment is high, considering the desultory character of the instruction upon which a large majority of our players are obliged to depend. Therefore, not only very good, but the very best things are to be hoped for, when our admirable domestic material is treated by competent masters, in

schools attached to a theatre of the highest grade.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that it is my idea that the leaven of such an American Theatre would work sooner or later in the lump as a discourager of the prevailing flimsiness and triviality of our public shows. Thus far, by the quality of the supply of plays proceeding from American writers, one can gauge the quality of the demand. Our authors do not lack cleverness: Mr. Barnard, Mr. Belasco, Mr. Howard, Mr. Gillette, and others show real ability. But when one considers that Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* — which I concede to be a brilliant and effective work — represents the high-water mark, "up to date," of our playwriting; that it is, so to speak, the *Hamlet* of American dramatic literature, it is evident that something is needed to direct our feet into other ways, if we aspire to any great achievements in this kind for our country.

There can be no doubt that the proposed theatre, if it became successful and permanent, would do something to develop and elevate public taste in respect of players as well as plays. It would be refreshing — especially in Boston, the naïf and omnivorous — to note a progress upward on this line. Apparently, the movement of late years has been in the other direction. I saw it noted as a remarkable circumstance, in one of my criticisms of Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq, more than twenty-five years ago, that the chief artists were called before the curtain "as many as five times" at the end of the most important act of a classic play. On the night when *Cyrano de Bergerac* was first produced in Paris, elderly men shouted their bravos, and, at the close of the third act, embraced one another, with tears of joy, crying out, "*Le Cid! Le Cid!*" If that spectacle, which is truly impressive, seems absurd to a Bostonian, what has he to say to one of his own first-night audi-

ences, which, a few years since, brought a pleasing little actress, who had done a bit of pretty comedy gracefully and piquantly, seventeen times to the foot-lights, midway of the performance, bestowing such honors and plaudits upon the player as she would scarcely have deserved if she had been Miss Neilson and Miss Cushman rolled into one, and doing her greatest work in a play of commanding power? A better day for the

drama and the theatre in America is sure to dawn. The actors are readier than the public for a change to nobler conditions; and the public, now learning to demand of and for itself the best things in many departments of life, will not always rest content with conditions that encourage mediocrity, and do not discourage vulgarity, in that Theatre upon which it depends for the larger part of its entertainment.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(*The end.*)

IN ARGONNE.

FROM the small turret where the chimes ring out, high up on lofty Reims Cathedral, far beyond the white city, the cavalry barracks in the outskirts, and conspicuous Pommery buildings rivaling in glory, in the proud Remois merchants' minds, the shrine of Saint-Remy itself, a vast expanse of plain can be seen on a summer day, bounded in the distance by long, dark blue lines of gently undulating hills, the farthest of which grow so faint that they blend with the gray bank of cloud lying on the low horizon. "Le vignoble," the guide whispers, for the kings of France, gazing down with stony eyes from the colossal towers above, strike even him with awe; yet over his countenance has passed a half-perceptible smile of local patriotic satisfaction. Then, turning round and motioning in the opposite direction, "The Ardennes," he adds, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulder, immediately checked by a consciousness, strong in the humblest servant of the Church, of having to preserve ecclesiastical composure. In absolute contrast with wine-growing Champagne lies beneath us a Lazarus on the threshold of old Dives, — a dismal plain, pallid with chalky barrenness, ab-

ruptly ending in the distance in sharply outlined, irregular heights.

To reach these uncanny hills, which begin the Ardennes, about thirty miles of weary waste must be crossed, with the help of a local railway line, on which run about four trains a day, each made up of five cars of diminutive and antiquated shape, that might have been in use on the main line in the time when a fast express raced along at twenty miles an hour. The journey is of the dreariest. The train proceeds at snail-like pace, and stops every ten minutes, without apparent reason. On the immeasurable plain the rays of the sun strike with such a blinding force that all human beings seem to have disappeared, together with their houses; for not a vestige of habitation is seen, nor has the plough, probably, ever made an impression on the hard, level, treeless soil. The roads alone, branching off in dazzling whiteness right and left, remind one that this wilderness is not two hundred miles from Paris.

After about an hour and a half's traveling through this circle of Dante's Inferno, the landscape changes somewhat. Bushes peep out in ditches along the

roads; a few stunted trees are scattered about; the white chalk yields in large patches to the greensward. Then the soil grows uneven; its pitiless surface, now puckered up in an angry frown, vainly strives to drive away the increasing shrubs and clumps of trees. The sun itself is losing some of its radiancy, as the turf spreads into a deeper green. The chalk erelong must give up the struggle, for the trees are no more mere stragglers now; gathered in serried ranks, their numberless battalions are slowly, but surely, beating off the enemy. Suddenly, as in a weird, fantastic tale of Edgar Poe, the dark hills, topped with woods, a moment ago in the distance, close in on both sides, like a gigantic pair of tentacles. The railway line is running through the Argonne passes, the famous Thermopylæ of France. This is neither Germany nor Belgium; this is still France, but the uttermost fringe of France. From Sedan on the Belgian frontier down to Passavant in the Vosges the forest-clad heights extend, in many lines, intrenchment thrown up behind intrenchment, shielding northeastern France from barbarian inroads. Now and then a narrow river has cut its way through intricate foliage. Through one of these postern gates the train has led us; it will stop presently at Apremont, not twenty miles from the Meuse, just where the pass opens out into a magnificent plain, gently sloping down in rich orchards and meadows to the banks of the river, the moat wherewith nature has provided the fortress. For some unaccountable reason, the military authorities, who reign supreme here, have decreed that the railway line shall proceed no farther. To get to Dun, on the river, one must hire a conveyance such as peasants can provide. Yet from Dun it is easy to reach the main line, which, running down to Sedan and Mézières, and up again behind the forest to Amagne and Reims, points out the road which the Germans followed thirty years ago.

The chief town in the district is Vouziers, for the existence of which some giant who stalked the Forest of Arden must be held responsible. Tired of seeing men, like busy ants, finding their way into his domain, he one day took up a huge shovel and cast their intruding hovels and farms and manors and churches all in a heap upon a hill in the wilderness, since when no single house has dared to go back into the forbidden land. The muddy waters of the Aisne mark the boundary which it is a trespass to cross. To the left, Vouziers and the chalky plain that we saw from Reims Cathedral; to the right, pastures and vineyards and green woods, — the Sahara next to the Promised Land.

Railway communications are not expected to be very good in a desert. It is quite a roundabout way from Vouziers to civilization. A light railway, in which old disused tram cars seem mostly employed, connecting the Reims-Charleville-Metz main line with the Apremont local line, runs through Vouziers. Under favorable circumstances, a distance like that from Vouziers to Grandpré, fourteen kilometres — less than ten miles — by the highway, may be traveled over in an hour and three quarters. Yet the whole district, remote as it seems, is connected with the Seine and the capital by the watershed. The thick, slimy waters at the foot of the hill on which Vouziers stands flow into the river Oise, which meets the Seine a little below Paris. The modern Alexandria might, however, be as distant as its ancient prototype, so little has its charmed influence softened this rough part of Champagne. In the irregularly shaped houses, the forbidding look of the unshuttered, heavily barred windows, the overlapping tiled roofs, but mainly in the stubborn pillars of the church and its quaint, massive Romance portico, old France has impressed her mark upon this quiet provincial town. On seeing the quadrangular Mairie standing alone in the market

place, one would be tempted to declare that centralization is a thing unknown on the skirts of Argonne, and bless the part of the country in which the symbol and seat of local liberties occupies so prominent a position. Another token strengthened this belief when one of the two printers in the town bitterly complained that Monsieur le Maire had forbidden him from setting up for sale an illustrated post card, on which he had ventured to print by stealth a copy of a certain Rabelaisian picture locked up in the Mairie. Evidently no allegiance is paid Cleopatra here. Alas! many are the devices that the capital uses to insure its predominance. Far from the market place, in remote byways, lurk the Tribunal and the Sub-Prefecture, two snug little hornets' nests swarming with parasitical functionaries. The vision appeared, on that sultry August afternoon, of administrative France, the legacy of regal and Napoleonic tyranny, now dwarfed by the growth of Republican liberties to a blind, stupid, pettifogging red-tapism: through the open windows of the official building a bald-headed man was seen passing, with listless step; under his arm he carried a dusty bundle of *papier timbré*, and, as he was far from the boulevards, he had not deemed it incompatible with his dignity to dispense with his coat, in the oppressive heat of the day, and expose himself in the simple glory of shirt sleeves.

Sleepy Vouziers once gave voice to its silent protest against overregulation and state-protectionism: its most illustrious citizen is M. Taine. Here is the house in which he was born, the familiar streets he trod, the school to which his childish footsteps bent; yonder the roads over which his father would lead him. All these early impressions M. Taine has recounted in the charming article on his native land, published as a preface to M. de Montagnac's work on the Ardennes, afterwards reprinted in his *Derniers Essais de Littérature et d'Histoire*.

One better understands the man M. Taine was after having seen some of those scenes of childhood which sink so deeply in the mind. Life is a problem that wears a serious look on this barren hill, surrounded by barren plains. There is no time to dream or smile. The town is built upon hard rock, — hard as the logic and style of M. Taine. He would not let his sentence softly ripple on or meander in long, harmonious bends along the page, Pater-like; nor would he deliver it unto the reader, as Renan did, disguised under the neat folds of irony. It is a statue of granite, roughly hewn, displaying tremendous sinews. The magnificent cloak that he afterwards threw over it, gorgeous with glittering color, profusely bedecked with gems, like some Merovingian saint, was no doubt the outcome of the Romanticism on which his student days were nursed, at the Ecole Normale, in 1848. There would be much to say on the earnestness of purpose, so strangely prominent, in his work, on his belief in individual energy, on his intense pathetic pessimism. Poor himself amidst the poor, with the lasting pictures stamped upon his brain of the workingman at the barges on the river, in the forges, then more numerous than now, or, poorest of all, of the wood-cutter in the Forest of Arden, — no wonder he dwelt upon the seamy side of life, and felt a grim satisfaction in tearing off the sham cloaks of generosity in which Revolutionists and counter-Revolutionists wrapped themselves.

Perhaps, in olden times, some gallant warrior, clad in armor, would ride down the hill, across the river, and dash into the forest, with intent to overthrow the giant that so jealously kept the Promised Land away from poor humanity. To such a combat did M. Taine seem to hasten, when he began to denounce centralization, overregulation, and all the evils with which contemporary France is so grievously tormented. The giant that he encountered was, unfortunately,

Protean; he scotched it, but did not kill it, and Vouziers is not freed to-day from official vermin.

Strange to say, Vouziers cares little for its most famous child. His fellow citizens are strangely reticent on the cordiality of their intercourse with him. "C'était un homme bizarre," is their curt appreciation. It is said that the municipal council solemnly asked him to present the town library with a complete set of his works, and that he declined to carry out the suggestion. Hence the coldness of the population. They did not see that he was prompted by the reserve of a writer who, unlike his contemporaries, cared little for *réclame*. I looked vainly for a rue Taine. Rues Gambetta and rues Chanzy are plentiful, but Vouziers does not bear the slightest memorial of the author of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*.

From Vouziers to Grandpré the scenery changes. We now tread on hallowed ground; not a Frenchman but feels his heart beat in nearing Grandpré, la Croix-aux-Bois, le Chesne-le-Populeux, where every inch of defile is associated with the recollection of heroic struggles against the enemy. Leonidas defended the Greek Thermopylæ only once; these passes have been held against tremendous odds a hundred times, by obscure, long-forgotten heroes. Let us take Grandpré as a strategical centre.

The old town, with its magnificent church and the ruins of its ancient château, stands on a hill commanding a plain about five miles broad. The river Aire lazily flows among the deep green meadows, while on either side rise the dark-wooded walls of the pass. The town, built of dark yellow sandstone, looks as if the smoke of the battles had but recently passed away. The whole country teems with martial recollections. On the edge of one of the woods, over which the Ardennais peasant has carefully drawn his plough, it is said that Cæsar once pitched his camp. This was

the first brush of the rough forest folk with the enemy. A few centuries later the exhausted barbarians halted on the same spot, after their disastrous battle with the Gallo-Roman army on the Catalaunic fields, near Châlons. There was no saintly maiden in Argonne to protect it, as Sainte-Geneviève had protected Paris, against the wrath of Attila. The wild ancestor of the modern woodcutter, no doubt, fled into the recesses of the forest, always ready to afford him shelter; and when the host of barbarians moved away, like a receding flood, he stole out and avenged himself upon the stragglers. More centuries passed on, and when, France having emerged from the chaos and ruins left by the fall of the Roman power and the breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne, crafty Capetian chieftains had set up for themselves, by ruse as well as force, the Merovingian and Carolingian thrones, Argonne became an outpost ever protecting Champagne and Ile-de-France. More than once, the enemy, Spaniard, Hollander, or German, tried to storm these fortress gates, but never were they nearer achieving their end than in 1792.

That memorable year the fates very nearly went against modern France. General Dumouriez, in command of the small Revolutionary army, had pitched his camp at Grandpré; earthworks protected the town, and a strong force held the bridges on the river below. The panic of the raw recruits who fled before a handful of Prussian hussars, and the blunder of a colonel which allowed the *émigrés* to gain possession of the Croix-aux-Bois pass, thus making it possible for them to outflank the French army, were near wrecking Dumouriez' plan of amusing the enemy till reinforcements should come up. Heavy rains had fallen in that bleak September, and the shivering, ill-clad, badly-fed army grew impatient to leave the camp. An outbreak of dysentery added to the horrors of those days. A report spread

among the men that the Minister of War in Paris deprecated Dumouriez' plan, and had positively ordered him to fall back at once upon Châlons. Dark hints of treason were thrown out. Yet the sturdy general clung to the passes, and trusted the old forest to keep back the invaders. At last the colonel's blunder made retreat imperative. Under favor of darkness the Republican forces slipped away. Imagine the motley crowd: veterans who had fought in Hannover, in the Low Countries, in New England, mingled with inexperienced young patriots, Parisian and Marseillaise, whose bravery, easily stirred by the rhetoric of Jacobinical stump orators, melted away at the first danger. They march out of the town in good order; but the roads are bad, the mud lies deep, and in the forest on either side must be concealed innumerable Austrians and Prussians. The artillery were the first to disobey orders: they fled to a hill, whence they refused to stir. Suddenly some Prussian hussars, probably scouts, fell in with the recruits. The next morning Dumouriez wrote to the Assembly in Paris: "Ten thousand men fled before fifteen hundred Prussian hussars. The loss does not exceed fifty men and some stores. *Tout est réparé, et je réponds de tout.*" A few days after, the Prussian general, Brunswick, suffered a defeat at Valmy. In 1839, the old men told M. Miroy, the *juge de paix* of Grandpré, that they remembered the cannonade on that 20th of September. Two days later the Republic was proclaimed. It is sometimes amusing to dwell upon what might have been. Learned historians have shown that it was impossible for the Prussians to win, which inference is duly accompanied with a long array of admirable reasoning; but then historians are charlatans. With a trifle more activity and foresight on Brunswick's part, Dumouriez was cut off from Châlons and caught in a trap. A week later the émigrés would have crushed the Revolution in Paris,

and we leave the reader to fancy the wave of reaction spreading over Europe. France was saved by the hesitations and jealousies of the Allies, whose temper must have been akin to that of the Powers, a few months ago, in China. To the prejudiced mind of Europe, Septembriseurs and Sansculottes were little better than Boxers to us. There was a great deal of talk of repression, in courts and *chancelleries*; but no one dared to hasten on affairs, for fear of unforeseen consequences. The Austrians reconnoitred a little, and spoke about winter quarters, while Brunswick, with the Prussians, felt satisfied of his success at Grandpré. So Kellermann had time to bring his troops up and meet Dumouriez, whose army had meanwhile been cleared of patriotic turbulence. France still labors under the delusion that the tide of invasion rolled back before the raw levies of the Revolution. In fact, Valmy was the last victory of the old régime, redeeming the defeats suffered at the hands of Frederick the Great.

Since then, Grandpré has seen the enemy pour down the passes three times, in 1814, 1815, and 1870, but unrestrained and victorious. The spell that made Argonne invulnerable was broken with the fall of monarchy. A few very old people can remember the Cossacks plundering the whole region, even as their descendants plundered Manchuria the other day.

The face of the country bears the traces of its long martial record; even the churches have been built so as to be turned into castles at a moment's notice. At Saint-Juvin, at Verpel, buttresses and turrets mingle with rose windows and church crosses, and the stout walls show with what indomitable will Marshal Turenne, in the civil wars of the Fronde, battered them with his rebel artillery. After the battle of Denain, in the wars of Marlborough, when the Dutch raided the country, the inhabitants of Grandpré held out under shelter

of the mighty central tower of their church.

But the stones alone do not proclaim the fact that, with her past, France must remain a military nation. About every fortnight, in August and September, troops going to or returning from manœuvres march through the passes. Sometimes they halt a night or two, and are quartered upon the inhabitants, who thus pay a tax which is not mentioned in the annual budget. *Servitude militaire* the law terms this annoyance, against which scarcely any one ever murmurs, so deep is the love for the army. On the two occasions when we saw the soldiers, their behavior, it must be said, was exemplary. They were Ardennais themselves, peasants' sons for the most part, with a sprinkling of townsmen. When the loud church bell tolled nine, no one would have thought there were over a thousand men in a little town whose population just exceeds nine hundred. The next morning, as I was asking a small, squat private why he was gravely cutting away with his penknife a centimetre from a tape measure, "I've only a hundred days more to serve," he answered, with a broad smile. "Every day I cut away a centimetre."

In all the chief families on the frontier one or two sons are brought up for the army. There now rises before me the portrait of one of those Ardennais, a heavy white-mustached major, whose only thought in September is about shooting hares and partridges. In 1870, a young sub-lieutenant in the Lancers, he was at Beaumont, at the extreme end of Argonne, when the Germans surprised a French army corps at bivouac. A German captain, it is said, declined to open fire on "men in shirt sleeves." Of course the French had neglected to reconnoitre. "We began to reconnoitre," added the major, "in the army of the Loire, under General Chanzy."

He had been, three weeks before, at Reichshofen, in the famous charge. "We were forced back by the enemy's heavy

fire. In trying to get under shelter of a wood, we fell in with some Prussian infantry, fought our way into a château, and, breaking through the gates, crossed the river at the back and galloped into darkness." When they rallied at Saverne, they were fifty out of six hundred. He tells the tale slowly, in an unemotional way. Verily, these Ardennais are not the sensitive, brilliant Gallo-Romans of southern France; they are the fair-haired, taciturn Franks. Turanne and Chanzy, the French generals whose tactics were most remote from what are supposed to be the characteristics of French soldiership, reckless bravery, daring, swift demoralization, were both born in the Ardennes.

Nor is it only martial France, athirst for glory and conquest, it is also Catholic France that is revealed by Argonne. And the contrast does not impress one as striking. The passage is not from battlefields to scenes of evangelical peace, but from foreign strife to internal war. It is the tragic destiny of France, who has always waged war against her neighbors, often allied together in formidable coalitions, now to be torn with factions within herself. A close relation also appears between the Church and the sword. The appeal to arms has borne with the higher-minded French soldier a mystical aspect symbolically visible in Reims Cathedral. Above tower the gigantic statues of the kings of France, glaive in hand, while below, before the porch on which are carved, within a circle of meek bishops and peacemaking cardinals, the most peaceful scenes of Scripture, stands the bronze statue of Joan of Arc. No wonder that the Republic, unfavorable as it is both to foreign war and to mysticism, is at bottom unpopular. The debates in the Chamber of Deputies do not send through the country the thrill of a curt dispatch in the *Moniteur de l'Empire*, bearing the glad tidings of another Austerlitz.

The immense effort made since 1870

by the Roman Church to gain ascendancy is visible in this remote part of France. On the smallest church door there may be read a notice setting forth in businesslike style the facilities granted to would-be pilgrims to Lourdes, the whole bearing the approval of Cardinal Langeniena, one of the most distinguished in the French episcopate. From the great cathedral, where a large painting, hung in conspicuous evidence, records his entrance into Jerusalem as papal legate, amidst respectful Turkish soldiery and French consuls-general making meek obeisance, down to the small parish church of poverty-stricken Challerange, a hamlet sunk in the marshes ten miles south of Vouziers, but where a stained-glass window, a gift from *son Eminence*, blazes forth his name, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Reims has more glory in Argonne than mayor, prefect, general, or the President of the Republic himself.

The hold that old, naïve forms of belief retain upon the popular mind is pathetic. Living in a thinly populated district, within sight of the dark forest looming on every side, the simple folk, with the reverence of their pagan ancestors, worship the waters that break down the barrier of the forest, hollow the soil into valleys, and yield abundance. Five miles from Grandpré, on the road to Varenne, where the coach in which Louis XVI. was escaping to Germany was stopped by a Jacobin postmaster on a memorable night, there nestles in the hollow of the hillside the village of Saint-Juvin, in whose church lies buried René de Joyeuse, one of the Counts of Grandpré. Here the traveler will be led to a spring issuing in mere dribble from the rock, and preciously gathered a few feet below into a cemented tank, in the soapy waters of which a village woman is lustily washing linen. On Whitsunday, however, the tank is scrubbed clean, and from miles around the peasants come and carry away a little water, said, if administered

within the week to the swine, to preserve them from disease. In the church, the faithful may pay their devotions in all seasons to the patron saint of the spring, Saint-Juvin, a canonized swineherd. The flower offerings wither at the foot of the village palladium, a vulgar Saint-Anthony that an astute vender of church ornaments has palmed upon the credulous curé for a Saint-Juvin. Near Verpel, another spring is said to cure toothache; another insures the fair drinker thereof a husband within the year. The attitude of the most enlightened farmer toward these superstitions is complex. The wife half believes in the miraculous effect of the waters; remembers how they cured So-and-So, and concludes with a "Who can tell?" strangely like the reasoning of the modern scientist when confronted by the unseen. The husband, on the contrary, is unphilosophic, disbelieves the tales, declares them good for children and grandams, — which is low-minded and Voltairean, of course. But the subject is visibly working on his mind; he is silent, lets the reins float loose on his horse's back, and unexpectedly breaks out, "Tout de même, c'est dur de quitter sa ferme et sa bonne femme et d'être couché sous la terre." Then he cracks his whip, and tries to dismiss the unpleasant train of thought. The sun has just dropped behind the tall pines, whose tops are glowing now; the dusk thickens on the brown hills, in the glorious valley, where the eye erewhile distinctly saw the rich green meadows, interspersed with lighter stripes of hedge or bulrush, and dappled with grayish-green poplars; the mist of night is fast blotting out both shape and color. There is a moment's hush; then the wind sweeps along the road, moaning softly; presently it shrieks among the trees, and echoes miles away in the forest depths, whose spirit, now awake, is answering back. The farmer may be a disbeliever in Saint-Juvin, but he is still a thrall of the Church. The fear of the unknown is upon him.

The Socialist maire of Reims, a summer ago, pulled down a cross in the cemetery, forbade public Roman Catholic processions as nuisances, fined the cardinal himself for having infringed the regulation, and personifies for the population the Republic at war with the Church and its formidable reactionary power. The Legislative in Paris are busy preparing, with a ministry of Republican defense, coercitive measures against Jesuit and Assumptionist fathers, but the contest may be foretold as hopeless. Weapons must match weapons: a walking stick is useless against a bayonet, a crossbow against a rifle, and science against the fear of death. In the sixteenth century France cast in her lot with the Roman Church; every effort to free herself has since then been unavailing. Where the eighteenth-century philosophers and the Revolutionists and the Liberal Catholics failed, it is scarcely probable that M. Waldeck-Rousseau will succeed. The more moderate parties, Progressives and Radicals and Opportunists, are losing ground. France is bound to become another Belgium, — a vast arena where, exchanging the palm of martyrdom for the gladiator's sword, Ultramontanism will grapple with Socialism.

In Grandpré church, on the black marble tombstone of Claude de Joyeuse,

Count of Grandpré, an unknown Jaques, bred to melancholy by the Forest of Arden, carved the following lines: —

"Tout ce que la terre nourrit,
Finalement elle le pourrit,
En tout ce que l'homme abonde,
Il n'a que sa vie en ce monde,
Et quand il a passé son temps
Il n'a gagné que ses dépens."

They are the apt motto of Argonne. If Dumouriez' veterans came to life again in those valleys, they would hardly know, in the fine roads and carefully cultivated land, the wild country in which they held out against the German foe. The half-savage peasant is now a respectable farmer. The Counts of Grandpré are no more; their castle was accidentally burned down in 1894, and on its still stately ruins sober *rentiers* have reared a bourgeois-looking country residence. For military purposes the forest is disregarded, the barrier now being nearer the frontier, in the Vosges Mountains. The warlike spirit of the inhabitants, meanwhile, ingloriously spends itself in petty feuds between Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. Instead of affronting the giant of Argonne, like the chivalrous warriors of old, the bourgeois have lulled him to sleep, and avail themselves of his stupor to parcel out among themselves the forest which, ever docile, yields its decennial produce.

Ch. Bastide.

THE LOVER.

I.

It is said that a woman always retains a lingering tenderness for a man whom she has refused. What feeling a man entertains for a woman whom he knows he might have married has not been clearly defined; but Farnhurst knew perfectly well that, if he had so

chosen, he might have married Lesbia Crashaw.

Her love story had been so evident and simple that they might read who ran. She was a very pretty girl, of a moonlit sort of beauty, dark and fair together, tall and graceful, with wide-apart, gray, luminous eyes. Sensitive, emotional, and enthusiastic, a mother of like nature had

unconsciously fostered and developed these qualities to the utmost, so that when Gerald Farnhurst appeared within the plane of Lesbia's fair young life, she was just in the proper state to fall helplessly in love.

Gerald was one of the men who can be held by the charm of uncertainty only. To men like him, a woman won ceases to be interesting. He did not know this, nor did Lesbia, but from the moment when, in the fine simplicity of nature, she began to wear her heart upon her sleeve, she began to lose her charm for Gerald. In face and person Farnhurst himself was so extraordinarily handsome that, seen suddenly in a crowd, men and women would pause, catch their breath, and be silent. A second glance simply verified the first. His beauty was complete in itself, and left nothing for the asking, nothing for the imagination to evoke or finish. Consequently, few imaginative women ever looked at him twice. But of course Lesbia was not of these. And Farnhurst, unlike many handsome men, carried off his beauty well. He seemed unconscious of it, and ignorant of its effect. Flattery moved him not; love, even, stirred him not; a cool, gentlemanly self-possession appeared to be his leading trait.

Yes, he might have married Lesbia Crashaw. There were no complexities, no uncertainties; he had but to put forth his hand, — or speak the word, rather, — and all was as plain and simple as a long, straight line of railroad track stretching to an assured end. But that was the difficulty. He knew it all so well beforehand, and knew just what would happen. It would be perfectly easy, comfortable, happy in the ordinary sense, — a devoted wife, a charming home, a reasonably satisfactory future, — but it would scarcely be interesting, and hardly suggestive. That was the rub.

Too lax, then, to refrain from charm-

ing a very attractive girl, and not lordly enough, her love being won unasked, to marry her, Farnhurst almost drained the heart out of a proud, sensitive nature. Some of the golden years of youth were passed by Lesbia in a state of tense, passionate expectation of a request that never came. For whether coming or going, present or absent, Farnhurst contrived to keep himself before her mind's eye, and to be the focus of her imagination, so that, going finally, he left a blank. Why he had lingered so long even he could not have said; yet, after all, love is the most exquisite incense, and it is hard to quit the place of its offering. But when he had gone indefinitely to Europe, and his one or two impersonal letters alone remained, Lesbia, and even her sentimental mother, felt that further hope was too much like self-inflicted injury. No wonder that Lesbia's beauty was lunar rather than auroral, for she had been fed literally on dreams.

From boyhood Farnhurst had possessed "a little something," — property just enough to take away the incentive of necessity, yet hardly enough to enable him to marry. But then Gerald had many talents. He was a good musician, no mean painter, and showed ability as a writer. The danger was lest, in doing several things well, he should fail to concentrate upon any one of them; but ultimately he gave his whole attention to his pen.

For ten years he had made his home in Europe. Report said that he was very cultivated, and almost hypercritically fastidious. America, he declared, was meant for workers only, while he was not so much a worker as a seeker, and the things he sought after could be found more easily abroad than at home. Of course he had never married, not having the hideous rashness to dwindle into a husband obscured by all the commonplace of domesticity. But before an unexpected inheritance brought him rather suddenly home, there had been coming

upon him, from time to time, a vague sense of dreariness, an occasional loneliness, a detachment from people and things, which made him restless and seemed to press him westward.

II.

Among Farnhurst's earlier associates there had been one, a certain Rufus Deane, who could not but know the whole of the one-sided love story. Deane was a tall, thin young man, whose height would have been awkward but for a fine unconsciousness and ease of manner to which unfailing consideration for others gave a certain distinction and finish. He belonged to the rare dog-fox order of men, like Ulysses, — dog for fidelity, fox for sagacity, — and had, too, a something exquisite superadded.

When, therefore, it became definitely known that Farnhurst had gone indefinitely to Europe, one raw March morning, Deane, on his way downtown, rang Mrs. Crashaw's door bell, and asked to see Miss Lesbia. And the young lady, on coming into the parlor, found the gentleman, with his overcoat collar about his ears, standing in the middle of the floor. He looked somewhat wind-beaten and stringy, though quite as imperturbable and leisurely as usual. She gave him her hand mechanically, looked at him kindly, and asked if he would not sit down.

"No, thank you," said Deane. "I've come but for a second, on a little matter of moment. Here is a rose for you," he added, and, taking a long-stemmed, large one, wrapped in paper, out of his deep overcoat pocket, he put it into her hand. The one thing noticeable about Deane was an extreme gentleness of speech and manner. Lesbia looked at him in momentary, pleased surprise, and his masking eyeglasses did not altogether hide the keenness of the look he gave her in return. He waited awhile, yet continued

to fix her with that look, which somehow seemed to steady her, and to place her, as it were, on a pedestal before him. Presently he said, plunging his hands deep into his pockets: "I've come to ask you to think over a little matter for me. Take as long as you like, but think it over."

With her wistful half smile, Lesbia questioningly regarded him.

Slowly, in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, Deane went on: "I want you to try to think about marrying me."

Lesbia gave a stifled cry, and shrank into a little huddled heap on a chair. The pathetic shield of a woman's pride — poor and insufficient in her case, and yet something — was as if suddenly thrust aside, and she saw in its place a champion. So she could but stare at Deane with amazed, mortally ashamed, yet relieved eyes. His look never wavered, and still held her up.

"But why, why do you say this — you — when — you must know — don't you know" — faltered Lesbia.

"That I am only the next best thing, which is always miles away from the best thing?" he said quietly. "Yes; but there are many times in life when we must accept, and make the most of, the next best thing."

He was standing near her now, and his low voice and gentle manner were like sheltering wings.

Lesbia interlaced her fingers, and her wondering eyes clung to his face in entreaty. "I don't see why you care; I don't see how you *can* care," she murmured.

"We don't always explain things to ourselves, and it would be quite impossible to explain them to others. However, I *do* care," returned Deane.

"Is it fair to yourself?" she stammered.

"If we desire lawfully, and can get lawfully what we desire, I think we are fair to ourselves," answered he gently. Then, after a pause, with a touch of hesi-

tation in his tone, he added, "Of course, seeing I do care, I should naturally have wished for you what you yourself may have desired."

Lesbia's face first paled, then crimsoned, but she continued to look at him in shrinking, grateful wonder; so he said more quickly: "But that is neither here nor there. Love does not always wear the same guise, nor come to all under the same form. Have me or leave me, as you choose. Take your own time, and let me know at your own convenience."

Deane's fine voice and exquisite utterance were memorable, and though he spoke now in as even and quiet a tone as if he were talking of the andirons and fire log, the effect of his words and manner was to bring relief, and to make of the impossible a comparatively easy thing. He immediately began a conversation, however, upon indifferent matters, and soon after took his leave. Yet six months later, to the amazement of every one, Lesbia Crashaw became Mrs. Rufus Oslin Deane.

Concerning that marriage there was unanimity of opinion. All said that Deane took Lesbia in the rebound of acute disappointment; and some wondered at his want of proper pride in so doing, and others blamed her for taking advantage of a good man's love. But after these criticisms the matter perforce dropped. The whole thing was too transparent to afford food for speculation, and as Lesbia appeared to be tranquil and at peace, and Deane perfectly satisfied, there was nothing to do except wish them the traditional joy.

But when, at the unexpected mention of Farnhurst's return, two little red flames leaped into Lesbia's cheeks, it was because of the stirring, not of feeling, but of memory, and of surprise at this truth. For, having felt so much, Lesbia had taken it for granted that she must necessarily feel always, and that that fixed feeling would be her "judg-

ment" for having given away her heart unasked. She did not know that the waters of life never pass the same point twice, although, in the shifting currents of this world, there are meetings, readjustments, *rapprochements*, which may appear, for the time, like a return to the past. Instead of still feeling, therefore, Lesbia discovered that she had felt; and instead of being bound to a rock of memory, she found that she had been rescued and borne on.

When, however, one evening at dinner, Lesbia casually and placidly remarked, "I met Gerald Farnhurst this afternoon, at Mrs. McCartney's," her husband keenly regarded her.

"Lucky man to have time for an afternoon tea! How does he look?" asked Deane.

"Well," said Lesbia meditatively, "I was surprised that he looked so much older." Then she laughed. "But of course it's natural to see the progress of years in others, not in ourselves. However, he looks older than necessary."

"Perhaps it is n't the dimming brush of time only which has passed over him," said Deane lightly.

Lesbia's look was interrogatory.

"It is said that a woman's eye judges best of a man's beauty; but was n't his that effulgent beauty which, like a dash of sunshine, is soonest overcast?"

Lesbia leaned back in her chair. "Yes; but it seems to me," she answered thoughtfully, "that in what you call a fine and harmonious development there ought to be something in heart and mind which will compensate" — She spoke slowly, tentatively, as if trying to formulate her thought, and now stopped short.

"Will compensate for the inevitable tarnish of years, 'outliving beauty's outward with a mind that should renew swifter than blood decays'? How do you know there is n't?" asked Deane gayly.

"He appeared just the same," returned Lesbia naïvely.

"Barring the beauty? What a pity!" cried Deane, smiling.

"Oh, it is n't that, exactly, and of course he's still wonderfully handsome," said Lesbia frankly; "yet it is a pity when a man grows stout and his hair gets thin on top."

"How thankful I am that I'm thin, and my hair is still stout on top!"

Even the children joined in the laugh.

"Rufus, you know just what I mean," protested Lesbia.

"I know it's the bounden duty of every man to live up to a woman's expectation of him, and that he's a failure if he does n't," returned Deane.

"Not at all," said Lesbia; "but I think" — She stopped again.

"Perhaps he impressed you as not having grown?" suggested Deane.

"But what's the good of life, of Europe, then?" asked Lesbia.

Deane shook his head. "But I hope you explained why I have n't called, and how I've been rushed with this absurd coffee case?"

"No," replied Lesbia reflectively, "I said very little. At all events, Gerald talks more than he used to, and I believe we all simply listened."

Deane made no reply, and the talk drifted off to other things. But in all that was said, in all the pleasant, homely give and take of family life, Deane watched his wife. She was evidently not aware that this was the first time in her married life that she had ever mentioned Gerald Farnhurst's name. However obvious to others a spell may be, the one who is spellbound never knows it. Like an echo, there came to Deane's mind the vague recollection of some old superstition which says that if you can once but firmly name your spell, you are freed from it. He felt that Lesbia, all unconsciously, had named her spell. His heart sang within him. There was a faint color in her usually pale cheeks, and in her eyes, so duskily gray, a touch of light which showed like a hint of

dawn. He watched her, first with the feeling of the physician who is well-nigh assured that he has saved his patient; and then with that other feeling, so finely personal, so nobly impersonal, that even love is for it too faint, too common a name.

III.

Farnhurst had made his home in Europe, thinking thereby to mould his work better and more beautifully than at home. But art for art's sake, while a very pretty theory, lacks central fire, and does not, as we Americans say, eventuate. Having no particular starting point, Gerald's life had no particular goal. And a man's work is himself. He can express things neither as they are nor as he sees them, but only as he himself is. Farnhurst loved freedom, and was fain to believe himself free, and while he was a man who would punctiliously have recognized and made good any and all claims, perhaps he took care that there should be no claims; for he failed to perceive that it is from the responsibilities which a man assumes and fulfills that his eventual intellectual and moral wealth accrues. Farnhurst thought that the issues of life are from the head, and forgot that they are chiefly from the heart. Life, he felt, was working upon him, rather than he upon life; and as his art grew finer, his touch surer, his hand more pliant, he nevertheless asked himself the numbing question, "To what purpose, to what good?" and felt that life, the thing he worked in, was losing its freshness and its power to interest and suggest. Then, as must often happen with a man of his full, many-sided mind, he would perceive in some cruder, less competent hand a something which would give him, not the corroding stab of envy, — he was too fine-natured for that, — but that thrill of anguish which comes to such a man when he perceives that there has been vouchsafed a revelation

of the Beauty he so longs for, and yet has missed. For, to the lovers of Life, the veiled Isis, any glint of an assurance of its unearthly reality and beauty is worth all that men call success.

So, when there came to him the inheritance which made it still less necessary to pursue his art, he said that he would throw all aside for the time, and go home; he would see things again; he would renew old friendships and take up old — well, no, one does not exactly take up old loves. Moreover, there were but few old loves to take up, seeing that Gerald's beauty had had that sufficiency which is beauty's antidote. And then he could not but recall the old friend who had married the old love, a pair whom to know again would be like enjoying the effect of two luminaries, the moon and the evening star, say, at once. For such a nature as Farnhurst's is far more apt, eventually, to remember the woman who has loved him than the woman he has loved, since such natures conceive of love, not as a free gift or princely largess, but as something conquering or conquered. They conceive of love as being dragged at another's chariot wheels, or — most sweet reversal — as gracing a triumph of their own.

There is infinite warmth in love; no thought of time or age, no lessening sense of life's power, no question of life's good. Farnhurst was quite man enough to feel this, even if he had not seized it, and his heart instinctively glowed at the remembrance of Lesbia's rare flame of devotion, odorous with youth, sincerity, and faith. Recalling it all, he was inclined to blame *her*. If only she had had more individuality, why, then, perhaps —

But he would go back; he would see that special one to whom he had been so much, — would see whether she were still the same astral creature feminine whom he had liked so well, yet had not cared to marry. Now he was half inclined to wonder why.

Farnhurst was in great demand that winter, for he was that *rara avis* in America, a man of entire leisure, and he obligingly went everywhere. People said that he was very nice. Occasionally he did, indeed, level a gentle shaft at the national vice of self-complacency, and once asked whether history was supposed to begin with the year 1776. But on the whole he was lenient and non-critical.

As for the Deanes, Farnhurst found Rufus much the same, but concerning Lesbia he doubted. She was prettier than ever, and undeniably *finer* than in her early youth. There is an open-air life of mind and spirit which is far more subtly beautifying than a mere open-air life of the body, and there were moments when the expression of Lesbia's face went to show that she had walked on heights where blow the pure, viewless winds of the soul, — heights from which she had faced horizons that do not beckon all. But how had she gone there? What influence had wrought a development so different from any he could have foreseen? She met him with an impersonal frankness which left conjecture free, and yet piqued — Farnhurst called it intelligent interest in one's fellows.

Still, with a slight contraction of the heart, he could not but feel that he probably had no longer so much as a foothold in Lesbia's life, — he who could once have possessed the whole of it. She was obviously a woman any man might well be proud of, and such a fact weighed heavily with Gerald. For he was no Cophetua, nor was he made of the stuff which declares, "I please myself first, and the world afterwards." He felt a twinge of mortification — or regret, he would have said — that Lesbia was no less fickle than her adorable sex in general; though what she had had to be constant to even he would have found it difficult to say. And he was tempted to find out whether she had forgotten the past as completely as she seemed.

IV.

One evening, in Miss Hatley's old-fashioned parlors, Farnhurst and Lesbia sat apart from the others, near an open window, through which came the warm, moist, caressing wind of an early spring. Above the primrose yellow of her evening dress, Lesbia's delicate face and dark hair had never looked handsomer, and her expression showed a rest and satisfaction which had not always been there. This look might be variously interpreted, and some people present were variously interpreting it; for Deane, meanwhile, hung over the piano, the length of the rooms away, and joined now and then in the young people's choruses.

"As I was saying," remarked Farnhurst, "just as in Italy the men are, as a rule, handsomer than the women, and in Spain the women are handsomer than the men, so in America the women are more interesting than the men; their wits are nimbler, their minds, on the whole, more complex."

"But I thought that modern women were everywhere nimble-witted, and that they were nothing if not complex. Suppleness and complexity,—are not these the mental earmarks of the end of the century?" returned Lesbia.

From under fine, slightly frowning brows he gave her a long, half-questioning, half-impatient look, and did not immediately reply.

"But do suppleness and complexity necessarily imply much depth or staying power?" she added, after a slight pause.

What was she thinking of? Of late he had asked himself many times that question, as he never had before; for in the former days Lesbia's thoughts had been finely transparent, a crystalline mirror which reflected but one image.

"You have wonderfully changed," he said slowly. "You have developed more than any one I know, and in a way I did not foresee."

"Like wine, I have improved with age?" asked Lesbia lightly.

Farnhurst smiled. "You have acquired the charm of the incalculable, the grace of uncertainty," he returned, with equal lightness.

"Oh, surely I was never anything but a woman, no matter how crude a girl," she said, with deprecatory archness; "and is n't it a world-old tradition that all women are uncertain?"

In the lovely eyes regarding him over the top of the fan there was a touch of gay, winsome raillery which he had never seen in them before. He drank the look down like wine, and found it fiery.

"And," she continued, "should we say 'acquire' the charm? We acquire a language, but I should think we develop a charm."

The Lesbia of past days had never dreamed of mending his speeches, nor of hazarding any divergence of thought. Now, mentally, she must feel the ground quite her own and very solid beneath her feet, to do either; and again he wondered what her real thought was.

"The charm is there, at all events, whether acquired or developed," was the reply.

She leaned forward a little, and gave him a look of friendly banter.

"The charm of the incalculable, the grace of uncertainty,"—but these are things to please the fanciful. Creative minds, I should think, would care more for certainty. For the deeply imaginative, the great poets and thinkers, take up potentialities, foresee possible results, and work accordingly. Won't you allow me, then, the merit of a little certainty, too?"

He felt that he must bestir himself, or else he should prove wanting.

"I will allow you any and every merit possible," was the reply, "but you must not speak of yourself as ever having been crude."

"Oh, crudeness of mind and awkwardness of body are inseparable from

youth," said Lesbia carelessly: "let us hope that we outgrow both."

He looked at her, half vexed. "I think our youth was beautiful," he said, with emphasis; "perhaps it was the best part of our lives."

"Not of mine, — oh no!" exclaimed Lesbia, with involuntary quickness; then added gently, "And yet I would not now ask that it should have been different."

"And does the *now*, then, hold so much for you?" he demanded, with a touch of irony.

"It holds a great deal," was the answer, "and, above all, the prospect and hope that every height of the future will be better."

"Oh, if you have attained happiness!" he murmured, with obvious sarcasm.

Lesbia laughed. "The gods confound the boaster. But surely it is something so to live as to feel that happiness is, and is attainable."

"Then you have made no mistakes?" he asked significantly.

"None who live dare say that, I imagine; but at least I hope I have made none which were irretrievable."

She spoke with a touch of noble humility. Farnhurst winced; yet, bending forward, he said pointedly, "And have you no regrets?"

His eyes held her, and demanded more than his words; but as essentially cool as marble hands which he might have grasped, and as impersonal and free as the night wind which touched his face, were her look and tone, as she replied slowly, "In a large and general sense, none."

He leaned back, with a long, deep breath. Was, then, the fire out, the shrine bare and swept clean even of the ashes? But what drove him on was that, in all this renewed intercourse with Lesbia, he had been dimly conscious from the first that he somehow served; that she was measuring things — but what things? — by him; that he was clarifying things for her, putting them into right

places, giving them their true meaning and value. He hesitated.

"When it comes to regret," remarked Lesbia lightly, and yet as if following up some serious train of thought, — "when it comes to regret, I, for my part, had rather repent."

"Is there so great a difference?" he asked, smiling. "To me it seems much like a choice between drowning and asphyxiation: either way you smother."

"Oh dear, no!" cried Lesbia. "Repentance is like taking your bearings and going back, or bracing up and going on; while regret is like standing still and contemplating the place where you've broken your pitcher and spilled your milk. One acts; the other only feels."

"And have you, then, gone on?" he asked, in that indescribable man's tone between jest and earnest, which becomes one or the other according to the woman's reply.

"No," returned Lesbia musingly; "I am just beginning to perceive that I have been unconsciously carried on."

Her look was indrawn. More than ever did Farnhurst feel doubtful, yet he had, too, a tingling sense that certainty might prove very delightful. He sat tensely still, and regarded her steadily.

"Should you think me ungallant, or should you understand, if I said that women are generally disappointing?"

Lesbia laughed. "Are you quite a competent judge?" she asked gayly. "How can you tell the strength of a thing till you test it? How could you tell what a woman might make of her life until you had put yours in the power of it, — until you were dependent upon her sense of duty, of responsibility, her loyalty and uprightness?"

He looked startled. "It is so hard to find variety in life," he murmured evasively.

"I thought we all had to vary life as best we might, and to suit ourselves," was her reply.

"To overlook an entire personality,

to see the length and breadth of it" — He paused.

"Can any one do that?" she asked wonderingly.

"People *must* be interesting if they expect to hold other people's liking," he asserted.

Lesbia made no reply.

"Women make so little of their lives," he continued presently.

She lifted her level brows. "What would become of most men's lives if they were not watered with some woman's heart?" was the answer.

He looked at her eagerly. "Mine is not, and has never been, so nourished."

There were no subsurface memories in Lesbia's glance; her regard was as calm as if they had first met yesterday. But at this moment her face was so lovely, charged with a feeling he did not understand, that before he was aware he had exclaimed, "I made a horrible mistake, Lesbia, and the same opportunity never comes to a man twice!" and then was surprised at himself for having said it; for while he would not have greatly wondered at some expression of feeling from her, he was amazed at its escaping from him.

"What mistake?" asked Lesbia, in surprise; and he wondered at her wonder. Was it genuine, was she really ignorant of what was passing in his mind, was she unaware of her own charm, and had she indeed forgotten that the man near her had been once unmistakably dear? Are not all women coquettes? Is not feigning their strength? Where does the simplicity of nature end, and the sophistication of civilization begin?

Was it possible that he, Farnhurst, even here could not tell the real from the unreal, the true feeling from the conventional pretense? Again he felt how easily life could elude him. Yet he forgot that he had never been willing to ask directly for her love; was he willing to draw forth now a confession of ignoble weakness?

"I ought to have married you," he blurted out regretfully, "knowing that you cared so much," and then was aghast that he, a gentleman, had said a scarcely permissible thing. But matters were going beyond him, and the nature within, which he had never recognized, though he had catered well to it, now seemed to rise up and menace him.

Lesbia, however, listened as one who has not clearly heard or fully understood. Then, as if to reassure herself by a grip upon the plain truth of things, she said simply, "Yes, I loved you once."

Farnhurst was stunned. He sat there mute, staring. For it was bare truth that now challenged him, and he had no precedent of book or custom to be his guide. He felt himself to be at a loss just when his soul, his essential self-possession, was most needed. "And it's all over, I suppose," he said ruefully, and with more genuine feeling than he had ever shown before.

Lesbia was following her own thoughts rather than listening to him, yet she saw in his face, caught in his tone, a something which stirred her ready, sweet generosity. "Love is a great educator; I don't regret the lesson," she said nobly.

"And you married Rufus," he continued bitterly.

"Not at all!" flung back Lesbia, suddenly roused. "Rufus married me."

"If you had only waited!" ejaculated Farnhurst.

For the first time there dawned in her eyes a glint of wholesome humor. "Waited? For what? Till I had acquired the charm of the incalculable? But how was I to know what I lacked, and how were you to know what you wanted?"

But every look, tone, word, all this confluence of charm was breaking upon Gerald like a surge, and driving him on. "And I lost you," he exclaimed, "to such a man as Rufus Deane!"

The effect of his words was magical.

She who now faced him was more like a flaming sword than a ray of crystalized moonlight.

"Why, do you dare to compare yourself with Rufus?" she cried, when, out of her amazement, she could speak. "Are you blind? Don't you see he had it in him to be the man, to take, and make, life for himself and me, — never to play with life so as to become eventually life's plaything? Lost to Rufus Deane! Why, don't you know that Rufus was, and is, miles above either of us? Can't you appreciate what he did, — a something so daring, yet exquisite, that one's heart breaks at it? Suppose you are incapable of a thing yourself, can't you have the vision of it in others?" The rush of words choked her. "Of course I made a spectacle of myself. No, I don't blame you, and I don't care a straw now; all is swallowed up in the splendor of Rufus' simple goodness. I don't suppose one man out of a thousand would have done other than you did, — let an overemotionalized girl love him, if she were so minded. But how dare you name yourself in the same lifetime with Rufus?" She was royally beautiful, her eyes like fire, her cheeks roseate, her lips red as the flame within, quivering with the words she had uttered, and with the still stronger words, perhaps, which she repressed.

Farnhurst sat spellbound, but said finally, — and not without a touch of nobleness, — "Forgive me, Lesbia, if, for the moment, I lost my bearings."

"Bearings!" she cried scornfully.

"You have never taken any. I don't believe you ever made a really deliberate choice in your life. I see there are some men who don't even *sell* their birthright; they simply let it fall from their hand." After a long pause she added, more gently and in another tone: "But don't speak of forgiveness; that's understood. It's like asking forgiveness for being blind. In a world like this, to see, and not perceive!"

Farnhurst had cultivated himself to the utmost, as the art of cultivation is now understood and practiced; but at this moment he felt that he had worshiped at lesser shrines, that he had gone far to make of life a broken cistern when he might have made of it a living spring. And though he could not help thinking of himself first, and of her afterwards, still all that was best in him rose up to meet and greet her words.

"Forgive, then, my blindness and stupidity," he said gently, "seeing that they are both now recoiling heavily on me."

"I did not mean to wound," said Lesbia kindly.

"I know it," he returned quickly. "And if I have been made to wince, it was my own fault. You are a sweet woman, Lesbia, and deserve all happiness. It was worth coming back to see you, and — shall I say to perceive Rufus?"

He could smile now, yet was serious, too. They looked at each other during a prolonged silence; then Lesbia rose.

"Shall we join Miss Hatley?" she asked quietly. And the two moved slowly together down the long rooms.

Ellen Duwall.

A COLONIAL BOYHOOD.

I.

NATHANIEL AT COTTON HILL.

COME with me out of the subway station at Scollay Square. You will have been expecting to plunge at once into the bustle and hurly-burly of one of the busiest corners of Boston, a passing glance at Governor Winthrop's statue your only tribute to old times. But we have been traveling not only under the streets of the city, but through two centuries and a quarter of time, and emerge to find ourselves on the outskirts of the seaport town which was colonial Boston, on the hillside road which in the old days skirted the foot of Cotton Hill. We are higher up in the world than we had expected to be, and the water of the Town Cove comes in nearly to the foot of the slope on which we stand. The more distant outlook is over the roofs of houses and masts of ships to the beautiful landlocked harbor and island-studded bay. In the other direction, where we had thought to see the massive pile of the new Court House, a steep, grassy knoll rises behind the scattered houses which, with their gardens, lie between it and the road. Let us enter the front gate of the nearest of these houses. An old gentlewoman and a child perhaps five years of age are walking in the "south garden which lyeth under it." They are none other than little Nathaniel Mather, Increase Mather's second son, the subject of this sketch, and his grandmother, Mrs. Richard Mather, with whom he is spending the day.

At first sight the child looks, to our modern eyes, like a girl; for he wears a dress made with loose slashed sleeves and a skirt which reaches to his ankles, and on his head a handkerchief or cap tied under his chin. On his feet are clumsy

little soft shoes,—like the moccasins which infants wear to-day,—square-toed and home-made, and thin enough to let in the August dew. He would seem a comical miniature edition of his grandmother, if it were not that she wears a white kerchief across her ample bosom and a steeple-crowned hat tied over her cap, and is in point of physique as buxom and substantial as he is frail and spirit-like. He has of late been "twice ill of a fever and like to die," and it is for his health and to relieve the tedium of his convalescence that the good lady entertains him.

I wish that I had skill to make them talk in the quaint language of the period. They have a basket between them, in which to gather fruit, and the grandam is telling her little charge that she picked the first apples that grew on that early tree, long ago, when grandfather Cotton lived there and was minister at the First Church. At this a puzzled expression comes over Nathaniel's face. To his knowledge this is grandmother Mather. It is a riddle to him how she can also be grandmother Cotton, and his father's stepmother and mother-in-law at the same time. However, he is content to accept the blessings which this concentrated essence of grandmotherhood brings to him, and gives himself up to the charm of the stories of old times which he knows she will tell him.

The house behind them is a large double structure, with diamond-paned windows on hinges, unpainted, and with two chimneys. John Hull, the mintmaster, lives in the south part. In the north part Increase Mather first kept house, and there his four older children, Cotton, Maria, Elizabeth, and Nathaniel, were born. Nathaniel was a baby when Madam Mather, after her husband's death in Dorchester, came back to live in "her

house in Boston," where she had long been John Cotton's "deare wife and comfortable yoke-fellow."

On this summer's day the situation of the old mansion is breezy and sightly, but for winter we can readily believe it was "considerably distant from other building and very bleake." John Hull describes it as "greatly disadvantageous for trade; yet because I always desired a quiet life and not too much business, it was always best for me." Grandmother Mather says that the south half of the house was built for Sir Harry Vane, the splendid young nobleman from England who was governor for one brief year. When he went away he deeded his part to uncle Seaborn, then a little fellow four years old; and grandfather Cotton long after, respecting this whim of the young governor, confirmed the gift in his will.

Looking out over the bay, the old lady recalls the September day when the good ship Griffin came to anchor, with Cotton for the clothing, Hooker for the fishing, and Stone for the building of the colonists; and though Nathaniel has heard that pleantry before, they smile together over it anew. He likes particularly to have her tell him about his uncle Seaborn, a tiny baby born on the voyage; what a welcome baby he was, and how, though there were so many ministers, and public worship was held no less than three times every day through the seven weeks' voyage, they waited till they could take him to church to baptize him. Five other dear children were born to grandmother in Boston, in this house, two of whom died of smallpox, baby Roland and aunt Sarah; and grandmother's eyes fill as she tells Nathaniel that aunt Sarah's last words were, "Pray, my dear father, let me now go home." Another little daughter, named Maria, who used to play and pick apples in this very garden, Nathaniel knows all about, being his own mother.

The two fill their basket from the early

tree, inspect the ripening pears and small fruits, and gather sprigs of herbs. For almost every plant grandmother has some recollection. Many of them she herself set out. With this, for her, half-sad and half-pleasant occupation she mingles stories of grandfather Cotton, which Nathaniel has often heard before, but finds none the less entertaining on that account. She describes him as a short, fat man, with red cheeks, blue eyes, and, in his old age, snow-white hair. Of course he was a great student, an eminent preacher, and a pious, godly man, — all Nathaniel's family seem to be that. He was fond of sweetening his mouth, he said, with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep. But he was of a kind and gentle character, and knew wonderfully well how to keep his temper. A rude man, one day, following him home from church, told him that his ministry was become generally either dark or flat. "Both, brother, it may be, both; let me have your prayers that it may be otherwise," he answered. Another saucy person, hearing him say that he wanted light on a certain subject, sent him a pound of candles, at which the good man only smiled. A company of drunken men were reeling along the street, and, seeing him walking on the other side, one of them said, "I'll go and put a trick upon old Cotton." Crossing the way, he whispered, "Cotton, thou art an old fool." "I confess I am so," said grandfather Cotton. "The Lord make both me and thee wiser than we are, even wise unto salvation." He was specially tender toward his children, and, ruling his own spirit, knew how to rule them. His *Spiritual Milk for New England Babes* was one of the few children's books of the time. One point that Nathaniel thinks particularly interesting about this grandfather is that he was never long at family prayers.

Grandfather Mather was the minister at Dorchester, and was a tall, dark man, with a loud and big voice, and a very solemn and awful way of speaking and

preaching. When he came over from England there was a terrible easterly storm, so severe that on shore trees were torn up by the roots. The ship had lost three anchors and cables, and was being driven toward the rocks, and everybody on board had given up hope, when God guided them past the rocks, and the wind and sea abated. This makes grandmother think of far-away England when she was a girl, and where another husband ("Then I had three grandfathers!" thinks Nathaniel) had died before ever she had known grandfather Cotton, — beautiful England, its peace and homelikeness all spoiled for true religionists by the wicked Archbishop Laud and King Charles; at which Nathaniel feels like a little New England patriot and English rebel, and mightily relishes the cutting off of the king's head.

Madam Mather and Nathaniel have by this time turned back toward the house, and are met by pretty Mistress Hannah Hull, the mintmaster's only child, who asks them in to see her mother. Here we must leave them. If we should follow them inside, we should forget Nathaniel in the associations which the place suggests. John Cotton, Sir Harry Vane, John Hull, Hannah's marriage in the old hall and her famous dowry, Samuel Sewall (he of the *Diary* and the Salem witchcraft), — all these have little to do with Nathaniel Mather, except that in the *Diary* which Mr. Sewall kept in this house we shall find a few references to Nathaniel's later life.

II.

NATHANIEL IN HIS FATHER'S STUDY.

Having ventured so far in the realm of the historic imagination, come with me yet farther, and take up Nathaniel's acquaintance at a later period of his childhood. This time we fancy that he sits alone reading in his father's study, and as he bends to his books, a small, quaint

figure, clad in knee breeches, long stockings and buckled shoes, and a little coat with skirts, we will piece together his brief history.

The place in which we find him is one for strong impressions, — a goodly room, large and full of books; not only the best library in Boston, but a literary workshop, and the sanctum of the most influential minister in New England; the spot, in a word, where Increase Mather writes and prays. That our boy is at ease here, and has chosen it as the place of places in which to spend a holiday afternoon, speaks volumes for his tastes and character.

If we look over his shoulder, we shall see that he is deep in a volume of church history, and his absorbed expression proclaims it to be the magic carpet on which he has been transported far away from North Street and seventeenth-century New England. Plainly, he belongs to the great fraternity of bookworms, of which all the Mathers were distinguished members. As we closely observe him, he appears too pale for modern taste in children; the hands grasping the large folio look veined and thin, and his neck seems a slender column for the dome of his head. He has often been ill. Since we first saw him, a serious fall nearly deprived him of the use of his tongue, and in the great epidemic of 1678, when four of the Mather children had smallpox, he was one, though happily he was "gently smitten." We shrewdly guess that the study has also the attraction for him of being a safe retreat from the terrors and dangers of an uncongenial outside world. It is at the close of King Philip's War: what must not Indians have meant of sleepless nights and terrified days to so delicate a boy! Though good John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, may have often taken him on his knee and told him he should pray for Indians, he must also have seen Mrs. Rowlandson, and heard, perhaps from her own lips, the sorrowful story of her captivity. Her

little daughter, who was taken captive with her, and whose pitiful death occurred soon after, had been Nathaniel's own age. He is old enough to have shared from the beginning in the excitement and apprehension which the war aroused in Boston, and to have been an intelligent witness of the marching of the soldiers to the help of the distressed settlements on the frontier, the transportation of the praying Indians down the harbor to Deer Island, and his father's searching sermons on the causes of the war, among which — periwigs! Nathaniel has also had personal experience with a perennial danger of wooden Boston, namely, fire. He was seven years old when the great fire occurred which nearly destroyed the North End, and we may believe that the impression long remained with him of awakening on that cloudy Monday morning in November, to be hurried, along with his sisters and two-year-old brother Sam, to a place of safety, perhaps up on Cotton Hill, whence they saw what must have seemed to them like the end of the world: fire and smoke, great flakes of blazing thatch and shingles floating over toward Charlestown, high-leaping flames and hurrying men, the multitude hastening to bring water from the reservoir in Dock Square, — fed, by the way, from grandmother Cotton's and uncle Seaborn's spring on Cotton Hill, — and the melancholy spectacle of women and children carrying such remnants of household goods as they were able to rescue from the flames, wet by the rain which early began to fall. Increase Mather's house and church both perished, but the precious library and most of his household furniture were saved. Finally, the Devil was, in those days, a most real and tangible source of fear. The Devil is in the dark for Nathaniel; thunder and lightning are to him the Devil's instruments for destroying churches and ministers' houses; behind every evil, personal and public, lurks the Devil as a natural cause. Especially

is the delusion of possession by the Devil taking fresh hold on men's minds, and Nathaniel's dreams must often have been horribly disturbed by the paraphernalia of witchcraft, — the old woman and the broomstick, the witch pins and evil eye, and the torments of the poor bewitched.

For these or similar reasons the adventurous spirit of normal boyhood may be lacking in our Nathaniel; but, occupied with his beloved books, amid the surroundings which breathe security and sympathy for him, he is the image of a thoughtful, high-bred child, happy in his lot. Though no portrait of him exists to warrant it, we fancy there were mingled in him the dark Celtic and blond German-English types which the Mathers and Cottons represented. From his mother, we like to think, are derived the sweetness of his expression, and a certain neatness and carefulness of appearance such as a devoted and capable mother like Maria Cotton could not have failed to impart. Of his father a biographer of Cotton Mather writes: "His company was a school for his son; his example was an education; his position was an inspiration; and his piety was an incentive to a holy life." The love which Increase Mather's sons felt for him is a pleasant witness to the softer side of that imperious genius's true character.

Nathaniel has lingered long enough over his books. The door opens, and a handsome youth enters, wearing an unmistakable air of authority and self-confidence. It is Nathaniel's brilliant elder brother, young Cotton Mather, just over from Cambridge. Although only seventeen, he has graduated from Harvard, and is now studying at the college for his second degree. He is also tutor to his brothers and sisters at home, and under his instructions Nathaniel will soon be ready for college. Abruptly he breaks the spell under which Nathaniel has been resting. Addressing him in Latin, he reproves him for moping over his books, and orders him out to play. Then, with

a gentler impulse, he detains him to read to him a letter which he has received from London; and as he reads he halts a little in his speech, the only flaw in his precocious perfections. The letter is from a Nathaniel Mather in England, and reads as follows:—

“DEAR COSING. I rejoyse exceedingly that your little scholar, Your Br. Nat. is of such promising hopes. I fear his entring the Colledge too soon and his too slightly grounding in the learned languages. Remember if hee bee therein defective, the blame will redound upon you. Let it bee your care also that he bee well studyed in Logick, that *ὄργανον ὀργάνων*.”

Folding the letter thoughtfully, Cotton regards Nathaniel from the vantage of the hearthstone, and, resisting the impulse to improve the occasion as a spur to the already too studious boy, he again urges him to his recreations.

III.

NATHANIEL AT HARVARD.

Once more we shake the kaleidoscope of fancy, and apply ourselves to a new combination of years and circumstances, in which Nathaniel appears as himself a Harvard student. In those good old days “college” was spelled with a *d*, which suggests the consideration that if Cotton and Nathaniel Mather did enter Harvard at twelve years of age, it was under certain ameliorating circumstances. The requirements for admission were as follows: “When scholars had so far profited by the grammar schools that they could read any classical author into English, and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in *verse* as well as *prose*, and perfectly decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, they were judged capable of admission to Harvard-Colledge” — with a *d* in it! That is to say, they must have

a good working knowledge of Latin and the beginnings of Greek, and that was all. After entering college the way was equally plain. Little questioning for Nathaniel as to what he was going to be, or wondering what he should study. He was destined, as were most of his fellow students, to enter the ministry; and his business was to learn how to preach, and to acquire the tools necessary for the ministerial profession, namely, Greek and Hebrew. He studied a little mathematics, and for his second degree learned chemistry and astronomy, and there was much practice in declamation and argument; but his attention was chiefly given to the Bible in the original tongues, and we find him, soon after he entered college, going through the Old Testament in Hebrew, and the New in Greek.

Several considerations help us to revive the Harvard of that day: the youth of the students, the few numbers, — in Nathaniel’s class fourteen graduated, which means about sixty students, all told, — the smallness and meanness of the college buildings, and the situation in the country. It presents itself to our imagination like some solitary academy, strict in discipline, remote from town life, and enlivened by the antics of a handful of young boys. The students had to board in commons, keep study hours, and get permission for eating in public houses, spending money, and going home; the penalty for breaking the rules being whipping and fines.

In Nathaniel’s class were two cousins, Rowland Cotton and Wareham Mather. Wareham was from Northampton, and we may imagine that he had many an exciting Indian story to tell our town-bred boy. Nathaniel was the youngest in his class, a slight-built, crop-haired boy, going bareheaded within the college bounds, clad in the academic robe of gingham, — with black for best, — and called “Mather,” according to the college rule. “The marks and works of a studious mind were to be discovered in him

even as he walked the streets," says his biographer, "and his candle would burn after midnight, until, as his own phrase for it was, 'he thought his bones would fall asunder.'"

While he was in college Harvard Hall was finished, and we may believe that he had a room in it, a sanctum of his own; bare and plain, no doubt, in its appointments, but where he studied and treasured the beginnings of his library. Of this library there are several mentions in his diary. March 13, 1682, when he was a sophomore and thirteen years old, he wrote, "This day I received of my father that famous work, the *Biblia Polyglotta*, for which I desire to praise the name of God." On June 29 — in Cambridge, and a few days before Commencement — he records, "This day my brother gave me Schindler's *Lexicon*, a book for which I had not only longed much but also prayed unto God, blessed be the Lord's name for it!" And again the next year, among causes for thankfulness he mentions the increase of his library. Many prayers left over to us from Nathaniel's time sound insincere and forced, but this shy student praying for books is readily believed in.

Of his life outside his study, one of the daily events which we should have liked to witness would have been prayers. In summer, the boys, gathering in the college hall at five o'clock in the morning, had the company of the birds and were blessed with the freshness of the new day. In winter, to assemble at six, in the cold and dark, and by candle-light render a chapter in the Old Testament out of Hebrew into Greek, and listen to President Rogers' long prayers, — he was a descendant of John Rogers, the martyr, and had a gift of continuance in prayer, — must have savored of hardship. On one such morning, Nathaniel shared the general astonishment occasioned by the reverend president's coming to a close in half his usual time. The students were dismissed, to find the

hand of God was in it. "The scholars returning to their chambers found one of them on fire, and the fire had proceeded so far that if the devotions had held three minutes longer, the college had been irrecoverably laid in ashes, which now was happily preserved." We may feel confident that President Rogers made up for his morning's brevity when he returned thanks at prayers that night.

Early in his college course Nathaniel was much exercised on the subject of religion. Then began the entries in his diary which, morbidly introspective as they seem to us, were destined to make him a model of early piety in the eyes of his contemporaries. He kept days of secret fasting and prayer; he made a list of his sins and his mercies, and, in the strange fashion of the day, kept, figuratively, digging himself up to see if he had grown in grace. When he was fourteen he drew up a formal covenant between God and his soul, duly dated, November 22, 1683, signed, and sealed; so quaint, so formal, withal so naïve and simple, that we are in doubt whether to smile at it, or cast it aside in disgust, or blush at examining a document so intimate. Yet not all his college days were spent in study and the exercises of religion. Model as he was of piety and propriety, he had his period of backsliding. We have no clue as to what he did, much as we should like to know the spot in which temptation found him vulnerable; but during his junior year, when he was fifteen, his brother says that he fell into "some vanities," though not into any "scandalous immoralities." He became familiar with "some that were no better than they should be," and grew cold in spiritual things. It was the turning point in his life. Whatever temptations he yielded to, he soon repented of them "with sore terrors and horrors of his wounded soul," and "afterwards maintained a constant and an even walk with God until he died." He had been a good boy up to this time from force of

habit and physical weakness ; henceforward he was good from choice.

All the scenes in Nathaniel's college life connected with his father we should be glad to recall. After being repeatedly urged to accept the presidency, and as many times refusing it on account of his unwillingness to leave his Boston church, Increase Mather became the honored president of Harvard in July, 1684.

Let us try to picture to ourselves Commencement Day of 1685, when Nathaniel graduated, and his father for the first time presided as actual head of the college. He had sat in the president's chair before, but only *pro tempore*. It is Wednesday, the first day of July. Harvard Hall, in all its newness, standing end toward the street, is the college building we must keep in mind. Near it, in the college grounds, tents and awnings have been erected, and under these temporary shelters from the sun, as well as on the college steps and in its open windows, appear the guests of the day. Outside the yard, on the Common, the uninvited multitude celebrates in a fashion of its own, with side shows, wrestling matches, plenty to eat and drink, and a free fight in the afternoon. We shall confine ourselves to the more decorous side of the fence.

Whether the mothers and sisters of the graduates may be expected I do not know. It is certain that ten years before, when Samuel Sewall took his second degree, Hannah Hull was in the audience; and set her affection on him then and there. At all events, the leading men of Boston and the region round are all present, and for once prepared to enjoy themselves. It is an assembly, for the most part, of woolen coats and steeple hats, with a liberal sprinkling of the black garb and snowy bands of the ministers, and everywhere the robes and caps of the students. We recognize Mr. Samuel Sewall talking with a group of dignified-looking men near one of the tents. On the steps of Harvard Hall stands

young Mr. Cotton Mather, in the sombre glory of ministerial habiliments. He is twenty-three years old, and two months since was ordained his father's colleague at the North Church. Between them, they can carry on church, college, and colony. Just once we catch a glimpse of Nathaniel's pale face. It is a great day for him, and he nervously anticipates both failure and success in the ordeal before him. For three weeks he has been subject to examination, "weeks of visitation," so called, and to-day he is to "entertain the auditory with a Hebrew oration on the academic affairs of the Jews."

The crowd moves to the assembly room in Harvard Hall. On the platform the magistrates and ministers of the colony and officers of the college sit in dignified array. In the centre are Governor Bradstreet, "an old man, quiet and grave, dressed in black silk, but not sumptuously," and he on whom alone Nathaniel looks, his father, Increase Mather, the president of the college. He is forty-six years old, tall, dark, powerful, the embodiment of dignity and majesty, — a man of great parts intellectually, and of uncommon ability in persuading and influencing men. The boys at the college worship him, and Harvard has begun a new lease of life with his administration. The plain freemen in town meeting wept at his brave words of resistance to tyranny. Later, when he shall stand before King James, and King William and Queen Mary in England, he will get all that any man can get by way of favors to the colony in the new charter. No wonder that his sons love and honor him, and that Nathaniel, at the close of the day, full of Latin and Greek orations and declamations and Hebrew analysis, and answers and disputations in "Logicall, Ethicall, and Metaphysicall" questions, crowned by an address in Hebrew by the president himself in praise of academic studies, counts it a special privilege to receive his book of arts from such a father's hands.

IV.

SIR MATHER.

Nathaniel has come to the final period of his life. For the greater part of it, which comprised his residence at Cambridge, we must think of him as Sir Mather; for so the students for the Master of Arts degree were entitled. A certain dignity as of an older student, separate from the undergraduates, accrues to him. He has more liberty, and is often at home, where he has become his younger brother Samuel's tutor in Greek and Hebrew, as Cotton once was to him. For himself, says the *Magnalia*, "the Hebrew tongue was become so familiar with him as if he had apprehended it should quickly become the *only* language which he should have occasion for."

His attainments in preparation for his profession were the pride of his family and the wonder of his day. He fairly earned the encomium "an hard student, a good scholar and a great Christian." As precocious as his famous elder brother, like him graduating from Harvard at sixteen and proceeding Master of Arts at nineteen, he gave every promise of equaling, if not of surpassing him, as a preacher and scholar. To modern taste, he displays also a depth and fineness of character such as Cotton Mather never dreamed of. He was preëminently modest, — the one truly modest Mather, — no talker, and in appearance the retiring scholar. He had gentle and obliging manners, in his unobtrusive way being always more ready to do favors than to ask them. Everybody loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most. "Our Nathaniel" and "deare Nathaniel" they called him. Of his tastes and habits we get several glimpses in the extracts from his diary quoted in his biography. "My study, my Paradise!" he exclaims, and he enumerates the "plea-

sant enjoyments of this world" as "liberty, library, study and relations." "He considered that the whole creation was full of God, and that there was not a leaf of grass in the field which might not make an observer to be sensible of the Lord." "While others," says his brother, "can sleep in prayer, he sometimes would pray in sleep." Assaulted by temptations in his sleep, he dispelled them, also in sleep, by praying. That he realized that his way of life was unnatural seems apparent from the passage in his diary where he speaks of "the many wearisome hours, days, months, nay, years that I have spent in humane literature," and "my many toilsome studies in those hours when the general silence of every house in town proclaimed it high time for me to put a stop unto my working mind, and urged me to afford some rest unto my eyes which have been almost put out by my intenseness on my studies." Another passage has touches of nature in it which we could ill spare: "Jan. 8 A. M. Being about to rise, I felt the cold in a manner extraordinary; which inclin'd me to seek more warmth in bed before I rose; but so extreame was the cold that this was not feasible; wherefore I resolved to dress myself without any more ado; and so going to the fire in my cloaths, I soon became warm enough." We can fancy how cold it was that January morning, and we like Nathaniel none the less for learning that for once he was tempted to lie abed. Another bit, shorn of the forced moralizing in which it is imbedded, is delightful: "Being very young, I was whittling on the Sabbath-day; and for fear of being seen, I did it behind the door." With unconscious humor, he mentions as the mercy to be recorded under date of 1669, the year he was born, that God then gave him a godly father and mother.

Of a different nature — in Cotton Mather's, not Nathaniel's taste, we believe, and on the former's authority, not in Nathaniel's diary — is the assurance

that Nathaniel prayed three times a day, "nor did he slubber over his prayers with hasty amputations." It is also with an ideal of excellence far different from our own that we are told that he was "an old man without grey hairs upon him," and learn of

"His rare devotion, such now seen,
A sign of ninety at nineteen."

Of external interests and excitements the last year of Nathaniel's life was full. Sir Edmund Andros was in Boston, and all that New England stood for by way of religious and political liberty was in jeopardy. Nathaniel must have seen the Episcopal service set up in the First Church. Increase Mather was the leader of the Puritan party, and under his roof every encroachment of tyranny was no doubt watched and jealously discussed. Where was Nathaniel on that night in April, 1688, when Dr. Mather got secretly off for England, bound on his mission to the court in behalf of the charter? We can hardly underestimate the anxiety with which the family connived at their father's concealment at Mr. Phillips's house in Charlestown, — Mr. Phillips was Cotton Mather's father-in-law, — and waited for news of the safe arrival at the ship of the boat which took him down the harbor. Young Samuel Mather, Nathaniel's pupil, went with his father to England. How he got off, also in secret, is an episode left entirely to our imagination. Did any of them feel, in those hurried good-bys, that Nathaniel must soon set out on his own long journey, without his father's presence and sustaining help?

Another episode full of color in the summer of 1688 was the return to Boston of Sir William Phips, New England's first self-made man. The Mathers had always known him, and watched his career from an unlettered ship carpenter up to this brilliant culmination, the successful finder of Spanish treasure, rich, respected, and honored by the king with knighthood. What a story Nathaniel

must have heard from Sir William's lips, when he came to pay his respects to Mrs. Mather and Mr. Cotton Mather! And the "fair brick house in the Green Lane" so long promised to Sir William's lady, — Nathaniel was very likely a witness to the laying of its foundations.

At Commencement, about the time of his nineteenth birthday, Nathaniel took his degree of Master of Arts. He had long been ailing. Ever since his graduation, three years before, "his neglect of moderate exercise, joyned with his excess of immoderate lucubration," occasioned in him many "pains and ails, especially in some of his joynts." The same causes made him subject to melancholy. In August he went to Dr. Swinerton's, at Salem, for treatment, the general "ill-habit of his body" having resulted in a tumor in his thigh. His sad eyes saw the marshes and Nahant and the blue ocean, with Egg Rock in the distance, just as they are to-day, though it was a journey through the country then, past scattering farmhouses; not, as now, in the midst of towns and cities which almost meet in their excess of population.

On August 14, 1688, he writes as follows to his brother: "I came to Dr. Swinerton's on Wednesday Last, which was Lecture Day. After Lecture I dined at Mr. Noyce's. On Thursday I went to Mr. Mould's and do go every day to him to dress my hip." Letters follow, asking for books to be sent to him, with familiar directions as to where they may be found, as "on my table" or "my father's table."

In his going to and fro among his father's friends in Salem, we wonder if he caught hints of the tragedy so soon to be enacted there. The Swinertons had nothing to do with witchcraft, but already feeling had begun to run high on the subject, and at Mr. Noyce's, who was teacher at the church in Salem, it must have been much discussed. In Boston, in this very year, Cotton Mather had the bewitched Goodwin children at his house,

and successfully drove the Devil out of them, he believed, by fasting and prayer.

In September "there was an incision, with mature advice, made into the tumour;" but blood poisoning followed, and on the 17th of October Heaven, in the phrase of the *Magnalia*, gave Nathaniel his third degree. In those soft autumn days, while, with fever-bright eyes, he was looking his last on earth, many were the visitors who hung over his couch to catch the influence of his passing spirit. One of his sisters was there, and perhaps his mother. Judge Sewall called on him on September 25. The two ministers of Salem came every day. His brother Cotton was with him at the end. All were watching for some expression of his religious state. He, poor boy, was meanwhile tormented by horrible conceptions of God, even blasphemous suggestions about God "buzzing about his mind," an affliction to which his papers afterwards proved him to have been often subject. After this ceased, he was still true to his natural modesty and reticence, and would say nothing to edification. When the ministers talked with him, he answered in Latin if any one else was by. Crumbs of comfort, merely, to his pious friends were his request, on his last night, that his watcher would read the song of Simeon to him, and his words in the morning, which, however, he refused to enlarge upon, "I have now been with Jesus." Just before his death, which occurred about one of the clock in the afternoon, when asked if he found comfort, he whispered, "I endeavor to those things which will issue in comfort," and so died.

"Thus he went away," says his biographer in a characteristic passage, "to the heavenly society, where he is beholding the 'face of God in righteousness' and solacing himself in the company not only of his blessed grandfathers and uncles, and all the 'spirits of the just,' but

of the amiable Jesus himself which is by 'far the best of all.'"

They buried him in Salem, in the Charter Street burying ground.

"A Spanish wrack hath not more silver than the grave of such a young man hath learning buried in it," sighed Cotton Mather.

"Deare Nathaniel is better of it than any of us. — Sir, be not discouraged," wrote John Phillips to Increase Mather.

"Whom the gods love die young," quoted little brother Samuel in Greek.

The loss to the church of God, — that was the note of mourning universally struck. That it was not all loss witness this little picture out of Cotton Mather's diary, nine years later: "While I was at Salem I retired unto the burying place and at the grave of my dear younger brother there, I could not but fall down on my knees before the Lord, with praises to his name, for granting the life of my dead brother to be writ and spread and read among his people and be very serviceable."

We too may stand beside Nathaniel's grave, in the old cemetery, full of Salem's earliest worthies. It is beside Dr. John Swinerton's and that of Hannah his wife, and its memorial, after these two centuries, reads plain and clear: —

MEMENTO MORI
MR.

NATHANAEL MATHER
DECD OCTOBER YE 17
1688

AN AGED PERSON
THAT HAD BEEN BUT
NINETEEN WINTERS
IN THE WORLD

Over it hovers, as ever out of the quaint pages of the *Magnalia*, the figure of a young scholar; not known to fame, like Cotton Mather, nor monarch of all he surveyed, like Increase Mather, but in whom intellectual power was united with graces of character which made him the best loved Mather of them all.

Kate M. Cone.

TO A CROW.

THY breast triumphant 'gainst the wintry blast
Or the snow, following fast,
Thou cheerily dost sound thy trump forlorn
From the dead field of corn.

Naught daunted by the rough and frozen ground,
Thou takest thy way around;
Grotesquely waddling, loudly glorying,
Descanting on the spring.

Distinctly sounds thine inventory rude
Of certain, future food:
Predictions where will rise from iron plain
The aisled and murmuring grain;

Clamorous forecasts from thy prophet beak,
Of plenteous store to seek
When thy smug, sentinel form shall follow, black,
The patient reapers' track.

What solemn conclave of thy kind shall stand,
That day, on the arable land!
Cocking wise eyes where once the scarecrow stood,
Sentry to hardihood!

What comic copies of thyself shall wait
On the creaking pasture gate!
What a watchful eye, alert on them and thee,
Thy mate in the sycamore tree!

But now thou standest, only of thy kind,
In the rough winter's wind:
Proprietor unchallenged of the field,
Lord of its future yield;

Boaster of plenty, harbinger of ease,
'Mid the lorn, shivering trees;
Boist'rously jocular and well content,
Though naught thy nourishment.

O bird indomitable, of raucous note
From winter-hoarsened throat!
Teach me thy courage, thy bold, common skill
Against all threatening ill.

Help me to meet, to bravely conquer, fate,
 Though, like thee, desolate;
 Find in the wintry midst of misery
 Joyance of days to be.

Teach me thy song derided, the refrain
 Of jollity in thy strain;
 Teach me thy note insistent, its full scope
 Of quaint and strenuous hope.

Adieu, brave bird, adieu! and as thy flight
 Hastens to meet the night,
 So may our hearts, exultant, spring to greet
 Fate's dark, swift-coming feet.

So may our souls, unfaltering, rise serene
 Where doubt and death have been,
 Into the night and silence; our last cry
 A jubilant song, as Life goes hurrying by!

Evelyn Phinney.

MODERN MURDER TRIALS AND NEWSPAPERS.

RECENT discussions concerning public methods of dealing with crime may lend interest to reflections concerning capital cases and the publicity now given to them. Necessarily some relations of the newspapers to such cases come into a general view.

Murder trials as reported by newspapers are often very different from the actual trials. The courts do not permit the reporters to characterize testimony freely, or to weigh witnesses. Readers generally demand the truth in a nutshell. Under these restrictions no reporter can let himself go, and tell a natural story of how the whole thing looks to him. Picturesque and entertaining as his reports may be, no one knows better than an experienced reporter how much out of proportion details are which he cannot omit. Many an able reporter, who has really mastered the evidence in a long and difficult case, has to pick out what the public will read.

Of course the larger part of the people are more familiar with newspapers than with courts. Evidently much public opinion is formed upon inadequate information.

But the majority get what the publishers know they demand. They demand news in brief and readable form. It is the business of newspapers to supply this demand. Accordingly reporters have to deal with a complex problem. They are to seek facts, and to state them not merely to persons of learning and taste, but also to the far greater number who have neither, yet whose patronage is necessary to the paper. The ability and training of the reporter of course affects his choice of what he tells and his manner of telling it. Nevertheless he must not forget the mass of readers.

It is not usual to employ lawyers to report long trials. It is more convenient to put clever members of the regular staff of experienced reporters upon

work requiring such skill and rapidity. They know better what interests the public. The reporters talk with lawyers from day to day, to get professional views, and occasionally a lawyer is employed to write a critical article or an editorial.

If the public demanded a report of every question and answer and of everything else said at a trial, the great newspapers could afford to print a complete report. But since few, except some professional or historical readers, wish for that, something is always omitted which might affect one's judgment, and which may have influenced some ruling of the judge or the verdict of the jury. In such a struggle of extremes of energy as a capital case, where every point is in a high light, one cannot thoroughly understand the case as tried and the persons trying it without a full report; and even then one's knowledge is but second-hand. To appreciate a witness one must see him on the stand. The manners of attorneys are favorite topics, but the mere mention of some detail often gives it an exaggerated importance, when so many grave matters are omitted. A few impulsive words or a hasty gesture are more than fully reported, while anxious and deliberate statements of the positions of the parties to a debate are dismissed in a sentence. The reader is led to wonder that grown men, trained to controversy, can be such creatures of impulse. This is not usually because clever reporters do not understand the points. It is because they know that the average reader will be more entertained by a dramatic description of a little display of temper, with a glimpse of a legal point, than by a more sober statement of a labored argument. Thus discussions essential to the case fail to be reported properly, because the reporters know that most of their readers would either not read or not comprehend them.

Some reporters defend this method by pointing to the spectators in the court-

room, most of whom certainly seem to look at a trial much as sensational reports describe it. They avowedly go not so much to understand the fine points of the case as to get excitement from the personal incidents. Thus the newspapers are not solely responsible for spreading grotesque ideas concerning what happens in the courtroom. The courts are more businesslike than ever before; but many spectators and readers are not businesslike, and they incite the reporters to give impressionist views of how a solemn scene looks to a wild eye.

Certainly many reporters make their reports readable, and the best of them take great pains to give correct statements of essential parts of the evidence. The speed with which they must work prevents the correction of all mistakes, and the pressure of new incidents puts the old out of the mind of most readers. A reporter's view of his function naturally is that he is to report facts, not as a leader of public opinion, but as one of the crowd saying what the rest of the crowd wants to hear. More critical work could not be done so rapidly. In the Eastman case, tried in Cambridge, fourteen thousand words were written as the report for an afternoon's edition of one newspaper. This report was delivered piecemeal by the reporter to the messenger, who took it downstairs to the telegrapher, who wired it to Boston, where it was printed, published, and sold in the papers of that afternoon.

The reporter has to endure the traditional fate of the bearer of bad news. A heavy load of moral responsibility is upon him when he does detective work and makes reports before trial concerning persons charged with crime. Sometimes, when he tells too much or falls into libels, it is a reproach which he shares with the police, and in some instances the work is a public benefit which he and the police perform with industry and courage without thanks. It is to the credit of the Boston Herald, its re-

porter and the other gentlemen¹ who acted with it, that, in consequence of their recent investigations, Cromwell and Stain, after conviction of murder and eleven years' imprisonment in Maine, were found not guilty, and were pardoned.

Before a celebrated murder case comes to trial the usual methods of the reporters and of the police are practiced, according to the scrupulousness or unscrupulousness of this and that man or woman. Our law forbids an arresting officer to question a prisoner without warning him of the right of silence. Cunning questions, however, are often put to entrap him by officers who are ambitious to make a record. In many cases no harm is done except in continuing the habit of ignoring our legal system. Yet now and then, when this illegal practice is exposed by the searchlight of some capital case, the importance of the broken rule appears, and citizens are startled to hear that officers of justice frequently yield to the temptation of bullying or wheedling out of their prisoner what our law forbids them to ask.

Reporters are usually more active and more gifted with an instinct for detail than the officers. Together they make a formidable combination. But they are often divided in opinion, and yet oftener in their sympathies. Reporters, like the average citizen, are more apt to pity the prisoner, if for nothing else for the very reason that the police are down upon him. It is an ambition of reporters to unearth more facts than the police. Newspapers print news from a prisoner's friends as readily as news from his prosecutors. Nevertheless they spread abroad the charge against a suspected person more than he or his friends wish. Such publication often injures the prisoner's reputation. But sometimes it helps his case by giving his attorneys information. The defense does not usually confide so

much to reporters as the prosecution. Yet reporters refrain from reporting some things out of compassion for innocent and unsuspected persons whom they do not wish to injure; and newspaper men generally refrain so much from publishing follies and sins that are told them by private telltales that they are in the habit of looking upon themselves as rather reserved. Since the newspapers begin long before a trial to work up a popular interest in all the persons concerned, the results cannot be other than an exaggeration of the importance to the public of what stimulates and gratifies curiosity, whether or not it affects the question of the prisoner's guilt.

Then the average critic of newspapers exaggerates as much as they do. For instance, it is said here and there that the newspapers are giving more and more space to murder trials. But they give less now than they gave a few years ago. The Borden trial and the Bram trial were reported much more fully than the Eastman trial or the Fosburgh trial, although the position of the accused in the last two cases, and the peculiar circumstances, excited wide popular curiosity. The reason of this change, probably, is not that the taste of the majority has improved, but that its interest has shifted for the moment to scandals.

Such changes tend to modify the theory that reports of criminal cases usually cause a morbid interest in crime. The public mind seems to be pretty healthy in that it does not dwell permanently upon any one evil, but samples them all in turn, with a cheerful belief that some persons are deterred from crime by a fear of exposure by the vigilant press.

A pet fancy of the average critic of newspapers is that they have to resort to horrors to fill up their columns; but a great newspaper is constantly cutting down its material, and small ones are of Rochester, N. H.; and Lewis A. Barker, of Bangor, Me.

¹ Thomas J. Feeney, reporter; William H. Drury, of Waltham, Mass.; Charles S. Barker,

constantly declining communications. An interesting piece of news comes in early, and is put down for a column; then a dozen reports of other equally important matters arrive, and before the paper goes to press the first piece is condensed into a short paragraph. The test of space is, How much does the majority want? The tests of what shall be told, and how plainly it shall be put, are the standards commonly observed as to what can be said aloud to a roomful of grown persons who really wish to know what has happened. Variable as may be these standards, the regard paid to them, such as they are, affects the circulation of every newspaper. The circulation affects the advertising. Some men will not take a paper home which is habitually scandalous. The advertiser has to estimate his chances according to his wares.

The average critic of the newspapers does not own stock in any newspaper, and does not know the cost of getting the news. The chances are that he has never consciously met a reporter. Yet most of what he knows from reading, outside of his own business or profession, has been taught him by the newspapers. They show him every day that the world is not what he wants it to be, and it is hard for him to learn their lessons, and especially hard to make allowances for their faults. He may be lazy, — they are industrious for him; he may be stupid, — they are intelligent for him; he may be timid, — they are bold for him; yet he damns the newspapers. When a reporter, working day and night, throws the ardor of youth or the pity of age into tragic scenes from court where every one with a heart was in tears, he damns the newspapers. When an editorial — which he hunts for before breakfast, in order to know what to think immediately after some momentous tragedy — is not exhaustive, he damns the newspapers. His especial condemnation is bestowed upon what he truly calls

the vulgar publicity of the newspaper. When he reads enough papers, or extends his reading beyond his newspapers and his business, or, better still, tries to prevent some injustice, he may learn that vulgar publicity is often a safeguard of justice. Good taste and the modest reserve of private life too often tempt the critic to shrink from an open fight with oppression. One of the arts of the leading criminals among politicians is to scare off the private citizen by warning him that evil communications corrupt good manners. But public spirit is much more robust and efficient when coupled with a familiar knowledge of the vulgar world.

Prosecuting officers and police are now held up to higher standards of investigation, of thorough proof of alleged crimes, and of humane conduct toward alleged criminals and all the persons over whom they have any power, than ever before. This is effected partly by the general enlightenment made possible by the newspapers, and largely by the publicity which the newspapers give to the acts of public servants and to the rebukes administered by the courts to their officers. That does wonders even toward reforming professed reformers. When some respectable citizen himself happens to be falsely accused of crime, his chances of foiling his enemies are far greater than of old. Nor is he slow in taking advantage of the existing vulgar medium for reaching the ear of the common people.

When a human being's life is openly at stake, it is to be expected that the feelings of many will overflow into cruelty or sentimentality. Some foolish things always occur when the community is excited. Excessive kindness is not a novelty created by the newspapers. Witness Claude Duval, and the anguish which the conviction of that dashing highwayman caused in the breasts of fair ladies of the court of Charles II. An interesting contrast between the old and the new age is found in the following stories.

Judge Morton, who presided at the trial of Duval, threatened to resign his great office if the gallant prisoner were pardoned, as the ladies prayed; and the judge forced the prisoner's execution.¹ Almost two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Victoria, the late Mr. Justice Stephen, who presided at the trial of Mrs. Maybrick for the murder of her husband, after sentencing her to death, used his influence to get the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, because the doctors disagreed as to whether her husband died of arsenic, with which the government claimed, and the jury found, that she tried to kill him.

That case was a pregnant instance of rough-and-ready methods in striving in some practicable ways for both truth and right without satisfying everybody that justice had been done. The judge had suffered some mental weakness, which afterwards caused his retirement from the bench, and the excitement of the trial led him to add to an attempt at an impartial statement of the jury's task a rhetorical declaration of horror at the motive suggested by the prisoner's confessed adultery with a lover to whom she wrote love letters while nursing her husband in his sick bed. The jury had heard the evidence, and there is no reason for not thinking their verdict honest. But the fact that they agreed upon a verdict of guilty in about half an hour, a remarkably short time in view of the conflicting medical evidence, seemed to show that they were influenced more by the judge's rhetoric than by his doubts. Besides, an English jury cares more for what a judge says than an American jury. After a private hearing, the Home Secretary decided substantially that the death might not have been caused by arsenic,

but she belonged in jail because of the attempt to poison. Persons were content with this who believed the attempt to have been proved, and who were bent rather upon what they regarded as justice than upon technical correctness. Others insisted that if she were not hanged she should be pardoned, because she had been tried for murder, and because imprisonment for life was not a legal punishment for the lesser crime. There were those, also, who regarded the commutation as an example of the old saying that English law is lenient because it is not enforced. Thus there was a conflict between what was called truth on one side and what was called right on the other.

The jury in the Maybrick case did what they thought was right, notwithstanding the doubts suggested by the judge as to what the truth was. In the recent Shaw case,² a Massachusetts jury found a verdict of not guilty because they thought it was right, although the charge of the judge was against the prisoner. The evidence was that a man was found dead about eighteen feet from the window of a lonely house in a forest. He had been shot twice in front, and once in the back of the head. The back wound was about two inches in diameter, and seemed to contain a whole charge of shot, which tended to prove that the gun had been discharged very near and behind him. The master of the house surrendered himself to the police. He testified that at night a strange man tried to get in where he and his wife were, and, when refused, said in the grossest words, "Send your woman out here." Being ordered off the stranger said, "I'll come back again and fix you." The master of the house, who was a nervous man and much excited, got his shotgun

¹ "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief!

Duval the ladies' joy; Duval the ladies' grief."

From epitaph said to be in Covent Garden Church.

² Plymouth County. R. O. Harris, district attorney, for prosecution; N. Washburn for defense.

and watched at a window by the side door. The stranger returned, and as he approached the master of the house fired, as he said, one shot, not at him, but to scare him; and, when he continued to approach, fired two shots at him, — and all these shots from the window. No weapon was in the stranger's hands, but in his pockets were a razor in a case and a jackknife. The prosecution claimed that the wound in the back of the head was not consistent with the prisoner's testimony, and the judge charged the jury that to excuse the homicide the law required proof of a reasonable apprehension — not such as a timid or excited man, but such as an ordinarily brave man would have — of violence from a trespasser armed with a dangerous weapon ready for use.

But the prisoner's story was corroborated by his wife. His counsel argued that the shot from behind might have taken place if the stranger, in approaching to attack the house, had looked back for an instant to signal to possible confederates or for any other purpose. The jury after several hours brought in a verdict of not guilty. Probably they would have found anything to be a dangerous weapon in the possession of a man who demanded a woman in a forest. And whether they approved the judgment of the husband or not, they would not say that he was a murderer because he was not cautious or bold enough to try uncertain blows at such a moment.

This conflict between what may be true and what the jury think is probably right is increasing with the progress of scientific knowledge and with popular education. The defense can now present such formidable heaps of details to the jury about what may possibly have happened, and can appeal to the enlightened conscience of modern men with such plausibility, that the rugged old generalizations of common sense, like "Smoke proves fire," are often made to appear brutally inaccurate. Hence there

is a new development of the art of trying to turn jurymen into doubting students, and to make them casuists who fear to act upon their genuine convictions, and who seek fictitious reasons for verdicts according to their conceit.

Testimony concerning scientific questions adds much to the length and expense of trials. And long trials are thought to need defense by persons who suppose that the legal profession arrogates to itself too much importance. Some members of the medical profession dislike cross-examination so much that they join in this criticism, and urge that physicians be given more authority than ordinary witnesses. But it would be surprising if men trained in the practice of the common law should surrender questions of fact to experts. A specialist is not always a man of trustworthy judgment, and it takes time to show this to a jury.

Many persons unused to the close examination of witnesses find fault with the persistent ingenuity of counsel for the defense in inventing doubts not reasonably raised by the evidence. In the *Bram* case there was a striking instance of this. *Bram*, the first mate of a vessel, was on watch on deck at night, near the forward door of the cabin. A sailor was at the helm, near the after door of the cabin. The sailor testified that he looked through a window near the wheel and saw *Bram* strike down with something like an axe handle. The captain was found on the floor under that window, killed by an axe. The captain's wife was found murdered in the next room, and the second mate was found murdered in a third room. The defense was that the sailor lashed the wheel and committed all these murders and returned to the wheel without being discovered even by the first mate on watch, although some windows and the forward door were open. There was not the slightest evidence that the wheel was lashed. But the theory of the defense

required the government to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Bram had exclusive opportunity. Hence days were added to the trial by the examination of experts in the sailing of vessels as to how long a vessel could sail with her helm lashed without changing her course perceptibly.

It is impossible to prevent spending time and labor on such questions in a thorough trial. It is the penalty of having a mind that it will think more than is convenient for everybody. The history of what judges and juries have been in the past tends to reconcile us to attempts to satisfy the minds of jurymen by facts and reason instead of frightening them into verdicts by threats of the vengeance of men in power. The question of length must be considered not merely by the trouble it gives the government and the expense in taxes. The public question is, Is this our kind of justice? And if so, is our justice worth this much to us? If it is not our kind of justice, then we have a right to try to amend the law or its practice. If it is our justice, more delicate and difficult questions of morals and of judgment arise. How much of our justice can we afford to pay for?

Although the checks and balances that make long trials possible sometimes delay punishment and may faintly encourage a few calculating criminals, our long trials as now conducted and made public by the newspapers are lessons in justice. They teach the people how law is made, what it is, and its value as well as its defects as a means of justice. The temporary postponement of a verdict or execution is of little moment compared with the awe-inspiring spectacle of a powerful government controlling itself to examine and judge correctly the personal claims of a mere individual charged with a heinous crime. If such an effort is not worth much time and money, what is? Lovers of music do not grudge the time or the money required to produce that

flower of delight, an opera. A yachtsman spends a fortune on a good boat. A country town will appropriate a fourth of its public debt for electric lights. And are laws, which are tentative rules for the justice we long for, — are laws and the application of laws to the ever changing dangers of the complicated machinery of social order expected to be perfectly expressed, and undoubtedly clear, and promptly enforced, without nights of anxiety as sleepless as any caused by failure to sing an opera beautifully, without the exercise of ingenuity beyond the dreams of any mechanic, or without the expenditure of a large part of the savings of the people for the sake of making them just and practicing under them justly?

After Bram was convicted he got a second trial, one of the grounds of which was that after his arrest a detective examined him about his conduct. The Supreme Court of the United States held that our law required that accused persons should be free from such interference, a constant menace to justice as well as an inevitable temptation to the police. Thus the police may defeat themselves by trying to take the law into their own hands. The time and expense of such second trial are paid for by its possible influence, for instance, in preventing illegal evidence in such cases as that of Dr. Eastman. He was an officer of instruction in Harvard University, who accidentally shot a friend, and was accused of murder. The district judge discharged him, but he was summoned before the grand jury and indicted. At the trial the attorney-general of Massachusetts was forbidden by the court to put in evidence of what Eastman said before the grand jury, because an accused person should not be summoned before the grand jury. Influential persons, who had cared little for Bram, were naturally eager to give all the rights of law and of humanity to Dr. Eastman. But the criminal lawyers had to treat them both

alike. Each of Bram's trials was longer than Eastman's. Bram was convicted. Eastman was acquitted.

The world has always been interested in prosecutions against criminals as a class. Its interest in criminals as individuals is growing, and will increase as studies extend into the nature of men as they actually are. As the people become more closely organized, and governments acquire the strength of centralization, laws and the practice under them even in a free country tend, from the mere convenience of business, to become impersonal in their application. This would lead to the oppression of worthy individuals, if the mind of the public were not often instructed and its sympathies touched by such popular exhibitions of the effect of general rules upon particular persons as are given in celebrated cases. These dramatic events, judged by jurymen trusted by the people, help the masses to understand principles of government, and warn the learned that under all and above all of our laws and procedure are the original passions and force of living men. In the civil courts the pecuniary interests of the parties may control the whole proceeding. But in the criminal courts the issue is, Did this man, or this woman, or this child do this act? And if so, what shall be done to him or to her? The truth is to be proved; the right, so far as the law provides for it, is to be done. Truth and right are at stake for the people; everything is at stake for the prisoner and his friends, — truth, right, property, reputation, happiness, life itself in a capital case. Therefore a stream of perjury flows from the witness stand. In such a contest between truth and fiction, right and wrong, law and practice contrary to law, justice and injustice, how can anything less than a popular sensation take place and run its natural course through the newspapers when a crime is peculiarly terrible, or an accused person is for some reason distinguished or noto-

rious? Even a law-abiding community cannot help feeling a shock when a prisoner, against overwhelming evidence, challenges the government not only to do its utmost to prove its charges, but to show that it has acted legally toward him, and to do this according to its somewhat obscure laws, and to carry out correctly in detail to the end the proceedings without which he cannot be punished. A great trial is a crisis in the family of the state. If it were not celebrated, the community would neither get nor deserve the protection which such trials afford both to them and to the prisoner, a living member of the community, one of the individuals who give it its existence.

It is easy to curse the technical lawyer, who, with history at his back, faces a frowning world, and holds it off while he analyzes the words of an indictment against a heartless wretch who may deserve a felon's death. It is hard to understand an intricate system of rules, to appreciate the rude manners of courts, to endure the insolence of the transgressor, and to believe that his attorneys all have the good of the commonwealth in view. But it is of the essence of the order and the purity of the state that the attorney shall fearlessly bring the community and its courts face to face with its own laws, with all their imperfections, and it is the glory of our criminal law that the most reluctant judge is obliged to listen and to decide upon points so raised, whosoever the attorney or the prisoner at the bar may be. The court itself compels even a Czolgosz to be legally defended.

The truth must be found before what is right can be known. The truth about the motive of a person accused of an act which requires an evil intention to make it a crime is often too delicate or too deep a matter for the head or heart of even the average respectable citizen. Students of natural science are becoming more influential in trials. The effect

of their knowledge appeared recently in New Hampshire, at the trial of young Kelley for the murder of an aged cashier. It was found that the prisoner had, in his boyhood, suffered a blow upon the head which injured his brain. After a conference between the counsel, the physicians, and the judge, the prisoner pleaded guilty, the crime of murder was fixed at the second degree because of his mental condition, and the youth was sent to the state prison.

But we have to be on our guard, also, against the errors of experts as to both knowledge and judgment. The mere fact that some physician swears that a prisoner is insane does not always raise even a reasonable doubt of his sanity for the purpose of punishment. Even in insane asylums punishment is found to be good for some insane patients. The execution of such an unbalanced person as Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield was probably useful as a deterrent to persons in some degree resembling the assassin; for, notwithstanding the reported numbers of persons in this country who admire such crimes, it is a very rare fool who lives up to their doctrine in practice. Besides, the thorough public trial of an assassin tends to educate those who are a little above him in character or in judgment, by showing how mean and absurd as well as wicked assassination may be. It is good to have plenty of hospitals, but one of the best ways to treat some insane persons is to deal with them as if they were well. This is applicable to some of those who plead insanity as an excuse for crime. It is well to cause those who are a little crazy to fear to do what they know to be wrong.

The tendency to make the punish-

ment fit the crime is an advance in civilization which can only come by increased knowledge. There is no hurry about executing a murderer when the community is sufficiently advanced to understand that he is to be punished as he deserves, when he shall have been proved guilty according to methods whose regular observance is as important as the incident of his execution. A jury in New York, after several months' trial, found Molineux guilty; but, if evidence was admitted against him illegally, since the law is really intended to hold judges up to the enforcement of our rules of evidence, the question of his guilt remained open. What good would it do to the taxpayer to have a court of appeals confuse the law to save present expenses, and leave the survivors in a fog?

The length and expense of such a trial are not arguments in favor of the English system of having no resort to a higher court in criminal cases. Our American system of giving the prisoner a chance to argue the law after the trial of fact helps to settle, one after another, points that affect personal liberty, honor, and justice. This is wiser as well as juster than the method of leaving the final power as to the law to the judge presiding at the trial of fact, subject only to pardon or commutation by the political branch of the government. Not long ago, a murder case was taken up three times to the Supreme Court of the United States after three verdicts of guilty in the court below; but it became a precedent¹ for charging juries, and it was itself decided upon grounds that were intelligible to those who take pains to understand our government. But the case of Mrs. Maybrick, although the English government² has been firm in

¹ *Allen v. United States*, 164 U. S. 492.

² Compare the newspaper reports of expected pardon with the following letter, which Mr. Robert T. Lincoln forwarded to Mr. Blaine on 24 June, 1892 (U. S. Pub. Doc. No. 3428, 54, Cong.): —

(Inclosure in No. 703, Marquis of Salisbury to Mr. Lincoln.)

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 21, 1892.

SIR, — With reference to my note of the 1st inst. I have now the honor to inform you that the petition in favor of the release of the con-

resisting frequent complaints, has nevertheless caused agitation to provide for proceedings, after verdict and sentence, that may rescue the law from the accidents of a presiding judge's absence of mind, errors of expression, or essential mistakes.

There has been much discussion lately as to who should be prosecuted and the methods of prosecution. The attorney-general has judicial powers, and may prosecute or not, as he decides the evidence and the welfare of the state require. Police devote themselves often to work that convinces them of the guilt of some one against whom the evidence is weak from a legal point of view. How much consideration shall an attorney-general give to the wishes of the police or of persons who inform the police? Shall experimental cases be tried only on a *corpus vile*, a tramp or a known villain, or shall persons of fortunate standing in the social and business world be tried for homicide because the police have claims to professional support after detective work?

There can be no general answer to fit such questions for practical use. That is why the attorney general has judicial powers intrusted to him. Some critics do not, until a trial, wake up to the fact that prosecuting officers have anxiously exercised their judicial functions before undertaking the tremendous labors of a prosecution. In the case of Dr. Eastman no motive was proved, but he had to be tried because the bullet found in the man he shot could not have been fired from the pistol he thought and said he shot him with, at a little distance, by letting the hammer slip accidentally. He

viet Florence Elizabeth Maybrick has received the fullest consideration by her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Taking the most lenient view which the facts proved in evidence and known to her Majesty's Secretary of State admit of, the case of this convict was that of an adulteress attempting to poison her husband under the most cruel circumstances, while she pretended to be nursing him in his sickbed.

admitted on the witness stand that he was mistaken, and that the bullet must have come from a pistol for which he and his friend were struggling after the first accidental shot. The prisoner was an honest man, whose word was of value; but it had to be taken by a jury before the prosecuting officers could rest in the face of persons interested in the man who was killed. It was a tragedy with two sides. The prisoner had to suffer for the public good. The more public the trial, the more instructed were the people as to the rights of the people to a trial of any one for the public safety, and as to the rights of any one against the chief prosecuting officer of the state in the admission and rejection of evidence. But the point here is that the accused man himself had to be judged by judge and jury because, in the opinion of the attorney-general, it was a case requiring such judgment. The attorney-general said to the jury, "I regret that the duty of my office requires me to prosecute my brother student." Both that trial and the event which caused it are awful illustrations of the impossibility of being sure of what we all would agree to be perfect justice, whether in court or in the outside world. Yet an innocent man triumphed over suspicion by telling the truth, and, as the world goes, the case served both truth and right within the limits of our law.

On the other hand, the recent Fosburgh case, unless we accept without criticism the discretion of the prosecution, does not seem to have served the cause of either truth or right, except so far as the officers of the law tried to do their duty, and as it was correct for the

The Secretary of State regrets that he has been unable to find any ground for recommending to the Queen any further act of clemency toward the prisoner.

It may be satisfactory to the petitioners to learn that Mrs. Maybrick is reported by the authorities to be in fair health, and to have gained in weight since her admission to prison.

I have, etc.

SALISBURY.

judge to direct a verdict for the defendant. A young lady was shot dead in her father's house, in the middle of the night. The family said that it was done by a burglar. The police doubted that burglars would or could have left such tracks as were found. A pistol belonging to a brother of the deceased was missing. The bullet might have come from that. The brother was indicted and tried for manslaughter, on the theory that in some kind of family quarrel he fired the shot with some motive that was criminal, although he may not have wished to kill his sister. No evidence is reported that tended to sustain the indictment. It is said that the government relied upon witnesses who disappointed them. Was it due to the police to try that case? Persons of experience who know the prosecuting officers say that the suggestion that they yielded to the influence of ambitious police is unfair, and that they acted upon honest suspicion, official duty, and the expectation of unearthing falsehood. But from the outside one cannot see any wisdom in bringing the case to trial.

Yet this case was made as public as any. Is this an evil of the newspapers? Some of it is, and some of it is not. Since the arrest and indictment and trial of necessity were public, it was better that the whole matter should be published, and thus disposed of. When the trial was over, the defendant is reported to have issued to a newspaper a letter expressing his own indignation about the prosecution. From the rough-and-ready point of view, he got even with the police.

Sympathetic persons suggest pecuniary compensation in cases where, after the failure to convict an accused person, he is thought by the court to have been wronged without fault on his part. The allowance for counsel fees and witnesses now in the discretion of the court amounts to little. A trial may have ruined an innocent defendant's fortune, reputation, and health. The suggestion is charac-

teristic of the socialistic tendency of the time. Hitherto the books have been enthusiastic about the mere opportunity of getting acquitted by a fair trial. There is already a remedy for a malicious prosecution against any one who maliciously procured it. No compensation could be expected to be provided for by a legislature unless it also invented a new form of verdict, such as, *Not guilty, with compensation*. This might be a hard verdict to win, and might lengthen trials, but it would correspond in a measure to the modified verdict established a few years ago by Congress for federal courts, "Guilty, without capital punishment," which was the verdict at the second trial of Bram. That met the growing opposition to capital punishment, and the consequent difficulty in filling juries, and in getting verdicts of guilty even when guilt is proved.

The general answer to the question, What is the use of such publicity? is that much of it is of no use and does harm, but that much of it is, of use even when it does harm, because most persons need to be watched in some things, and the evils of the watching have to be endured for the sake of the good. We cannot have public courts of justice, and a free press, and the prompt reports that help us to save ourselves and our friends from dangerous persons, without occasional sad libels and tragic injustice. They are the costly price of a knowledge of even a little of the actual wickedness that daily seeks to destroy civilization, as agony and death are the price of electric conveniences that make a short life fuller.

The raw material of civilization can never be excluded from it. The law laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States concerning the mining rights of millionaires is based upon the rules made in California by rough miners in their shirt sleeves, with pistols in their belts. The newspapers, with all their faults, are among the most constant aids to the vigilance which is the price of the liberty that

is protected by the courts. Who believes that the police, the prosecuting officers, or the judges would enforce the laws and respect private persons as well as they do now, if the eye of the reporter and the pen of the editor were not at the daily service of every voter? The occasional pettifoggery of attorneys is a necessary evil, incidental to the conservative power by which the legal profession upholds and tests the law as it exists, and exercises a foresight gained from history and informed by present business. Yet sharp practice is kept in check by the fear that it will be reported.

In England, in the reign of James II., there was not a word in the Gazette about the trial and acquittal of the seven bishops who had dared to tell the king that he was not above the Constitution. It is better to tolerate the worst newspaper in the United States than to have a censorship of the press. We have to take some risks, and our people prefer the risks of freedom of speech. They who abuse it by foolish declarations lose much of what influence they have by the indifference or ridicule with which our people are accustomed to treat absurdities; and those who publish criminal suggestions are more easily watched and caught in their earlier career than they would be if our government required them to be more secret. Indeed, the people of the United States do not know how to do

without freedom of speech. The repressive policies of other governments, judged by their effects, are not alluring.

The more open and fearless way is the better way for trying to give to every human being his share of truth and right, as well as his just portion of punishment. We cannot escape suffering of some kind, and we are learning that no tests are too severe for the ages in their development of the highest types of human character. Until individual life shall not need to fear exposure, publicity will be the dreaded weapon of public order as well as of private revenge. And it is impossible to foretell when publicity will not need to be subject at least to the restrictions of our law.

It is consistent with these reflections to insist that, in this conflict of forces, newspapers are rightly subject to courts as distinguished from censors; that the justice of the law is necessarily of a rough kind, which improves very gradually with the rest of our education; that the cost of legal justice affects its kind and degree; that the increasing thoroughness of criminal trials tends toward an enlightened consideration for individuals; and that the lawful publicity which is given to capital cases, while sometimes unjustly damaging innocent persons, strengthens the influence of our courts, and upon the whole does more good than harm.

Charles E. Grinnell.

AUDREY.¹XIX.²

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

FOR an hour it had been very quiet, very peaceful, in the small white house on Palace Street. Darden was not there; for the Commissary had sent for him, having certain inquiries to make and a stern warning to deliver. Mistress Deborah had been asked to spend the night with an acquaintance in the town, so she also was out and gone. Mistress Stagg and Audrey kept the lower rooms, while overhead Mr. Charles Stagg, a man that loved his art, walked up and down, and, with many wavings of a laced handkerchief and much resort to a gilt snuffbox, reasoned with Plato of death and the soul. The murmur of his voice came down to the two women, and made the only sound in the house. Audrey, sitting by the window, her chin upon her hand and her dark hair shadowing her face, looked out upon the dooryard and the Palace Street beyond. The street was lit by torches, and people were going to the ball in coaches and chariots, on foot and in painted chairs. They went gayly, light of heart, fine of person, a free and generous folk. Laughter floated over to the silent watcher, and the torchlight gave her glimpses of another land than her own.

Many had been Mistress Stagg's customers since morning, and something had she heard besides admiration of her wares and exclamation at her prices. Now, as she sat with some gay sewing beneath her nimble fingers, she glanced once and again at the shadowed face opposite her. If the look was not one of curiosity alone, but had in it an admixture of new-found respect; if to Mistress

Stagg the Audrey of yesterday, unnoted, unwhispered of, was a being somewhat lowlier than the Audrey of to-day, it may be remembered for her that she was an actress of the early eighteenth century, and that fate and an old mother to support had put her in that station.

The candles beneath their glass shades burned steadily; the house grew very quiet; the noises of the street lessened and lessened, for now nearly all of the people were gone to the ball. Audrey watched the round of light cast by the nearest torch. For a long time she had watched it, thinking that he might perhaps cross the circle, and she might see him in his splendor. She was still watching when he knocked at the garden door.

Mistress Stagg, sitting in a dream of her own, started violently. "La, now, who may that be?" she exclaimed. "Go to the door, child. If 't is a stranger, we shelter none such, to be taken up for the harboring of runaways!"

Audrey went to the door and opened it. A moment's pause, a low cry, and she moved backward to the wall, where she stood with her slender form sharply drawn against the white plaster, and with the fugitive, elusive charm of her face quickened into absolute beauty, imperious for attention. Haward, thus ushered into the room, gave the face its due. His eyes, bright and fixed, were for it alone. Mistress Stagg's curtsy went unacknowledged save by a slight, mechanical motion of his hand, and her inquiry as to what he lacked that she could supply received no answer. He was a very handsome man, of a bearing both easy and commanding, and to-night he was splendidly dressed in white satin with embroidery of gold. To one of the women he seemed the king, who could do no

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the eleventh advertising page.

wrong ; to the other, more learned in the book of the world, he was merely a fine gentleman, whose way might as well be given him at once, since, spite of denial, he would presently take it.

Haward sat down, resting his clasped hands upon the table, gazing steadfastly at the face, dark and beautiful, set like a flower against the wall. "Come, little maid!" he said. "We are going to the ball together, you and I. Hasten, or we shall not be in time for the minuets."

Audrey smiled and shook her head, thinking that it was his pleasure to laugh at her a little. Mistress Staggs likewise showed her appreciation of the pleasantry. When he repeated his command, speaking in an authoritative tone and with a glance at his watch, there was a moment of dead silence ; then, "Go your ways, sir, and dance with Mistress Evelyn Byrd!" cried the scandalized exactress. "The Governor's ball is not for the likes of Audrey!"

"I will be judge of that," he answered. "Come, let us be off, child! Or stay! hast no other dress than that?" He looked toward the mistress of the house. "I warrant that Mistress Staggs can trick you out! I would have you go fine, Audrey of the hair! Audrey of the eyes! Audrey of the full brown throat! Dull gold,—have you that, now, mistress, in damask or brocade? Soft laces for her bosom, and a yellow bloom in her hair. It should be dogwood, Audrey, like the coronal you wore on May Day. Do you remember, child? The white stars in your hair, and the May-pole all aflutter, and your feet upon the green grass"—

"Oh, I was happy then!" cried Audrey, and wrung her hands. Within a moment, however, she was calm again, and could look at him with a smile. "I am only Audrey," she said. "You know that the ball is not for me. Why then do you tell me that I must go? It is your kindness; I know that it is your kindness that speaks. But yet—but

yet"—She gazed at him imploringly; then from his steady smile caught a sudden encouragement. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of quick relief, and with tremulous laughter in her face and voice,— "oh, you are mocking me! You only came to show how a gentleman looks who goes to a Governor's ball!"

For the moment, in her relief at having read his riddle, there slipped from her the fear of she knew not what,— the strangeness and heaviness of heart that had been her portion since she came to Williamsburgh. Leaving the white wall against which she had leaned, she came a little forward, and with gayety and grace dropped him a curtsy. "Oh, the white satin like the lilies in your garden!" she laughed. "And the red heels to your shoes, and the gold-fringed sword knot, and the velvet scabbard! Ah, let me see your sword, how bright and keen it is!"

She was Audrey of the garden, and Haward, smiling, drew his rapier and laid it in her hands. She looked at the golden hilt, and passed her brown fingers along the gleaming blade. "Stainless," she said, and gave it back to him.

Taking it, he took also the hand that had proffered it. "I was not laughing, child," he said. "Go to the ball thou shalt, and with me. What! Thou art young and fair. Shalt have no pleasure"—

"What pleasure in that?" cried Audrey. "I may not go, sir; nay, I will not go!"

She freed her hand, and stood with heaving bosom and eyes that very slowly filled with tears. Haward saw no reason for her tears. It was true that she was young and fair; true, also, that she had few pleasures. Well, he would change all that. The dance,—was it not woven by those nymphs of old, those sprites of open spaces in the deep woods, from whose immemorial company she must have strayed into this present time? Now at the Palace the candles were burning

for her, for her the music was playing. Her welcome there amidst the tinsel people? Trust him for that: he was what he was, and could compass greater things than that would be. Go she should, because it pleased him to please her, and because it was certainly necessary for him to oppose pride with pride, and before the eyes of Evelyn demonstrate his indifference to that lady's choice of Mr. Lee for the minuet and Mr. Lightfoot for the country dance. This last thought had far to travel from some unused, deep-down quagmire of the heart, but it came. For the rest, the image of Audrey decked in silk and lace, turned by her apparel into a dark Court lady, a damsel in waiting to Queen Titania, caught his fancy in both hands. He wished to see her thus, — wished it so strongly that he knew it would come to pass. He was a gentleman who had acquired the habit of having his own way. There had been times when the price of his way had seemed too dear; when he had shrugged his shoulders and ceased to desire what he would not buy. To-night he was not able to count the cost. But he knew — he knew cruelly well — how to cut short this fruitless protest of a young girl who thought him all that was wise and great and good.

"So you cannot say 'yes' to my asking, little maid?" he began, quiet and smiling. "Cannot trust me that I have reasons for the asking? Well, I will not ask again, Audrey, since it is so great a thing" —

"Oh," cried Audrey, "you know that I would die for you!" The tears welled over, but she brushed them away with a trembling hand; then stood with raised face, her eyes soft and dewy, a strange smile upon her lips. She spoke at last as simply as a child: "Why you want me, that am only Audrey, to go with you to the Palace yonder, I cannot tell. But I will go, though I am only Audrey, and I have no other dress than this" —

Haward got unsteadily to his feet, and

lightly touched the dark head that she bowed upon her hands. "Why, now you are Audrey again," he said approvingly. "Why, child, I would do you a pleasure!" He turned to the player's wife. "She must not go in this guise. Have you no finery stowed away?"

Now, Mistress Stagg, though much scandalized, and very certain that all this would never do, was in her way an artist, and could see as in a mirror what bare throat and shoulders, rich hair drawn loosely up, a touch of rouge, a patch or two, a silken gown, might achieve for Audrey. And after all, had not Deborah told her that the girl was Mr. Haward's ward, not Darden's, and that though Mr. Haward came and went as he pleased, and was very kind to Audrey, so that Darden was sure of getting whatever the girl asked for, yet she was a good girl, and there was no harm? For the talk that day, — people were very idle, and given to thinking the forest afire when there was only the least curl of smoke. And in short and finally, it was none of her business; but with the aid of a certain chest upstairs, she knew what she could do! To the ball might go a beauty would make Mistress Evelyn Byrd look to her laurels!

"There's the birthday dress that Madam Carter sent us only last week," she began hesitatingly. "It's very beautiful, and a'most as good as new, and 't would suit you to a miracle — But I vow you must not go, Audrey! . . . To be sure, the damask is just the tint for you, and there are roses would do for your hair. But la, sir, you know 't will never do, never in this world."

Half an hour later, Haward rose from his chair and bowed low as to some high-born and puissant dame. The fever that was now running high in his veins flushed his cheek and made his eyes exceedingly bright. When he went up to Audrey, and, in graceful mockery of her sudden coming into her kingdom, took her hand and, bending, kissed it, the picture that

they made cried out for some painter to preserve it. Her hand dropped from his clasp, and buried itself in rich folds of flowered damask; the quick rise and fall of her bosom stirred soft, yellowing laces, and made to flash like diamonds some ornaments of marcasite; her face was haunting in its pain and bewilderment and great beauty, and in the lie which her eyes gave to the false roses beneath those homes of sadness and longing. She had no word to say; she was "only Audrey," and she could not understand. But she wished to do his bidding, and so, when he cried out upon her melancholy, and asked her if 't were indeed a Sunday in New England instead of a Saturday in Virginia, she smiled, and strove to put on the mind as well as the garb of a gay lady who might justly go to the Governor's ball.

Half frightened at her own success, Mistress Stagg hovered around her, giving this or that final touch to her costume; but it was Haward himself who put the roses in her hair. "A little longer, and we will walk once more in my garden at Fair View," he said. "June shall come again for us, and we will tread the quiet paths, my sweet, and all the roses shall bloom again for us. There, you are crowned! Hail, Queen!"

Audrey felt the touch of his lips upon her forehead, and shivered. All her world was going round; she could not steady it, could not see aright, knew not what was happening. The strangeness made her dizzy. She hardly heard Mistress Stagg's last protest that it would never do, — never in the world; hardly knew when she left the house. She was out beneath the stars, moving toward a lit Palace whence came the sound of violins. Haward's arm was beneath her hand; his voice was in her ear, but it was as the wind's voice, whose speech she did not understand. Suddenly they were within the Palace garden, with its winding, torchlit walks, and the terraces at the side; suddenly, again, they had mounted

the Palace steps, and the doors were open, and she was confronted with lights and music and shifting, dazzling figures. She stood still, clasped her hands, and gave Haward a piteous look. Her face, for all its beauty and its painted roses, was strangely the child's face that had lain upon his breast, where he knelt amid the corn, in the valley between the hills, so long ago. He gave her mute appeal no heed. The Governor's guests, passing from room to room, crossed and recrossed the wide hall, and down the stairway, to meet a row of gallants impatient at its foot, came fair women, one after the other, the flower of the colony, clothed upon like the lilies of old. Haward, entering with Audrey, saw Mr. Lee at the stairfoot, and, raising his eyes, was aware of Evelyn descending alone and somewhat slowly, all in rose color, and with a smile upon her lips.

She was esteemed the most beautiful woman in Virginia, the most graceful and accomplished. Wit and charm and fortune were hers, and the little gay world of Virginia had mated her with Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View. Therefore that portion of it that chanced to be in the hall of the Governor's house withdrew for the moment its attention from its own affairs, and bestowed it upon those of the lady descending the stairs, and of the gold-and-white gentleman who, with a strange beauty at his side, stood directly in her path. It was a very wise little world, and since yesterday afternoon had been fairly bursting with its own wisdom. It knew all about that gypsy who had come to town from Fair View parish, — "La, my dear, just the servant of a minister!" — and knew to a syllable what had passed in the violent quarrel to which Mr. Lee owed his good fortune.

That triumphant gentleman now started forward, and, with a low bow, extended his hand to lead to the ballroom this rose-colored paragon and cynosure of all eyes. Evelyn smiled upon him, and

gave him her scarf to hold, but would not be hurried; must first speak to her old friend Mr. Haward, and tell him that her father's foot could now bear the shoe, and that he might appear before the ball was over. This done, she withdrew her gaze from Haward's strangely animated, vividly handsome countenance, and turned it upon the figure at his side. "Pray present me!" she said quickly. "I do not think I have the honor of knowing" —

Audrey raised her head, that had been bent, and looked again, as she had looked yesterday, with all her innocent soul and heavy breath, into the eyes of the princess. The smile died from Evelyn's lips, and a great wave of indignant red surged over face and neck and bosom. The color fled, but not the bitter anger. So he could bring his fancy there! Could clothe her that was a servant wench in a splendid gown, and flaunt her before the world — before the world that must know — oh, God! must know how she herself loved him! He could do this after that month at Westover! She drew her breath, and met the insult fairly. "I withdraw my petition," she said clearly. "Now that I bethink me, my acquaintance is already somewhat too great. Mr. Lee, shall we not join the company? I have yet to make my curtsy to his Excellency."

With head erect, and with no attention to spare from the happy Mr. Lee, she passed the sometime suitor for her hand and the apple of discord which it had pleased him to throw into the assembly. Audrey watched her as she went, but from Haward's mind she slipped at once. His eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed; he stopped a passing gentleman of his acquaintance, and in a raised voice began to ask into how many factions the clergy in convention had split that day, and what minister was to have the honor of preaching before the Governor on the morrow. "Now it is my turn," said the acquaintance in his ear. "How many

bottles of wine have you drunk to-day, and what the devil do you mean by offering insult to every woman here?"

A whisper ran around the hall. Audrey heard suppressed laughter, and heard a speech which she did not understand, but which was uttered in an angry voice, much like Mistress Deborah's when she chided. A sudden terror of herself and of Haward's world possessed her. She turned where she stood in her borrowed plumage, and clung to his hand and arm. "Let me go," she begged. "It is all a mistake, — all wrong. Let me go, — let me go."

He laughed at her, shaking his head and looking into her beseeching face with shining, far-off eyes. "Thou dear fool!" he said. "The ball is made for thee, and all these folk are here to do thee honor!" Holding her by the hand, he moved with her toward a wide doorway, through which could be seen a greater throng of beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Music came from this room, and she saw that there were dancers, and that beyond them, upon a sort of dais, and before a great carved chair, stood a fine gentleman who she knew must be his Excellency the Governor of Virginia.

XX.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Mistress Audrey?" said the Governor graciously, as the lady in damask rose from her curtsy. "Mistress Audrey whom? Mr. Haward, you gave me not the name of the stock that hath flowered in so beauteous a bloom."

"Why, sir, the bloom is all in all," answered Haward. "What root it springs from matters not. I trust that your Excellency is in good health, — that you feel no touch of our seasoning fever?"

"I asked the lady's name, sir," said the Governor pointedly. He was stand-

ing in the midst of a knot of gentlemen, members of the Council and officers of the colony. All around the long room, seated in chairs arow against the walls, or gathered in laughing groups, or moving about with a rustle and gleam of silk, were the Virginians his guests. From the gallery, where were bestowed the musicians out of three parishes, floated the pensive strains of a minuet, and in the centre of the polished floor, under the eyes of the company, several couples moved and postured through that stately dance.

"The lady is my ward," said Haward lightly. "I call her Audrey. Child, tell his Excellency your other name."

If he thought at all, he thought that she could do it. But such an estray, such a piece of flotsam, was Audrey that she could not help him out. "They call me Darden's Audrey," she explained to the Governor. "If I ever heard my father's name, I have forgotten it."

Her voice, though low, reached all those who had ceased from their own concerns to stare at this strange guest, this dark-eyed, shrinking beauty, so radiantly attired. The whisper had preceded her from the hall: there had been fluttering and comment enough as, under the fire of all those eyes, she had passed with Haward to where stood the Governor receiving his guests. But the whisper had not reached his Excellency's ears. In London he had been slightly acquainted with Mr. Marmaduke Haward, and now knew him for a member of his Council, and a gentleman of much consequence in that Virginia which he had come to rule. Moreover, he had that very morning granted a favor to Mr. Haward, and by reason thereof was inclined to think amiably of the gentleman. Of the piece of dark loveliness whom the Virginian had brought forward to present, who could think otherwise? But his Excellency was a formal man, punctilious, and cautious of his state. The bow with which he received

the strange lady's curtsy had been profound; in speaking to her he had made his tones honey-sweet, while his compliment quite capped the one just paid to Mistress Evelyn Byrd. And now it would appear that the lady had no name! Nay, from the looks that were being exchanged, and from the tittering that had risen amongst the younger of his guests, there must be more amiss than that! His Excellency frowned, drew himself up, and turned what was meant to be a searching and terrible eye upon the recreant in white satin. Audrey caught the look, for which Haward cared no whit. Oh, she knew that she had no business there,—she that only the other day had gone barefoot on Darden's errands, had been kept waiting in hall or kitchen of these people's houses! She knew that, for all her silken gown, she had no place among them; but she thought that they were not kind to stare and whisper and laugh, shaming her before one another and before him. Her heart swelled; to the dreamy misery of the day and evening was added a passionate sense of hurt and wrong and injustice. Her pride awoke, and in a moment taught her many things, though among them was no distrust of him. Brought to bay, she put out her hand and found a gate; pushed it open, and entered upon her heritage of art.

The change was so sudden that those who had stared at her sourly or scornfully, or with malicious amusement or some stirrings of pity, drew their breath and gave ground a little. Where was the shrinking, frightened, unbidden guest of a moment before, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks? Here was a proud and easy and radiant lady, with witching eyes and a wonderful smile. "I am only Audrey, your Excellency," she said, and curtsied as she spoke. "My other name lies buried in a valley amongst far-off mountains." She slightly turned, and addressed herself to a portly, velvet-clad gentleman of a very

authoritative air, who, arriving late, had just shouldered himself into the group about his Excellency. "By token," she smiled, "of a gold moldore that was paid for a loaf of bread."

The new Governor appealed to his predecessor. "What is this, Colonel Spotswood, what is this?" he demanded, somewhat testily, of the open-mouthed gentleman in velvet.

"Odso!" cried the latter. "'T is the little maid of the sugar tree! — Marmaduke Haward's brown elf grown into the queen of all the fairies!" Crossing to Audrey, he took her by the hand. "My dear child," he said, with a benevolence that sat well upon him, "I always meant to keep an eye upon thee, to see that Mr. Haward did by thee all that he swore he would do. But at first there were cares of state, and now for five years I have lived at Germanna, halfway to thy mountains, where echoes from the world seldom reach me. Permit me, my dear." With a somewhat cumbrous gallantry, the innocent gentleman, who had just come to town and knew not the gossip thereof, bent and kissed her upon the cheek.

Audrey curtsied with a bright face to her old acquaintance of the valley and the long road thence to the settled country. "I have been cared for, sir," she said. "You see that I am happy."

She turned to Haward, and he drew her hand within his arm. "Ay, child," he said. "We are keeping others of the company from their duty to his Excellency. Besides, the minuet invites. I do not think I have heard music so sweet before to-night. Your Excellency's most obedient servant! Gentlemen, allow us to pass." The crowd opened before them, and they found themselves in the centre of the room. Two couples were walking a minuet; when they were joined by this dazzling third, the ladies bridled, bit their lips, and shot Parthian glances.

It was very fortunate, thought Au-

drey, that the Widow Constance had once, long ago, taught her to dance, and that, when they were sent to gather nuts or myrtle berries or fagots in the woods, she and Barbara were used to taking hands beneath the trees and moving with the glancing sunbeams and the nodding saplings and the swaying grape-vine trailers. She that had danced to the wind in the pine tops could move with ease to the music of this night. And since it was so that with a sore and frightened and breaking heart one could yet, in some strange way, become quite another person, — any person that one chose to be, — these cruel folk should not laugh at her again! They had not laughed since, before the Governor yonder, she had suddenly made believe that she was a care-free, great lady. Well, she would make believe to them still.

Her eyes were as brilliant as Haward's that shone with fever; a smile stayed upon her lips; she moved with dignity through the stately dance, scarce erring once, graceful and fine in all that she did. Haward, enamored, his wits afire, went mechanically through the oft-trod measure, and swore to himself that he held in his hand the pearl of price, the nonpareil of earth. In this dance and under cover of the music they could speak to each other unheard of those about them.

"'Queen of all the fairies,' did he call you?" he asked. "That was well said. When we are at Fair View again, thou must show me where thou wonnest with thy court, in what moonlit haunt, by what cool streams" —

"I would I were this night at Fair View glebe house," said Audrey. "I would I were at home in the mountains."

Her voice, sunken with pain and longing, was for him alone. To the other dancers, to the crowded room at large, she seemed a brazen girl, with beauty to make a goddess, wit to mask as a great lady, effrontery to match that of

the gentleman who had brought her here. The age was free, and in that London which was dear to the hearts of the Virginians ladies of damaged reputation were not so unusual a feature of fashionable entertainments as to receive any especial notice. But Williamsburgh was not London, and the dancer yonder, who held her rose-crowned head so high, was no lady of fashion. They knew her now for that dweller at Fair View gates of whom, during the summer just past, there had been whispering enough. Evidently, it was not for naught that Mr. Marmaduke Haward had refused invitations, given no entertainments, shut himself up at Fair View, slighting old friends and evincing no desire to make new ones. Why, the girl was a servant, — nothing more nor less; she belonged to Gideon Darden, the drunken minister; she was to have married Jean Hugon, the half-breed trader. Look how the Governor, enlightened at last, glowered at her; and how red was Colonel Spotswood's face; and how Mistress Evelyn Byrd, sitting in the midst of a little court of her own, made witty talk, smiled upon her circle of adorers, and never glanced toward the centre of the room and the dancers there!

"You are so sweet and gay to-night," said Haward to Audrey. "Take your pleasure, child, for it is a sad world, and the blight will fall. I love to see you happy."

"Happy!" she answered. "I am not happy!"

"You are above them all in beauty," he went on. "There is not one here that's fit to tie your shoe."

"Oh me!" cried Audrey. "There is the lady that you love, and that loves you. Why did she look at me so, in the hall yonder? And yesterday, when she came to Mistress Stagg's, I might not touch her or speak to her! You told me that she was kind and good and pitiful. I dreamed that she might let me serve her when she came to Fair View."

"She will never come to Fair View," he said, "nor shall I go again to Westover. I am for my own house now, you brown enchantress, and my own garden, and the boat upon the river. Do you remember how sweet were our days in June? We will live them over again, and there shall come for us, besides, a fuller summer" —

"It is winter now," said Audrey, with a sobbing breath, "and cold and dark! I do not know myself, and you are strange. I beg you to let me go away. I wish to wash off this paint, to put on my own gown. I am no lady; you do wrong to keep me here. See, all the company are frowning at me! The minister will hear what I have done and be angry, and Mistress Deborah will beat me. I care not for that, but you — Oh, you have gone far away, — as far as Fair View, as far as the mountains! I am speaking to a stranger" —

In the dance their raised hands met again. "You see me, you speak to me at last," he said ardently. "That other, that cold brother of the snows, that paladin and dream knight that you yourself made and dubbed him me, — he has gone, Audrey; nay, he never was! But I myself, I am not abhorrent to you?"

"Oh," she answered, "it is all dark! I cannot see — I cannot understand" —

The time allotted to minuets having elapsed, the music ceased, and the performers withdrew to a deep window looking out upon the gardens. The master of ceremonies, who had been summoned a moment before to the Governor's side, now came mincing through the crowd, and addressed himself in a low voice to Haward: "My painful duty, sir, — his Excellency the Governor desires Mr. Marmaduke Haward to withdraw with this uninvited lady from the assembly. His Excellency may not here and now further resent the indignity which Mr. Haward has put upon his Excellency's guests, but to-morrow" —

Haward looked at his Excellency's mouthpiece with eyes that saw nothing beyond the fantasies of his fevered brain's creating. "Fellow, you forget yourself," he said serenely. "If 't were worth my while, I would chastise you. His Excellency is my very good friend, and I myself invited the lady. She is my ward, and fair and noble."

Waving aside the amazed and indignant functionary, he turned to Audrey. "Here is the music again, child, and we must dance with the rest of the world. You shall have pleasure to your heart's content." He touched the roses in her hair. "They are withering in this heat, — it is a stifling night. Why have the servants lit so many candles? See, there are scores of fresh ones burning!"

"There are no more than at first," said Audrey wonderingly.

The musicians playing an ancient, lively air, a number of ladies and gentlemen, young, gayly dressed, and light of heart as of heels, engaged in a country dance. When they were joined by Mr. Marmaduke Haward and his shameless companion, there arose a great rustling and whispering. A young girl in green taffeta was dancing alone, wreathing in and out between the silken, gleaming couples, coquetting with the men by means of fan and eyes, but taking hands and moving a step or two with each sister of the dance. When she approached Audrey, the latter smiled and extended her hand, because that was the way the lady nearest her had done. But the girl in green stared coldly, put her hand behind her, and, with the very faintest salute to Mr. Marmaduke Haward, danced on her way. For one moment the smile died on Audrey's lips; then it came resolutely back, and she held her head high.

The men, forming in two rows, drew their rapiers with a flourish, and, crossing them high overhead, made an arch of steel under which the women must pass. Haward's blade touched that of his acquaintance of the hall. "I have

been leaning upon the back of a lady's chair," said the latter gruffly, under cover of the music and the clashing steel, — "a lady dressed in rose color, who's as generous (to all save one poor devil) as she is fair. I promised her I would take her message; the Lord knows I would go to the bottom of the sea to give her pleasure! She says that you are not yourself; begs that you will go quietly away" —

An exclamation from the man next him, and a loud murmur mixed with some laughter from those in the crowded room who were watching the dancers, caused the gentleman to break off in the middle of his message. He glanced over his shoulder; then, with a shrug, turned to his vis-à-vis in white satin. "Now you see that 't will not answer, — not in Virginia. The women — bless them! — have a way of cutting Gordian knots" —

A score of ladies, one treading in the footsteps of another, should have passed beneath the flashing swords. But there had thrust itself into their company a plague spot, and the girl in green taffeta and a matron in silver brocade, between whom stood the hateful presence, indignantly stepped out of line and declined to dance. The fear of infection spreading like wildfire, the ranks refused to close, and the company was thrown into confusion. Suddenly the girl in green, by nature a leader of her kind, walked away, with a toss of her head, from the huddle of those who were uncertain what to do, and joined her friends among the spectators, who received her with acclaim. The sound and her example were warranty enough for the cohort she had quitted. A moment, and it was in virtuous retreat, and the dance was broken up.

The gentlemen, who saw themselves summarily deserted, abruptly lowered their swords. One laughed; another, flown with wine, gave utterance to some coarse pleasantry; a third called to the musicians to stop the music. Darden's

Audrey stood alone, brave in her beautiful borrowed dress and the color that could not leave her cheeks. But her lips had whitened, the smile was gone, and her eyes were like those of a hunted deer. She looked mutely about her: how could she understand, who trusted so completely, who lived in a labyrinth without a clue, who had built her dream world so securely that she had left no way of egress for herself? These were cruel people! She was mad to get away, to tear off this strange dress, to fling herself down in the darkness, in the woods, hiding her face against the earth! But though she was only Audrey and so poor a thing, she had for her portion a dignity and fineness of nature that was a stay to her steps. Barbara, though not so poor and humble a maid, might have burst into tears, and run crying from the room and the house; but to do that Audrey would have been ashamed. It was easier to stand there; and when Haward called her name, bidding her to his side, she went as quietly and proudly as a king's daughter.

"It was you, Mr. Corbin, that laughed, I think?" said Haward. "To-morrow I shall send to know the reason of your mirth. Mr. Everard, you will answer to me for that pretty oath. Mr. Travis, there rests the lie that you uttered just now: stoop and take it again." He flung his glove at Mr. Travis's feet.

A great hubbub and exclamation arose. Mr. Travis lifted the glove with the point of his rapier, and in a loud voice repeated the assertion which had given umbrage to Mr. Haward of Fair View. That gentleman sprang unsteadily forward, and the blades of the two crossed in dead earnest. A moment, and the men were forced apart; but by this time the whole room was in commotion. The musicians craned their necks over the gallery rail, a woman screamed, and half a dozen gentlemen of years and authority started from the crowd of witnesses to the affair and made toward the centre of the

room, with an eye to preventing further trouble. Where much wine had been drunken and twenty rapiers were out, matters might go from bad to worse.

Another was before them. A lady in rose color had risen from her chair and glided across the polished floor to the spot where trouble was brewing. "Gentlemen, for shame!" she cried. Her voice was bell-like in its clear sweetness, final in its grave rebuke and its recall to sense and decency. She was Mistress Evelyn Byrd, who held sovereignty in Virginia, and at the sound of her voice, the command of her raised hand, the clamor suddenly ceased, and the angry group, parting, fell back as from the presence of its veritable queen.

Evelyn went up to Audrey and took her by the hand. "I am not tired of dancing, as were those ladies who have left us," she said, with a smile, and in a sweet and friendly voice. "See, the gentlemen are waiting! Let us finish out this measure, you and me."

At her gesture of command the lines that had so summarily broken re-formed. Back into the old air swung the musicians; up went the swords, crossing overhead with a ringing sound, and beneath the long arch of protecting steel moved to the music the two women, the dark beauty and the fair, the princess and the herdgirl. Evelyn led, and Audrey, following, knew that now indeed she was walking in a dream. From the throng of spectators burst a sudden storm of applause that was all for Mistress Evelyn Byrd.

A very few moments, and the measure was finished. A smile, a curtsy, a wave of Evelyn's hand, and the dancers, disbanding, left the floor. Mr. Corbin, Mr. Everard, and Mr. Travis, each had a word to say to Mr. Haward of Fair View, as they passed that gentleman.

Haward heard, and answered to the point; but when presently Evelyn said, "Let us go into the garden," and he found himself moving with her and with

Audrey through the buzzing, staring crowd toward the door of the Governor's house, he thought that it was into Fair View garden they were about to descend. And when they came out upon the broad, torchlit walk, and he saw gay parties of ladies and gentlemen straying here and there beneath the trees, he thought it strange that he had forgotten that he had guests this night. As for the sound of the river below his terrace, he had never heard so loud a murmur. It grew and filled the night, making thin and far away the voices of his guests.

There was a coach at the gates, and Mr. Grymes, who awhile ago had told him that he had a message to deliver, was at the coach door. Evelyn had her hand upon his arm, and her voice was speaking to him from as far away as across the river. "I am leaving the ball," it said, "and I will take the girl in my coach to the place where she is staying. Promise me that you will not go back to the house yonder; promise me that you will go away with Mr. Grymes, who is also weary of the ball" —

"Oh," said Mr. Grymes lightly, "Mr. Haward agrees with me that Marot's best room, cool and quiet, a bottle of Burgundy, and a hand at piquet are more alluring than the heat and babel we have left. We are going at once, Mistress Evelyn. Haward, I propose that on our way to Marot's we knock up Dr. Contesse, and make him free of our company."

As he spoke, he handed into the coach the lady in flowered damask, who had held up her head, but said no word, and the lady in rose-colored brocade, who, through the length of the ballroom and the hall and the broad walk where people passed and repassed, had kept her hand in Audrey's, and had talked, easily and with smiles, to the two attending gentlemen. He shut to the coach door, and drew back, with a low bow, when Haward's deeply flushed, handsome face appeared for a moment at the lowered glass.

"Art away to Westover, Evelyn?" he asked. "Then 't is 'Good-by, sweetheart!' for I shall not go to Westover again. But you have a fair road to travel, — there are violets by the way-side; for it is May Day, you know, and the woods are white with dogwood and purple with the Judas tree. The violets are for you; but the great white blossoms, and the boughs of rosy mist, and all the trees that wave in the wind are for Audrey." His eyes passed the woman whom he would have wed, and rested upon her companion in the coach. "Thou fair dryad!" he said. "Two days hence we will keep tryst beneath the beech tree in the woods beyond the glebe house."

The man beside him put a hand upon his shoulder and plucked him back, nor would look at Evelyn's drawn and whitened face, but called to the coachman to go on. The black horses put themselves into motion, the equipage made a wide turn, and the lights of the Palace were left behind.

Evelyn lodged in a house upon the outskirts of the town, but from the Palace to Mistress Staggs's was hardly more than a stone's throw. Not until the coach was drawing near the small white house did either of the women speak. Then Audrey broke into an inarticulate murmur, and stooping would have pressed her cheek against the hand that had clasped hers only a little while before. But Evelyn snatched her hand away, and with a gesture of passionate repulsion shrank into her corner of the coach. "Oh, how dare you touch me!" she cried. "How dare you look at me, you serpent that have stung me so!" Able to endure no longer, she suddenly gave way to angry laughter. "Do you think I did it for you, — put such humiliation upon myself for you? Why, you wanton, I care not if you stand in white at every church door in Virginia! It was for him, for Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, for whose name and fame, if

he cares not for them himself, his friends have yet some care!" The coach stopped, and the footman opened the door. "Descend, if you please," went on Evelyn clearly and coldly. "You have had your triumph. I say not there is no excuse for him, — you are very beautiful. Good-night."

Audrey stood between the lilac bushes and watched the coach turn from Palace into Duke of Gloucester Street; then went and knocked at the green door. It was opened by Mistress Staggs in person, who drew her into the parlor, where the good-natured woman had been sitting all alone, and in increasing alarm as to what might be the outcome of this whim of Mr. Marmaduke Haward's. Now she was full of inquiries, ready to admire and to nod approval, or to shake her head and cry, "I told you so!" according to the turn of the girl's recital.

But Audrey had little to say, little to tell. Yes, oh yes, it had been a very grand sight. . . . Yes, Mr. Haward was kind; he had always been kind to her. . . . She had come home with Mistress Evelyn Byrd in her coach. . . . Might she go now to her room? She would fold the dress very carefully.

Mistress Staggs let her go, for indeed there was no purpose to be served in keeping her, seeing that the girl was clearly dazed, spoke without knowing what she said, and stood astare like one of Mrs. Salmon's beautiful wax ladies. She would hear all about it in the morning, when the child had slept off her excitement. They at the Palace could not have taken her presence much amiss, or she would never in the world have come home in the Westover coach.

XXI.

AUDREY AWAKES.

There had lately come to Virginia, and to the convention of its clergy at Wil-

liamsburgh, one Mr. Eliot, a minister after the heart of a large number of sober and godly men whose reputation as a body suffered at the hands of Mr. Darden of Fair View parish, Mr. Bailey of Newport, Mr. Worden of Lawn's Creek, and a few kindred spirits. Certainly Mr. Eliot was not like these; so erect, indeed, did he hold himself in the strait and narrow path that his most admiring brethren, being, as became good Virginians, somewhat easy-going in their saintliness, were inclined to think that he leaned too far the other way. It was commendable to hate sin and reprove the sinner; but when it came to raining condemnation upon horse racing, dancing, Cato at the playhouse, and like innocent diversions, Mr. Eliot was surely somewhat out of bounds. The most part accounted for his turn of mind by the fact that ere he came to Virginia he had been a sojourner in New England.

He was mighty in the pulpit, was Mr. Eliot; no droning reader of last year's sermons, but a thunderer forth of speech that was now acrid, now fiery, but that always came from an impassioned nature, vehement for the damnation of those whom God so strangely spared. When, as had perforce happened during the past week, he must sit with his brethren in the congregation and listen to lukewarm — nay, to dead and cold adjurations and expoundings, his very soul itched to mount the pulpit stairs, thrust down the Laodicean that chanced to occupy it, and himself awaken as with the sound of a trumpet this people who slept upon the verge of a precipice, between hell that gaped below and God who sat on high, serenely regardful of his creatures' plight. Though so short a time in Virginia, he was already become a man of note, the prophet not without honor, whom it was the fashion to admire, if not to follow. It was therefore natural enough that the Commissary, himself a man of plain speech

from the pulpit, should appoint him to preach in Bruton church this Sunday morning, before his Excellency the Governor, the worshipful the Council, the clergy in convention, and as much of Williamsburgh, gentle and simple, as could crowd into the church. Mr. Eliot took the compliment as an answer to prayer, and chose for his text Daniel fifth and twenty-seventh.

Lodging as he did on Palace Street, the early hours of the past night, which he would have given to prayer and meditation, had been profaned by strains of music from the Governor's house, by laughter and swearing and much going to and fro in the street beneath his window. These disturbances filling him with righteous wrath, he came down to his breakfast next morning prepared to give his hostess, who kept him company at table, line and verse which should demonstrate that Jehovah shared his anger.

"Ay, sir!" she cried. "And if that were all, sir" — and like water from a bottle out came a colored narration of the occurrence at the Governor's ball. This was followed by a wonderfully circumstantial account of Mr. Marmaduke Haward's sins of omission against old and new acquaintances who would have entertained him at their houses, and been entertained in turn at Fair View, and by as detailed a description of the toils that had been laid for him by that audacious piece who had forced herself upon the company last night.

Mr. Eliot listened aghast, and mentally emended his sermon. If he knew Virginia, even so flagrant a case as this might never come before a vestry. Should this woman go unproved? When in due time he was in the church, and the congregation was gathering, he beckoned to him one of the sidesmen, asked a question, and when it was answered looked fixedly at a dark girl sitting far away in a pew beneath the gallery.

It was a fine, sunny morning, with a

tang of autumn in the air, and the concourse within the church was very great. The clergy showed like a wedge of black driven into the bright colors with which nave and transept overflowed. His Excellency the Governor sat in state, with the Council on either hand. One member of that body was not present. Well-nigh all Williamsburgh knew by now that Mr. Marmaduke Haward lay at Marot's ordinary ill of a raging fever. Hooped petticoat and fragrant bodice found reason for whispering to laced coat and periwig; significant glances traveled from every quarter of the building toward the tall pew where, collected but somewhat palely smiling, sat Mistress Evelyn Byrd beside her father. All this was before or during the service. When the minister of the day mounted the pulpit, and, gaunt against the great black sounding-board, gave out his text in a solemn and ringing voice, such was the genuine power of the man that every face was turned toward him, and throughout the building there fell a sudden hush.

Audrey looked with the rest, but she could not have said that she listened, — not at first. She was there because she always went to church on Sunday. It had not occurred to her to ask that she might stay at home. She had come from her room that morning with the same still face, the same strained and startled look about the eyes, that she had carried to it the night before. Black Peggy, who found her bed unslept in, thought that she must have sat the night through beside the window. Mistress Staggs, meeting her at the stairfoot with the tidings (just gathered from the lips of a passer-by) of Mr. Haward's illness, thought that the girl took the news very quietly. She made no exclamation, said nothing good or bad; only drew her hand across her brow and eyes, as though she strove to thrust away a veil or mist that troubled her. This gesture she repeated now and again during the hour before church time.

Mistress Stagg heard no more of the ball this morning than she had heard the girl the night before. Something ailed the girl. She was not sullen, but she could not or would not talk. Perhaps, despite the fact of the Westover coach, she had not been kindly used at the Palace. The exactress pursed her lips, and confided to her Mirabell that times were not what they once were. Had she not, at Bath, been given a ticket to the Saturday ball by my Lord Squander himself? Ay, and she had footed it, too, in the country dance, with the best of them, with captains and French counts and gentlemen and ladies of title, — ay, and had gone down the middle with the very pattern of Sir Harry Wildair! To be sure, no one had ever breathed a word against her character; but, for her part, she believed no great harm of Audrey, either. Look at the girl's eyes, now: they were like a child's or a saint's.

Mirabell nodded and looked wise, but said nothing.

When the church bells rang Audrey was ready, and she walked to church with Mistress Stagg much as, the night before, she had walked between the lilacs to the green door when the Westover coach had passed from her sight. Now she sat in the church much as she had sat at the window the night through. She did not know that people had looked at her; nor had she caught the venomous glance of Mistress Deborah, already in the pew, and aware of more than had come to her friend's ears.

Audrey was not listening, was scarcely thinking. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and now and then she raised one and made the motion of pushing aside from her eyes something heavy that clung and blinded. What part of her spirit that was not wholly darkened and folded within itself was back in the mountains of her childhood, with those of her own blood whom she had loved and lost. What use to try to understand to-day, — to-day with its falling skies, its

bewildered pondering over the words that were said to her last night? And the morrow, — she must leave that. Perhaps when it should dawn he would come to her, and call her "little maid," and laugh at her dreadful dream. But now, while it was to-day, she could not think of him without an agony of pain and bewilderment. He was ill, too, and suffering. Oh, she must leave the thought of him alone! Back then to the long yesterdays she traveled, and played quietly, dreamily, with Robin on the green grass beside the shining stream, or sat on the doorstep, her head on Molly's lap, and watched the evening star behind the Endless Mountains.

It was very quiet in the church save for that one great voice speaking. Little by little the voice impressed itself upon her consciousness. The eyes of her mind were upon long ranges of mountains distinct against the splendor of a sunset sky. Last seen in childhood, viewed now through the illusion of the years, the mountains were vastly higher than nature had planned them; the streamers of light shot to the zenith; the black forests were still; everywhere a fixed glory, a gigantic silence, a holding of the breath for things to happen.

By degrees the voice in her ears fitted in with the landscape, became, so solemn and ringing it was, like the voice of the archangel of that sunset land. Audrey listened at last; and suddenly the mountains were gone, and the light from the sky, and her people were dead and dust away in that hidden valley, and she was sitting in the church at Williamsburgh, alone, without a friend.

What was the preacher saying? What ball of the night before was he describing with bitter power, the while he gave warning of handwriting upon the wall such as had menaced Belshazzar's feast of old? Of what shameless girl was he telling, — what creature dressed in silks that should have gone in rags, brought to that ball by her paramour —

The gaunt figure in the pulpit trembled like a leaf with the passion of the preacher's convictions and the energy of his utterance. On had gone the stream of rhetoric, the denunciations, the satire, the tremendous assertions of God's mind and purposes. The lash that was wielded was far-reaching; all the vices of the age — irreligion, blasphemy, drunkenness, extravagance, vainglory, loose living — fell under its sting. The condemnation was general, and each man looked to see his neighbor wince. The occurrence at the ball last night, — he was on that for final theme, was he? There was a slight movement throughout the congregation. Some glanced to where would have sat Mr. Marmaduke Haward, had not the gentleman been at present in his bed, raving now of a great run of luck at the Cocoa Tree; now of an Indian who, with his knee upon his breast, was throttling him to death. Others looked over their shoulders to see if that gypsy yet sat beneath the gallery. Colonel Byrd took out his snuffbox and studied the picture on the lid, while his daughter sat like a carven lady, with a slight smile upon her lips.

On went the word picture that showed how vice could flaunt it in so fallen an age. The preacher spared not plain words, squarely turned himself toward the gallery, pointed out with voice and hand the object of his censure and of God's wrath. Had the law pilloried the girl before them all, it had been but little worse for her. She sat like a statue, staring with wide eyes at the window above the altar. This, then, was what the words in the coach last night had meant — this was what the princess thought — this was what his world thought —

There arose a commotion in the ranks of the clergy of Virginia. The Rev. Gideon Darden, quitting with an oath the company of his brethren, came down the aisle, and, pushing past his wife, took his stand in the pew beside the orphan who had lived beneath his roof, whom during

many years he had cursed upon occasion and sometimes struck, and whom he had latterly made his tool. "Never mind him, Audrey, my girl," he said, and put an unsteady hand upon her shoulder. "You're a good child; they cannot harm ye."

He turned his great shambling body and heavy face toward the preacher, stemmed in the full tide of his eloquence by this unseemly interruption. "Ye beggarly Scot!" he exclaimed thickly. "Ye evil-thinking saint from Salem way, that know the very lining of the Lord's mind, and yet, walking through his earth, see but a poisonous weed in his every harmless flower! Shame on you to beat down the flower that never did you harm! The girl's as innocent a thing as lives! Ay, I've had my dram, — the more shame to you that are justly rebuked out of the mouth of a drunken man! I have done, Mr. Commissary," addressing himself to that dignitary, who had advanced to the altar rail with his arm raised in a command for silence. "I've no child of my own, thank God! but the maid has grown up in my house, and I'll not sit to hear her belied. I've heard of last night: 't was the mad whim of a sick man. The girl's as guiltless of wrong as any lady here. I, Gideon Darden, vouch for it!"

He sat heavily down beside Audrey, who never stirred from her still regard of that high window. There was a moment of portentous silence; then, "Let us pray," said the minister from the pulpit.

Audrey knelt with the rest, but she did not pray. And when it was all over, and the benediction had been given, and she found herself without the church, she looked at the green trees against the clear autumnal skies and at the graves in the churchyard as though it were a new world into which she had stepped. She could not have said that she found it fair. Her place had been so near the door that well-nigh all the congregation

was behind her, streaming out of the church, eager to reach the open air, where it might discuss the sermon, the futile and scandalous interruption by the notorious Mr. Darden, and what Mr. Marmaduke Haward might have said or done had he been present.

Only Mistress Stagg kept beside her; for Mistress Deborah hung back, unwilling to be seen in her company, and Darden, from that momentary awakening of his better nature, had sunk to himself again, and thought not how else he might aid this wounded member of his household. But Mistress Mary Stagg was a kindly soul, whose heart had led her comfortably through life with very little appeal to her head. The two or three young women — Oldfields and Porters of the Virginian stage — who were under indentures to her husband and herself found her as much their friend as mistress. Their triumphs in the petty playhouse of this town of a thousand souls were hers, and what woes they had came quickly to her ears. Now she would have slipped her hand into Audrey's and have given garrulous comfort, as the two passed alone through the churchyard gate and took their way up Palace Street toward the small white house. But Audrey gave not her hand, did not answer, made no moan, neither justified herself nor blamed another. She did not speak at all, but after the first glance about her moved like a sleep-walker.

When the house was reached she went up to the bedroom. Mistress Deborah, entering stormily ten minutes later, found herself face to face with a strange Audrey, who, standing in the middle of the floor, raised her hand for silence in a gesture so commanding that the virago stayed her tirade, and stood open-mouthed.

"I wish to speak," said the new Audrey. "I was waiting for you. There's a question I wish to ask, and I'll ask it of you who were never kind to me."

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"Never kind to her!" cried the minister's wife to the four walls. "And she's been taught, and pampered, and treated more like a daughter than the beggar wench she is! And this is my return, — to sit by her in church to-day, and have all Virginia think her belonging to me" —

"I belong to no one," said Audrey. "Even God does not want me. Be quiet until I have done." She made again the gesture of pushing aside from face and eyes the mist that clung and blinded. "I know now what they say," she went on. "The preacher told me awhile ago. Last night a lady spoke to me: now I know what was her meaning. Because Mr. Haward, who saved my life, who brought me from the mountains, who left me, when he sailed away, where he thought I would be happy, was kind to me when he came again after so many years; because he has often been to the glebe house, and I to Fair View; because last night he would have me go with him to the Governor's ball, they think — they say out loud for all the people to hear — that I — that I am like Joan, who was whipped last month at the Court House. But it is not of the lies they tell that I wish to speak."

Her hand went again to her forehead, then dropped at her side. A look of fear and of piteous appeal came into her face. "The witch said that I dreamed, and that it was not well for dreamers to awaken." Suddenly the quiet of her voice and bearing was broken. With a cry, she hurried across the room, and, kneeling, caught at the other's gown. "Ah! that is no dream, is it? No dream that he is my friend, only my friend who has always been sorry for me, has always helped me! He is the noblest gentleman, the truest, the best — he loves the lady at Westover — they are to be married — he never knew what people were saying — he was not himself when he spoke to me so last night" — Her eyes appealed to the face above her.

"I could never have dreamed all this," she said. "Tell me that I was awake."

The minister's wife looked down upon her with a bitter smile. "So you've had your fool's paradise? Well, once I had mine, though 't was not your kind. 'T is a pretty country, Audrey, but it's not long before they turn you out." She laughed somewhat drearily, then in a moment turned shrew again. "He never knew what people were saying?" she cried. "You little fool, do you suppose he cared? 'T was you that played your cards all wrong with your Governor's ball last night! — setting up for a lady, forsooth! — bringing all the town about your ears! You might have known that he would never have taken you there in his senses. At Fair View things went very well. He was entertained, — and I meant to see that no harm came of it, — and Darden got his support in the vestry. For he was bit, — there's no doubt of that, — though what he ever saw in you more than big eyes and a brown skin, the Lord knows, not I! Only your friend! — a fine gentleman just from London, with a whole Canterbury book of stories about his life there, to spend a'most a summer on the road between his plantation and a wretched glebe house because he was only your friend, and had saved you from the Indians when you were a child, and wished to be kind to you still! I'll tell you who did wish to be kind to you, and that's Jean Hugon, the trader, who wanted to marry you."

Audrey rose to her feet, and moved slowly backward to the wall. Mistress Deborah went shrilly on: "I dare swear you believe that Mr. Haward had you in mind all the years he was gone from Virginia? Well, he did n't. He puts you with Darden and me, and he says, 'There's the strip of Orenoko down by the swamp, — I've told my agent that you're to have from it so many pounds a year;' and he sails away to London and all the fine things there, and never thinks

of you more until he comes back to Virginia and sees you last May Day at Jamestown. Next morning he comes riding to the glebe house. 'And so,' he says to Darden, 'and so my little maid that I brought for trophy out of the Appalachian Mountains is a woman grown? Faith, I'd quite forgot the child; but Saunderson tells me that you have not forgot to draw upon my Orenoko.' That's all the remembrance you were held in, Audrey."

She paused to take breath, and to look with shrewish triumph at the girl who leaned against the wall. "I like not waking up," said Audrey as to herself. "It were easier to die. Perhaps I am dying."

"And then out he walks to find and talk to you, and in sets your pretty summer of all play and no work!" went on the other, in a high voice. "Oh, there was kindness enough, once you had caught his fancy! I wonder if the lady at Westover praised his kindness? They say she is a proud young lady: I wonder if she liked your being at the ball last night? When she comes to Fair View, I'll take my oath that you'll walk no more in its garden! But perhaps she won't come now, — though her maid Chloe told Mistress Bray's Martha that she certainly loves him" —

"I would I were dead," said Audrey. "I would I were dead, like Molly." She stood up straight against the wall, and pushed her heavy hair from her forehead. "Be quiet now," she said. "You see that I am awake; there is no need for further calling. I shall not dream again." She looked at the older woman doubtfully. "Would you mind," she suggested, — "would you be so very kind as to leave me alone, to sit here awake for a while? I have to get used to it, you know. To-morrow, when we go back to the glebe house, I will work the harder. It must be easy to work when one is awake. Dreaming takes so much time."

Mistress Deborah could hardly have

told why she did as she was asked. Perhaps the very strangeness of the girl made her uncomfortable in her presence; perhaps in her sour and withered heart there was yet some little soundness of pity and comprehension; or perhaps it was only that she had said her say, and was anxious to get to her friends below, and shake from her soul the dust of any possible complicity with circumstance in moulding the destinies of Darden's Audrey. Be that as it may, when she had flung her hood upon the bed and had looked at herself in the cracked glass above the dresser, she went out of the room, and closed the door somewhat softly behind her.

XXII.

BY THE RIVERSIDE.

"Yea, I am glad — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — that thee is returned to Fair View," answered Truelove. "And has thee truly no shoes of plain and sober stuffs? These be much too gaudy."

"There's a pair of black callimanco," said the storekeeper reluctantly; "but these of flowered silk would so become your feet, or this red-heeled pair with the buckles, or this of fine morocco. Did you think of me every day that I spent in Williamsburgh?"

"I prayed for thee every day," said Truelove simply, — "for thee and for the sick man who had called thee to his side. Let me see thy callimanco shoes. Thee knows that I may not wear these others."

The storekeeper brought the plainest footgear that his stock afforded. "They are of a very small size, — perhaps too small. Had you not better try them ere you buy? I could get a larger pair from Mr. Carter's store."

Truelove seated herself upon a convenient stool, and lifted her gray skirt

an inch above a slender ankle. "Perchance they may not be too small," she said, and in despite of her training and the whiteness of her soul two dimples made their appearance above the corners of her pretty mouth. MacLean knelt to remove the worn shoe, but found in the shoe strings an obstinate knot. The two had the store to themselves; for Ephraim waited for his sister at the landing, rocking in his boat on the bosom of the river, watching a flight of wild geese drawn like a snowy streamer across the dark blue sky. It was late autumn, and the forest was dressed in flame color.

"Thy fingers move so slowly that I fear thee is not well," said Truelove kindly. "They that have nursed men with fever do often fall ill themselves. Will thee not see a physician?"

MacLean, sanguine enough in hue, and no more gaunt of body than usual, worked languidly on. "I trust no lowland physician," he said. "In my own country, if I had need, I would send to the foot of Dun-da-gu for black Murdoch, whose fathers have been physicians to the MacLeans of Duart since the days of Galethus. The little man in this parish, — his father was a lawyer, his grandfather a merchant; he knows not what was his great-grandfather! There, the shoe is untied! If I came every day to your father's house, and if your mother gave me to drink of her elder-flower wine, and if I might sit on the sunny doorstep and watch you at your spinning, I should, I think, recover."

He slipped upon her foot the shoe of black cloth. Truelove regarded it gravely. "'T is not too small, after all," she said. "And does thee not think it more comely than these other, with their silly pomp of colored heels and blossoms woven in the silk?" She indicated with her glance the vainglorious row upon the bench beside her; then looked down at the little foot in its sombre covering and sighed.

"I think that thy foot would be fair

in the shoe of Donald Ross!" cried the storekeeper, and kissed the member which he praised.

Truelove drew back, her cheeks very pink, and the dimples quite uncertain whether to go or stay. "Thee is idle in thy behavior," she said severely. "I do think that thee is of the generation that will not learn. I pray thee to expeditiously put back my own shoe, and to give me in a parcel the callimanco pair."

MacLean set himself to obey, though with the expedition of a tortoise. Crisp autumn air and vivid sunshine pouring in at window and door filled and lit the store. The doorway framed a picture of blue sky, slow-moving water, and ragged landing; the window gave upon crimson sumac and the gold of a sycamore. Truelove, in her gray gown and close white cap, sat in the midst of the bouquet of colors afforded by the motley lining of the Fair View store, and gazed through the window at the riotous glory of this world. At last she looked at MacLean. "When, a year ago, thee was put to mind this store, and I, coming here to buy, made thy acquaintance," she said softly, "thee wore always so stern and sorrowful a look that my heart bled for thee. I knew that thee was unhappy. Is thee unhappy still?"

MacLean tied the shoe strings with elaborate care; then rose from his knees, and stood looking down from his great height upon the Quaker maiden. His face was softened, and when he spoke it was with a gentle voice. "No," he said, "I am not unhappy as at first I was. My king is an exile, and my chief is forfeited. I suppose that my father is dead. Ewin Mackinnon, my foe upon whom I swore revenge, lived untroubled by me, and died at another's hands. My country is closed against me; I shall never see it more. I am named a rebel, and chained to this soil, this dull and sluggish land, where from year's end to year's end the key keeps the house and the furze bush keeps the cow. The best years of

my manhood — years in which I should have acquired honor — have gone from me here. There was a man of my name amongst those gentlemen, old officers of Dundee, who in France did not disdain to serve as private sentinels, that their maintenance might not burden a king as unfortunate as themselves. That MacLean fell in the taking of an island in the Rhine which to this day is called the Island of the Scots, so bravely did these gentlemen bear themselves. They made their lowly station honorable; marshals and princes applauded their deeds. The man of my name was unfortunate, but not degraded; his life was not amiss, and his death was glorious. But I, Angus MacLean, son and brother of chieftains, I serve as a slave; giving obedience where in nature it is not due, laboring in an alien land for that which profiteth not, looking to die peacefully in my bed! I should be no less than most unhappy."

He sat down upon the bench beside Truelove, and taking the hem of her apron began to plait it between his fingers. "But to-day," he said, — "but to-day the sky seems blue, the sunshine bright. Why is that, Truelove?"

Truelove, with her eyes cast down and a deeper wild rose in her cheeks, opined that it was because Friend Marmaduke Haward was well of his fever, and had that day returned to Fair View. "Friend Lewis Contesse did tell my father, when he was in Williamsburgh, that thee made a tenderer nurse than any woman, and that he did think that Marmaduke Haward owed his life to thee. I am glad that thee has made friends with him whom men foolishly call thy master."

"Credit to that the blue sky," said the storekeeper whimsically; "there is yet the sunshine to be accounted for. This room did not look so bright half an hour syne."

But Truelove shook her head, and would not reckon further; instead heard

Ephraim calling, and gently drew her apron from the Highlander's clasp. "There will be a meeting of Friends at our house next fourth day," she said, in her most dovelike tones, as she rose and held out her hand for her new shoes. "Will thee come, Angus? Thee will be edified, for Friend Sarah Story, who hath the gift of prophecy, will be there, and we do think to hear of great things. Thee will come?"

"By St. Kattan, that will I!" exclaimed the storekeeper, with suspicious readiness. "The meeting lasts not long, does it? When the Friends are gone there will be reward? I mean I may sit on the doorstep and watch you — and watch *thee* — spin?"

Truelove dimpled once more, took her shoes, and would have gone her way sedately and alone, but MacLean must needs keep her company to the end of the landing and the waiting Ephraim. The latter, as he rowed away from the Fair View store, remarked upon his sister's looks: "What makes thy cheeks so pink, Truelove, and thy eyes so big and soft?"

Truelove did not know; thought that mayhap 't was the sunshine and the blowing wind.

The sun still shone, but the wind had fallen, when, two hours later, MacLean pocketed the key of the store, betook himself again to the water's edge, and entering a small boat, first turned it sun-wise for luck's sake, then rowed slowly downstream to the great-house landing. Here he found a handful of negroes — boatmen and house servants — basking in the sunlight. Juba was of the number, and at MacLean's call scrambled to his feet and came to the head of the steps. "No, sah, Marse Duke not on de place. He order Mirza an' ride off" — a pause — "an' ride off to de glebe house. Yes, sah, I done tol' him he ought to rest. Goin' to wait tel he come back?"

"No," answered MacLean, with a

darkened face. "Tell him I will come to the great house to-night."

In effect, the storekeeper was now, upon Fair View plantation, master of his own time and person. Therefore, when he left the landing, he did not row back to the store, but, it being pleasant upon the water, kept on downstream, gliding beneath the drooping branches of red and russet and gold. When he came to the mouth of the little creek that ran past Haward's garden, he rested upon his oars, and with a frowning face looked up its silver reaches.

The sun was near its setting, and a still and tranquil light lay upon the water that was glassy smooth. Rowing close to the bank, the Highlander saw through the gold fretwork of the leaves above him far spaces of pale blue sky. All was quiet, windless, listlessly fair. A few birds were on the wing, and far toward the opposite shore an idle sail seemed scarce to hold its way. Presently the trees gave place to a grassy shore, rimmed by a fiery vine that strove to cool its leaves in the flood below. Behind it was a little rise of earth, a green hillock, fresh and vernal in the midst of the flame-colored autumn. In shape it was like those hills in his native land which the Highlander knew to be tenanted by the *daoine shi*, the men of peace. There, in glittering chambers beneath the earth, they dwelt, a potent, eerie, gossamer folk, and thence, men and women, they issued at times to deal balefully with the mortal race.

A woman was seated upon the hillock, quiet as a shadow, her head resting on her hand, her eyes upon the river. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, slight of figure, and utterly, mournfully still, sitting alone in the fading light, with the northern sky behind her, for the moment she wore to the Highlander an aspect not of earth, and he was startled. Then he saw that it was but Darden's Audrey. She watched the water where it gleamed far off, and did not see him in his boat below the

scarlet vines. Nor when, after a moment's hesitation, he fastened the boat to a cedar stump, and stepped ashore, did she pay any heed. It was not until he spoke to her, standing where he could have touched her with his outstretched hand, that she moved or looked his way.

"How long since you left the glebe house?" he demanded abruptly.

"The sun was high," she answered, in a slow, even voice, with no sign of surprise at finding herself no longer alone. "I have been sitting here for a long time. I thought that Hugon might be coming this afternoon. . . . There is no use in hiding, but I thought if I stole down here he might not find me very soon."

Her voice died away, and she looked again at the water. The storekeeper sat down upon the bank, between the hillock and the fiery vine, and his keen eyes watched her closely. "The river," she said at last, — "I like to watch it. There was a time when I loved the woods, but now I see that they are ugly. Now, when I can steal away, I come to the river always. I watch it and watch it, and think. . . . All that you give it is taken so surely, and hurried away, and buried out of sight forever. A little while ago I pulled a spray of farewell summer, and went down there where the bank shelves and gave it to the river. It was gone in a moment for all that the stream seems so stealthy and slow."

"The stream comes from afar," said the Highlander. "In the west, beneath the sun, it may be a torrent flashing through the mountains."

"The mountains!" cried Audrey. "Ah, they are uglier than the woods, — black and terrible! Once I loved them, too, but that was long ago." She put her chin upon her hand, and again studied the river. "Long ago," she said, beneath her breath.

There was a silence; then, "Mr. Haward is at Fair View again," announced the storekeeper.

The girl's face twitched.

"He has been nigh to death," went on her informant. "There were days when I looked for no morrow for him; one night when I held above his lips a mirror, and hardly thought to see the breath-stain."

Audrey laughed. "He can fool even Death, can he not?" The laugh was light and mocking, a tinkling, elvish sound which the Highlander frowned to hear. A book, worn and dog-eared, lay near her on the grass. He took it up and turned the leaves; then put it by, and glanced uneasily at the slender, brown-clad form seated upon the fairy mound.

"That is strange reading," he said.

Audrey looked at the book listlessly. "The schoolmaster gave it to me. It tells of things as they are, all stripped of make-believe, and shows how men love only themselves, and how ugly and mean is the world when we look at it aright. The schoolmaster says that to look at it aright you must not dream; you must stay awake," — she drew her hand across her brow and eyes, — "you must stay awake."

"I had rather dream," said MacLean shortly. "I have no love for your schoolmaster."

"He is a wise man," she answered. "Now that I do not like the woods I listen to him when he comes to the glebe house. If I remember all he says, maybe I shall grow wise, also, and the pain will stop." Once more she dropped her chin upon her hand and fell to brooding, her eyes upon the river. When she spoke again it was to herself: "Sometimes of nights I hear it calling me. Last night, while I knelt by my window, it called so loud that I put my hands over my ears; but I could not keep out the sound, — the sound of the river that comes from the mountains, that goes to the sea. And then I saw that there was a light in Fair View house."

Her voice ceased, and the silence closed in around them. The sun was

setting, and in the west were purple islands merging into a sea of gold. The river, too, was colored, and every tree was like a torch burning stilly in the quiet of the evening. For some time MacLean watched the girl, who now again seemed unconscious of his presence; but at last he got to his feet, and looked toward his boat. "I must be going," he said; then, as Audrey raised her head and the light struck upon her face, he continued more kindly than one would think so stern a seeming man could speak: "I am sorry for you, my maid. God knows that I should know how dreadful are the wounds of the spirit! Should you need a friend" —

Audrey shook her head. "No more friends," she said, and laughed as she had laughed before. "They belong in dreams. When you are awake, — that is a different thing."

The storekeeper went his way, back to the Fair View store, rowing slowly, with a grim and troubled face, while Darden's Audrey sat still upon the green hillock and watched the darkening river. Behind her, at no great distance, was the glebe house; more than once she thought she heard Hugon coming through the bushes and calling her by name. The river darkened more and more, and in the west the sea of gold changed to plains of amethyst and opal. There was a crescent moon, and Audrey, looking at it with eyes that ached for the tears that would not gather, knew that once she would have found it fair.

Hugon was coming, for she heard the twigs upon the path from the glebe house snap beneath his tread. She did not turn or move; she would see him soon enough, hear him soon enough. Presently his black eyes would look into hers; it would be bird and snake over again, and the bird was tired of fluttering. The bird was so tired that when a hand was laid on her shoulder she did not writhe herself from under its touch; instead only shuddered slightly, and

stared with wide eyes at the flowing river. But the hand was white, with a gleaming ring upon its forefinger, and it stole down to clasp her own. "Audrey," said a voice that was not Hugon's.

The girl flung back her head, saw Haward's face bending over her, and with a loud cry sprang to her feet. When he would have touched her again she recoiled, putting between them a space of green grass. "I have hunted you for an hour," he began. "At last I struck this path. Audrey" —

Audrey's hands went to her ears. Step by step she moved backward, until she stood against the trunk of a blood-red oak. When she saw that Haward followed her she uttered a terrified scream. At the sound and at the sight of her face he stopped short, and his outstretched hand fell to his side. "Why, Audrey, Audrey!" he exclaimed. "I would not hurt you, child. I am not Jean Hugon!"

The narrow path down which he had come was visible for some distance as it wound through field and copse, and upon it there now appeared another figure, as yet far off, but moving rapidly through the fading light toward the river. "Jean! Jean! Jean Hugon!" cried Audrey.

The blood rushed to Haward's face. "As bad as that!" he said, beneath his breath. Going over to the girl, he took her by the hands and strove to make her look at him; but her face was like marble, and her eyes would not meet his, and in a moment she had wrenched herself free of his clasp. "Jean Hugon! Help, Jean Hugon!" she called.

The half-breed in the distance heard her voice, and began to run toward them.

"Audrey, listen to me!" cried Haward. "How can I speak to you, how explain, how entreat, when you are like this? Child, child, I am no monster! Why do you shrink from me thus, look at me thus with frightened eyes? You know that I love you!"

She broke from him with lifted hands

and a wailing cry. "Let me go! Let me go! I am running through the corn, in the darkness, and I hope to meet the Indians! I am awake, — oh, God! I am wide awake!"

With another cry, and with her hands shutting out the sound of his voice, she turned and fled toward the approaching trader. Haward, after one deep oath and an impetuous, quickly checked movement to follow the flying figure, stood beneath the oak and watched that meeting: Hugon, in his wine-colored coat and Blenheim wig, fierce, inquisitive, bragging of what he might do; the girl suddenly listless, silent, set only upon an immediate return through the fields to the glebe house.

She carried her point, and the two

went away without let or hindrance from the master of Fair View, who leaned against the stem of the oak and watched them go. He had been very ill, and the hour's search, together with this unwonted beating of his heart, had made him desperately weary, — too weary to do aught but go slowly and without overmuch of thought to the spot where he had left his horse, mount it, and ride as slowly homeward. To-morrow, he told himself, he would manage differently; at least, she should be made to hear him. In the meantime there was the night to be gotten through. MacLean, he remembered, was coming to the great house. What with wine and cards, thought might for a time be pushed out of doors.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF NOVEMBER.

IN the green country it is often hard to say, unprejudiced, what the season is; and if a revenant noted such things, he would find that many days belied the calendar. Indeed, on first going afield after a long imprisonment by illness, I have detected autumnal savors in a stagnant February day, and mistaken the bravery of October for the nuptial splendor of the spring. Seen afar off, the poplars seem to be on fire with blossoms instead of dying foliage in September. In April the young creeper leaves have a look of autumn in their bronzed luxuriance. I have known many a beaming day with "June in her eyes," as Thomas Carew says, —

"June in her eyes, in her heart January," —

with a drear wind that kills the budding roses. But in my suburban street every season, almost every month, is marked

as it were in heavy black letter at its entrance. Nature here uses a brief language, like the hand at Belshazzar's feast, and I know that it is November by the dull, sad trampling of the hooves and feet; by that testy wind among the chimneys (the mere *body* of the wind; its *soul* it left among the hills); by the light, as of an unsnuffed candle, of the sun, that scarcely at midday surmounts the tallest housetops; by the barren morning twilight, broken by no jolly sound of boys whistling or ballad-singing on their errands. The fire should rightly grow pale toward noon, and I detest its continual brightness, which cannot check a shudder as I read the lines on November by a Welsh poet of four or five centuries back. In his Novembers pigs became fat and men dreamed of Christmas. The minstrels began to appear, making a second spring.

The barns were full, — a pleasant thought, that made the bread taste sweet. The butcher was hard at work. The sea, he says, was joyful, and “marrowy the contents of every pot.” The nights were “long to sprightly prisoners,” which I take to refer to the delicious evenings the old Welsh spent, exchanging by the fireside proverbs and tales, —

“Sad stories chanced in the times of old.”

He ends characteristically: “There are three classes that are not often contented, — the sorrowful, the ill-tempered, the miserly.” As if hardly these, in his day, could resist the balm and oil of festal tables, good fires, and minstrelsy! Oh, happy days!

And yet I have joys he never dreamed of, in this mean street. How shall I say with what thoughts I spy a sea gull from my window? — spreading her great wings in flight at altitudes whence perhaps she beholds the sea, — an emblem of that liberty I boast, but do not feel. Sometimes an autumn leaf of vermeil or of gold is blown into my study, and such a feeble knocking will throw open many doors of memory. At night, too, there is often a moon. I do not think the moon is anywhere half so wonderful as in the town. We see “the other side” of her, as a half-wise rustic once said to me. How like to some pale lady of pity she will arise, softly, as if she feared to wake us, out of yonder dismal chimneys! In summer she seems to pass from house to house, low down, a celestial watchman, blessing the doors and windows. Sometimes, more like Aphrodite than Hecate, she comes up all rosy warm. Sometimes, in November, she sits aloft like a halcyon brooding over the strange and lethal calm of London, her face expressing undecipherable things, like La Joconde. Sometimes, white and frostbit, she flies across the mighty dark blue spaces as if she were hurrying to Actæon’s fate, and those hungry clouds were the hounds pursuing.

There has been but one sunset since I came hither, and in the cold succeeding light, so countercharged with darkness, great clouds began to troop toward the west, sombre, stealthy, noiseless; hastening and yet steadfast, as if some fate marshaled their jetty columns, — hushing all that lay beneath, — all moving in one path, yet never jostling, like hooded priests. To what weird banquet, to what mysterious shrine, were they advancing, — to what shrine among the firs of an unseen horizon, with the crow and the bat? Or were they retreating, dejected guests, from some palace in the leaden east? In the west, just above the roofs, hung the white evening star. As the clouds approached she seemed to be a maiden, — Una, perhaps, encircled by a crew of satyrs. Anon she seemed to be a witch alluring them.

The moon is my closest neighbor, but there is also close at hand a superb laborer, who, if he were of stone, and not of gnarled brown flesh, might stand in a temple of fame as Cincinnatus. At times I drink a cup of tea — or something stronger — with him. Even without a cup, he sits, as it were, “with his feet by the fire, his stomach at the board,” so genial is he, and would shake Alexander by the hand, with a greeting like the old French bacchanal’s, *bon vieux drôle Anacréon*. I feel warmer in my bed as I hear him shouting good-day, in the shrewd early morning, long before dawn. His bad jokes are more laughable than the very best of good ones. Like all good men, he is an assiduous smoker; his pipe is to him a temple of Vesta, and he a goodly stoker; out of his nostrils goeth smoke, and his wife calls him Leviathan. When I remarked that I thought he had no difficulty in stopping smoking, if he liked, “No,” he answered, “but the difficulty is in the liking.” I would rather live a day such as he lives than have written *The Tempest*.

The only other neighbors with whom

I am on calling terms are certain tall poplars, half a mile away. There the calendar is observed less slavishly, and though it be November I go to see a fine yellow sunlight slanting among the only half-denuded branches, hardly touched until yesterday's rainy tempest broke up forever the sibylline summer meanings of their leaves. But they ought to be visited by night. By day they may appear insignificant among the houses that have risen around. They seem exotic, out of place, — Heliades, daughters of the Sun indeed, condemned to weep amber tears, — horribly slender, unprotected, naked to the world. In the night, however, they seem to have grown by magical increase. They have a solemn look in the evenfall of these sad-fading days. The place is too mournful. There is usually one empty house, and the withering foliage whips the panes. I have spent many an evening inside, listening to the wind. But I could not live there; I should be bound to open the window at that piteous sound, as if to let in a storm-stricken bird, and expect to find the dryad wringing her hands in sorrow. The poplars contrive in summer to look cheerful, yet I think they love the autumn best. They are in love with their own decay, like old and widowed ladies that have lived on into these flat, unprofitable times.

On another side, and farther still, lies a common, beautiful with gorse, though in the main a mournful place. I sometimes walk there in the morning, between eleven and noon, and meet a number of odd people, in this hour when the prosperous are at their work. They stare at me, and I at them, wondering what the shabby raiment hides. For they — I might say we — are usually ill-dressed, eccentrically-groomed, dreamy, self-conscious people, evidently with secrets. I surmise that they are such as have failed in the world for some vices of honesty, or strangeness, or carelessness of opinion. *Laudatur et alget.*

One seems to be a cadet of some grand fallen house, with no insignia left save a gold snuffbox (sans snuff) and a pair of ivory hands. Another is perhaps an author, stately, uncomplaining, morose withal, whose nonsense did not suit the times.

"The world is all before him, where to choose
His place of rest,"

but at his garret the duns are in occupation. Another, though singularly jaded, is evidently an old beau, once, no doubt, a Fastidious Brisk, "a good property to perfume the boot of a coach," using delicate oaths; with soiled necktie scrupulously folded, his trousers turned up (only to display their threadbare edges and a pair of leanest shanks); brought to the dust by the law and some indignant plotter for his hand. One is a man of eighty, who wears a stock, — probably a superannuated clerk, one who has seen his master's failure (it may be), and refuses another place. I see him conning the law news, — though he seems too blind to read, — always with a knowing smile or frown. They are always solitary. They regard one another with suspicion, seem to fear lest questions be asked, and never exchange greetings. They give themselves airs, as hoping to draw toward them the respect they once commanded. And for the most part they are men. One lady I remember, a venerable but grim and unapproachable dame, — the relict, perhaps, of a gentleman, an insolvent rake. I have heard her mutter, in a temper out of keeping with her gentility, and shake her slender staff, as if she cried, like Lear: —

"I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now."

She is a great reader, in sunny intervals, on a seat overhung, but not shaded, by hawthorn, and I love to see her poring, with tears in her eyes, over a book which I have purposely left there as she approached. In this way she has read

George Herbert's Temple, The Worldling's Looking Glass, and many more. . . . It would be easy to laugh when she and three or four of these poor souls are sheltered under the same tree from the rain, — never speaking, and looking unconcerned, but all the time nervously anxious to impress, and the beau arranging his tie.

In the evenings I could almost love these brand-new streets, so nimbly do they set the mind working to find anodynes and fantasies "to batter the walls of melancholy." My books seem to be fond of the night, — poor ghosts of buried minds, — and are never so apt as in the faint candlelight to be taken down and read, or perhaps merely glanced at as I turn the pages, which I think they best enjoy. The portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by his own censorious hand, hangs near, and loves the twilight. If ever, he seems now to smile. 'Tis such a light that in it fancy can without apparent falseness weave suitable environment for all the ghostly lords and ladies. Proserpina, with the pomegranate, may now have Enna within sight. Beatrice d' Este, with passion long subdued, gazes upon the pageantry of Milan, and cares no more for Sforza and the Sanseverini, — does not even hate Lucrezia and Cecilia. . . .

I recall November holidays in a tangled wood, having all the perfume and sequestered sense of virgin forest, that lay in the hollows of some undulating upland, whence, with "morning souls" alert, we used to be able to see the dawn, a rust-red smoke waving along the horizon, and presently turned to saffron; then a sky of pearl, with a faint bloom of the night blue upon it; and one by one the stars went out, so slowly that we fancied they would never disappear if we watched them vigilantly; the consumptive moon went down, having outlived her light, as the first black-bird awakened with a cornet call; the sparrows, like schoolboys, on those cold

mornings, chattered and fluttered, but dared not leave the eaves; and all the cold of the windy dawn seemed to be in the starling's thin piping. Sometimes on the lawny interspaces of the wood we saw fallen leaves and fruit, gold and silver, like sheddings from Hesperidian gardens, in the noonday sun. And oh for the tang of acorns eaten for wantonness in sunshine from which we never missed the heat! Not until nightfall did we return, and then, "happy, happy livers," laughed as our feet scattered into a myriad prisms the grim jewelry of frost.

But to-night, as I take the selfsame walk, under the flying rags of a majestic sunset, the gray and silent landscape of few trees and many houses seems a deserted camp (which I startle when I tread among the fallen leaves), or a Canaan from which the happy savage, childhood, has been banished. I long to gather a few sad flowers from the grave of buried time. High up on a blank wall lingers one pure white rose. White with cold, and flickering as if the powerful wind might blow them out, a few stars shine. Far away the leafless branches of an elm grove look like old print against the sky. Though I cannot wallow naked in December's snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat, yet my study fire is more delicious dreamed of in these misty streets.

And now, by the hearthside, I like best among books the faint perfumes of those old forgotten things that claim a little pity along with my love. I had rather the Emblems of Quarles than mightier books where there is too much of the fever and the fret of real passionate life. Odd books of devotion, of church music, the happy or peevish fancies of religious souls, please me well. I plead guilty to liking a thing because 'tis old. I believe, were I alive two hundred years hence, I should like silk hats. As George Herbert says of two words he set great store by: —

"As amber-gris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster,
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An oriental fragraney. . . .
 With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind e'en thrust into them both;
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my
 mind."

Were it always evening I could live
 ever thus, and find in it a pleasing substi-
 tute for Arcadia, in which, as the bricks
 mellowed around me and all things took
 a deep autumnal tone, I should be as
 much in love with the life as Charles Cot-
 ton with his, and capable of a vanity like
 his, and I hope as pardonable. How
 delicious are those execrable "irregular
 stanzas" of his, where he seems to ex-
 pect to go to heaven, because

"Good Lord! how sweet are all things here,
How cleanly do we feed and lie.
 Lord! what good temperate Hours we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
 How innocent from the lewd Fashion
 Is all our Business, all our Recreation!"

Perhaps, indeed, of such is the kingdom
 of heaven.

It has been observed that we "de-
 vour" a book, and "discuss" a turkey
 or chine; in Lilly I find a good fellow
 who wants to "confer" certain liquor:
 and with the help of these metaphors
 I have often dined well, though I have
 eaten little. I have meditated, indeed,
 a new cookery book "for the library," or
 "every bookman his own cook," but the
 tradesmen's dissuasions have prevailed.
 But out upon them! I had hoped by
 this means to record those messes of old
 calf and dog's-ears that so reduced our
 bills at——. Many a time and oft
 have I seen a guest's lips glorified, as if

he tasted ambrosia, after reading Greek,
 — Euripides, perhaps, or something sol-
 emn from Callimachus. A Welshman
 of the company declared that in speak-
 ing his own fine tongue he seemed to
 taste buttermilk and fruit at some moun-
 tain farm, a mile nearer heaven than
 one commonly lives. Corydon used to
 say he would never read Shelley save at
 midnight, because he could not bear to
 eat soon after the taste of those melodi-
 ous syllables. Give me that man whose
mind is, in a better sense than Terence
 intended, always among the pots and
 pans. And I think, on this humming
 midnight, I could sleep well, even sup-
 perless, after reading Ben Jonson's lusty
 lines Inviting a Friend to Supper: —

"To-night, grave sir, both my poor house
 and I
 Do equally desire your company;
 Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
 But that your worth will dignify our feast,
 With those that come; whose grace may make
 that seem
 Something, which else could hope for no
 esteem.
 It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
 The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
 An olive, capers, or some better salad
 Ushering the mutton. . . .

I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come,
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which
 some
 May yet be there; and godwit, if we can;
 Knut, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
 Livy, or of some better book to us,
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our
 meat.

Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
 But at our parting, we will be, as when
 We innocently met. No simple word
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
 Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night."

Edward Thomas.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

O RARE one, born in rugged Thessaly,
 Hard by Olympus and sweet Helicon,
 O haunter of the sunny Cyclades,
 O muse of Sappho and Simonides,
 Of late where hast thou gone?

We trace thy wandering feet to Tiber's land,
 Where happy Flaccus sang the Roman noon;
 Along the Arno and the haunted Rhine,
 By Mulla's flood and Avon's silver line,
 And by the banks o' Doon.

And late it seemed that by the western Charles
 We heard thy pipe in sweetest cadence drawn;
 The Hudson and the busy Merrimac
 A moment flung the wayward echoes back,
 But now the voice is gone.

O muse, the world is empty of thy song;
 The pipe is silent now, and dumb the flute.
 Come sweep again Apollo's mighty lyre,
 And bring to earth again the lyric fire.
 O muse, why art thou mute?

Fred Lewis Pattee.

THE ROWAN TREE.

I.

'Tis I go singing, singing, across the fields at dawn.
 With fairy music ringing the blithe new day is born,
 And all the trees are stirring, far as the eye can see,
But never tiniest leaflet moves on the rowan tree.
 Ah! flutings from the sea of dreams, ye will not let me rest;
 Ye call and call, the livelong day, the heart from out my breast. —
 The heart from out my breast to the face mine eyes must see
 Because I slept at nightfall beneath the rowan tree.

II.

Dreaming, dreaming, toward the West from the East I go.
 What my dreams are, they alone, they the fay folk know.
 Purple visions sway and reel, love lights flash and flee,
Keeping time to the clash of bells, round and round the rowan tree.
 Sinks the sun in the opal sea, still the dream leads on,
 (Weary feet and longing eyes,) and the day is gone.

Longing eyes and aching heart, still the love lights flee
Since I saw Dream Ailka under the rowan tree.

III.

'Tis I go weeping, weeping, across the dewy meads;
The cruel hills are sleeping, no least breath stirs the reeds.
No least breath stirs the reeds, nor west wind comforts me,
But I hear the branches groaning, all on the rowan tree.
My brothers, O my brothers, call me to life and light!
'Tis human love can fold me from the Terror of the Night.
They pass before me, cold and hard, and oh! they jeer at me,
For I have kissed Dream Ailka beneath the rowan tree.

Katharine Aldrich.

THE FOUR PLACES OF SORROW.

THERE is sorrow for me in the North, where the black wind blows.
(Hush, O wind of the dirges, O voice of the restless dead!)
The ache of its cruel keening through my heart like an arrow goes;
I see in the tossing waters the sheen of a dear bright head.

There is sorrow for me in the South, where the white wind sings.
(Hush, O wind of all lovers, crooning a laugh and a cry!)
On the pain of a dream love-haunted breaks the music of wings:
Sea gulls, sweeping and swaying, saw ye my dead drift by?

There is sorrow for me in the East, where the red wind burns.
(Hush, O wind of remorse, O wind of the scourging flame!)
Under its slow cold dawning the soul of the drowned returns,
And wan, in the startled daybreak, a ghost from the sea he came.

There is sorrow for me in the West, where the brown wind raves.
(Hush, O wind from the bogs, O memory-freighted wind!)
He is spindrift hither and thither, sport of unweary waves.
Would that my heart were close on his heart, my eyes on his eyes were blind!

Ethna Carbery.

SONG.

I FOLLOW Song, —

Unto the utmost east I follow Song.
Song dawns with day, it dreams with dusk,
It lights the happy stars upon their way,
It calms the wild, weird fears that throng:
I follow Song.

I follow Song.

There youth and love go laughing, hand in hand;
There sorrow, joy, and hope and tears,
Are of one gentle, weeping, sister band,

Sent to illumine man's impassioned years:
I follow Song.

I follow Song.
O Death, made dear by sweetest melody,
Come thou at noon or night, I go
Fondly to thy embrace, so thou wilt show
Unto my soul the Soul of Poetry:
I follow Song.

Robert Loveman.

COMMONWEALTH.

Joy of the sage and joy of the saint
That have pierced life's inmost fold —
(You too are a soul, O blinded and faint)
Take that for your joy; be bold!

Joy of the child in his pulse and brain,
In his human hand and voice —
(This in your blood is the human strain)
Take that for your joy; rejoice!

Joy of the bird-flight over your head,
Joy of the grass in spring —
(You too are alive, that would fain be dead)
Take that for your joy, and sing!

Joy of the wave in the south wind curled,
Joy of the stars and sun —
(You that repine are a drop of the world)
Take that for your joy; march on!

Alice Van Vliet.

THE WANDERER'S SOUL.

OH, why should I weep because men weep!
For me fierce winds are singing,
And past the mists and the veils of rain,
A blithesome Soul, I'm winging.

And past the moon, with her pool of dreams
And her ruined hills forlorn,
I seek the tale she has long forgot,
And I hear Orion's horn.

Orion hunts with the laughing Dead;
And, down the thundering skies,
They point my little grave to me
Where wet in the field it lies.

Anita Fitch.

MOTH JOY.

THE dim, gray dust blown by my breath
 Is not the moth's defeat;
 Before it fell was victory won, —
 A triumph, fiery, fleet,

Of cleaving to the soul of flame.
 What then the end of dust?
 A thrill of ecstasy and death
 Outweighs the centuries' rust.

L. Studdiford McChesney.

WE MAY LOVE.

SONG.

FROM the withered, bitter ground
 Every sweet has taken leave;
 Joy there's none, of sight or sound;
 Naught to do but sit and grieve?
 Look — the blue! bent close above,
 Close above;
 While it hovers we may love,
 We may love.

John Vance Cheney.

"ALLEE SAME."

WHEN a Chinese child is born, the fortune teller is always called in. When the fortune teller came to pronounce his report on the future of Oo Too, the little son whom the Chinese stork brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chi Ping, over the Chinese Theatre, he said: —

"Oo Too will be a great man. There is an evil spirit dwelling in the bedquilt that will try to destroy him, to lose him, but he will be found; and unless the genii are displeased his father will live to be happy and proud of Oo Too."

So little Mrs. Chi Ping was more joyful over the arrival of her son than even before the visit of the fortune teller, and while her husband attended to his business of acting the parts of bad men in

the playhouse downstairs, she occupied herself above in sewing, and cooking, and taking care of Oo Too.

He was a fine little yellow, moon-faced fellow, and presently, when he was a year old, he had become the pet of the neighborhood, the delight of the troupe of actors and of the fortune teller and other wise men of the quarter.

While Mrs. Chi Ping sewed beautiful embroideries to sell to the merchants, she sat on the doorstep of the tall tenement where the theatre was on the first floor, and dozens of her countrymen lodged, like bees in a hive, on all the other stories; and she smoked her pipe, and watched Oo Too playing with his rattle and tiny gong, and dreamed

dreams of the time when Oo Too should be a great man ; but she shuddered considerably when she thought of the evil spirit that hid in the bedquilt, and wondered if the many yellow written prayers and the incense which her husband and she both burned every day would not appease the genii, and defeat the evil spirit and pull him out of the bedquilt.

But evidently the bedquilt spirit was too much for both prayers and incense ; for one memorable day, while Mrs. Ping smoked and embroidered, while Mr. Ping, splendidly attired in the robes of a wicked mandarin, shouted his part in the theatre at a rehearsal, Oo Too was whisked up and away by a China-town missionary named Miss Virginia Staunton ; and although law and sentiment, anger and hatred, entreaty and supplication, were each in turn resorted to by poor Mr. and Mrs. Chi Ping, the courts decided that they were unfit persons to have the custody of their child ; that the father was an actor wearing masks ; that the mother smoked opium, very likely ; and that, since the good and excellent young lady had legally adopted Oo Too, it was for his parents to rejoice that so good a thing had happened to him, rather than to inveigh against the benefaction.

Nevertheless, although Chi Ping went about his business of acting with something more than his accustomed vehemence, he said little ; but Mrs. Ping never ceased to clamor in the houses, the shops, the streets, and the theatre for her stolen child ; never ceased to burn prayers and incense for his return to her ; never ceased to weep and lament that out of her loving mother's arms her firstborn son had been taken away causelessly into the life of foreign devils, to be brought up to hate and despise the religion of his forefathers, to trample his ancestors under the foot of his mind, and to sneer and laugh at the honorable customs of his native land.

So loud and far-reaching and per-

sistent, indeed, were the murmurings of this tiny yellow mother that they finally reached and smote the heart of Miss Virginia Staunton, who kindly condescended to say to her lawyer, who said it to Chi Ping, who told it to his wife :

"Oo Too is safe and happy, happier than he could possibly be with you ; he will be educated, and grow up into a Christian man. His name is no longer Oo Too Ping ; you cannot find him ; no one but myself knows where he is or who he is. But I promise you, if we are all alive, when your son, whom you call Oo Too, is eighteen years of age, you shall see him if you wish to, and you will then be proud of him : and for this I give you my word."

Then Mrs. Ping fell down on her bed, and rent the quilt in pieces, and cried out to Mr. Ping : —

"Ah, it is within this cursed quilt that the evil spirit lived of whom the fortune teller spoke ; and he spoke true : our little son is lost ; for us he is destroyed. He will be found, yes, but after seventeen more years ; and when he is found, he will be for us a foreign devil, — no more a Chinaman, like his honorable ancestors !" And Mrs. Ping cried more bitterly than ever.

Mr. Ping said : —

"I would rather believe our little son dead than to hear what the white lady says. It is a mystery that, in a country which is called the free, we find our son taken from our arms, and no one to raise his arm to restore him to us."

"Seventeen years !" moaned Mrs. Ping. "And all those long months, full of long days, I and you must sit down and wait to behold our little son. And when we see him, he will be no longer small to sit in my lap, but a man and a Christian !"

"Seventeen years," reiterated Chi Ping, in a relentless fashion.

"Seventeen years," echoed the fortune teller, who came in just then, grieving with other friends, but not quite

able to conceal his pleasure in the speedy and not entirely usual fulfillment of his prognostications.

"Seventeen years," also said several wise and rich men, who came in for the purpose of condoling with Chi Ping.

"Seventeen years!" said little Mrs. Ping, with mournful, appealing gestures, her almond eyes asking plainly of these powerful personages if they could not propose some plan to cut away those awful years and restore her baby to her heart.

But they all shook their heads very sadly as they smoked; and Mrs. Ping wept softly on her bed while she tore the evil bedquilt into strips.

"Well," said Chi Ping at last, "it is quite true that we have the most powerful servant on our side, as well as have these others who have stolen our child."

And all the wise, rich men wagged their heads and smoked the harder, and stared at the actor; and his wife stopped tearing up the quilt to stare at him, too.

"Chi Ping is correct," remarked the fortune teller, with a sage bob; for it was in his trade always to know what every one meant, whether he really did or not; yet he waited silently for Ping to continue.

"We have the servant that is stronger than any other; fleetier than the camel before the wind, than the hungry mule that crosses the river to his pasture, than the horse that runs into the fire, than the tiger that seeks his mate; slower than the seed that sleeps, than the riches that are always coming, and never arrive; more powerful than the monarchs it watches die, than the gods it defies."

As Chi Ping paused, all present bobbed their heads several times, with a solemn air of sagacity, yet no one undertook to speak.

"We have Time," concluded Ping. "It is our servant."

And they all bobbed once again, and nodded at one another; and three of the

richest merchants of the quarter, and a priest, and Chi Ping — leaving out the fortune teller, for even Chinese fortune tellers are not above the greed of gold — went out together to the joss house and held a consultation; for Ping was a man of uncommon intelligence and learning, although of the middle class and poor; and among the Chinese the scholar ranks next to royalty.

And while Chi Ping and his advisers and friends took counsel together in the East Side, Miss Virginia Staunton was chatting with her suitor, the Rev. Thornton Bennett, in the West, about little Oo Too. She said: —

"I am glad, Thornton, that you approve of me about that dear little rescued Chinese darling. I shan't tell even you where he is, but I will tell you the name I have given him, — Ernest Pingree; and I feel that he is going to be a good man, now that I have succeeded in removing him entirely from those wretches, his actor-father and opium-smoking mother. I have legally proven to the poor misguided creatures that he is better off, and very likely, if facts were known, they are glad to be rid of him."

"Highly probable," assented Mr. Bennett, whose mind was also on the Chinese question, and whose hopes were centred on going as a missionary to China, and taking Miss Virginia with him as his wife.

They were earnest souls, full of zeal, good works, exemplary living, self-denial, and serious purpose, and having equally thorough faith in the purity and in the wisdom of their own actions.

Not very long after Chi Ping's consultation with his friends in the joss house, he left the theatre, as he said, for good; that is, as an actor. His home remained up in the tenement, and through the long days and far into the nights Mrs. Ping sat alone, or with one or two of her countrywomen, always talking of Oo Too; alone, because her husband

had changed his business, and went uptown on the West Side, to work for Ah Soon in his laundry, ironing and washing and starching, and carrying home nice clean clothes in brown parcels to the many customers of Ah Soon. Among these was Miss Virginia Staunton, and quite a number of times the young lady herself paid Chi Ping for the washing, and of course did not know in the least that he was the father of her little adopted boy, Ernest Pingree; but Chi Ping knew, the rich merchants and the priest of the joss house knew. Miss Virginia spoke pleasantly to Chi Ping, and asked him his name; and he smiled and answered, "Johnnee Chineeman." And she invited him to come to her class in Sunday school, and he answered very politely: "Johnnee velly nice Clistian man allee same likee Melican lady; Johnnee makee velly same likee white lady bimeby. Goo'-by."

And Miss Virginia was extremely pleased with her laundryman, and gave him a Prayer Book; and as she was very busy getting ready to be married, she had n't time just then to instruct him any further.

Of course the wedding was to be soon. Chi Ping knew all that, for the next week such a lot of frilled, laced, and embroidered linen came to the laundry of Ah Soon, with particular instructions that it was to be "done up with extra care," that all the men nodded their heads over their irons and said together, "Mallied soon, Melican lady."

And at the end of the week there was such a great pile of beautiful foamy, filmy things to go home to Miss Virginia that Ah Soon went and bought one of those fine little varnished handcars to put them in, and Chi Ping took them all home; and Miss Virginia was so pleased with his laundry work that she gave him half a dollar, and said: —

"Johnnee, I am going to be married to the best man in the world; and when I am back from my wedding tour, I

shall send word to Ah Soon for you to come for my clothes."

And Chi Ping grinned, and when he went home down to the East Side, late that night, and told his friends of it, they all grinned; and the wisest and richest of the merchants said, with a wink at the joss sticks they lighted, "What a fine servant Time is!"

But little Mrs. Ping mourned and grew paler every day, and her narrow eyes grew hollow, and her cheeks, and she murmured over and over again in the ear of any one who would listen to her, "Seventeen years! Seventeen years!"

Miss Virginia — or rather, as she must now be called, Mrs. Bennett — did not forget her promise to Chi Ping, by any means, and when she returned from Niagara, and went to live in a pretty flat uptown, near her old home, she wrote a postal card, bidding Ah Soon send for the washing: and every week, regularly, Chi Ping fetched and carried the piles of linen, sometimes in his bag, sometimes in the fine little varnished cart, which had Ah Soon's name printed on it in red, and which at that time was quite a novelty, for Ah Soon was then the only Clinaman in town who owned one.

Chi Ping and all his friends considered it a distinct degradation to push or pull the cart, but neither he nor they ever said so to one another or to any one else; indeed, Ping pursued the even tenor of his uneventful life with that strange and classic calm which has pervaded his nation since the days of Confucius, some twenty-five hundred years ago. There was no outward expression from the present laundryman as to his sentiments on the change in his association, whatever his inward feelings may have been. He had now scarcely any time to himself, where formerly he had had many hours a day for study, reading, and recreation; his pay was miserably small compared with the good salary he had earned in the portrayal of all the villains of the Chinese drama; his com-

panions in the laundry were men of no education ; and altogether, from whatever cause, the present existence of Chi Ping, if from choice or compulsion, must have been sadly at variance with his tastes and former habits. Yet he was never seen other than cheerful, and always trying to console Mrs. Ping in her sorrow.

"The priests do not weary," he said to her. "They recite incantations and pronounce magic words ; each day they burn written prayers and incense. The gods and the genii will come out of the grottoes and deal blows, heavy blows, to the foreign devils with the bluish eyes. Oo Too will be avenged."

"Ah, but will he ever be returned to me ?" cried Mrs. Ping.

And her husband answered, "We must wait."

Meantime the months had slipped away, and it was more than a year since Miss Virginia's wedding day ; and one Monday morning, when Chi Ping came with his bag for the clothes, he had to wait a long while at the basement door, — for the Bennetts' flat was on the first floor, and their kitchen was below ; and so he sat down, as he often did, on the stone steps, and looked at the children already out on the sidewalk playing.

Presently the cook came and handed him the bundle, and she smiled and said to him, "Johnnee, we've got a little baby upstairs."

And Chi Ping did not move on the steps, but said, in his dull, listless way, "Boy ?"

"Yes, a nice little boy," the woman replied.

"Good, velly good. Johnnee glad. Goo'-by."

And that night, when Mr. Ping went back to Chinatown after his work, he and his rich and powerful friends, the merchants, had a long talk over their pipes and tea in one of the shops, and Chi Ping said, as he rose to go home to his wife : —

"Well, from to-day I always take

home the clothes in the cart ; and it is no more seventeen years until I see my son, but now only sixteen."

And "Sixteen years ! Sixteen years !" wailed little Mrs. Ping monotonously, day in and day out, yet with a great patience, for the Chinese is the most patient person under the sun. Yet sometimes, when she saw the wife of the comedian of the troupe with her little girl in her arms, she reached out her own thin yellow little hands toward the west, where she supposed her Oo Too to be, and wept and trembled and shook until her heart was almost broken with the misery and uncertainty and anguish of it all, with the mad, impotent sense of the injustice and cruelty of it.

So for three hundred and sixty-five days after the birth of Mrs. Bennett's little son Mrs. Ping continued to reiterate, "Sixteen years ! Sixteen years !"

Then Chi Ping said to her, early one morning, as he was going up to the laundry : —

"It is no longer sixteen years : now it is only fifteen, and the son of our enemy is a year of age, and you must burn prayers and incense all day for a week now, and go into the joss house and spend your hours there."

And Mrs. Ping said, "I will do as you say."

That happened to be a Monday morning, and Chi Ping presently trotted off from the laundry, pushing his cart after Mrs. Bennett's clothes. It was December, very cold, and he came as usual and sat on the steps. He was a little too early, and he fell asleep, with his head leaning on the handle of the cart as it stood beside him in the area, — so fast asleep that cook had to waken him.

"Why, Johnnee !" she cried, as she gave him a bounce with the big bundle. "I do always have to be after wakin' ye up ivry week ! What's the matther wid ye ? Get up and get out of the way ! Sure 'n' here's Joanna wantin' to get through wid the baby carriage !"

"Solly, velly solly!" said Chi Ping, rising slowly and yawning. "Chineeman work muchee, sleepee lill, tiled evly day!"

"Goo-goo gar-ar-ar!" remarked Thornton Bennett, Jr., seizing Mr. Ping's pointed finger.

Mr. Ping smiled. "Nice lill babee!" he said. "Goo'-by."

On Saturday, when Ah Soon always sent home Mrs. Bennett's clothes, it was still colder than it had been on Monday; but the Bennett baby was brought up to go out in all sorts and conditions of weather, and Chi Ping was not at all surprised when, at the close-gathering twilight, he saw it being wheeled up and down from the corner to the house, waiting and watching for its father to alight from the trolley car. It was the only child on the block just then, although a dozen shrill voices could be heard shrieking around on the avenue, where the gutter had been converted into a sliding-pond. Chi Ping passed the baby carriage, trotting along with his cart. He took out the clothes, and handed the large piles in to the cook; and as he sat down on the step to wait for his money the baby carriage came into the area, and the nurse said, pushing past Chi Ping where he leaned, apparently sleeping soundly:—

"Keep still now, baby, be good, while Joanna goes in and gets your other afghan; it's too cold to keep you out any longer without it, waiting for dada."

Then the same instant that the nurse disappeared Mr. Ping woke up, and took a small vial from one of his jacket pockets and a cloth from another, and tipped the vial on the cloth and clapped it over the face of Thornton Bennett, Jr., and opened the little cart, and snatched up the baby and thrust him, cloth, bottle, and all, inside, and snapped to the cart door, and sat down on the area steps again, and went fast asleep, leaning against the cart handle.

Then the nurse came out, and then

the cook, then the baby's mother; then his father arrived from downtown, where he went every day to teach; then the neighbors in the flat-house, and the policemen presently: and Mr. Ping was in the midst of the hubbub and confusion, and Joanna told how she had seen him asleep when she went in, asleep when she came out; and everybody questioned him, but Chi Ping could give no information at all.

"Johnnee muchee velly tiled; washee, washee allee time; fallée sleepee evly day; evly time come Mis' Bennett; solly! Nice lill babee; too bad loseee only lill babee havee; velly solly; velly bad. Goo'-by; go tellee Ah Soon. Velly solly too. Come 'gain next week money. Goo'-by."

As Chi Ping, his hands on his cart handle, turned to go away, Mrs. Bennett rushed up to him on the sidewalk and laid her white hands both on his yellow ones.

"Oh, Johnnee!" cried the frantic mother. "Try, try to remember! Did n't you hear baby cry while you slept? Did n't you hear a footstep, or feel some one brush by you? Try, Johnnee, try to remember!"

"No hea' babee cly; if babee cly, Johnnee must hea' cly; no hea'; no step; no blush by Johnnee. Johnnee sleepee sleepee sound. Solly."

"Oh, my baby! my baby! Stolen from me! Oh, God! what shall I do?" and the mother sank swooning in her husband's arms, while Chi Ping trotted off, pushing the little varnished cart before him back to the laundry of Ah Soon.

The town rang with it; the whole country echoed the mother's wild prayer, the poor father's desperate appeals. Rewards were offered by both of the baby's grandfathers, men of wealth and prominence; the town offered a reward; the mothers of the town offered a reward. But Thornton Bennett, Jr., was not to be had for cry of love, or lure of lucre, or subtlety of detection.

The night of the day of his disappearance Chi Ping carried a parcel home to Chinatown, as he often had for the past year, — just the same sized and weighted parcel; he also went out to a shop and had tea and smoked with his rich, influential friends, and the comedian and the manager of the theatre; and a week later, while all the rewards were being offered, and the newspapers had headings in large type, and the land was ringing with accounts of the inscrutable, dastardly cruelty of those who would rob a young mother of her first-born son, Chinatown had a festival of its own, to which no one outside of it paid any heed. Chinatown has many festivals; one more or less makes no difference. In this one they carried, swinging between paper lanterns and strings of beads, strips of bright yellow paper with a blue dragon printed at either end, and in between the wise words of Chi Ping, late villain of Chinatown theatre, — "Time is our Servant."

By and by, little Mrs. Ping, who now had plenty to do taking care of Thornton Bennett, Jr., dyeing his face with saffron every other day, and his hair with a black liquid, and dressing him in the garments of her own Oo Too, and presently teaching him the first maxims of the classics (that is, Confucius; for Chi Ping was, as has been intimated, an educated person, and not under the sway wholly of the Taoist priests), — by and by, then, Mrs. Ping, while she tended the baby, whom they called Ah Ping, began to say, "Fifteen years! Fifteen years!" every morning when she got up, and every night when she went to bed.

And all the while Chi Ping was fetching and carrying the clothes in the hand-cart from the Bennetts' flat to the laundry of Ah Soon every week, and often seeing Mrs. Bennett, and hearing her incessant laments for her little son.

At last Chi Ping did not come any more for the clothes, and the new Chinaman who came could not speak any Eng-

lish at all, except "Close comee. Ah Soon man; all light, goo'-by;" and Mrs. Bennett was sorry, for she held any one dear who had seen and known her baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Ping, with Ah Ping, now being full two years of age, started one morning for San Francisco, and reached there five days later, and took ship and sailed away for Hong-Kong, and thence traveled to Peking, with plenty of money and in good comfort, for the rich merchants of Chinatown spared nothing to help avenge the kidnapping of the actor's little son; and they said to Chi Ping when he was leaving the town: —

"Write to us every year for the whole fourteen years, — do not fail once; and we will write to you every year at the Feast of Dragons, and we will keep you in entire knowledge of the movements of those who stole away Oo Too from his mother's arms."

So Chi Ping and his wife and Ah Ping lived on in Peking, and Chi Ping went back to his old profession of acting, but with only small parts to play and a small salary, in the Royal Theatre.

And from year to year Mrs. Ping said, "Fourteen years, thirteen years, twelve years;" and each year Chi Ping received a letter from his rich merchant friends in America. But the news was always the same, until the eleventh year was near its beginning; then the word came that the Bennetts were going out to China as missionaries, and that their destination was Peking.

The same year of their arrival they were of course much interested in all that they saw, and although the inscrutable loss of the baby was ever present and never to be lessened, still the father and mother tried to bow in meekness and humility to the affliction that had been permitted; tried to be cheerful and to be good. The annual Feast of Dragons occurred soon after their arrival; and as they gazed out on the procession, they beheld little Ah Ping, now being five years old, pass by, arrayed, as Chinese children

are for this greatest of festivals, in embroidered and gold-trimmed garments, a grinning and horrible mask decorating his chest, beautiful crisp paper flowers encircling his head, immense twisted horns springing out from either side of his gaudy wreath, and a festival drum in his hands.

"What a sweet little face, Thornton!" cried Mrs. Bennett. "Look! the features are not Chinese at all, but only the yellow skin and pigtail, and the awful insignia of heathendom. Oh, how I shall work and strive among these benighted children, in blessed memory of my lost darling!"

Which indeed she did for five years. At this time little Mrs. Ping was saying wearily, "Six more years, six more years, more long, more cruel, than the first!" and burning as many prayers and as much incense as she could afford, which was not a great deal, for her husband had lost his position at the theatre; they said he was too old, and no longer supple and big enough of lung; and a few taels a week was all he could earn, and the boy must be well taken care of, he must go on at school.

So Mrs. Ping went to work in a factory, and was pulled and pushed back and forth every day in a wheelbarrow by a cooly, in company with seven other women, just to earn a little and keep Ah Ping at school. Chi Ping himself went from bad to worse in the way of occupation, until finally he had to take to camel-driving with coals across the marshy plains to Taku.

But Mrs. Ping said when she reached home each night from the oil factory, "Five years, five years, and I shall see my little son;" and she made supper of acorn-flour cakes for herself and Ah Ping, who was now grown to be a fine fellow of eleven, very studious, very devout, very learned in all the religion of the Chinese, which was extremely fitting, as Chi Ping intended him to be a priest, if money could be earned to

keep him at the schools and colleges long enough.

But Chi Ping was now away, and could not get back with his reloaded camels for four months longer, and Mrs. Ping had to keep the letter from America unread until his return.

When he got home he read it, and the rich merchants said: "Those who stole away your little son have written to America for one to be sent to them who has been educated in a remote part of Maine. We have seen him; we believe he is Chinese; we think he may be your son; he is of the proper age; but you must wait, and not be in haste."

And Chi Ping and his wife both said, under their breath, "Haste!" and Chi Ping added: "Oh, but Time is the one excellent servant of the poor; let us not despise the years yet to pass, but the rather spend them in toiling bravely to educate Ah Ping in the grand, the munificent religion of our country."

And they did toil; and the toil wrote wrinkles in the quaint little wistful face of Mrs. Ping, and furrows in the swart countenance of her husband; but the boy did not toil or fare badly, going to his college and the joss house, and learning all the rites and mysteries of the Chinese faith.

Now the five years were nearing their close; the seventeen long years were almost at an end. Ernest Pingree had come out to Pekin, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Bennett at the mission; he was studying for the ministry, and a more enthusiastic, devout, charming lad never lived. The Bennetts had become so attached to him that, in despair of ever gleaning any tidings of their son, they had adopted him, and looked forward to the time when he should be doing wonders among his own race. They had never told him who he was; he knew nothing of his parentage other than the obvious fact of his Mongolian origin, — which was more than Ah Ping had ever learned of his birth. In the climate of China

the American child's skin had yellowed ; his eyes were black and his hair naturally straight and dark, his eyebrows as scanty as the Americans' frequently are ; habit, association, intimacy, had wrought in his features one of those subtle changes of expression, if not of outline, which are not rare, and he passed everywhere as the son of the actor and his wife.

Chi Ping reached home from Taku, with his spongy-footed drove, not very much after the day he had planned ; but his journey had been a poor one, and he had but little to show for it. In his absence his wife had been ill and unable to go to the factory, and Ah Ping had had to stay away from the college. There was little even to eat in the house, — a few grains of rice, a little peanut oil, some peach-pit kernels to grind into flour between the stones ; yet they ate and were thankful, Ah Ping thought, because they were all once more together.

When he went out, Mrs. Ping said quickly, "The seventeen years are gone, is it not so, — all gone?"

And Chi Ping bowed his head.

"My son ! My son ! Now, if he be not dead, I shall behold him !" and her small weazened face became transfigured.

Chi Ping nodded, and rose from the meal, and took his wife by the hand, and bade Ah Ping follow them ; and they went out into the street where they lived, near the old Ferry road, a very ragged, wretched-looking three. And they trudged along doggedly all the way, until they came to the compound, and gained entrance, and inquired the path to the mission where the Bennetts lived ; and they reached the door, and on the porch, in an American rocking-chair, sat Mrs. Bennett, and her husband was reading a newspaper aloud, and inside, in the parlor, Ernest Pingree sat reading, also, from a large book.

Chi Ping went up first ; his wife clung to his skirt ; she was hungry for the first glimpse of her son. Ah Ping hung back ;

he was so starved he felt he must humble himself — nay, it would not be humiliation, but triumph over the foreign devil — and ask an alms of these rich people before he left ; perhaps that was what his father and mother had walked so far for ; he could not tell. He understood no other language than the Chinese, not a word ; he had been rigorously excluded from the least intercourse with Christians, precisely as Ernest Pingree had been kept away from the Chinese.

Chi Ping spoke first, replying to the kindly inquiring glances of both Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, but speaking directly to the woman : —

"Seventeen years allee same same gone away. Me Chi Ping ; father lill babee Melican lady steal 'way long 'go, New York. Melican lady plomise my wife" — little Mrs. Ping's eyes were so full of pathetic longing that they must have moved a heart of stone ; only no one was looking at them just then except the lad, dropping his big book, in the parlor — "plomise my wife see my lill babee when eighteen years ol'. Have waitee allee time same same ; come, now, where my son?"

"My son?" echoed Mrs. Ping, stretching her short neck out as a thirsty creature toward the cool waters that it scents.

And then Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Bennett consulted aside for a few moments ; for she recalled the face of Mrs. Ping, and her promise to her long ago, although Mr. Ping she had not, to her knowledge, ever seen, yet his face too seemed familiar ; and the husband and wife were stunned and surprised, and utterly nonplussed, for Ernest Pingree was not the sort of lad to present out of hand with a pair of dirty beggars for parents. Still, a promise was a promise, and their patience should be rewarded ; and that would be all, for what could they do with Ernest, although he might convert them?

And while Chi and his wife waited,

the others went into the parlor and told Ernest Pingree; and he said, "Take me out to them at once."

Then he was led out, and he beheld them unkempt and ragged as they were.

And little weazen-faced, wistful-eyed Mrs. Ping darted to him, and stretched out her lean, short arms, when Virginia Bennett said, "This is your son."

But when Mrs. Ping got close to Ernest Pingree, she stopped short and drew back, and, cowering behind her husband, she whimpered: "My son! my son! my lill son! foleign mister, no mo' Chineeman; allee shavee man! allee Clistian! Bettel die long ago!" she added passionately, rising now, and turning her back.

Chi Ping stood still, motionless, inexpressive, irresponsive to the kind words Ernest Pingree tried to utter, to the amiable explanations and the tactful little sermon of the missionary and his wife; his countenance as if carved of yellow stone, his eyes as if two black glass beads, while all three consoled, exhorted, did their best.

At last Ah Ping thought it was about time to do what seemed good to him, and he fell down and prostrated himself, his forehead touching the dust before them, as he cried out pitifully, "Ta — la — aie! Ta — la — aie!"

And when they gave him alms, he looked up and smiled in their eyes, but cursed them in his heart.

Still Chi Ping stood motionless, until finally it seemed that no one there had anything more to say; when, breaking the curious pause, he remarked in that casual fashion common to his countrymen, no matter if under the greatest stress or none at all, "Melican lady make lose own lill babee long ago allee same jessee likee my?"

Virginia Bennett turned sharply, and stared at Chi Ping.

Her husband answered for her very gently, for the wound bled yet in both their hearts at a word or a touch: "Yes,

our son was stolen from us many years since."

"How did you know it?" Mrs. Bennett asked of Mr. Chi Ping.

"Me washeeman Ah Soon, come close velly same lill babee go," replied Chi Ping gravely, without stirring, while his wife and the lad crouched on the path, under a tree.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Bennett, "now I know why your face seemed familiar to me! I am glad to see you, Johnnee! We must be great friends now, and you must be proud of your son here, who is going to be a minister, priest, you know!" she said exuberantly.

"Flends?" echoed Chi Ping. "Ploud, pliest, no sabe. Melican lady, man," he added, raising his keen eyes for a second to the two Occidental faces confronting him, "likee sabe who take 'way lill babee long ago?"

"What do you mean?" cried the woman and man both.

"Ah!" screamed Virginia Bennett, "you know something about my boy! We never thought of you! We trusted you! Who took him? Who paid you to keep still? Speak!" she shrieked, while Ernest Pingree listened and Mrs. Ping listened, and Ah Ping did not, because he did not understand a word, and was occupied only in being glad of the alms tinkling in his frowzy jacket pocket, and in being glad of the food it would buy.

"No payee me," replied the Chinaman quietly.

"Who stole him?" said the mother tensely.

"Me takee lill babee myself." He stood precisely in the spot he had from the first, his yellow face as impassive now as then.

"You!" the Bennetts gasped.

Chi Ping nodded. "Melican lady takee lill babee, my Oo Too; me takee Melican lady lill babee, jessee allee same same, no diflence."

"Where is my child?" Virginia Ben-

nett asks, with the fierceness of all those years-full of pent-up suspense and agony concentrated in her words.

"Light here," replies Mr. Ping.

"Alive, thank God!" says the father, under his breath. "Take us to him."

The Chinaman does not stir. "You likee look see he?" he inquires blandly.

"Yes! yes! oh yes! My son! My son!" Mrs. Bennett's eager eyes light up, and she descends the steps quickly.

Chi Ping points with his lean, taper forefinger to the narrow, scrawny, beggarly figure squatting on the ground.

"He yon' lill babee, he you' son. He no sabe Englishee talkee."

And even then Chi Ping stood stock-still, and no hint of expression of any kind passed across his face.

Through the horrible heartbreak of silence that followed, the mute looks, the stricken hopelessness of inspection, the unconscious immobility of Ah Ping beneath his parents' regard, Chi Ping kept still. When Mrs. Bennett staggered against her husband's arm for support, he spoke again.

"No likee?" he asked pleasantly. "Velly nicee lounge man; fine scholar; hab my teachee allee classic, Confucius; you' lill son glow up nicee Chineeman, be ploud he; bimeby, nex' year, he pliest Chineee 'ligion, sabe? no likee?"

The Bennetts went into the house; the two Pings got up from the ground, and prepared to move when Chi Ping should stir. He stepped down from the veranda, impassive as ever, but he said in Chinese: —

"Time is a good servant. I am glad

I engaged him. Come, now we will go home."

Some one stopped him; a hand was laid upon his arm, — the hand of his own son, whom they had baptized Ernest Pingree.

"You are my father," the lad said; "yonder is my mother. I will go with you, and serve you, help you, and comfort you."

"You! Clistian man!" said Chi Ping, confounded. "You no comee lib beggar-man side! You stay Clistian side: nicee close; nicee housee; nicee eatee, dlinkee, allee time same same."

"It is because I am a Christian," said the lad, "that I choose to go with you."

"Melican lady's boy?" inquired Mr. Ping, pointing to Ah Ping, trotting on ahead with Mrs. Ping.

"I will be his brother," was the reply, and the four walked out of the compound together, and back toward the hovel near the old Ferry road.

Then a great sob sounded out of the mission-house parlor, and the woman there rose up from her knees, and unhesitatingly walked to the open door and out of it. On the threshold she turned and said to her husband: —

"I am going to my son, — our son. Will you come, too? The greatest good we can do in the world now is to try each day a little to win him back to his birth-right."

Thornton Bennett put his arm around her, and they too walked out of the compound, following the path the others had taken; but they went much faster, for the hunger of mother love, long unfed, spurred the woman, and presently she was speaking to her son.

Frances Aymar Mathews.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

GAIL HAMILTON¹ in her prime was, in the fullest sense of the term, *a personage*; a brilliant, original, delightful, unforgettable individual. She was all this, too, by virtue of a rare intrinsic quality; thanks to no adventitious aids, or academic or social advantages. She was a *sport*; but she was a splendid one, the unapproachable prototype, as it seems to me to-day, of her who is now always with us, — the clever, high-spirited, self-sufficing, irreproachable, and not too womanly woman. It is entirely safe to say that those who knew Gail Hamilton best thought and cared least about her published writings, astonishingly witty though these often were. No doubt she possessed, as the pages of many an old Atlantic testify, the special gift of the light essayist, the genius of literary evolution, — the power to go on spinning indefinitely an iridescent thread out of her own mental substance. No other woman of recent years, if we except Mrs. Meynell and Miss Repplier, has had this charming endowment in the same degree. Yet the regular correspondents of Gail Hamilton's brightest days thought her letters a great deal better than her essays, and her talk better than either. Many of these letters are addressed to persons of note, and some display a wonderful illogical acumen and gay agility of glancing thought, while a few impress one as having been fervently felt. Gail Hamilton's pertinacious advocacy of woman's alleged rights stands revealed in these pages as a whimsical and transparent *pose*. The frolic rebel against stale conventions, the audacious advocate of the most advanced form of feminism, was always under the influence and inspiration of some clever man or other. She was as dependent as the

weakest of us upon her "tyrant" correspondent for stimulus and suggestion, though answering with unfailing gallantry to the spur. The first, in time, of these tonic tutors of hers was Dr. Bailey, of Washington, D. C., in whose family she was governess, beside being a regular contributor to his famous anti-slavery journal, the *National Era*, during the tense last years before the Civil War. There she met those great apostles of abolition who precipitated the "irrepressible conflict"; there she quickly overcame her rustic shyness, and learned to know her own singular social power. It was there, too, and then, in her early twenties, that she developed that highly intelligent interest in national politics, and that familiarity — so unusual in an American woman — with the *gear* of what Mr. Lecky has taught us to consider the inevitable political machine, which always distinguished her.

The years between 1860 and 1870 were passed by Gail Hamilton very quietly, in the pretty but then exceedingly sleepy little Essex County town of Hamilton, the name of which was presently incorporated into her *nom de guerre*. During that period her reputation as a writer of sparkling magazine articles and a rapid maker of vigorous and amusing books was definitively won, and the kind of friends one may make by the pen began besieging her, in her solitude, with congratulation, solicitation, and varied flattery. That the best letters are always written from the duller places is a notorious fact, and, accordingly, the best of Gail Hamilton's which we have in the present collection belong to her recluse years.

A new and powerful influence entered her life about 1870, and remained paramount and all-absorbing throughout its entire latter half, — the influence of

¹ *Life in Letters*. By GAIL HAMILTON. In two volumes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1901.

James G. Blaine. Mr. Blaine was a connection by marriage, and after he was elected to the United States Senate Gail Hamilton began regularly to pass the congressional season as a member of his family in Washington. She thus returned, in the full maturity of her powers and fame, to the city of her predilection, which she had left abruptly when little more than a girl, and always half regretted. It was indeed her fitting and most congenial sphere, and she soon became a conspicuous figure there. She never wrote anything very memorable after this time, for the simple reason that her lively genius found a more direct and natural outlet. She adopted Mr. Blaine's views, defended his course, divined and shared his prophetic vision of American imperialism, and illustrated his brilliant if sometimes devious policy by the overflowing resources of her versatile talent. It was she almost more than Mrs. Blaine — though the trio were singularly unanimous — who helped to make their house a political rendezvous, the social centre of a great party.

Gail Hamilton lived to write her hero's life, or rather his eulogy, though not as ably and convincingly as she would have done in better days. She fell fatally stricken when only the last finishing touch remained to be added to her labor of love. Yet she lingered for one more year upon the borders of this world, — a white and wistful shadow of her former self, most painfully depicted in the frontispiece to the second volume of the *Life in Letters*. During this fading season she was possessed by the curious hallucination that her soul had been actually sundered from her body at the time of her first seizure, and then unaccountably recalled; and a pitiful fragment of autobiography which she began to dictate at this time begins with the startling words, "I died on the 10th of May, 1895."

Looking back from this weird finish over the life story so voluminously and yet so imperfectly told, retrenching su-

perfluities and supplying deficiencies as best one may who knew Gail Hamilton well during some six or seven of her most auspicious years, I find myself coming fully to a conclusion with which I have often dallied when thinking of her. We have had more weighty and more urbane writers among us than she was, but few more original and racy, and very few indeed so characteristically American. Her popularity was immense at one time; her *verve* seemed inexhaustible; her production was rapid and deservedly remunerative. And yet, as it now appears to me, her true vocation was not that of a writer, and her own shrewd instinct whispered as much when she was leaving Washington for the first time. It was plainly open to her to have remained there, in a woman's natural place, as the mistress of a sufficiently affluent home, in the very centre of the affairs that she most relished. If she had done so, I think it certain that she would have been a yet nobler and more memorable social power than she afterward became. She must have had it in her — when young — to *tenir salon* as few of her countrywomen have done. Hers would have been a novel kind of salon, very unlike the Parisian or any other Old World model, free, informal, miscellaneous, democratic, but representative by the same token, teeming with life and potent in influence. She would have touched fewer minds, maybe, by her eloquent speech than she did by her colloquial books; but she would have touched those few to finer and more lasting issues, and her own development would have been, I think, incomparably broader, more symmetrical, more serene and humane. She wavered at the parting of the ways.

"Unless I am going to live here," she writes to her sister, "it is high time I was away. There is a fascination in society. . . . I've really had some thoughts of giving myself up to it in earnest, and seeing what I could do. You may think

me very foolish, and I am quite aware that I have not beauty or money; yet without them, and without giving much thought to it, I can make a *little stir*, and if I should give my mind to it I think I could do something." And again, after the die was cast: "I wish I was the leader of society in Washington! I would put one or two things through, I warrant you, and opponents should bite the dust!"

But she was in the very unusual position, at twenty-seven, of being beset by deferential publishers and flattering journalists, who wanted to exploit for their own profit her shining, taking talents; and she succumbed to their blandishments. She may have seemed to others, and even to herself, to be choosing the more humble part, when she elected to bury herself in Hamilton, and write for the Atlantic and the Independent. In reality she was taking by far the more ambitious course. She succeeded; and yet — she failed. To live by the labor of the pen is occasionally needful, — not so often practicable, never really desirable, either for man or woman.

THROUGH all the comment called out **John Fiske's** by the death of John Fiske **Simplicity.** runs the note of tribute to his simplicity and his loveliness. Both qualities sprang from the same root, — that of a hearty, lusty nature that took life at first hand, and lived it not merely with zest, but with positive gusto. His abounding vitality and robust common sense recalled continually the old English worthies, like Samuel Johnson and Fielding and Steele, who have drawn so largely on the love of generations, — men of more primitive sort than are common in our day, who lived much by eating and drinking, and touched the world hand to hand. So with Fiske. He came to close quarters with life, and had a large and joyous relation with it through his senses. With his feet thus firmly planted on the earth, he practiced a comfortable devotion to the present

hour, and lived with a measure of contentment and delight unknown to men of lesser breadth of nature. He was largely independent of the hampering circumstances of environment; for he made his own surroundings, much as a great tree in the forest does, and would, one imagines, have been essentially the same man in any time or land.

It is no matter for wonder that the writing of so substantial, capacious, and sure-footed a man should be marked by a noble simplicity and clarity. The same quality made Fiske one of the most readable of historians that made him an incomparable friend. It was his interest in men and motives rather than in events, — the instinct by which he struck for the things most humanly interesting, the main trend of motives and causes in history, and let the details settle into their places. The story told of him by a friend, that when he was fourteen he formed the design of tracing out the course of God's providence in history, gives the key to his life work. He was even then possessed by the consuming interest in the drama of human progress that furnished the motive for most of his later work.

Touching life as he did through his sensibilities rather than his theories, his simplicity was that of a child, — the simplicity of the heart, the disposition, the temperament. He seems to have grown up harmoniously, and his childhood so to have lost itself in his maturity that he retained all his life much of the child's fresh and spontaneous spirit, — a fund of expectancy and a constant readiness for new interests. In him to a striking degree the child was father to the man, and he kept to the last a strain of unquenchable boyishness. He was incapable of affectation; though pleased with praise, unmindful of dignities, and little concerned with formality or convention. His burly, bulky figure, that infallibly reminds one of Boswell's lovable hero, whom at so many points he resembled, sheltered a jovial soul, one that met life

like a call to dinner, and whose appetite for living never failed.

My cousin Augustina held up a novel she had just been reading. **The Victims.** "It is high time," said she, "that something should be done toward the prolongation of the lives of our heroes and heroines."

"God bless you!" I cried, with fervor.

Augustina rushed ahead: "There really seem to be only three kinds of people left in modern fiction, — those that are dying, those that want to die, and those that are dead."

I preserved an impressive silence.

"Now, in this story," she continued, "all the decent folk go down to their tombs in the flower of their youth. I began it expecting to find some good and jocund reading; for the title promised well, and I did not hear the Reformer anywhere around. But, glory be! I escaped the sword of the strenuous novelist to fall upon the spear of the lachrymose one. I want but little here below," wailed Augustina, "but I do want it unsalted with tears!"

"Well?"

"To the old-fashioned novel," said Augustina, "we go for the love affairs of two or more persons, and to the new-fashioned one," and here she gave me a whimsical look, "we go for history, or theology, or ultramontaniam, or slums, or cooking schools. But old and new alike agree in one particular, and that is, the summary dispatch of the hero. Kingdoms cease and systems decay," said my cousin, "but your true novelist still pursues the work of butchery."

"In real life our heroes sometimes die," said I timidly.

"Then they should be ashamed of themselves," returned Augustina. "Every reasonable being should spend at least the last twenty-five years of his life in proclaiming that the country is going to the dogs. I take it a man begins to do this at fifty, and so every reasonable being should reach the age of five-and-seventy."

"Go on."

"Rather than read the Early Fathers," said Augustina, "most of us would take to the woods. And therefore we go to certain novels for our theology." Here she again gave me that whimsical look. "I took up one of them the other day, and before I was halfway through, the leading character had flung himself over a precipice, and the mother and the other female relatives of the heroine were trying their best to prevent *her* from doing the same. Now, I can readily see the connection between the Early Fathers and an early death," said Augustina, "but why the precipice? And why the heroine's demise in the last chapter? She was the only sane person in the book, and she should have lived to prove it."

A silence.

"When I consider the innumerable company of spirits wandering around in a limbo to which the authors of their being have consigned them, and for no reason except that they no longer know what to do with them, I could weep my heart out," said Augustina.

"There is *The Heir of Redclyffe*," I began.

"That is the first funeral procession I remember," said my cousin; "and then came little Nell's, and Colonel Newcome's, and Daisy Miller's, and another, and another. Laura Fountain flung herself into the river, and Tommy Sandys impaled himself upon a fence, and Eleanor Burgoyne is the last to swell the list."

"Well," I said, "I am glad about Tommy."

"No, if he had to expire, — which I deny, — it should have been in his bed, of some common disease, not too painful, but just aggravating. But now he hangs suspended between earth and heaven, and year after year pathos and mystery gather about him, and by the time Grizel is an old woman she will actually believe that he lost his life in a vain attempt to save somebody else's."

"Well?"

"Am I to whip out my handkerchief every time I open a novel?" asked Augustina. "Am I to hush my breath, and tread softly, and compose messages of condolence to the surviving relatives and epitaphs on the honored departed? Is there no chance for the development of character outside of the grave?"

I sighed.

"I am confident there will soon be a scarcity of heroes sound in mind and body and old enough to vote. As for the heroines, there are not enough to make a mothers' meeting."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"I propose to limit each novelist to a certain number of those whom I shall call the Selected to Die, — five, and no more, one victim to each book. Every novelist will be required to write a preface, and therein state for which character we are to provide the burial meats, in order that if we wish we may absent ourselves from the ceremonies. Any author failing to comply with these conditions shall be tried for entering into a conspiracy to defraud innocent persons of their natural span of years, — for premeditated slaughter!" cried Augustina.

"But first you will have to get your novelists together," I said meekly; "and do you really expect they will condescend?" —

"For premeditated slaughter!" repeated Augustina fiercely.

We confess some humiliation at being thought fit recipients for a circular that has lately been sent us, and count on some little sympathy from the Club when they have read it. We have been able to derive a slight alleviation, to be sure, from the phrase, "Of you, who have not patronized us before." Evidently it may be regarded as a distinction, in view of the vast numbers who have made use of the facilities described, — the business, the circular states, has increased "to the limits of the English-speaking world," —

to belong to the remnant who have not "patronized" it. Yet we can hardly congratulate ourselves on being now thought available for persuasion.

The mingled naiveté and brazenness of the circular will commend themselves to all students of the advertisers' art, and the subtle criticism of specialization and the elective system will not be lost upon educators. We refrain from comment upon the last quotation in the list of prices, lest we should deepen the wound to the susceptibilities of our ministerial friends.

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ON reading A First Acceptance, in the September Contributors' Club, The Author's First Reverse. we wondered if the author

had ever contemplated a far more surprising experience than the first acceptance, and that is the first rejection after the first acceptance! That is indeed a crisis in the young author's career. Up to the time when he received his first acceptance, the novice, however high his conceit had swelled, as each new plan and aspiration feebly projected itself on paper, had yet in the bottom of his soul realized that his arms were untried, and that he might be riding for a fall. But when tangible proof of his first success had reached him, and the magic words "The check will follow upon publication" had dazzled his vision, how proudly he scanned the future which was his by virtue of the ink bottle!

Idea after idea floated before him; "songs without words" to which he would supply noun and adjective; thoughts inadequately expressed, fancies inhospitably received, which he would succor by the might of his right hand. Or perhaps the didactic devil tempted him, and he fancied the whole world his congregation, to whom he would preach at his leisure.

Alas, fellow scribbler, passing through this Fool's Paradise, we pity you; by the Law of the Jungle, —

"As high as we have mounted in delight,

In our dejection do we sink as low."

Perhaps the next step will lead you to the Pons Asinorum which ends in the Via Dolorosa. We have crossed it ourselves, we who had thought our feet so firmly planted on the ladder of literature that we needed only to mount higher and higher till we o'ertopped the stars.

When we had spent our first check a thousand times in anticipation, and at least twice in reality, we decided in gratitude to honor with our continued favor that hospitable magazine which had at last recognized our genius.

No longer stealing out at night to conceal the trembling fingers with which we dropped that long white envelope into the post box, but flauntingly, in the garish daylight, in the face of all men, we sent forth our manuscript as a conqueror demanding tribute.

Then we waited; security is ever serene. Poor tremblers on the threshold may listen with beating heart for the postman's quick peal of the bell, or look longingly at his non-committal gray coat and his fatal bag. All these sensations were of the past for us; they belonged to the era before we were recognized.

Then suddenly a bolt from the blue, — that homing pigeon, our manuscript, returns to us again. At first astonishment is paramount, — there must be some mistake. Next wrath, — it is a conspiracy to defraud us of our just reward; an envious world cannot tolerate our success. Last, a still, small, spiteful voice within us whispers: "Your bubble is pricked. I always told you that there was n't much in you, after all!"

What happens to us then? Where are our visions of thoughts clamoring to be clothed in winged words? Where are the songs only waiting to sing themselves through our lips to a silent world? What has become of our pulpit?

How are the mighty fallen! How doth the city which we would have enlightened sit solitary! Ours is no common sorrow; we are none of those who have only suffered the casual buffetings of fortune; ours is the bitter trial of the man who has faced betrayal in the house of his friend.

Fellow quill drivers, answer us: is there any shock to vanity like unto this, or any lesson in modesty?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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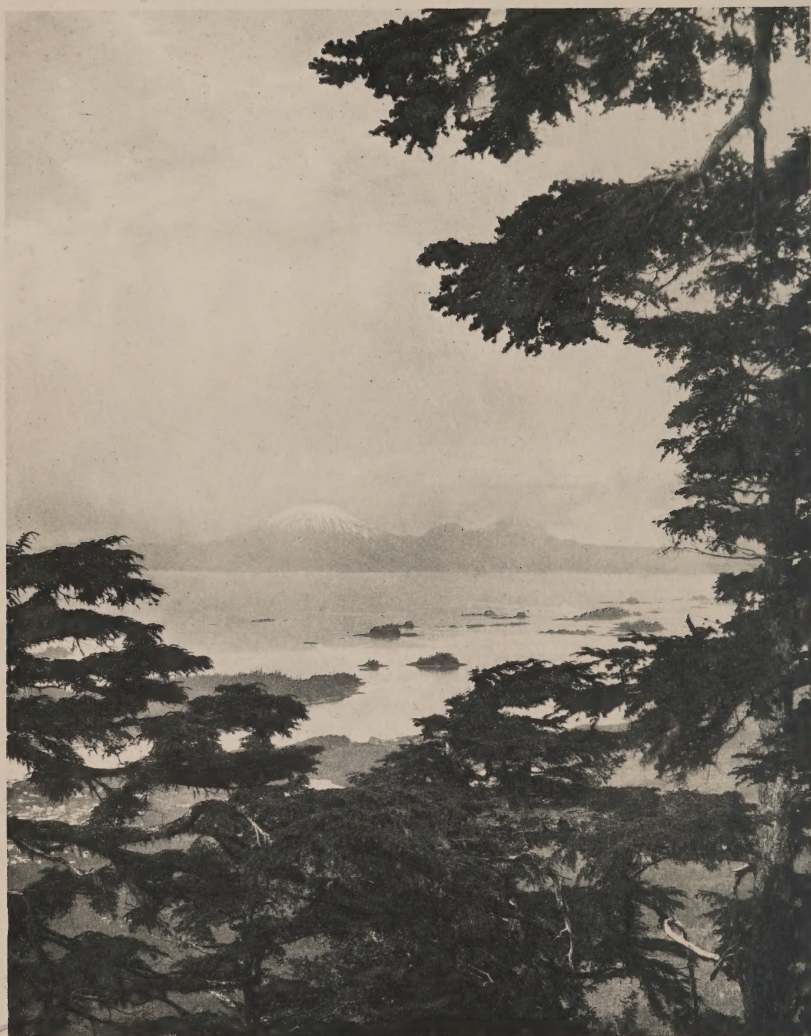
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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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EXPANSION THROUGH RECIPROCITY.

THE name and fame of the lamented President McKinley will be identified in American history with the policy of reciprocity, which never had an abler and more sincere advocate. To the very last he remained an unflinching sponsor of the treaties made under his direction, and in his last annual message to Congress (December 3, 1900) he said of them:—

“The failure of action by the Senate, at its last session, upon the commercial conventions then submitted for its consideration and approval, although caused by the great pressure of other legislative business, has caused much disappointment to the agricultural and industrial interests of the country, which hoped to profit by their provisions. . . .

“The policy of reciprocity so manifestly rests upon the principles of international equity, and has been so repeatedly approved by the people of the United States, that there ought to be no hesitation in either branch of the Congress in giving to it full effect.”

There is an element of the pathetic in these words of gentle reproach. Even in his brief second inaugural address (March 4, 1901) Mr. McKinley made passing mention of this subject, so important, in his judgment, for the maintenance of our prosperity, saying:—

“Now every avenue of production is crowded with activity, labor is well employed, and American products find good markets at home and abroad.

“Our diversified productions, how-

ever, are increasing in such unprecedented volume as to admonish us of the necessity of still further enlarging our foreign markets by broader commercial relations. For this purpose reciprocal trade arrangements with other nations should in liberal spirit be carefully cultivated and promoted.”

But it was in his farewell words to the American people, in his masterly speech at Buffalo, delivered on the eve of his martyrdom, that President McKinley gave the fullest expression to the results of his four years of deliberation on the subject of reciprocity. This is what he said:—

“By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything, and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should

sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

The query in the final sentence suggests the current agitation in favor of a revision of the existing tariff law, applicable at least to certain schedules.

LEGISLATIVE REVISION.

The leading proposition for legislative revision of the tariff is known as the Babcock Plan. Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, a Republican member of the Committee on Ways and Means, introduced in the last (Fifty-Sixth) Congress a bill providing for placing upon the free list all manufactures of iron and steel imported from abroad, the like of which are made in the United States by a "trust," without attempting to define what is a trust. This bill was never reported, but, since the adjournment of Congress, a far more radical scheme of revision has been discussed extensively in the press. It has been proposed to place either on the free list or on an exclusively revenue-producing basis all articles, now dutiable, which were formerly largely imported, but are now produced in this country and exported and sold abroad, under conditions of free competition. In other words, the mere fact of the exportation and sale in a foreign market of a given article of American manufacture shall be accepted

as proof that the said article no longer stands in need of any protection by the United States tariff laws. This test of the efficiency and necessity of protective duties would be manifestly inadequate and unfair to many domestic industries that are struggling, against heavy odds, to place their surplus products in foreign markets, and must rely on absolutely stable conditions in the home market. It must be remembered that much of our export trade is still in the experimental stage, and that many manufacturers are making considerable sacrifices in order to find new outlets abroad for their goods. We have only to consult the formidable list of articles of American manufacture which have, in recent years, come within the scope of such a test, to realize the far-reaching application of the plan. It would involve a complete reversal of the economic policy of the government, and constitute virtual free trade. The industrial stagnation prevailing under the Wilson tariff is only one indication of the disastrous conditions which would surely follow a change of policy of that character.

Moreover, such a scheme of tariff revision would involve the sacrifice of an unknown amount of needed revenue. This release of revenue would be a sheer gift on the part of the United States at the expense of American producers. It is all very well to allege that a remission of duties by the government is simply a forbearance in the taxing of American consumers, but the fact remains that the principal beneficiaries in the transaction would be the European manufacturers, whose sales would be enlarged and profits swelled in American markets. It is surely idle to assert that the American people who emphatically voiced the merits of the protective tariff system in their electoral verdict of 1896, and again, at their very last opportunity, in 1900, are now prepared to sanction a desertion of that policy in the midst of an era of unexampled national prosperity.

REVISION THROUGH RECIPROCITY.

Let us now consider the other remedy. Reciprocity is an international commercial bargain, wherein the interested governments make mutual and equivalent concessions in their respective customs duties on particular articles of merchandise. It has been suggested that this might be effected by concurrent legislation in the respective countries, but that method is practically impossible. In the first place, it presents the weakness of instability. Take, for example, the acts of our own legislative branch. One Congress, whose life is only two years, cannot bind its successors in general legislation, and hence no one can accurately foretell the duration of a tariff act. But a treaty, made for a definite term of years, affords satisfactory security to its beneficiaries, inasmuch as it is a solemn compact between nations, which neither contracting party can afford to violate in this age of enlightenment. Secondly, in addition to the question of security, diplomacy is better adapted than the legislature to the adjustment of the precise terms and conditions of a well-balanced international arrangement in commercial reciprocity. It is, therefore, to the treaty-making power that we must resort for the practical application of the principle of reciprocity in tariffs.

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE POLICY OF RECIPROCITY.

The famous Marcy-Elgin treaty of 1854 with Great Britain on behalf of Canada stands as the first example of our adoption of the reciprocity principle in the modern sense. It provided for the mutual exemption from duty of an important list (identical on both sides) of natural products of the farm, forest, mine, quarry, and sea. It went into operation in 1855, and remained in force for eleven years; being abrogated by act of Congress, and terminating on March 17, 1866.

The only other reciprocity treaty that the United States ever put in operation was the treaty of 1875 with the Hawaiian Islands, which established virtual free trade in the commercial relations of the two countries; tropical or subtropical articles being exempted from duty on the one side, and an important list of miscellaneous products on the other. This treaty possessed an exceptional political significance in virtue of the geographic and intimate historical relations of the contracting parties, which foreshadowed, since an early date, the ultimate annexation of the islands by their powerful protector against foreign aggression. It was renewed in 1884, with the addition of an important concession to the United States of the exclusive use of Pearl Harbor for a naval station, and was still in force when annexation was accomplished. In fact, the customs provisions of the treaty continued in operation until the passage of the act of Congress of April 30, 1900.

Of the several unperfected treaties of reciprocity negotiated on the part of the United States, the administration of President Arthur furnished no less than three, namely, the Grant-Trescott treaty of 1883 with Mexico, the Foster treaty of 1884 with Spain on behalf of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the Frelinghuysen treaty of 1884 with the Dominican Republic. The last two failed of ratification by the Senate, and were withdrawn by President Cleveland in March, 1885; and the first, although duly ratified, never went into effect, for want of the stipulated legislation by Congress. In one sense, however, the rejected Mexican treaty was actually a "perfected" treaty, and hence is included in the official compilation of United States treaties.

In the popular mind the reciprocity of the Harrison administration still looms up conspicuously. The McKinley Tariff Act of 1890 contained in its third section the first instance of the incorporation of the reciprocity principle in

tariff legislation, and this was done on the advice of Secretary of State Blaine. But it was reciprocity only by a curious indirection, for the act contained no reference to diplomatic negotiations, except the statement that the object was "to secure reciprocal trade." The free list of the law embraced the items of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides. The so-called reciprocity section simply empowered the President, whenever satisfied that any foreign government producing and exporting the articles mentioned was imposing unequal and unreasonable duties on American products, to suspend the free introduction of the same, and thereupon the said articles should be subjected, on entry, to the payment of certain duties specified therein.¹ Thus the threat of retaliatory action was the effective leverage of the reciprocity movement that followed. Reciprocal arrangements were negotiated in 1891-92, under this provision, by Secretary Blaine and General Foster, with Germany, Austria-Hungary, France (never proclaimed), Brazil, British West Indies and Guiana, Cuba and Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, and four countries of Central America. They were in no sense "treaties," but simply reciprocal agreements which were arranged by the exchange of diplomatic notes, and became effective on presidential proclamation, without reference to the Senate.

These arrangements, which have justly enhanced the fame of Mr. Blaine, were in operation only two or three years, when they were all unceremoniously abrogated by the Wilson law of 1894, to the dismay and detriment of our exporters, and to the extreme disgust of the interested foreign governments. But even in that short period they exercised

¹ The constitutionality of the third section of the Tariff Act of 1890 was questioned on the ground that it was a delegation by Congress of legislative powers. The matter was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, on February 29, 1892, decided that it involved no such delegation, but was entirely

a remarkable influence in the development of the foreign trade of the United States in the countries with which they had been concluded. Their beneficial effect was especially noticeable in the increase of our flour exports to Brazil and Cuba.

This hasty review of the history of American reciprocity brings us to the advent of the McKinley administration.

RECIPROCITY PROVISIONS OF THE ACT OF JULY 24, 1897.

The Republican party having, in its national platform of 1896, pledged itself to reestablish reciprocity equally with protection, and the President and a Republican Congress having been elected on that platform, the framers of the Tariff Act of July 24, 1897, very properly incorporated in it provisions for carrying out the policy of reciprocity. These provisions are contained in Sections 3 and 4.

The third section authorizes the President to enter into negotiations with any country exporting to the United States any of certain enumerated articles, — argols, wines, spirits, and works of art, — and, in exchange for reciprocal and equivalent concessions, to suspend by proclamation the existing duties on the said products imported from the country in question, which shall thereupon be entitled to admission at reduced rates specified therein. This is, of course, limited in scope, and applicable to only a few countries of Europe, because of the character of the foreign merchandise subject to reductions. Reciprocal agreements under this section have been concluded, in the form of conventions duly signed by the respective plenipotentiaries, with France, Germany, Italy, constitutional. See *Fields vs. Clark*; *Boyd vs. U. S.*; and *Sternbach vs. U. S.*, 143 U. S. Reps. 649 *et seq.* This decision unquestionably also establishes the constitutionality of the Kasson reciprocal agreements under Section 3 of the Act of 1897.

and Portugal. Like the Blaine arrangements, they went into effect upon proclamation by the President, and are now working satisfactorily. In each instance a full equivalent of commercial advantages has been secured by the United States. Although there are a few other countries with which the United States might profitably conclude similar agreements, the work under this section is substantially accomplished.

But it is Section 4 of the Dingley law that is the real legislative expression of the Republican pledge of reciprocity. It empowers the President to negotiate reciprocity treaties which may provide, during a period not to exceed five years, for concessions, on the following bases, to the contracting nation, in exchange for equivalent advantages secured to the export interests of the United States: —

(1.) Reduction of the present duty upon any article imported from any country, to the extent of not more than 20 per cent.

(2.) Transfer from the dutiable to the free list of any article that is a natural product of any foreign country, and, at the same time, not a natural product of the United States.

(3.) Guarantee of retention on the free list of any article now free.

The pledge of protection was faithfully executed by Congress in the schedules of import duties contained in the first section of the Dingley tariff, while simply the means of carrying out the equally meritorious pledge of reciprocity was provided in Section 4. The former section conserves and defends the home market for American industries, and safeguards the wages and tenure of employment of American labor, while the latter is intended to afford protection and security in foreign markets to our growing export interests, as well as to enlarge the field of their operations. There is no conflict whatever in the objects of these two sections, but rather an admirable harmony. The explanation

is simple. When the rates of duty enumerated in the first section were being formulated, it was clearly understood by the framers of the law and by the interested manufacturers that each and every rate was subject to reduction to the extent of one fifth, under the operation of the reciprocity section. The rates were consequently made one fifth higher than would otherwise have been justified. If the present rates on highly protected articles are reduced by 20 per cent, and the results compared with the corresponding rates of the McKinley tariff of 1890, it will be found that in every instance an ample measure of protection is left to the article, often higher than the duty under the high tariff of 1890. Reciprocity under the Dingley law is, therefore, not in any sense an abandonment of the protective system; nor can it properly be said to be a step in the direction of free trade. It makes for freer, fairer, and larger trade, but is utterly inconsistent with the economic policy commonly denominated "free trade."

It will thus be seen that, in Section 4, the tariff law contains a provision for self-revision within limits that are entirely rational. In fact, the natural inference is that many of the present duties are needlessly excessive, and ought to be reduced to the point contemplated by the framers of Section 4, who, as a matter of fact, were the framers of the entire act. Indeed, it is perfectly consistent to entertain this view, and still hold to the conviction that any more radical reduction in the existing rates, at this time, would be inopportune and fraught with danger to domestic industries.

Considered purely as an agency in the amelioration of possibly excessive duties, reciprocity is infinitely superior to the plan of the tariff revisionists. But when we come to consider the real object of the policy — the expansion of our foreign trade — no comparison is possible. One contemplates a national sac-

rice in revenue, without the slightest assured return, but with a prospect of serious injury to home interests; the other secures positive advantages to our export interests, without menacing the integrity of the national policy which is the basis of the existing prosperity. Indeed, our export interests are also our home interests, and protection of the former is equally protection of the latter, inasmuch as wider markets abroad create a greater demand for American labor and keep our industrial wheels going. A horizontal reduction of 20 per cent in the tariff by simple act of Congress would constitute a national extravagance, whereas the same reduction through the agency of reciprocity would prove a valuable national investment.

WORK OF COMMISSIONER KASSON.

Soon after the passage of the Dingley law, President McKinley appointed Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, special commissioner plenipotentiary to represent him in the negotiations with foreign governments prescribed by the third and fourth sections. Commissioner Kasson was admirably qualified for this responsible and difficult service by a long and brilliant diplomatic and congressional experience. The negotiations were conducted simultaneously with several governments of Europe and of this hemisphere. In order to secure in each instance the greatest possible commercial advantages on the most favorable terms, the commissioner plenipotentiary applied himself to the careful study of home and foreign tariffs as well as of the official statistics of the international commercial movement; investigating the needs of our foreign commerce; cautiously considering the effect of each proposed reduction in duty; weighing the relative value of the total concessions on each side, with proper allowance for the character of the respective national tariffs; seeking and receiving the expert advice of influential Chambers of Commerce,

Boards of Trade, and other commercial organizations, as well as of manufacturers and exporters in various sections of the United States; and giving personal attention to the representations of Senators and Representatives respecting the business interests of their constituents likely to be affected in any way by the proposed treaties. The fact that the negotiations were in progress was heralded broadcast, and every manufacturer and merchant in the land was given the fullest opportunity to present his views. Many did so, but the few manufacturing interests which are now conspicuously protesting against certain provisions of the completed treaties remained silent and apparently indifferent until after their transmission to the Senate. On the other hand, some important interests have expressed by letters to the commissioner their acceptance of the reductions made in the treaties upon their branch of manufacture.

In his official labors, the commissioner constantly received the able and hearty coöperation of the Secretary of State in diplomatic matters, and the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury in questions of national finance. President McKinley himself manifested a deep concern in the success of the negotiations, and gave his personal approval to all the Kasson treaties.

Besides the reciprocal agreements under Section 3, already mentioned, the substantial results of the work of the Reciprocity Commission are shown in the following list of eleven treaties¹ transmitted to the Senate by the President, and still pending action by that body:—

THE KASSON TREATIES.

Country.	Concluded.
FRANCE	July 24, 1899.
GREAT BRITAIN for	
Barbados	June 16, 1899.
British Guiana	July 18, 1899.
Turks and Caicos Islands	July 21, 1899.
Jamaica	July 22, 1899.
Bermuda	July 24, 1899.

¹ A reciprocity treaty with Great Britain on

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC . .	July 10, 1899.
DENMARK for	
St. Croix	June 5, 1900.
ECUADOR	July 10, 1900.
NICARAGUA	October 20, 1899.
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC . .	June 25, 1900.

The first seven conventions in the foregoing list were transmitted to the Senate at the first session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress, and their contents made public; the other four were submitted at the second session of the same Congress, and, although printed confidentially, the injunction of secrecy on them has not yet been removed. Some of the treaties, including the French, have been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations (to which all had been referred for consideration), but the Senate has not yet taken any of them up for action. The conventional periods for their ratification having expired, additional articles extending the time have been signed, as necessity arose, so as to keep the treaties alive throughout the first session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress, except in two cases in which the requisite steps to that end have been taken.

It is true that the Senate has been unusually occupied with important legislative business since the reciprocity treaties were received, but it is well known that the strong opposition which has developed to certain features of the French, Jamaican, and Argentine treaties has been the principal cause of senatorial non-action.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

The reciprocity treaty with France is opposed because it provides for the reduction of the present average *ad valorem* duty on French cotton knit goods from $64\frac{2}{10}$ per cent to $51\frac{5}{10}$ per cent; on imitation jewelry from 60 per cent to 57 per cent; on spectacles from $79\frac{8}{10}$ per cent to $71\frac{8}{10}$ per cent; and on perfumes from $67\frac{7}{10}$ per cent to 61 per

cent. There are a few other protesting industries, — certain manufacturers of brushes, tiles, braids, and gas and electric fixtures, — and that is the extent of the opposition. The great majority of American producers are emphatically in favor of the adoption of the treaty.

If the concessional rates above mentioned are compared with the corresponding duties of the McKinley tariff, which was enacted at a period when the industries in question were in greater need of governmental assistance, it will be seen that the French treaty in no way menaces the principle of protection. For example, the treaty would leave the duty on imitation jewelry at 57 per cent *ad valorem*, although under the McKinley law it was only 50 per cent *ad valorem*. The American negotiator confined the United States concessions in duty to 126 of the 463 numbers comprising the dutiable list of the Dingley tariff, although absolutely unrestricted in this respect by Section 4; and although authorized to concede in every instance a remission of 20 per cent of the duty, he granted the full reduction on only eight articles of French merchandise. The average of all the reductions proposed on the part of the United States is actually only $6\frac{1}{10}$ per cent, notwithstanding it might have been 20 per cent and still be in perfect conformity with congressional authorization. Surely this is extremely conservative action on the part of the Executive.

On the other hand, the great value of the French concessions to the United States is appreciated only by those American manufacturers who, in recent years, have attempted to gain a foothold for their surplus products in the markets of France, in competition with the products of English, German, Belgian, and Swiss rivals. The difficulty is that, with the single exception of Portugal,

piration of the brief period prescribed for its ratification, to extend the same.

behalf of Trinidad was signed on February 13, 1900, but it was never submitted to the Senate, the colonial authorities declining, upon the ex-

every commercial nation of Europe enjoys in France the benefit of her minimum, or conventional, tariff on imports, while the products of the United States are subjected to payment of the maximum rates of her general tariff. Reduced to an ad valorem basis, the difference between the two tariffs, so far as American products are concerned, averages about 48 per cent (excluding mineral and vegetable oils, 26 per cent). Many of our manufacturers engaged in foreign trade are effectually barred from the French market by this discrimination in rates, and those who have managed to effect an entrance are contending under difficulties.

But the reciprocity treaty of 1899, in a single clause, sweeps away this formidable obstacle to the expansion of our trade in France, and, during the conventional term of five years, establishes conditions of absolute security for our commercial interests there. France agrees, in Article I. of the treaty, that *"all articles of merchandise being the product of the soil or industry of the United States of America exported to France or Algeria (whether shipped directly to a French or Algerian port or arriving by way of an intermediate port) shall be admitted into France and Algeria upon payment only of the minimum rates of duty imposed on the like articles of any other origin ;"* excepting from the provisions of this sweeping grant only nineteen specified articles, which are mostly of little commercial significance. The liberality of this concession has aroused considerable opposition to the treaty in France, on the part of the manufacturing and agrarian interests. The political organization is such, however, that the French government would probably be able to carry the treaty through the Chambers, as soon as its acceptance by the United States should be assured. But, in any case, the agitation in French industrial circles has made it clear that the United

States could not again secure such favorable terms in exchange for no more than has been given in the pending treaty.

THE JAMAICAN TREATY.

The opposition to the ratification of the reciprocity treaty with Jamaica comes from the fruit-growers of California, who complain because it makes a reduction of 20 per cent in the present duty on citrus fruits imported from that island. The duty is now one cent per pound, and hence, under the treaty, would be four fifths of a cent. In view of the facts that the season of importation of the Jamaican fruit is only partially coincident with the market season of the California product, and that already about 98 per cent of the entire crop of Jamaican oranges is sold in the United States, there would seem to be small ground for apprehension of increased competition, and no danger whatever of real injury to domestic interests.

But, considering the colonial concessions, even a cursory examination of the treaty will show that it is highly favorable to the United States. Jamaica agrees to admit free of duty no less than fifty-nine classes of United States merchandise, mostly important articles of manufacture, and also guarantees specified reduced rates on another list of agricultural products.

THE ARGENTINE TREATY.

The reciprocity treaty with the Argentine Republic is, strictly, not one of the Kasson treaties, having been negotiated and signed at Buenos Ayres by the United States Minister to Argentina. It is attacked by the wool-growers of the United States because it provides for a reduction of 20 per cent in the duties on Argentine wools. It is often asserted that the wool tariff is the keystone of the arch of protection, and certainly the storm of abuse which the proposed concession has brought down upon

the treaty lends some color to the statement. If the treaty were to go into operation, the rate on Argentine wools of Class I. would be reduced from 11 to $8\frac{8}{10}$ cents per pound, and on those of Class III. from 4 and 7 to $3\frac{2}{10}$ and $5\frac{6}{10}$ cents per pound respectively, — and, they tell us, the arch would thereupon fall. The Argentine government made this concession a *sine qua non*; and, after all, it only emphasizes what President Arthur's commissioners to Central and South America discovered so long ago as 1885, namely, that Argentina and Chile will not even discuss the subject of reciprocity with the United States unless their wools enter generously into the bargain.

Aside, however, from this single vulnerable feature, the treaty with Argentina is admirably drawn to develop and safeguard the export trade of the United States; substantial reductions in the present Argentine duties on our lumber, cereal foods, cotton-seed oil, and certain other products being secured.

THE UNCHALLENGED TREATIES.

As respects the eight other reciprocity treaties, they are all carefully framed to stimulate, develop, and protect the foreign trade of the United States in particular markets, and if put into effect would demonstrate their merits within the short period of four and five years specified for their duration. The United States concessions on dutiable articles are confined to three or four natural products, such as sugar and fresh vegetables. In the case of the British and Danish colonies and the Dominican Republic the reduction of duty on sugar is only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Reciprocally, we secure for the principal products of our soil and industry either entire exemption from import duty or its substantial reduction, exemption from all extra charges (often vexatious and burdensome), and guarantee of the lowest rates of duty granted to the like products of any country. These

treaties, however, have not yet been subjected to any special criticism; why, then, should the storm raised by French cotton knit goods and Jamaican oranges and Argentine wool prejudice them? On the legal principle that where character is not impugned good character must be presumed, they appear before the Senate as meritorious applicants for ratification.

GENERAL OBJECTIONS TO THE TREATIES.

An absurd charge against the pending treaties is that they were not negotiated on the *true* principle of reciprocity, which the objectors define to be the exchange on favorable terms of "dissimilar and non-competing products." In theory this may appear an ideal basis of commercial reciprocity, but among civilized and progressive nations it is impracticable. But this charge is really a criticism of the Dingley tariff, for, as has been shown, Congress had no intention of restricting negotiations for reciprocity to any such narrow basis. In view of the extensive industrial development of the United States, there are practically no non-competing foreign manufactures. This element being eliminated, the suggested basis is confined to crude products of the soil. In fact, one of the provisions of Section 4 is that natural products of foreign countries which are not also produced in the United States may be transferred in reciprocity from the dutiable to the free list. But what are they? In the early history of the country it might have been quite practicable to confine the operations of reciprocity to this basis, but Congress has been so extravagantly generous in placing such articles on the free list that, were dutiable non-competing products to constitute the extent of our available assets in negotiations, the keenest diplomacy of the United States would find its task more difficult than was the manufacture of bricks without straw to the Israelites. Adding to the

producing capacity of the United States that of its outlying possessions, — Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, — there is absolutely nothing left for the operation of that kind of reciprocity which is limited to tariff concessions on “articles which we need, but do not produce.”

Another indefinite assertion designed to throw discredit on the pending treaties, which has gained unworthy currency, is that they were negotiated under conditions which have since changed, and that better bargains might now be secured by the United States. This is not a fact. Some conditions may have partially changed, but they have invariably tended to become more difficult as a basis for successful reciprocity: so that, were the pending treaties to be rejected and negotiations begun afresh, it is extremely doubtful whether the United States could again secure equally favorable terms.

RECIPROCITY AND THE “MOST-FAVORED-NATION” CLAUSE.

Within recent years two or three distinguished Senators have contended that all reciprocity treaties are at variance with the most-favored-nation clause contained in the majority of our treaties of commerce and navigation with foreign powers. They maintain that, under a proper construction of the said stipulations, the United States would, on demand, be obliged to extend to the signatory governments, immediately and without special compensation, any and all concessions this government grants to a particular country in a treaty of reciprocity. If this view were correct, it would, indeed, be a serious menace to the policy of reciprocity. Fortunately, however, the position uniformly taken by the executive branch of the government of the United States, since the time of John Quincy Adams, is that commercial concessions granted in reciprocity by this government to another in ex-

change for an expressed equivalent cannot be lawfully claimed by a third nation *without like compensation*.

The soundness of this construction is clearly demonstrated by Hon. John A. Kasson in a recently published article.¹ Referring to the language of the most-favored-nation clause in the principal commercial treaties of the United States, he writes: —

“It is clearly evident that the object sought in all the varying forms of expression is equality of international treatment, — protection against the willful preference of the commercial interests of one nation over another. But the allowance of the same privileges and the same sacrifice of revenue duties, to a nation which makes no compensation, that had been conceded to another nation for an adequate compensation, instead of maintaining, destroys that equality of market privileges which the ‘most-favored-nation’ clause was intended to secure. It concedes for nothing to one friendly nation what the other gets only for a price. It would thus become the source of international inequality, and provoke international hostility.”

This view is supported by many precedents quoted by Mr. Kasson, and by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1887, in the case of *Bartram et al. vs. Robertson*, 122 U. S. Reps. p. 116, affirmed in *Whitney vs. Robertson*, 124 U. S. Reps. p. 190.

COMMERCIAL WAR OR RECIPROCITY?

It is the function of reciprocity not only to improve present tariff conditions in foreign countries for the benefit of our exporting interests, but to establish effectual guarantees against worse conditions. Perhaps, indeed, this is the most important phase of the whole subject. It is well known that the governments of certain great commercial

¹ The Construction of the Most-Favored-Nation Clause of Treaties, in Philadelphia Record, July 27, 1901.

powers of Europe are contemplating the revision of their customs tariffs at the earliest feasible date. In at least three instances this may be accomplished immediately upon the termination of their commercial treaties with one another at the expiration of the year 1903. Preparations for that event are already in progress, in the form of preliminary tariff studies and projected schedules.

It requires no great political sagacity to perceive that what is termed the "American commercial invasion" of Europe, added to the ultra-protectionism of the Dingley tariff, has aroused a feeling of strong resentment and a spirit of retaliation in the invaded territory. We read much about the threatened official combination of European nations against the commercial interests of the United States, on the lines of the scheme proposed in 1897 by Count Goluchowski, Premier of Austria-Hungary. Although this peril to American commerce may be somewhat exaggerated by some writers, in view of the improbability of any basis of united official action being attained by rival European powers, there is, nevertheless, ample justification for serious apprehension of separate action on their part against our interests. An official coalition would be difficult, but the real danger is that, provoked by the same transoceanic conditions and acting independently, the principal nations of

Europe may enact inimical and highly discriminating tariffs against the United States, to the incalculable injury of American commerce. Indeed, one such tariff is actually in course of official preparation by Germany, and will go into effect, it is said, January 1, 1904.

The recent retaliatory action of Russia in withdrawing from our manufactures the benefit of the minimum rates of her conventional tariff, and subjecting them to the almost prohibitory duties of her general tariff, has already resulted in a considerable loss to our producers. Similar commercial reprisals are to be feared in other quarters unless the Dingley tariff is mollified by the equity of reciprocity. The ratification of the pending reciprocity treaty with France would completely eliminate her from the theatre of commercial hostility to the United States, and would pave the way for negotiations to place American commerce on an equally favorable basis in every menacing quarter. Each one of the pending treaties, if adopted, will tie up one foreign country in the bonds of mutual interest, and effectually disarm it from taking adverse action against our commerce at any time during the conventional period. Reciprocity is, therefore, the only safeguard against a war of retaliatory tariffs, destructive to commerce and prejudicial to international comity.

John Ball Osborne.

THE REAL JUDGE LYNCH.

TRADITION sometimes plays strange pranks with dead men's reputations. It would make an interesting half hour for the eavesdropper beyond the Styx if he could hear the exchange of amenities between Duns Scotus and "Judge" Lynch: the one a shrewd, clear reasoner, whose name now signifies a fool; the other a

simple Quaker gentleman, whose name has come to stand for organized savagery. Charles Lynch was a man whose services to his country as a brave pioneer and righteous judge, as a soldier and a statesman, are by no means deserving of oblivion, still less of obloquy. It seems, indeed, one of the iniquities of

fate that his name should now be universally applied to proceedings that no one would condemn more heartily than he. The records of the court of Bedford County, in Virginia, and those of various Quaker meetings, the journals of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the first Constitutional Convention, taken together with family documents and traditions, show him to have been an upright and useful member of society, and a wise and energetic leader at the most important crisis of American history.

Charles Lynch was born in 1736, at Chestnut Hill, his father's estate near the ferry across the James, where his older brother afterwards founded the city of Lynchburg. About his ancestry not a great deal is known. There is a tradition that somewhere in the misty past one of his forefathers was mayor of a certain Irish city, where he meted out justice with a hand so stern and swift as to earn the sobriquet of "Hanging Pat." His grandfather perhaps inherited, along with large estates in Galway, the same judicial temper, and, not being in a position to exercise it on municipal malefactors, he kept it from rusting by frequent displays in his family life. The father of the future "judge," much as he may have respected such a temper as an heirloom and token of former distinction, does not seem to have relished its manifestations toward himself, for he fled from home when still a mere lad, and about 1725 made his way as an indentured servant, or "redemptioner," to Virginia. On his arrival in the colony, the captain of the ship that brought him over sold him to a well-to-do planter in Caroline County, named Clark. By his Celtic wit, his industry and pleasant address, the young Irishman soon won the good will not only of his master, but also of his master's daughter, Sarah, whom he married as soon as he was free from his indentures. Then the assistance of an influential father-in-law being added

to that of the good fortune that had hitherto backed his efforts, he became a tobacco planter on a large scale. The records of the Colonial Land Office show that, besides some seven thousand acres of land in the counties of Goochland and Brunswick, he took up large tracts in the fertile valleys of the Rivanna, the Staunton, and the upper James. His career, however, was a short one, for Sarah Lynch was already a widow when she joined the sect of the Quakers at the Cedar Creek meeting on April 16, 1750.

It is in the records of this congregation of Quakers that we find the first mention of the "judge:" "14 of Dec., 1754. Charles Lynch and Anne Terrill published for the first Time their Intentions of Marriage." "11 Jan., 1755. Above Parties are reported clear" by the committee appointed, as was then usual with the Quakers, to look into their previous conduct and reputation. The next day they were married, and soon afterwards set out for the west.

In the division of the Irish immigrant's property, Chestnut Hill, the home he had founded on the James, fell to his eldest son, John. Charles, therefore, was under the necessity of taking his young wife to the family lands that lay nearer the frontier. It was an unpropitious time for beginning life in the wilderness. Settlers were few and far between in that part of the colony. Wild beasts and wilder red men still struggled for the supremacy under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, and, according to the journal of Dr. Thomas Walker, even the buffalo, so quick to disappear before the approach of man, wandered at large over the slopes leading down to the rivers. Moreover, a state of war against the French and Indians was already existing; and as Charles, then only nineteen years old, journeyed with his wife toward the "Green Level" on the banks of the Staunton, Braddock, farther north, was advancing to his defeat at Fort Duquesne. It required a

stout heart and a strong arm to establish civilization in such a country at such a time, but young Lynch was equal to the occasion.

Already in the previous year it had been attempted to meet the necessity of a proper government for the scattered settlers by the organization of Bedford County. The twelve "Gents" of the county, to whom the Commission of the Peace and Dedimus Potestatem had been directed, met in May at the "ordinary" of Mathew Talbot, one of their number, to begin their new duties. But only seven of them were ready to take the usual oaths to his Majesty's person and government, and to "subscribe the Test" which was then required of all holders of public office. The other five, not being members of the Church of England, refused the Test, and therefore were not eligible to act as justices. As there were, however, in the whole county only two other "Gents" available for the office, these five were once more recommended to Governor Dinwiddie as proper persons to be added to the Commission, and in due time they were sworn in. The executive positions were even more difficult to fill than those of the justices. To serve a summons in those wild regions, to arrest and guard prisoners, and to discharge the other orders of the court were duties that no one was fain to assume. The man that had been appointed sheriff by the governor "hath made Oath that he can't get Securitie for his Office, and no one that is already named in the Commission will accept of the Office." So the governor was requested to make an appointment from among those already recommended as proper persons to be added to the Commission, and at the next meeting of the court one of them, Joseph Ray, was prevailed on to give the required security and permit himself to be sworn in. It was then "Ordered, that the Sheriff of this County impress a sufficient Number of Persons to guard such Persons as from

Time to Time shall be arrested and taken into Custody in the County." His duties began immediately, for the next entry is, "Ordered, that the Sheriff summon those Persons that have this Daye behaved in a ryotous Manner in the Court to appear to Morrow to answer the Same." The men engaged in the "Ryot" were next day excused, but their detention had served to show that the equipment for the proper discharge of justice was not yet complete. Therefore, "Mathew Talbot's Store House is appointed for a Prison for the County;" whereupon the sheriff "Protests against the Insufficiency of the said House for all Escapings that may be made by Reason thereof;" but his protest resulted only in an order "to summon a Guard to guard such Persons as may be committed to said Prison." The organization was now complete; and lest justice should miscarry before this august tribunal, the sheriff was ordered "to wait on a Printer for 14 compleat Bodys of the Law for the use of the Justices." It was then "Ordered, that the Rates of Liquor for this County for the Ensueing Year be established as followeth

Rum by the Gallon 10s if good Barbadoes			
Punch by the Quart 1s 3d when made with			
loaf Sugar			
New England Rum	per Gal.	4s	
Whiskie	" "	5s	
Bristol Strong Beer	" Bottle	1s 6d	
Peach Brandie	" Gal.	6s	
Madeira Wine	" "	10s	
Virginia Cyder	" "	2s, &c	

After this important measure the court adjourned.

Such were the conditions for maintaining law and executing justice in the county where Lynch attained to manhood. A sparsely settled frontier region, the beginning of a long and mortal struggle with the French and the savages, the mere form of a court of justice meeting in a place of public entertainment, interrupted by "ryotous behaviour," and presided over by men whose ignorance of "compleat Bodys of the Law"

was equaled only by the impotence of the sheriff to prevent "Escaips" of malefactors. Truly, at such a time every log house must be a castle, every man must be his own protector, and justice had no other local habitation than the hearts of the hard-fisted settlers in buckskin breeches who were planting in the wilderness the seeds of civilization.

"*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!*" So far in the history of mankind it is only the Anglo-Saxons that have proved able to overcome such obstacles in the course of one generation. Beyond a doubt, one of the main causes of their success has been the practical nature of the religion, not unaccompanied by genuine piety, which they maintained during the period of their "expansion." If, then, some degree of justice and order prevailed in the early days of Bedford County, it was the character of the settlers, and not the county court, that preserved it. It was in forming this character and training those qualities that make for peace that Charles Lynch rendered his first service to his country.

As soon as he had finished his new house at Green Level, Lynch assisted in organizing a Quaker meeting in the county, and contributed money and men to construct for it a building which was the first house of public worship in that part of Virginia. When the meeting was broken up by the Indians during the war, he invited the worshipers, for greater security, to come to his house, where he and his armed negroes would be prepared to ward off hostile attacks. For a number of years he served as clerk of the meeting, as trustee of the new meeting house, and as representative to the Quarterly Assembly in one of the eastern counties. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of these Quaker pioneers in establishing better relations with the Indians, and fostering a spirit of peace and justice amongst their neighbors. As a leading Quaker, Lynch found his services in

great demand to arbitrate disputes over land, cattle, and other things. There is even a tradition to the effect that he was once called upon to settle a quarrel between the owners of two captive bears, who had bet on a fight between the animals, and disagreed about the result. On that occasion his decision was so unsatisfactory that the disputants turned their wrath from each other upon the umpire. In the struggle that ensued Celtic blood proved too much for Quaker principles, and the brawny man of peace forced the quarrelers to swallow his decision. It was seldom, however, that his judgments met with such ill success, and as the years passed he grew in reputation as a man of integrity, energy, and sober good sense.

When peace was made with the French and Indians in 1763, and the number of settlers began rapidly to increase, Lynch's position as a leading man in the county was already established. Sagacity in the management of his large estate had brought him what his neighbors considered great wealth, chiefly in the form of tobacco, cattle, and slaves. This large "stake in the country," his unflagging zeal in promoting good government, his familiarity with the interests of the east, where he was a frequent visitor among his mother's kinsfolk, and his high personal qualities pointed him out as the logical representative of his county in the colonial Assembly. Already in 1764 it is said that he was asked to become a candidate; but he refused, on the ground that holding public office was inconsistent with his Quaker principles. But the excitement attending the discussion of the Stamp Act, and the increasing gravity of the disagreement between the counties of the east and those of the west, caused him to see his duty in another light; and in 1767, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected to the House of Burgesses, and held his seat till the colony became an independent state.

In thus entering public life he severed his official connection with the Quaker congregation that he had helped to bring into existence. It became necessary for him, as a burgess, to take the usual oath, which was the same as that administered to members of the House of Commons; and in consequence, at the meeting of December, 1767, "Charles Lynch is disowned for taking Solemn Oaths." It is interesting to know, however, that his relations with his former brethren in the faith always remained friendly, and that his children were reared in the tenets of the sect.

During the period from the Stamp Act to the Revolution, it was not only the relations to the mother country that came before the Virginia Assembly for grave consideration; there was also a matter of home policy pressing for settlement, and the history of America was to be strongly influenced by the position that members of the House should take upon it.

In the eastern counties of the colony, although there was a slight infusion of Scotch and Huguenot blood, by far the greater number of inhabitants were of English descent. These men had developed the plantation system, and their prosperity depended upon maintaining close commercial relations with the Old World, where they sold their tobacco and purchased their manufactured supplies. Under this system of agriculture and commerce they had grown rich, and by reason of their wealth they were called on to pay nearly all the taxes that the burgesses imposed. In the western counties, on the other hand, the majority of the settlers were German and Scotch-Irish that had made their way down from the north; and amongst them, because of the difficulty of getting agricultural produce to market, the plantation system had not yet grown up. They lived chiefly by cattle-raising, cultivated only enough land to provide their families, and seldom owned slaves or

had any other kind of property that was taxed. Between the two sections there were several minor causes of disagreement. The Lutherans and Presbyterians of the west felt oppressed by the Established Church, the main strength of which lay in the east. The cultured and lordly burgesses from the lowlands distrusted the democratic principles of the men in homespun and buckskin that rode down to the Assembly from the mountains. But the main cause of sectional divergence lay in the contrary notions the members held about the most expedient way of raising and spending the colonial revenue. If the western regions were to increase in prosperity, it could only be through developing better means of transporting their produce to the east. But roads and bridges and canals required money to build, and this the western settlers did not have. There was, therefore, a constant struggle in the Assembly between the western members, who were trying to impose heavier taxes on slaves and real estate, and the eastern members, who thought they were being robbed to construct improvements from which they would derive no benefit. It was an early stage of the strife over internal improvements that afterwards arose in the Federal Congress, to be waged bitterly there for more than a generation.

In Virginia, the differences of race and of economic condition during the colonial period brought it about that the two sections developed along entirely different lines. The struggle between them became a struggle for power; and it was western influence in the convention of 1828 that extended the suffrage and changed the representation of the counties. In the secession convention of the next generation it was realized that the divergence had gone too far to be bridged, and the economic and social forces making for disunion were at last strong enough to rend the old commonwealth asunder.

In the colonial period of this struggle Lynch's vote and influence were always cast in favor of the west. Although he was himself a tobacco planter and a slaveowner, he lived far enough beyond the head of navigation to appreciate the disadvantages of the western farmer's situation. He knew also the possibilities of the country just across the mountains, and was convinced that the benefit of opening means of transportation would accrue, not to any one section, but to the whole colony. As a Quaker, furthermore, he was opposed to the Established Church, and as a sturdy pioneer to the aristocratic organization of eastern society. His influence in the Assembly seems to have been based on the same qualities that had won him distinction in his own county. To shine as an orator before an audience that was accustomed to Patrick Henry, Cary, Page, Pendleton, and Randolph, Lynch was prepared neither by education nor by temperament. There could be no stronger contrast than that between the heated debates of the House of Burgesses and the dignified monotony of the Quaker meetings where he had been wont to give "admonitions" against unchristian dealings. Yet he was not without a following. Though he was of quiet manner and not given to much speaking, there was something impressive in the evident sincerity and determination of the tall backwoodsman; and the consistency of his politics, the conservatism of his principles, the clearness with which he saw and expressed what he believed to be right, enabled him, in time, to command as many votes by a quiet expression of opinion as some of his more brilliant colleagues could do by polished eloquence.

Now it is not to be supposed that in a sectional struggle such as was then in progress the officials sent over by England would assume an attitude of indifference. It might be naturally expected that an impartial governor, representing the interests of the mother country, and

therefore desiring the growth and prosperity of the colony as a whole, would be inclined to promote the development of the west and to conciliate the settlers there, even though some heavier burden must be laid upon the east to accomplish it. But such was not the case. An inherent Anglo-Saxon respect for the rights of property, and a constant intercourse with the men of the lowlands among whom he lived, enlisted the governor's sympathies in behalf of the east, so that the whole weight of English influence was thrown against the cause that Lynch and his party supported. The consequence was a gradual weakening of western loyalty. Even before Lynch's appearance in the House, Patrick Henry's resolutions against the Stamp Act had been passed by the western vote; and at a later date it was the same vote that severed the political connection with England, and saved Virginia for the cause of independence.

In addition to internal improvements, there came up for discussion, during Lynch's career as a burgess, two measures of importance which excited sectional hostility. In 1769 there was passed an act regulating the suffrage, and determining the qualifications and powers of members of the Assembly. The conservative east stood for a freehold qualification for voters. In the west such a qualification was not satisfactory. The explanation of this is that the land in the latter region had been largely settled by squatters; and though many of these, in the course of years, had become men of substance and position, they could show no legal title to the land they held, and hence would be excluded from voting. In the discussion of this question Lynch and several other western representatives stood with the east, on the ground that the suffrage could not be extended so as to admit the desirable non-freeholders without at the same time admitting a large class of men to whom the right of voting could not be safely

intrusted. The result of this defection was an overwhelming victory for the cause of the east, the fruits of which that section long enjoyed. The main principles of the act as it was finally passed were preserved by the Constitutional Convention of 1776, and remained in force till overthrown by the increasing power of the west in 1828.

The other measure on which sectional lines were sharply drawn was the issue of paper money, and in his advocacy of this Lynch did not display his usual sagacity. By reason of her economic condition, Virginia was among the last of the colonies to have recourse to a debased currency. Under the plantation system there was little demand for money for internal trade, and in foreign trade her great staple, tobacco, was an acceptable return for the manufactured supplies of all kinds that were imported. When the west was settled, however, the same circumstances prevailed there that had already forced fiat money upon the colonies farther north. There was no plantation system there, little tobacco was grown, and some kind of currency was needed, not only for the every-day transactions of life, but especially for the construction of those internal improvements upon which the development of that region depended. In seeking a means to meet this necessity, it is not surprising that Lynch showed no greater wisdom than Franklin and others of his contemporaries whose eminence as statesmen is beyond cavil. In sinning against economic law he was in good company. His sins, however, were visited not so much upon his children as upon himself. Virginia entered the struggle for independence with a currency so defective that it prevented her from profiting by her great natural resources, prolonged the war, and added vastly to the sufferings of all classes. Lynch's private losses were great, and he lived bitterly to repent the support he gave to the cheap money policy.

The time was at hand, however, when these matters of money, of suffrage, of representation, and even of internal improvements were to be banished from men's minds by the greater matter of our relations to England. It is not necessary to trace here the course of events that led to the dissolution of the House of Burgesses and the flight of Governor Dunmore. Lynch, as a member of the Assembly, became a member of the Convention that met in 1776 to determine the course Virginia should take in regard to the troubles that had now reached a head. It does not seem that in the early days of these troubles his constituents had shown any special interest in the agitation that was going on; for in 1775, when all the eastern part of the colony was ablaze with excitement over the discussion of English oppression and the prospect of war, a court had been held in Bedford to present any grievances the people had to complain of. We hear no mention of Stamp Act or Boston Port Bill or unjust taxation, but the court sends in a petition setting forth the "Inconveniences of Treats and Entertainments at and before the Election of Representatives." These "Inconveniences," it may be remarked, were not confined to the representatives from Bedford and their competitors for office; they formed one of the grave political abuses of the age, and the immaculate Washington himself, when a candidate for the Assembly, found it necessary to spend large sums in "Treats and Entertainments." Lynch, however, by reason of his nine years' experience as a burgess, appreciated better than his constituents the gravity of the crisis that had now arrived, and the position he took on the points at issue was of epoch-making importance.

In view of the consistency and zeal that Virginia afterwards displayed in the cause of independence, the opinion has come to prevail that from the beginning of the troubles the sentiment in the colony

was almost unanimously hostile to England. Such, however, was far from being the case. The class of men that controlled the eastern counties still retained the Cavalier principles that had led their forefathers, in earlier days, to offer a refuge to Charles II. when a fugitive before the victorious army of the Parliament. This Cavalier class, "not inconsiderable in numbers and more potent in influence, partook of the character that marked the English original, imitated English manners in its modes of life, practiced English sports, cherished English prejudices, and were proud of the glory of their English forefathers." These men, moreover, in the event of war, would be the chief sufferers; for not only did they sell in England the produce of their plantations, and procure there all the luxuries and many of the necessaries consumed in their families, but the location of their estates near the seaboard and along the great waterways rendered them peculiarly exposed to the ravages of an invading force. There was, therefore, in the Convention a party, strong both in numbers and in influence, that favored using the greatest moderation in all measures directed against the mother country.

And yet it is a part of the knowledge of every American schoolboy that the Declaration of Independence was the result of instructions sent by the Convention of 1776 to the Virginia delegates in the Continental Congress. It is a whimsical and fantastic truth that "Judge" Lynch was prominent among the men who caused these instructions to be sent, and thus determined the severance of this country from England. When the Virginia Convention of 1776 met, no man could tell what the decision of the members would be. The population of the eastern counties were known to be for moderation, and their representatives reflected their views. The masses of the people in the west were indifferent so far as England was concerned, for they

were ignorant not only of the merits of the case, but for the most part even of the points at issue between the two countries. So far as a spirit of antagonism to England existed in that region, it had grown out of the support that the English government had given to the Cavalier party in the sectional rivalry described above. It was the burgesses from the west that best appreciated what the nature of this support had been, and these men realized better than their constituents how great an advantage would accrue to their party from the removal of English influence altogether. This explains the statement of the English historian, Lecky, that the "popular or democratic party in this colony showed more zeal in breaking down precedence than in combating the English." It was, then, in large measure for the purpose of securing control of colonial affairs that the western members, under the influence of Charles Lynch, gave a solid vote for ending the connection with England. It is true that in the journal of the Convention the vote for the resolution instructing the delegates in the Continental Congress is said to have been unanimous; but it is known from a letter of George Mason to R. H. Lee, and from other sources, that there was a strong minority against it. This does not mean that the men of the lowlands were unwilling to resist English oppression, — to resist it, if necessary, by force of arms; but they were opposed to breaking the political connection with the mother country, and they hoped that England could be brought to yield to the American demands without taking this step. There were some among them, however, who allied themselves on all points with the men of the west. The very man, indeed, who offered the resolution was no other than the aristocratic Nelson of York, who was afterwards himself a delegate to Congress, and a signer of the Declaration which he had advocated. So soon as it became obvi-

ous that Lynch and his westerners, with these allies from the east, would have a majority in the Convention, the Cavalier party, appreciating the necessity of presenting a united front to the enemy, ceased their opposition, permitted the vote to appear as unanimous, and — to their credit be it said — stood loyally by the decision of the Convention, and offered as much in money, in blood, and in brains to the cause of liberty as any other section of the Union.

Having thus determined on the Declaration of Independence, the Convention proceeded to draw up a constitution for the new commonwealth. It was the first written constitution that a state had ever given itself, and the difficulty of the task can hardly be realized at the present day. In this work, also, the influence of Lynch and his western followers was strongly felt, and their votes succeeded in impressing on the new constitution the decidedly democratic character it presented when compared with the government of the colony under a crown charter. In the Convention, as in the House of Burgesses, Lynch did little speaking; he left that to Henry, Madison, and other allies from the east. But he knew what he wanted, and he carried his western colleagues as a solid mass for or against a measure according as he approved or disliked it.

When the work of the Convention was over, Lynch returned to his duties in Bedford. He had been made a justice of the peace under a commission from Dunmore in 1774, and when the county court was reorganized according to the ordinance of the Convention, passed on the 3d of July, 1776, he retained the position. Several of his former associates on the bench, however, were of Tory sentiments, and refused to serve under a republican government. He did not enlist in the army, partly because of his Quaker principles, but chiefly because his presence was imperatively necessary at home. He had to

rouse the spirit of his constituents to support the action he had advocated in the Convention. He had to raise and equip troops for the army. He had, as it were, to mobilize the forces of his county, and to attend to all the duties of a commissary department. In addition, he had to make some provision in the event of an attack from hostile Indians. His county, lying as it did near the frontier, was not less exposed to such an inroad than "fair Wyoming," whose woes, some years later, afforded a theme to a British poet. It was in such work as this, together with that devolving upon him as a member of the legislature of the young state, that he passed the first years of the war. He let it be known, however, that neither Quaker principles nor other duties would prevent his going to the front, if his services became more necessary there than at home. Accordingly, we find, in 1778, that the court of Bedford "doth recommend to his Excellency, the Governor, Charles Lynch as a suitable Person to exercise the Office of Colonel of Militia in this County." He accepted the commission, and immediately went to work to organize what able-bodied men still remained in the county into a regiment of cavalry.

For two years after Lynch received his commission as a militia colonel the war was waged outside of Virginia, and he and his regiment were not called to the field. But in 1780 the British determined to shift the war to the South, and the scene changed. Lord Cornwallis was dispatched to roll up the American line from Georgia to the river Dan, and then to coöperate with General Philips and Benedict Arnold, who were sent to Norfolk, in subjugating Virginia. The course of the campaign that followed need not be traced here: it forms an interesting passage in every standard textbook of American history. At first Cornwallis's success on his march to the north was such as might have been expected from his eminent ability, whilst

the devastations of Philips and Arnold in Virginia spread terror and dismay throughout the colony. The prospects of the Southern patriots were dark.

It was under these circumstances that Colonel Lynch found it necessary to take those steps that have given his name a world-wide notoriety.

From the beginning of the movement for independence there had been Tories in Bedford. Numerous records of the county courts, taken together with other sources of information, show that here, as in many other western counties, there was a strong and influential party opposed to the struggle for independence. For the most part they were quiet, thrifty men, far different from the ruffians and desperadoes that prejudice has since represented them to be. So long as the British forces were at a distance, the same means commonly applied in other parts of the country had sufficed to prevent them from giving trouble; they were placed under heavy bonds, were confined to the forks of rivers, or were kept under close supervision by the justices and militia officers. But as Cornwallis approached from the south, these Bedford Tories believed the time had come when they might do something for the cause they had at heart. They therefore entered into a conspiracy to upset the county organization, and to seize for the use of Cornwallis on his arrival the stores that Lynch had collected for Greene's army in North Carolina. Tradition says that Colonel Lynch was made aware of the conspirators' plans by one of their own number. He had them all arrested, and found among them some of the leading men of the county; two of them, indeed, Robert Cowan and Thomas Watts, had formerly been his fellow justices on the bench of the county court. It was a very serious situation. Lynch himself was on the point of setting out with his regiment for the east, to oppose the British under Benedict Arnold. To leave these

domestic foes at large was to invite disaster; to be hampered with them as prisoners on the rapid march he was forced to make was out of the question. What was to be done with them?

Rough as were the lives of these western pioneers, and bloody as were their frequent encounters with the Indians, they were no ruthless destroyers of human life. In moulding the character of the people, in teaching respect for life and property, in enlarging the sphere of the Quakers' gentle influence, no man had been more active than Colonel Lynch. The records of the county court bear strong testimony to the peaceful and orderly conduct of the inhabitants, to the humanity and Christian principles that governed their conduct. Too little attention has been paid by historians to such records, in studying the civilization borne by the Anglo-Saxons in their western expansion. Most of the business transacted by the Bedford court was of a civil nature; criminal cases were few. "John Williams in order to take up fifty Acres of Land made Oath that he was imported from London into this Colony about eight Years ago and that this is the first Time of proving the Same." "Ordered that George Thomas be fined twenty-five Shillings for prophaine Swearing and Costs." "Ordered that the Church Wardens of Russel Parish bind out the Children of Joseph Richardson, deceased, according to Law." "George White's Ear Mark [to distinguish his cattle, grazing in the forest along with those of his neighbors] a Swallow Fork in the left Ear and a Half Moon under it and a Slit in the right Ear. Ordered to be recorded." "The Grand Jury returned, and presented James Robinson for prophaine Swearing, and not having any other Presentments to make were discharged." Such are typical selections from the Bedford records.

The infliction of capital punishment was extremely rare. There were only

three instances of it, and these for most heinous offenses, between the organization of the county and the Revolution. The first case was on May 24, 1756, when the court assembled "to hear and determine all Treasons, Petit Treasons, Murders, and other Offences committed or done by Hampton and Sambo belonging to John Payne of Goochland, Gent." "The said Hampton and Sambo were set to the Bar under Custody of Charles Talbot [then sheriff] to whose Custody they were before committed on Suspicion of their being Guilty of the felonious Preparing and Administering Poysonous Medicines to Ann Payne, and being Arraigned of the Premises pleaded Not Guilty and for their Trial put themselves upon the Court. Whereupon divers Witnesses were charged and they heard in their Defence. On Consideration thereof it is the Opinion of the Court that the said Hampton is guilty in the Manner and Form as in the Indictment. Therefore it is considered that the said Hampton be hanged by the Neck till he be dead, and that he be afterwards cut in Quarters, and his Quarters hung up at the Cross Roads. And it is the Opinion of the Court that the said Sambo is guilty of a Misdemeanor. Therefore it is considered that the said Sambo be burnt in the Hand, and that he also receive thirty-one Lashes on his bare Back at the Whipping Post. Memo: That the said Hampton is adjudged at forty-five Pound which is ordered to be certified to the Assembly [that his owner may be remunerated according to law]." That it was a convincing proof of his guilt, and not race prejudice, that led the court to impose this savage punishment is evident from the fact that in the same year a negro was tried for murder, another for poisoning, and a third for arson, and all were cleared.

It appears, then, that both custom and sentiment were violently opposed to visiting capital punishment upon the detected Tory conspirators. But fines and

warnings would evidently be inadequate, for they had already been imposed to little purpose for numerous minor offenses in aiding the enemy, and this was a much more serious case. After careful deliberation, Colonel Lynch, as the presiding justice, sentenced them to terms of imprisonment varying from one to five years. Robert Cowan, who seems to have been the ringleader, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £20,000. The fine was not so heavy as it seems, for in that year the prices fixed by the court were: rum and brandy per gallon £40, corn and oats per gallon £2 8s., dinner at an "ordinary" £4 10s., etc.

Such was the result of the trial that has made the name of Lynch a byword and a hissing in the tongues of the nations!

In passing these sentences, comparatively mild though they were, the county court was transcending its powers; the General Court alone had jurisdiction in cases of treason. After the war, therefore, the Tories that had suffered at his hands threatened to prosecute Colonel Lynch and his friends, and the affair attracted wide attention. To avoid the trouble of a lawsuit, Lynch had the matter brought up before the legislature, of which he was still a member; and after a long and thorough debate, that aroused the interest of the whole country, the following act was passed:—

"Whereas divers evil-disposed persons in the year 1780 formed a conspiracy and did actually attempt to levy war against the commonwealth, and it is represented to the present General Assembly . . . that Charles Lynch and other faithful citizens, aided by detachments of volunteers from different parts of the state, did by timely and effectual measures suppress such conspiracy, and whereas the measures taken for that purpose may not be strictly warranted by law although justifiable from the imminence of the danger, Be it therefore enacted that the said Charles Lynch and

all other persons whatsoever concerned in suppressing the said conspiracy, or in advising, issuing, or exacting any orders or measures taken for that purpose, stand indemnified and exonerated of and from all pains, penalties, prosecutions, actions, suits, and damages on account thereof,

"And that if any indictment, prosecution, action or suit shall be laid or brought against them or any of them for any act or thing done therein, the defendant or defendants may plead in bar and give this act in evidence."

The proceedings in Bedford which the legislature thus pronounced to be illegal, but justifiable, were imitated in other parts of the state, and came to be known by the name of Lynch's Law. In justice to Colonel Lynch, it should be remembered that his action was taken at a time when the state was in the throes of a hostile invasion. The General Court, before which the conspirators should have been tried, was temporarily dispersed. Thomas Jefferson, then the governor of the state, was proving himself peculiarly incompetent to fill the position. The whole executive department was in a state of partial paralysis. It was, therefore, no spirit of insubordination or disregard of the law that induced Lynch to act as he did. There were few men living more inclined than this simple Quaker farmer to render due respect in word and deed to the established authorities.

But the seed that had been sown sprung up and bore evil fruit. When a legislative body has expressly admitted that circumstances may arise under which breaches of its laws are justifiable, it has enunciated a dangerous principle. It struck deep root in the minds of Lynch's fellows on the western frontier, and they transmitted it to their descendants, who carried it constantly with them as they rolled that frontier back to the westward and southward. It is the principle on which it is attempted to justify the practice of lynching to the present day : men

believe that circumstances may arise under which measures, though not strictly warranted by law, are justifiable from the nature of the offense ; and those circumstances, now as in the days of Colonel Lynch, consist in the weakness of the executive. In districts that are thinly settled and comparatively poor it is impossible to keep up a sufficient police to enforce the laws. Men are obliged to protect themselves against dangers that they believe are threatening, because there is no one else to whom they can look for protection. The gravest social danger arising from such a condition is this : that when the members of a community have once become accustomed to self-help against misdoers, they are slow to lay aside the practice. The feeling comes to prevail that, after all, no injustice is done in lynching a criminal ; that such summary punishment, in fact, is more effective, is a stronger deterrent, than that meted out by the slow process of law.

When he had suppressed the Tory conspiracy, Colonel Lynch set out with his regiment for the east. With his Rough Riders of the west, he aided in checking the invasion under Benedict Arnold and in driving him back to the sea. Then, accompanied by his eldest son, a lad of sixteen, he led his men to join Greene in North Carolina, and was in time to take part in the battle of Guilford Court House. His services on the field of battle with his farmer cavalry have been worthily described by General R. E. Lee, in his history of his father's regiment ; they were such as to call forth special commendation from General Greene, who kept Lynch with him until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After that event Colonel Lynch resumed his duties as justice of the peace and member of the Assembly. Time and again, as before the war, we find him mentioned in the court records as active for the welfare of the community. We find him acting as umpire to settle

the little disputes of his neighbors ; as executor of the estates of his friends, as one by one they passed away ; as guardian of the orphan ; as overseer of the poor ; in nearly every field where a man of honor and firmness was needed. He lived to see his country free and peace declared with England, to renew his friendship with those of his Tory neighbors that had felt his severity in time of war, to see the

government of the United States reorganized, and to vote for the new Constitution in 1788. In 1796 he died, at the age of sixty, and was buried at his home on the banks of the Staunton, in a country which he had found a primeval wilderness, where the savage and the beast of prey shared the supremacy, and which he left a prosperous, peaceful, and law-abiding community.

Thomas Walker Page.

WILL ITALY RENEW THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE?

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Triple Alliance is a secret convention, the text of which is known only to the chiefs of the official world in Rome, Vienna, and Berlin, the key to its various clauses is possessed to-day by most European governments. Moreover, during the eighteen years of its existence, statesmen and politicians have more or less successfully discounted its connection with international politics and the balance of power both in continental Europe and the Mediterranean basin. Nevertheless, it has never ceased to exert a potential restraint over European political ambitions and international combinations.

The object of this study is, as its title implies, the examination, from the Italian point of view, of the past achievements and possible eventual benefits of this much-discussed convention.

Within a year Italy will be called upon to decide between the renewal of the treaty and its denunciation twelve months later (1903). Will her statesmen, in view of altered political and commercial conditions at home and abroad, again subscribe to the convention ? And should Italy decide on the severance of the ties now binding her to the two great Teutonic powers, would such action necessarily be detrimental to her political, commercial, and financial interests ?

Signor Zanardelli, the present Premier, recently stated that the weights which are to decide Italy's course are not yet in the scales. These words would seem to imply that the considerations which evoked the pact of 1882, and prompted its renewal in 1892, either no longer exist, or are likely to be so altered in the immediate future as to necessitate a recasting of fundamental principles or the abandonment of the Agreement. In truth, the interests of at least one of the parties concerned have undergone radical alteration. The psychology of Italian home politics, as well as existing foreign relations, reveals in a measure the pressure which will be brought to bear upon King Victor Emmanuel's ministers next year. Yet without attempting a forecast of the probable action of Italian statesmen a twelvemonth hence, we shall be able to obtain a tolerably clear perception of the motive forces if we glance rapidly at the peculiar circumstances which called the treaty into being, on May 20, 1882, and led to its subsequent renewal.

No ties of race, no considerable commercial interests, bound Italy to the Teutonic peoples. One of the contracting parties had been Italy's hereditary foe, the bitterest opponent of her national unity, and, moreover, still held in bondage

districts geographically and ethnologically claimed as intrinsic portions of the Latin kingdom. With Germany (more especially Prussia) there had long existed, it is true, a vague traditional friendship, which, however, at that moment (1881-82) was seriously strained by Bismarck's equivocal diplomacy in connection with the ambitions of the Vatican, — a policy which even after the conclusion of the treaty continued to give umbrage to Italians.

The action of France in Tunis, resulting in the signature of the Bardo treaty on May 12, 1881, came to Italy as a bolt from the blue. Panic seized upon Italian politicians as the realization of the political isolation of their country was thus rudely impressed upon them. It is now known that Bismarck encouraged France in the execution of her Tunisian policy, hoping to divert inconvenient ambitions for the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine, and at the same time effectually detach Italy from any latent sympathetic leaning toward her ally of 1859. Napoleon III. had lost no opportunity of meddling in Italian affairs, and although the services rendered were undeniable, the subsequent action of the Emperor in maintaining his troops in Rome, in spite of repeated promises of speedy evacuation, had gone far to efface all sense of gratitude or obligation. On the other hand, that Italy should avail herself of her neighbor's bitter humiliations in 1870 had wounded alike the national and religious susceptibilities of Frenchmen. During the ten years following the transfer of the capital from Florence to the Eternal City, France had seized upon every occasion to intimate very clearly that the temporal independence of the papacy was still an unsolved problem, and, moreover, one which might at any moment require readjustment at the hands of Catholic Europe.

Harassed by the consciousness of general insecurity, Italians saw in the French occupation of Tunis not only the usurpa-

tion of what had been tacitly considered their legitimate sphere of influence in Africa, but a military menace to the neighboring shores of Sicily and Sardinia. Strategically France had scored a distinct advantage, and economically the loss to Italy might be computed not inconsiderable. From the point of view of diplomacy, also, Italy had been worsted, her international prestige impaired, and her statesmen and diplomatists made fools of. Yet, sore and disgruntled as Italians might feel over the moral humiliation they had been subjected to, there existed a general reluctance toward any step which must inevitably jeopardize the tangible advantages gleaned from the existing commercial relations with France. Public — or, more correctly speaking, official — opinion was greatly inflamed; the feeling of exasperation being intensified by the knowledge that Italy was practically helpless to avenge the encroachment on alleged time-honored privileges, or avert the destruction of — perhaps vague, yet possible — colonial ambitions at her very gates.

While fully realizing Italy's inability to maintain, without alliances, her prestige in the family of Great Powers she had so recently been admitted to, her statesmen, notwithstanding the gravity of the present crisis, still hesitated to sacrifice the traditional though vague and unsubstantial bonds uniting the Latin cousins. Nor was Prince Bismarck's attitude calculated to lessen their anxiety. With consummate diplomatic skill the German Chancellor played a double game, and when approached contrived to give subsequent negotiations the appearance of having been spontaneously initiated by Italy.

According to the obligations laid upon the contracting parties, not only the terms of the treaty were to remain secret, but the very existence of the convention was to be concealed. It is difficult to appreciate, under these circumstances, the principle which prompted both Bismarck

and Mancini, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, officially to hint at the existence of an understanding within a few weeks of the exchange of ratifications. Nevertheless, in spite of current rumors, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Challemeil-Lacour, replying in the Chamber to an interpellation of the Duc de Broglie, admitted, as late as May 1, 1883, that he knew of nothing more definite than a *rapprochement* between the Italian Cabinet and those of Vienna and Berlin. And he further stated that he used the term *rapprochement* advisedly, because it was more "vague," and excluded the idea of a convention, or treaty, of formal alliance implying territorial guarantees.

Yet, while appreciating the dangers of isolation, and admitting the efficacy of the Alliance as a potent factor in the preservation of the political *statu quo*, there were not lacking in Italy thinking men who still doubted the wisdom of the step, and mistrusted its effect on the jealously guarded democratic institutions of the kingdom. They argued that the alliance with the great military empires beyond the Alps must inevitably exert an influence on internal politics, and expressed doubts lest such influence prove of an ultra-conservative or reactionary character. In their opinion, France was not only the representative of the great liberal principles of 1889, but was also, economically, Italy's natural ally. They held that France could still, as in the past, lend efficacious aid in the evolution of financial reforms and the reestablishment of the national currency on a firm and stable basis, a problem at that moment of vital import. Once the treaty divulged, they reasoned, the hostility and opposition of France must be reckoned with in all issues, political, financial, and commercial. If the Alliance was popular in Germany, for the very obvious reason that Germany desired peace in order to preserve what she had acquired, it must, on the contrary, be most distaste-

ful to France, who still desired an opportunity to recover what she had lost. For this reason, if for no other, the course adopted by Italy was interpreted for many years as an act of overt hostility toward her Latin sister, and as such bitterly resented in the press, while tingeing official relations with a frigid constraint little short of enmity.

That the Dreibund has been instrumental in preserving peace few will question. During the last eighteen years the knowledge of its existence has constrained the adoption of the "sober second thought" in moments of international irritation. Political meteorologists, parliamentary buccaneers, socialistic agitators, and popular demagogues have alike bowed before its hidden yet dreaded might.

Has the Alliance really outlived its usefulness, as so many affirm?

The original political significance, as viewed from the international standpoint, has undoubtedly been completely transformed. The restoration of the temporal power is now a chimera, utterly beyond the range of practical politics, although still an annoyance confronting parliamentary and local elections in Italy. The occupation of Tunis has been accepted as an accomplished fact, the permanency of which is unquestioned. But if politically Italy has perhaps little to expect from her Teutonic allies, commercially her stake is still considerable.

Public opinion in Italy, as well as abroad, accuses the Triplice of imposing military obligations totally beyond the meagre financial resources of the Latin partner. The peninsula has to-day a population of thirty-two millions. Military service is compulsory, as it is in France, Germany, Austria, and most other European countries. The standing army is larger than many of her most eminent statesmen and economists consider advisable; and in proportion to her revenues, the four hundred and fifty million lire spent (1898-99) on her military and naval defenses constitute, at first

sight, an enormous item. But the expenditure, if disproportionate, is not in itself a crushing financial burden, or a totally unproductive one.¹ Moreover, it would be erroneous to presume that the abrogation of the Triplice would entail a diminution of military and naval expenditure. We have been repeatedly assured, by those in a position to know, that no explicit military obligations are laid upon Italy by her allies. If this be true, the alleged disproportionate allotment of the national financial resources would appear to be dictated by internal rather than by foreign political considerations.

The political history of the last decade and the actual composition of the Italian Chamber effectually refute the theory, held by the original opponents to the treaty, of a threatened tendency toward reactionary conservatism. A Germanizing influence has undoubtedly resulted, but is to be found in commercial and financial centres alone, and is quite without political significance, while even the court sympathies of the last reign are believed to be on the wane.

That the Triple Alliance has outlived its political usefulness recent European coalitions would seem to attest; but that its commercial possibilities have been exhausted is still a much-debated question.

Count Robilant, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, in 1886 qualified the Triplice "an unfruitful alliance," asserting that the perils which had driven Italy to ally herself with the two central empires had even then ceased to exist. Certainly the renewal of the Alliance would have been impossible in 1892, had not the Marquis di Rudini succeeded in grafting upon the political pact economic innovations of considerable value.

¹ General Cerruti, a well-known Italian soldier, recently stated, in the course of an interesting lecture delivered at Genoa, that the percentage of military expenditure in the general budget amounted (1899) to 14.43, while in the neighboring Swiss Republic it reached 28.29. He urged that during their term of service the youth of the country received that moral edu-

To him is due the insertion of a clause which, it is claimed, not only conceded to Italy the position of the most favored nation, but promised all such economic concessions as can be reciprocally accorded. The tariffs in favor of Italian wines are the outcome of this agreement.

The alterations in the original scope of the treaty, effected in 1892, while they weakened its purely political significance, undoubtedly strengthened substantially bonds of a more tangible nature. In 1891 the exports and imports of Italy amounted to 2,003,384,738 lire, a sum which had steadily increased to 30,375,817,115 lire in 1900.² Exactly how far this is due to the aid and support of German financial institutions it is difficult to affirm, but none can question that the enormous industrial development of the north has been largely fostered by the influx of German capital, and the concessions granted by her Teutonic allies. There are those who assert, however, that the high-water mark of industrial prosperity under existing tariffs has been reached, and that a large percentage of Italian manufacturers would prefer a more protective system, which would curtail the activity of their German competitors, whose goods are beginning to flood the Italian market, at prices with which even Italian labor is powerless to compete.

The difficulty with which Italian statesmen will have to contend, in entering upon negotiations for the renewal of the Alliance, is the feasibility of reconciling the industrial with the agricultural interests of their country; for, as has been seen, the ground has shifted from the political to the commercial. Italy is essentially an agricultural nation. Numerically, the class which derives its

education which results from strict discipline; and that this not only fitted them to fulfill the perfunctory obligations imposed, but sent them back to their villages with a higher appreciation of the responsibilities of citizenship.

² Figures taken from the *Deutsche Revue*, September, 1901.

living from the soil vastly exceeds the scattered industrial populations of the south and centre, while even in the north the manufacturing interests are comparatively insignificant, from a political as well as an economic standpoint.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, addressing his constituents at Burg a few weeks ago, voiced the sentiments of a very large body of German Agrarians when he urged the necessity for protective duties. The adoption of such measures, even to a limited extent, must necessarily add to the agricultural distress now prevailing throughout Italy, and greatly influence political considerations. France needs the wines of the Puglie; Austria does not, nor can they find a sale in Germany.

The recent disturbances in the Puglie and Basilicata, and the disorders last spring in rural Piedmont, have impressed upon politicians of all shades of opinion the urgent necessity for legislation which can promise some measure of relief to the burdened populations whose very existence depends on their finding a market for their produce. That such relief can be obtained only at the partial sacrifice of industrial interests would, alas, seem inevitable. Any rebate on rural taxation must be compensated for by a corresponding increase on the valuation of other property; for the exigencies of the budget are inexorable, and the financial equilibrium so recently achieved must be maintained at all costs, while Italy, her political economists tell us, has reached the limit of her fiscal tether.

But there is yet another aspect to be considered. The road from Rome to Berlin no longer passes through Vienna, as Bismarck asserted in 1882 that it must. Aside from financial and commercial relations, the purely political bonds uniting Italy and Germany are stronger than those between Italy and Austria. Politically, Italy may have much to gain from the attitude of Germany on issues which may at any moment be forced upon the consideration of Europe, namely, the po-

litical readjustment of the eastern shore of the Adriatic and the coast and hinterland of Tripoli. From Austria she can expect nothing, and has much to fear. Already the aggressive policy fostered by the Viennese Cabinet in its dealings with the populations of the eastern Adriatic seaboard, and the alleged strategical nature of the work actively carried on there, as well as the commercial development of the hinterland, have excited discussion in the Italian Parliament, and stirred the official and popular press throughout the peninsula. If we are to credit the recent warnings of two French writers, MM. Chéradame and Loiseau, who have made the subject one of special study, the propaganda (political and commercial) carried on in Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and even in Montenegro is calculated not only to destroy, at no distant date, Italian commercial activity, but seriously to menace her strategical situation in the Adriatic.

Given these motives for mistrust, together with the apparently trivial yet significant fact that the relief offered by the Austrian market to the congested wine industries of the Italian Adriatic provinces has not responded of recent years to the expectations based thereon, and it will be understood why Italians are already asking themselves if a more advantageous political and commercial combination is not within their rights. They urge the consideration of such significant details as the growing might of democratic principles, and their inevitable influence in fiscal reform, and point, incidentally, to the spontaneous character of the Toulon fêtes last autumn, to the satisfactory quotations of Italian Rentes on the Paris Bourse, and to the increasingly reassuring economic conditions of the national credit as evinced by foreign exchange.

All these are momentous considerations, demanding the careful scrutiny of the negotiators of the political or commercial Pact of the Future.

Remsen Whitehouse.

THE GUESTS AT THE INN.

THE Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn :
The Keeper he bowed low ;
He sent his servants here and yon,
His maids ran to and fro.

They spread soft carpets for her feet,
Her bed with linen fine ;
They heaped her board with savory meats,
They brought rich fruits and wine.

The Chieftain came to Bethlehem's Inn,
With clash and clang of steel ;
Into the wide court swift strode he,
And turned on armèd heel.

"Room for your lord !" he cried aloud.
"He brooks no long delay !"
The Keeper and his servitors
Did his behests straightway.

The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn,
Across the desert far,
From Ispahan, and Samarcand,
And hoary Kandahar.

Rich Orient freight his camels bore :
The gates flew open wide,
As in he swept, with stately mien,
His long, slow train beside.

The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn :
Wayworn and old was he,
With beard unshorn and garments torn,
A piteous sight to see !

He found a corner dim and lone ;
He ate his scanty fare ;
Then laid his scrip and sandals by,
And said his evening prayer.

The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn :
They turned him not away ;
Though men and maidens scoffed at him,
They bade the varlet stay.

"The dogs have room: then why not he?"
 One to another said;
 "Even dogs have earth to lie upon,
 And plenteous broken bread!"

Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn:
 Dark was the night and cold,
 And eerily the icy blast
 Swept down across the wold.

She drew her dark brown mantle close,
 Her wimple round her head.
 "Oh, hasten on, my lord," she cried,
 "For I am sore bestead!"

Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn:
 There was no room for her;
 They brought her neither meat nor wine,
 Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh.

But where the hornèd oxen fed
 Amid the sheaves of corn
 One splendid star flamed out afar
 When our Lord Christ was born!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

LITERATURE AND THE CIVIL WAR.

A CRITICAL journal of authority has pronounced the literary result of our Civil War unimportant and disappointing. And Mr. Stedman, in his very thorough review of American poetry, says: "The late Civil War was not of itself an incentive to good poetry and art, nor directly productive of them. Such disorders seldom are; action is a substitute for the ideal, and the thinker's or dreamer's life seems ignoble and repugnant." This same thought, of the superiority of life to art, of the deed to the word which records it, in every period of intense historical activity, — in what Matthew Arnold has called an age of concentration as distinguished from an age of expansion, — has been always entertained by the thinker and the artist.

"The end of man," says Carlyle, "is an action, not a thought."

"My life has been the poem I would have writ,

But I could not both live and utter it,"
 is Thoreau's complaint. And Lowell begins his Commemoration Ode with a like confession: —

"Weak-winged is song,
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
 Whither the brave deed climbs for light."

As a poet just beginning to win the ear of the public when the war broke out, Mr. Stedman himself has felt the disturbing effect of which he speaks: "The Civil War was a general absorbent at the crisis when a second group of poets began to form. Their generation pledged itself to the most heroic struggle of the

century. The conflict not only checked the rise of a new school, but was followed by a time of languor in which the songs of Apollo seemed trivial to those who had listened to the shout of Mars."

I once expressed my surprise to the veteran poet, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, at the slight impression made upon the general public by Mrs. Stoddard's novel, *The Morgesons*, published in 1862. One seldom reads a novel twice. The Morgesons is not an easily forgettable book, yet I had read it at least four times and at intervals of years. But I had found few readers who knew it. Mr. Stoddard explained the fact by the date of its publication. The war monopolized attention so entirely that no mere fiction had a chance. The newspapers were more exciting than any romance. The Morgesons, after being out of print for years, was reissued in 1888, in a popular edition, and again this year. It has been publicly praised of late by Mr. Stedman as well as by Julian Hawthorne; but it has never recovered from the unfavorable circumstances of its first publication, nor overtaken that belated recognition which it missed a quarter century before. It finds a new school of fiction in possession of the field.

Indeed, in respect to fiction, the Civil War interposes a sort of crevasse between our earlier and our later literature. The spirit of the former age was lyrical, — dithyrambic almost, — and its expression was eloquence and poetry. The spirit of the present age is observant, social, dramatic, and its expression is the novel of real life, the short story, the dialect sketch. When Mr. James's *Passionate Pilgrim* appeared, in 1870, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the signal seemed to be given for a newer and finer art in American fiction. Here was a novel attitude toward life, cool, dispassionate, analytic, sensitive to the subtler shadings not only of character, but of manners and speech, and registering the most delicate impressions. A new style, too, studied in

some points from Hawthorne's, but less literary, more colloquial. The dialogue was not book talk, but the actual speech of men and women in society. No art can be more exquisite for its purposes than Hawthorne's. But the persons of his romances are psychological constructions — types sometimes hardly removed from allegory — engaged in working out some problem of the conscience in an ideal world. His books are not novels in any proper sense.

As to the novels, properly so called, of ante-bellum days, how faulty they now appear in details, when put in comparison with the nicer workmanship of modern schools! *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, — how crude it is! *The Leather Stocking Tales*, — how rough in parts, and in parts how stilted! *Judd's Margaret*, — how hopelessly imperfect as a work of art! *Holmes's Elsie Venner*, — a delightful book, but quite impossible as a novel. *Winthrop's Cecil Dreeme*, — poetic in conception, youthfully raw in execution. And yet all of these are works of undoubted talent.

The Civil War, in fact, wound up one literary era and set the seal to it. Our literature has since developed along different lines. It would be unphilosophical to consider the writings produced during the four years of actual fighting, or those that have since been produced relating to the war itself, apart from the work of the thirty years of agitation which led up to the open outbreak of hostilities between North and South. The first series of *Biglow Papers*, the speeches of Sumner and Phillips, belong as truly to the literature of the Civil War as do *Barbara Frietchie* and the *Gettysburg address*. And this is recognized by Mr. Stedman when, to the passage already quoted, he adds this saving clause: "But we shall see that the moral and emotional conflicts preceding the war, and leading to it, were largely stimulating to poetic ardor; they broke into expression, and buoyed with earnest and fervid sen-

timent our heroic verse." And elsewhere, in writing of Whittier, he says: "He was the singer of what was not an empty day, and of a section whose movement became that of a nation, and whose purpose in the end was grandly consummated. We already see, and the future will see it more clearly, that no party ever did a vaster work than his party; that he, like Hampden and Milton, is a character not produced in common times; that no struggle was more momentous than that which produced our Civil War, no question ever affected the destinies of a great people more vitally than the anti-slavery issue as urged by its promoters. Neither Greece nor Rome, nor even England, the battleground of Anglo-Saxon liberty, has supplied a drama of more import than that in which the poets and other heroes of our Civil Reformation played their parts."

If this be true, is it also likely to be true that such an occasion lacked its poet, — *caret sacro vate*? Here was a conflict involving not merely material interests, but high questions of right and wrong, fought by an educated people, a nation of readers and speakers, among whom literary talent is not uncommon. Is it to be expected that such a war will be barren of literary fruit? Or do we not instinctively listen, as the hosts draw near, for some echo of that

"Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle"?

Instead of seeking a direct answer to the question, let us for a moment strike into "the high *priori* road," and inquire what additions to literature are to be reasonably anticipated from a civil war fought under modern conditions, and turning on such issues as negro slavery and the constitutional right of secession. Of war in general as literary material there is no need to speak. Fighting and love-making have furnished, between them, half the poetry of the world. Man

is a fighting animal, and no arbitration treaties will ever eradicate the *gaudium certaminis*. It is the theme not only of the primitive epics, like the *Iliad*, the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Chanson de Roland*, but of the more modern and literary heroic poems which endeavor to reproduce the spirit of the ancient folk songs. It is the theme of the *Æneid*, the *Orlando Furioso*, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the *Faërie Queene*.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves," announces Spenser, following upon Virgil's "*Arma virumque*" and Ariosto's "*L'arme, gli amori*." Milton felt himself obliged to introduce a military element into his theological epic in battles between the hosts of Michael and Satan which do not altogether escape the grotesque. If Lowell's saying is true, that the *Odyssey* is the only epic which is everywhere and always interesting, it is due to its exceptional character in this respect, and to the fact that the human mind does sometimes tire of fighting and desire something else. There is much killing in the *Odyssey*, but no pitched battle; and there is a great deal more of sea wandering and of strange adventures among strange peoples, so that the poem is in effect, as has been said, a romance.

It is doubtful whether any modern war — any later than the crusades, for example — will lend itself to epic treatment. Certainly Tasso's poem, which dealt with the capture of the holy city, was not quite a success, and Voltaire's *Henriade* was a flat failure. Perhaps the epic, as a literary species, is extinct, anyway, like the dodo and the mastodon. That legendary remoteness, that primitive and heroic state of manners, that anonymous character, that mixture of popular superstition, which distinguish the ancient epic and saga literature are no longer procurable. We know too much about modern wars. How can an epic be made out of a war in which we have the military history of every campaign and battle, — dispatches, bulletins,

reports, statistics of killed, wounded, and captured, articles in the newspapers by special correspondents, strategical and tactical criticisms of operations by professional authorities? A certain unfamiliarity is necessary for picturesque effect. The day is still distant when torpedo boats will seem to the poet as available properties as the galleys of Salamis, or bicycles and gun carriages as the chariots of Achilles and the car-borne heroes of Morven. I recall now a saying of one of my elders, when reading aloud from a newspaper report of one of the battles of our Civil War. He said it would be impossible for the future poet of the war to deal effectively with the names of our battlefields. "What can he do with such names as Bull Run, Pig's Point, Ball's Bluff, Paddy's Run, and the like?" Possibly the remark was trivial, possibly untrue. Thermopylæ, after all, means nothing more than "hot gates." But the point illustrates the stubbornness of modern warfare as epic material.

If we may not expect, then, a great narrative poem founded on the events of the American war, may we not look with confidence for some historical novel, or a series of such, when time shall have given the required perspective, and the large, significant, dramatic aspects stand forth in outline, freed from prosaic circumstance? The historical romance — an invention of Walter Scott — is perhaps the nearest modern equivalent of the ancient epic. The hand-to-hand combats of Homeric heroes, the encounters of mediæval knights, are themes for the poet. The evolutions of modern armies find their more appropriate vehicle in prose. Macaulay pointed out the absurdity of most of the poems called forth by Marlborough's victories, in which the English general was described in conventional epic language as overthrowing the enemy by the prowess of his single arm. And although he praised Addison for discarding this fiction in his Campaign, those who have read it know that

Addison cannot be entirely acquitted of the same mistake. Thackeray had his laugh at Southey's very uninspired verses on Waterloo; and of the most famous passage in British poetry relating to that gigantic conflict, it is not the reflections of Childe Harold upon the battlefield itself, but the description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, on the night before Quatre-Bras, that is famous. Indeed, the lyric rather than the epic mood would seem to be that in which the most successful war poetry of modern times has been conceived. Campbell's Hohenlinden and Battle of the Baltic, Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade, Browning's Incident of the French Camp, and Thompson's High Tide at Gettysburg do all, to be sure, tell a story; but they are lyrical in form and spirit. While of narrative poems like Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, — in which the form of the popular minstrel ballad, partly lyric, partly epic, and partly even dramatic, is adopted, — it is to be observed that the kind of warfare which they describe is not modern, but ancient, Homeric in fact, the single combats of chieftains renowned for bodily strength and personal valor.

There are many spirited relations of battles, sieges, naval engagements, marches, and retreats, in historical fiction, such as Hugo's Waterloo, Tolstoi's Borodino and retreat from Moscow, and Zola's Sedan; while many pages in the historians, like Motley's chapters on the siege of Antwerp and Froude's on the defeat of the Armada, are as brilliant as anything in romance. On these frontiers history and fiction touch hands. The novelist has to get up his facts, the historian to exert his imagination; and each must use his utmost art to paint a graphic scene. But in general I believe it to be true that battle descriptions are tedious. In reading Carlyle's Frederick, it is gradually borne in upon one that war maps are a weariness to the flesh, and one battle is very like another. One of the most

vivid impressions that I have received of Waterloo was derived from that old French novel, *La Chartreuse de Parme*. The author, De Stendhal (Henri Beyle), had the originality not to attempt a general view of the action. His hero, a young Italian noble, has run away from home, possessed with revolutionary enthusiasm and enamored of Napoleon's glory. He arrives upon the field while the fight is going on, and hovers about the edge of it, trying to join some French regiment. At one time he comes within a few yards of Wellington and his staff. He never actually succeeds in getting into the battle, but his experiences and adventures upon the fringes of it convey an excellent notion of the vast confusion of the whole, together with near-at-hand glimpses of characteristic details: a wounded man dropping out and going to the rear; an orderly with dispatches skirting the army of the allies; a disemboweled horse in a furrow; a peasant unconcernedly ploughing in the next field; a squad of men on picket duty or waiting the signal to go in, and meanwhile — not being under fire — busy over a game of cards. It is a battle scene piecemeal and by sample. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* gives a remarkably realistic view of the circumstance as distinguished from the pride and pomp of glorious war, — our own war. It is the unheroic side of it, the side seen by the private soldier, very much disposed to grumble, and not seldom inclined to run away; unaware of the large movement of the battle, but intensely alive to the discomforts and risks of his own little corner of it. The narrative is as convincing as if it were the record of a personal experience, though the author was not born, I believe, until after the close of the Civil War.

It cannot be said that as yet the Scott or Tolstoi of the American Civil War has arrived. I have rummaged among shelves full of novels, more or less historical, dating from that period; but,

with here and there an exception like Major De Forest's excellent *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*, they are already obsolete. Has the reader of to-day ever chanced to hear of *Bullet and Shell*, for example; or of George Ward Nichols's story, entitled *The Sanctuary*; or of *Inside*, a *Chronicle of Secession*, by W. P. Baker, a name not unknown to novel-readers;¹ or of *The Three Scouts*, by J. T. Trowbridge, who is certainly not an obscure person? Perhaps we are not yet far enough away from the war for the purposes of the historical novelist. He must wait till more atmosphere has accumulated between himself and his subject, and mellowed the sharp edges of fact; till the disentangling process has gone farther, and the significant and dramatic features have been selected out by time. Already the process has begun. Certain leaders, turning points, battles, and localities, particular mottoes, sayings, catchwords, have impressed themselves upon the national memory. They have become salient, and the rest have receded into the background. Upon these points the imagination has fastened: tradition begins to crystallize about them; in time they may grow almost legendary. Harper's Ferry, the Shenandoah Valley, the prison pen at Andersonville, the death of Stonewall Jackson, Ellsworth, Winthrop, and Shaw, the battle of Gettysburg, the proclamation of emancipation, Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan at Winchester, the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the murder of Lincoln, — some quality of picturesqueness has attached itself to these, and to a number of other men, places, and incidents; and it is such as these that will furnish material for the future poet or romancer.

In the recent revival of historical fiction the Civil War has had its share. The present year has witnessed three noteworthy additions to this department:

¹ See *The New Timothy*, *His Majesty Myself*, etc.

Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*, Mr. Owen Johnson's *Arrows of the Almighty*, and Mr. George W. Cable's *The Cavalier*. It is interesting to compare the first of these — the best selling novel of the season — with a book written so long ago as 1867. Miss Ravenel's *Conversion*, whose author was an officer in the Union army, is an honest, solid, old-fashioned story; a little encumbered in its movement, but veraciously reflecting the confusion and uncertainty of the time, and the clash of opposing principles and passions. Major De Forest was near to the events described, and was therefore under the necessity of being discreet. The time had not yet arrived for "historical portraits." General Butler looms dimly in the background. Some incidents of the Red River campaign are worked into the plot. The action oscillates between New Orleans and New Haven, but the latter place is thinly disguised under the pseudonym of New Boston, in the state of Barataria.

In *The Crisis*, on the other hand, the local color, which is laid on thick, is frankly of St. Louis. Full-length figures of Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman occur, in accordance with the Waverley formula for the construction of historical romance; and the censorious reader who knows the slang of the sixties can please himself with detecting anachronisms like "nickel," "sand," and "What are you giving us?" These are trifles, but possibly the *laudator temporis acti* who declines to accept them will also refuse his assent to the saliences of Mr. Churchill's Lincoln and Mr. Churchill's Sherman.

To turn now from historical fiction to the distinct but kindred art of the historian, it is clearly too early for the final history of the war to be written, — that great Thucydidean work which we may with all confidence predict, at once an impartial narrative of events, a philosophical exposition of causes and results, and a piece of literary art. The generation that fought the war has not yet

passed away, and every day it is recording its memories of the conflict. Beginnings have been made by writers like Greeley, Draper, Stephens, the Comte de Paris, and others, but their books are partial and premature, — little more than *mémoires pour servir*. Meanwhile material grows fast: in compilations like the eleven volumes of Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*; in serials like the *Century's Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; in countless regimental histories, military biographies, journals, letters, and reminiscences, by statesmen, ambassadors, generals, private soldiers, refugees, hospital nurses; by Cabinet ministers, Federal and Confederate, who disclose the secret diplomacies and policies of innermost government circles; by women who reveal the domestic economies of households in besieged cities and on impoverished plantations. "The real war," said Walt Whitman, "will never get in the books." He meant, of course, that no dignified, formal history, dealing with things in their *ensemble*, will ever give a notion of the details of private suffering, individual sacrifice, personal heroism, which are known only to eyewitnesses and participants. For perhaps the best way to study history is in the documents. Contemporary chroniclers, like Joinville, Villehardouin, and Froissart, have a secure advantage in point of vividness. But surely the American war is not unfurnished of such. And many of the actors in, many of the observers of it, were skillful writers, able to turn their impressions into literature. I may instance, in passing, such papers as Theodore Winthrop's *Washington as a Camp*, Colonel Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, Dr. Holmes's *My Hunt after "The Captain,"* and Walt Whitman's hurried but singularly picturesque jottings of camp and hospital life in *Specimen Days and Democratic Vistas*, particularly his description of the assassination of Lincoln.

As the war recedes farther into the past, we are enabled to see more clearly not only its political importance as a crisis in the history of popular government, but likewise its availability for poet, dramatist, and romancer. There were spectacular things in it, — the spectacle, for example, of the liberation of a race from bondage. A crusading spirit animated the Union armies.

"As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

Or read Whittier's *Laus Deo!* "On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery."

"Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal.

"Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
'He hath triumphed gloriously!'"

Again, what act upon the scene of history, what climax on the mimic stage, was ever more sublimely spectacular than the death of Lincoln? "Memorable even beyond credit," as Bacon said of the last fight of the *Revenge*, "and to the height of some heroical fable." Not Charles on the scaffold, not Bonaparte on his island, not Henry under the dagger of Ravallac, enacted such a high-tragedy end. Such a tragedy it was that not even its histrionic surroundings, nor the cheap melodramatic posturing of the vain mime who was the paltry occasion of it, had power to vulgarize its dignity. If a dramatic poet had composed the war, could he have imagined a more effective close than history did, when she set the seal of death on the work of her protagonist in his hour of triumph, and consecrated him forever with the halo of martyrdom? It would be strange if the poets had missed this occasion, nor did they. Lowell, in his *Commemoration Ode*, has touched it nobly; and Whitman, with a more intimate tenderness, in the only

one of his poems which is really popular: —

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear
the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you
the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for
you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

But there is more to a war than fighting. In every great war certain leaders, civil and military, come forward on either side, certain imposing personalities, who embody and represent the ideals in conflict. Already these have emerged from the crowd, and our future poet or romancer will find them ready drawn to his hand. There is no need to attempt again the portrait of Lincoln. It has become a part of the national consciousness. But it is worth noticing that among the foremost contributors to the literature of the Civil War was the chief actor in it. The *Gettysburg* speech is now a classic, and is committed to memory by the children of our public schools. Hardly less classic are his numerous sayings, with their homely sagacity and their humor which endeared the President to a nation of humorists. Such phrases as "government of the people, by the people, for the people," are not more familiar than the caution not to swap horses while crossing a stream; or the maxim, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some

of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all the time;" and many others than which Bacon said nothing wiser and Sydney Smith nothing wittier. Even the rougher and more broadly comic facetiæ of the war time — the fooleries of Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Orpheus C. Kerr — are not without an historic value. We cannot quite consent to Matthew Arnold's dictum that our humorists are a national calamity.

And this reminds me that the same fastidious critic, after reading Grant's memoirs, found him lacking in distinction. Colonel Higginson says that Matthew Arnold never understood the Americans. Grant was unquestionably the second great personality on the Northern side developed by the Civil War; and his book, the record of this personality, is one of its greatest literary monuments. Does it, or did the character of its author, lack distinction? It is easy to see what the English scholar meant by his charge. But it is wrong to weigh such a work in mere æsthetic balances. More exclusively than Lincoln, Grant was the man of action, of executive genius. His fibre was less fine, his nature less various, and he had not in equal degree the gift of expression. To a man of scholarly pursuits, there might well seem a certain commonness about his tastes, his intellectual habits, his companionships. Yet in many ways it seems to me that Grant's mind and character were of high distinction. The simplicity, the modesty, that were among his prominent traits are reflected in his book, and they always tend to make good writing. And whatever his want of æsthetic sensitiveness may have been, there was a moral delicacy which well supplied its place. One remembers the current anecdote concerning the officer who was about to tell a risky story because, as he said, there were no ladies present; and was stopped by the general's quiet rebuke, "But there are several gentlemen present." As a mere writer he was far superior to Cromwell,

with whom as a military leader he had some traits in common, such as tenacity, confidence and the power to inspire it in others, and a genius for wide combinations. Cromwell's letters and speeches are confused almost to the point of being inarticulate; and in spite of that powerful religious emotion which lifted his utterances high above commonness or middle-class Philistinism, his constant use of the Puritan verbiage leaves upon the modern reader a disagreeable impression of unctuousness. It is in better taste to do God's will without an incessant reference in words of one's every action to God.

Upon the Confederate side, the most striking personalities were, perhaps, Stonewall Jackson, a Southern Puritan, and Lee, who embodied very nobly the Virginian ideal, — the Cavalier tradition, — and who inherited those social graces denied to men of the people, like Lincoln and Grant, but which were naturally included in Mr. Arnold's definition of "distinction." The President of the Confederacy, on the other hand, is not a sympathetic figure in the picture of the war. Mr. Davis was an upright and able man, but there was something rigid, narrow, and bitter about him. If the Confederacy had succeeded, he never could have become as dear to his people as Lincoln would have been to the North even in defeat.

Let us now put ourselves the question whether there was anything about the American conflict which would recommend it especially for poetic or literary handling. Not all wars are poetic. Apart from the pomp, pride, and circumstance which are the commonplaces of military life, apart from the dangers and chances of battle, and the opportunities for the display of individual daring and devotion, war is not always heroic. Wars of conquest or selfish aggression, like Frederick the Great's and Napoleon's; diplomats' wars, which are made by governments, and not by peoples; even popu-

lar wars, in which old national enmities and the mere brute fighting instincts are unchained, — like the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the last French and German war, — these may be imposing by the scale of their operations or the generalship shown, but they have no message for the soul. They produce no precious and lasting literature. Surely pieces like Addison's Campaign and Prior's Ode on the Taking of Namur were a very paltry result of Marlborough's brilliant victories. Southey's little poem, *The Battle of Blenheim*, exposed the nothingness of it all.

“T was a famous victory,”

but it meant nothing, it settled nothing. All Alexander's conquests left no such mark on literature as the defensive stand of the Greeks at Thermopylæ and Marathon. The English invasions of France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are not responsible for much poetry. Shakespeare's *Henry V.* and Drayton's spirited ode on the battle of Agincourt are the best that the English have to show for that business. On the other hand, consider how the one heroic figure of those wars, the Maid of Orleans, whom the old chronicle play of *Henry VI.* treats with such coarse brutality, — consider how Joan of Arc has inspired, and is to-day inspiring, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the romancer, the historian. I never could believe that Shakespeare wrote *Henry VI.*, not only for other and critical reasons, but because, in spite of national prejudice, he never could have so missed a great dramatic opportunity.

Truly patriotic wars, wars for freedom, for national defense, such as was that war of the French against the foreign invader; such as was the Greek resistance to Persia; such as was the German war of liberation in which Theodore Körner fought and sung; such as were the wars of Wallace and the Bruce; such as was our own Revolution and the wars

of the French Republic in its early days, when it stood on the defensive, and faced and beat Europe, — these are the stuff of which literature is made.

I have said that not all wars are poetic. Milton, who, like Heine, was a valiant soldier in the war for liberation, acknowledged this in his most martial sonnets.

“For what can war, but endless war still breed?”

he asks, and says again, “Peace hath her victories.” But Tennyson, in disgust at the frauds and corruptions of a stagnant peace, would fain persuade us that blood-letting is in itself a purge for the diseases of a selfish, commercial society: —

“Better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a
hundred thrones!

“For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder
round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the
three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue
would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his
cheating yardwand, home.”

And so he sends his young man in *Maud* off to the Crimea. Truly the charge at Balaklava was *magnifique* even though it was not *la guerre*; but what inspiration could the poet find in such a *cause*? The Crimean war was not a crusade, a holy war; it was a most unholy war, a mistake, a mere struggle of material interests and political ambitions, — what I have called a diplomatists' war.

Next to patriotic wars, wars for national independence or existence, those most fruitful in literature have been, in the wide sense of the word, *Cultur-kämpfe*: contests of religion or of opposed principles and ideas, such as the crusades, the long struggle between the Christians and Moors in Spain, the wars of the Protestant Reformation all over Europe, the conflict of democracy with feudalism which centred in the French Revolution. And this is also true — is especially true — of civil wars. We find

a striking example of it in comparing the two great civil wars of English history: the York and Lancastrian feud of the fifteenth century, and the Great Rebellion — as Clarendon calls it — of the seventeenth. I call the former a feud, because it was, in fact, nothing but a gigantic family vendetta, a dynastic quarrel, in which no principle was at stake, and which involved, like all vendettas or domestic feuds, horrible treacheries and cruelties: stranglings in prison, murders of captives, wholesale proscriptions and forfeitures. The nobility was decimated, but the people cared nothing about the cause of the strife. "A plague of both your houses" doubtless expresses the popular attitude. What has all this contributed to literature? Practically a single figure, Shakespeare's Richard III., — a dramatic creation rather than an historical verity, embodying in himself the craft and bloodthirstiness of a whole epoch of turbulent, meaningless confusion. Does any one ever read Daniel's long poem, *The Civil Wars*? Or Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont, a cousin of the dramatist? Wordsworth, indeed, borrowed a line from Beaumont in his *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, though it was to celebrate, not the martial exploits of the Cliffords, but the peaceful virtues of that "good Lord Clifford" who had been reared as a shepherd, and in whom, under the softening influences of nature,

"the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were
dead.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

No, the wars of York and Lancaster have no moral interest for us to-day: they are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But because, by a lucky chance, the white and the red rose became the insignia of the hostile houses, some po-

etry has, in later times, attached itself, not to the dark struggle, but to its floral symbols; and we have, for example, such a "lily in the mouth of Tartarus" as those famous stanzas on *The White Rose* sent by a Yorkist Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

"If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there."

This is pretty, but *ce n'est pas la guerre*.

Colonel Deming, of the 12th Connecticut, who was military mayor of New Orleans under General Butler, used to deliver a lecture on *The Passage of the Forts*. His regiment went up the river on the transports which followed in Farragut's wake, and was quartered for a few days in Fort Phillips. The fort had been knocked to pieces by Porter's shells. In a fragment of one of these, which had partly buried itself in the earthworks, a wild pigeon had made its nest; and Colonel Deming suggested the incident to our Hartford poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, as a good subject for a poem. Mrs. Sigourney might have done something with it; or so might Longfellow, who was not above dealing with the rather obviously emblematic. But this is not what I mean by the poetry of war.

Take, now, by way of contrast to the Wars of the Roses, the English civil war of the seventeenth century, and think of what it has given and is still giving to literature: half of the *Waverley Novels*, with the songs of the Cavaliers — Lovelace, Suckling, Montrose — and of modern poets who have continued the vein, — Burns, Aytoun, Browning. This on the side of Church and King; and on the Parliament side Milton, — a literature in himself, — to say nothing of Puritan poets such as Marvell and Wither, books like Lucy Hutchinson's memoirs of her husband, and modern things like Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*. Why are these wars so perennially interesting to the human mind? Not merely because of the po-

litical importance of the constitutional questions at issue between the Stuarts and their Parliaments. Poetry does not easily attach itself to questions of prerogative and privilege, to petitions of right, exclusion bills, and acts of uniformity. It is because this was not a mere struggle of factions, but a war of conscience, which aroused all that is deepest in man's nature. It was the shock of opposed ideals, — ideals not only in government and religion, but in character, temperament, taste, social habit, and the conduct of life.

"Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud."

Yes, dumb are the names, but the things subsist. There are Roundheads and Cavaliers to-day: there is room for them both in our now tolerant society, which allows a man to pursue his ideals in peace, but forbids him to impose them forcibly upon his neighbor.

Now apply these tests to our own Civil War. Was it, as Carlyle said, nothing but "the burning of a dirty chimney," or was it, as Carlyle came later to acknowledge, a crisis in the eternal warfare of right with wrong, of civilization with barbarism? On each side was the grandeur of high convictions, and that emotional stress which finds its natural utterance in eloquence and song. To the South it appeared as a war of national defense, — a war in resentment of interference with local rights and social conditions. And this was the constant cry of the Southern writers during the war: "Repel the invader. Clear the sacred soil of him. Let the North take its hands off us. Let it mind its own business." On the Northern side the patriotic motive was the preservation of the Union; and here the great speeches of Webster, the Reply to Hayne and the Seventh of March Speech, memorized and declaimed by thousands of school-boys throughout the North, became influential against secession, and belong properly to the literature of the war.

But what supplied the fire to the Northern cause was the moral enthusiasm of the anti-slavery reformers. This underlay the constitutional question, just as the religious issue in the Cromwellian wars underlay the political issue. In each case the political issue was really subordinate. Charles would not have broken with Parliament if Laud had not tried to prelate the Church and met resistance. South Carolina would not have seceded if she had not thought that slavery was threatened. In his addresses at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Mr. Beecher was always trying to convince the British public that the war for the Union was, at bottom, a war for the abolition of slavery; and he was right. Hence the solemn fervor, the religious zeal, the moral indignation, of our war poets and war orators; their appeal to God, their Biblical speech, their Hebrew spirit. Whittier's *Voices of Freedom* and poems *In War Time* are like the sound of the trumpet blown before the walls of Jericho, or the words of the prophets denouncing woe upon Amalek. Here are the Roundheads again, then, under new conditions; here is the old Miltonic, the old Puritan strain once more. Once more here is the "good, old cause," and the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and we seem to hear Cromwell exclaiming, as the fog rose on the "arméd mountains of Dunbar," "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" This Hebraic temper and this Scriptural phrase are a constant note in the war poetry of the North.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

opens Mrs. Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, set to the Hallelujah chorus of the John Brown marching song. My fellow townsman, Henry Howard Brownell, who was private secretary to Commodore Farragut, on whose flagship, the *Hartford*, he was present during sev-

eral great naval engagements, — Henry Brownell, I say, was by no means a Puritanical nor a theologically given person. He was, on the contrary, an easy-going gentleman, of liberal opinions and social, not unconvivial habits. But in his War Lyrics, when the old Free-Soil rage came upon him, he could be as apocalyptic in manner as Garrison or Whittier : —

“ Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind ;
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind !
To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread apostles of his name ;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.”

And it is curious to see how this same exalted utterance, this same Biblical language, is caught by a Southern poet, when he confesses that the future belongs to the North, and that the Northern sword was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. I allude to the Confederate soldier Will Thompson's *High Tide at Gettysburg*, one of the best poems of the war :

“ God lives ! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.”

In general, it is not unfair to say that the South was as badly overmatched at the lyre as at the sword. Timrod and Hayne may perhaps offset such poets as Brownell and Forceythe Willson and the author of *The Blue and the Gray*, but

they are no names to put against Whittier and Lowell. Certain passages in Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* are thus far the high-water mark of our war poetry, — the third strophe, “ Many loved Truth,” etc., the close of the eighth strophe, and the passionate exordium : —

“ O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?
What were our lives without thee ?
What all our lives to save thee ?
We reck not what we gave thee ;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare ! ”

“ A great literature,” says Walt Whitman, “ will yet arise out of the era of those four years, those scenes — embracing centuries of native passion, first-class pictures, tempests of life and death — an inexhaustible mine for the histories, drama, romance, and even philosophy of peoples to come ; indeed, the vertebra of poetry and art (of personal character too) for all future America, far more grand, in my opinion, to the hands capable of it, than Homer's *Siege of Troy*, or the French wars to *Shakespeare*. ”

Henry A. Beers.

THE LAME PRIEST.

IF the air had not been December's, I should have said there was balm in it. Balm there was, to me, in the sight of the road before me. The first snow of winter had been falling for an hour or more ; the barren hill was white with it. What wind there was was behind me, and I stopped to look my fill.

The long slope stretched up till it met the sky, the softly rounded white of it

melting into the gray clouds — the dove-brown clouds — that touched the summit, brooding, infinitely gentle. From my feet led the track, sheer white, where old infrequent wheels had marked two channels for the snow to lie ; in the middle a clear filmy brown, — not the shadow of a color, but the light of one ; and the gray and white and brown of it all was veiled and strange with the blue-

gray mist of falling snow. So quiet, so kind, it fell, I could not move for looking at it, though I was not halfway home.

My eyes are not very good. I could not tell what made that brown light in the middle of the track till I was on it, and saw it was only grass standing above the snow; tall, thin, feathery autumn grass, dry and withered. It was so beautiful I was sorry to walk on it.

I stood looking down at it, and then, because I had to get on, lifted my eyes to the skyline. There was something black there, very big against the low sky; very swift, too, on its feet, for I had scarcely wondered what it was before it had come so close that I saw it was a man, a priest in his black soutane. I never saw any man who moved so fast without running. He was close to me, at my side, passing me even as I thought it.

"You are hurried, father," said I, meaning to be civil. I see few persons in my house, twelve miles from the settlement, and I had my curiosity to know where this strange priest was going. For he was a stranger.

"To the churchyard, my brother, — to the churchyard," he answered, in a chanting voice, yet not the chanting you hear in churches. He was past me as he spoke, — five yards past me down the hill.

The churchyard! Yes, there was a burying. Young John Noel was dead these three days. I heard that in the village.

"This priest will be late," I thought, wondering why young John must have two priests to bury him. Father Moore was enough for every one else. And then I wondered why he had called me "brother."

I turned to watch him down the hill, and saw what I had not seen before. The man was lame. His left foot hobbled, either in trick or infirmity. In the shallow snow his track lay black and uneven where the sound foot had taken the weight. I do not know why, but that black track had a desolate look on the

white ground, and the black priest hurrying down the hill looked desolate, too. There was something infinitely lonely, infinitely pathetic, in that scurrying figure, indistinct through the falling snow.

I had grown chilled standing, and it made me shiver; or else it was the memory of the gaunt face, the eyes that did not look at me, the incredible, swift lameness of the strange priest. However it was, virtue had gone from me. I went on to the top of the hill without much spirit, and into the woods. And in the woods the kindness had gone from the snowfall. The familiar rocks and stumps were unfamiliar, threatening. Half a dozen times I wondered what a certain thing could be that crouched before me in the dusk, only to find it a rotten log, a boulder in the bare bushes. Whether I hurried faster than I knew, for that unfriendliness around me, I did not trouble to think, but I was in a wringing sweat when I came out at my own clearing. As I crossed it to my door something startled me; what, I do not know. It was only a faint sound, far off, unknown, unrecognizable, but displeasing. I forgot the door was latched (I leave my house by the window when I go out for the day), and pushed it sharply. It gave to my hand. There was no stranger inside, at least. An old Indian sat by the smouldering fire, with my dog at his feet.

"Andrew!" said I. "Is anything wrong?" I had it always in my mind, when he came unexpectedly, that his wife might be dead. She had been smoking her pipe and dying these ten years back.

"I don't know." The old man smiled as he carefully shut and barred the door I had left ajar. "He want tobacco, so I come. You good man to me. You not home; I wait and make supper; my meat." He nodded proudly at the dull embers, and I saw he had an open pot on them, with a hacked-off joint of moose-meat. "I make him stew."

He had done the same thing before, a sort of tacit payment for the tobacco

he wanted. I was glad to see him, for I was so hot and tired from my walk home that I knew I must be getting old very fast. It is not good to sit alone in a shack of a winter's night and know you are getting old very fast.

When there was no more moosemeat we drew to the fire. Outside the wind had risen, full of a queer wailing that sounded something like the cry of a loon. I saw Andrew was not ready to start for home, though he had his hat on his head, and I realized I had not got out the tobacco. But when I put it on the table he let it lie.

"You keep me here to-night?" he asked, without a smile, almost anxiously. "Bad night, to-night. Too long way home."

I was pleased enough, but I asked if the old woman would be lonely.

"He get tobacco to-morrow." (Andrew had but the masculine third person singular; and why have more, when that serves?) "Girl with him when I come. To-morrow" — He listened for an instant to the wind, stared into the fire, and threw so mighty a bark-covered log on it that the flames flew up the chimney.

"Red deer come back to this country!" exclaimed he irrelevantly. "Come down from Maine. Wolves come back, too, over the north ice. I s'pose smell 'em? I don' know."

I nodded. I knew both things, having nothing but such things to know in the corner of God's world I call my own.

Andrew filled his pipe. If I had not been used to him, I could never have seen his eyes were not on it, but on me.

"To-morrow," he harked back abruptly, "we go 'way. Break up here; go down Lake Moonin."

"Why?" I was astounded. He had not shifted camp for years.

"I say red deer back. Not good here any more."

"But" — I wondered for half a minute if he could be afraid of the few stray wolves which had certainly come,

from Heaven knew how far, the winter before. But I knew that was nonsense. It must be something about the deer. How was I to know what his mind got out of them?

"No good," he repeated; he lifted his long brown hand solemnly, — "no good here. You come too."

I laughed. "I'm too old! Andrew, who was the strange priest I met to-day crossing the upland farm?"

"Father Moore — no? Father Underhill?"

"No. Thin, tired-looking, lame."

"Lame! Drag leg? Hurry?" I had never seen him so excited, never seen him stop in full career as now. "I don' know." It was a different man speaking. "Strange priest, not belong here. You come Lake Moonin with me."

"Tell me about the priest first," though I knew it was useless as I ordered it.

He spat into the fire. "Lame dog, lame woman, lame priest, — all no good!" said he. "What time late you sit up here?"

Not late that night, assuredly. I was more tired than I wanted to own. But long after I had gone to my bunk in the corner I saw Andrew's wrinkled face alert and listening in the firelight. He played with something in his hand, and I knew there was that in his mind which he would not say. The wind had died away; there was no more loon-calling, or whatever it was. I fell to sleep to the sound of the fire, the soft pat of snow against the window. But the straight old figure in my chair sat rigid, rigid.

I opened my eyes to broad, dull daylight. Andrew and the tobacco were gone. But on the table was something I did not see till I was setting my breakfast there: three bits of twig, two up-rights and a crosspiece; a lake-shore pebble; a bit of charred wood. I supposed it was something about coming back from Lake Moonin to sit by my fire again, and I swept the picture-writing

away as I put down my teapot. Afterwards I was glad.

I began to wonder if it would ever stop snowing. Andrew's track from my door was filled up already. I sat down to my fly-tying and my books, with a pipe in my mouth and an old tune at my heart, when I heard a hare shriek out. I will have no traps on my grant, — a beggarly hundred acres, not cleared, and never will be; I have no farmer blood, — and for a moment I distrusted Andrew. I put on my boots and went out.

The dog plumped into the woods ahead of me, and came back. The hare shrieked again, and was cut off in midcry.

"Indian is Indian!" said I savagely. "Andrew!" But no one answered.

The dog fell behind me, treading in my steps.

In the thick spruces there was nothing; nothing in the opener hardwood, till I came out on a clear place under a big tree, with the snow falling over into my boot legs. There, stooping in the snow, with his back to me, was a man, — the priest of yesterday. Priest or no priest, I would not have it; and I said so.

He smiled tightly, his soutane gathered up around him.

"I do not snare. Look!" He moved aside, and I saw the bloody snow, the dead hare. "Something must have killed it and been frightened away. It is very odd." He looked round him, as I did, for the fox or wild-cat tracks that were not there. Except for my bootprints from my side, and his uneven track from his, there was not a mark on the snow. It might have been a wild cat who jumped to some tree, but even so it was queer.

"Very odd," he said again. "Will you have the hare?"

I shook my head. I had no fancy for it.

"It is good meat."

I had turned to see where my dog had gone, but I looked back at the sound of his voice, and was ashamed. Pinched,

tired, bedraggled, he held up the hare; and his eyes were sharp with hunger.

I looked for no more phantom tracks; I forgot he had sinned about the hare. I was ashamed that I, well fed, had shamed him, empty, by wondering foolishly about wild cats. Yet even so I had less fancy for that hare than ever.

"Let it lie," said I. "I have better meat, and I suppose the beasts are hungry as well as we. If you are not hurried, come in and have a bite with me. I see few strangers out here. You would do me a kindness."

A very strange look came on his face. "A kindness!" he exclaimed. "I — do a kindness!"

He seemed so taken aback that I wondered if he were not a little mad. I do not like madmen, but I could not turn round on him.

"You are off the track to anywhere," I explained. "There are no settlements for a hundred miles back of me. If you come in, I will give you your bearings."

"Off the track!" he repeated, almost joyfully. "Yes, yes. But I am very strong. I suppose" — his voice dragged into a whisper — "I shall not be able to help getting back to a settlement again. But" — He looked at me for the first time, with considering eyes like a dog's, only more afraid, less gentle. "You are a good man, brother," he said. "I will come."

He cast a shuddering glance at the hare, and threw it behind him. As I turned to go he drifted lamely after me, just as a homeless dog does, half hope, half terrified suspicion. But I fancied he laid a greedy eye at the bloody hare after he had turned away from it.

Somehow, he was not a comfortable companion, and I was sorry I had no lunatic asylum. I whistled for my dog, but he had run home. He liked neither snow nor strangers. I saw his great square head in my bed as I let the priest in, and I knew he was annoyed. Dogs are funny things.

Mad or sane, that priest ate ravenously. When he had finished his eyes were steadier, though he started frightfully when I dropped some firewood, — started toward the door.

"Were you in time for the funeral yesterday, father?" I asked, to put him at his ease. But at first he did not answer.

"I turned back," he said at last, in the chanting voice of yesterday. "You live alone, brother? Alone, like me, in the wilderness?"

I said yes. I supposed he was one of the Indian priests who live alone indeed. He was no town priest, for his nails were worn to the quick.

"You should bar your door at night," he continued slowly, as if it were a distasteful duty. "These woods are not — not as they were."

Here was another warning, the second in twenty-four hours. I forgot about his being crazy.

"I always bar it." I answered shortly enough. I was tired of these child's terrors, all the more that I myself had felt evil in the familiar woods only yesterday.

"Do more!" cried the priest. He stood up, a taller man than I had thought him, a gaunt, hunted-looking man in his shabby black. "Do more! After night-fall keep your door shut, even to knocking; do not open it for any calling. The place is a bad place, and treachery" — He stopped, looked at the table, pointed at something. "Would you mind," said he, "turning down that loaf? It is not — not true!"

I saw the loaf bottom up on the platter, and remembered. It is an old custom of silent warning that the stranger in the house is a traitor. But I had no one to warn. I laughed, and turned the loaf.

"Of course there is no traitor."

If ever I saw gratitude, it was in his eyes, yet he spoke peevishly: "Not now; but there might be. And so I say to you, after nightfall do not open your door — till the Indians come back."

Then he was an Indian priest. I wondered why Andrew had lied about him.

"What is this thing" — I was impatient — "that you and they are afraid of? Look out there," — I opened the door (for the poor priest, to be truthful, was not savory), and pointed to the quiet clearing, the soft-falling snow, the fringe of spruces that were the vanguard of the woods, — "look there, and tell me what there is in my own woods that has not been there these twelve years past! Yet first an Indian comes with hints and warnings, and then you."

"What warnings?" he cried. "The Indian's, I mean! What warnings?"

"I am sure I do not know." I was thoroughly out of temper; I was not always a quiet old man in a lonely shack. "Something about the red deer coming back, and the place being bad."

"That is nonsense about the red deer," returned the priest, not in the least as if he meant it.

"Nonsense or not, it seems to have sent the Indians away." I could not help sounding dry. I hate these silly mysteries.

He turned his back to me, and began to prowl about the room. I had opened my mouth to speak, when he forestalled me.

"You have been kind to an outcast priest." He spoke plainly. "I tell you in return to go away; I tell you earnestly. Or else I ask you to promise me that for no reason will you leave your house after dark, or your door on the latch, till the Indians come ba—" He stopped in the middle of a word, the middle of a step, his lame leg held up drolly. "What is that?"

It was more like the howl of a wild beast than a question, and I spun round pretty sharply. The man was crazier than I liked.

"That rubbish of twigs and stones? The Indian left them. They mean something about his coming back, I suppose."

I could not see what he was making

such a fuss about. He stood in that silly, arrested attitude, and his lips had drawn back from his teeth in a kind of snarl. I stooped for the things, and it was exactly as if he snapped at me.

"Let them be. I — I have no fancy for them. They are a heathen charm." He backed away from them, drew close to the open door, and stood with a working face, — the saddest sight of fierce and weary ruin, of effort to speak kindly, that ever I saw.

"They're just a message," I began.

"That you do not understand." He held up his hand for silence, more priest and less madman than I had yet seen him. "I will tell you what they mean. The twigs, two uprights and a crosspiece, mean to keep your door shut; the stone is — the stone does not matter — call it a stranger; the charcoal" — for all the effort he was making his hand fell, and I thought he trembled — "the charcoal" —

I stooped mechanically to put the things as he described them, as Andrew had left them; but his cry checked me.

"Let the cruel things be! The charcoal means the unlucky, the burned-out souls whose bodies live accursed. No, I will not touch them, either. But do you lay them as you found them, night after night, at your door, and — and" — he was fairly grinding his teeth with the effort; even an outcast priest may feel shame at believing in heathenry — "and the unlucky, the unhappy, must pass by."

I do not know why such pity came on me, except that it is not right to see into the soul of any man, and I knew the priest must be banned, and thought Andrew had meant to warn me against him. I took the things, twigs, stone, and charcoal, and threw them into the fire.

"I'd sooner they came in," I said.

But the strange priest gave me a look of terror, of agony. I thought he wrung his hands, but I could not tell. As if I had struck him he was over my threshold, and scurrying away with his swift lame-

ness into the woods and the thin-falling snow. He went the way we had come in the morning, the way of the dead hare. I could not help wondering if he would take it with him if it were still there. I was sorry I had not asked him where he was going; sorrier I had not filled his pockets with food. I turned to put away my map of the district, and it was gone. He must have moved more silently than a wolf to have stolen it, but stolen it was. I could not grudge it, if I would rather have given it. I went to the bunk to pull out my sulky dog, and stood amazed. Those books lie which say dogs do not sweat.

"The priest certainly had a bad smell," I exclaimed, "but nothing to cause all this fuss! Come out!"

But he only crawled abjectly to the fire, and presently lifted his great head and howled.

"Snow or no snow, priest or no priest," said I, "we will go out to get rid of these vapors;" for I had not felt much happier with my guest than had the dog.

When we came back we had forgotten him; or why should I lie? — the dog had. I could not forget his lameness, his poor, fierce, hungry face. I made a prayer in my bed that night. (I know it is not a devout practice, but if the mind kneels I hold the body does not matter, and my mind has been kneeling for twenty years.)

"For all that are in agony and have none to pray for them, I beseech thee, O God!" And I meant the priest, as well as some others. But, however it was, I heard — I mean I saw — no more of him. I had never heard of him so much as his name.

Christmas passed. In February I went down to the village, and there I heard what put the faint memory of the lame man out of my head. The wolves who had followed the red deer were killing, not deer in the woods, but children in the settlements. The village talked of packs of wolves, and Heaven knew how many children. I thought, if it came to

bare truth, there might have been three children eaten, instead of the thirty rumor made them, and that for the fabled pack there probably stood two or three brutes, with a taste for human flesh, and a distaste for the hard running of pulling down a deer. And before I left the village I met a man who told the plain tale.

There had been ten children killed or carried off, but there had been no pack of wolves concerned, nor even three nor two. One lame wolf's track led from each robbed house, only to disappear on some highroad. More than that, the few wolves in the woods seemed to fear and shun the lonely murderer; were against him as much as the men who meant to hunt him down.

It was a queer story; I hardly thought it held water, though the man who told it was no romance-maker. I left him, and went home over the hard shining of the crusted snow, wondering why the good God, if he had not meant his children to kill, should have made the winter so long and hard.

Yellow shafts of low sunlight pierced the woods as I threaded them, and if they had not made it plain that there was nothing abroad I should have thought I heard something padding in the underbrush. But I saw nothing till I came out on my own clearing; and there I jerked up with surprise.

The lame priest stood with his back to my window, — stood on a patch of tramped and bloody snow.

"Will you never learn sense?" he whined at me. "This is no winter to go out and leave your window unfastened. If I had not happened by, your dog would be dead."

I stared at him. I always left the window ajar, for the dog to go out and in.

"I came by," drawled the priest, as if he were passing every day, "and found your dog out here with three wolves on him. I — I beat them off." He might speak calmly, but he wiped the sweat

from his face. "I put him in by the window. He is only torn."

"But you" — My wits came back to me. I thanked him as a man does who has only a dumb beast to cherish. "Why did you not go in, too? You must be frozen."

He shook his head. "The dog is afraid of me; you saw that," he answered simply. "He was better alone. Besides, I had my hands full at the time."

"Are you hurt?" I would have felt his ragged clothes, but he flinched away from me.

"They were afraid, too!" He gave a short laugh. "And now I must go. Only be careful. For all you knew, there might have been wolves beside you as you came. And you had no gun."

I knew now why he looked neither cold nor like a man who has been waiting. He had made the window safe for the dog inside, and run through the woods to guard me. I was full of wonder at the strangeness of him, and the absurd gratitude; I forgot — or rather, I did not speak of — the stolen map. I begged him to come in for the night. But he cut me off in the middle.

"I am going a long way. No, I will not take a gun. I have no fear."

"These wolves are too much!" I cried angrily. "They told me in the village that a lame one had been harrying the settlements. I mean a wolf" — Not for worlds would I have said anything about lameness if I had remembered his.

"Do they say that?" he asked, his gaunt and furrowed face without expression. "Oh, you need not mind me. It is no secret that I — I too am lame. Are they sure?"

"Sure enough to mean to kill him." Somehow, my tongue faltered over it.

"So they ought." He spoke in his throat. "But — I doubt if they can!" He straightened himself, looked at the sun with a queer face. "I must be going. You need not thank me, — except, if there comes one at nightfall, do not,

for my memory, let him in. Good-night, brother."

And, "Good-night, brother," said I.

He turned, and drifted lamely out of the clearing. He was out of my sight as quickly as if he had gone into the ground. It was true about the wolves; there were their three tracks, and the priest's tracks running to the place where they had my dog down. If, remembering the hare, I had had other thoughts, I was ashamed of them. I was sorry I had not asked in the village about this strange man who beat off wolves with a stick; but I had, unfortunately, not known it in the village.

I was to know. Oh, I was to know!

It might have been a month after — anyhow, it was near sunset of a bitter day — when I saw the lame priest again.

Lame indeed. Bent double as if with agony, limping horribly, the sweat on his white face, he stumbled to my door. His hand was at his side; there was a dry blood stain round his mouth; yet even while he had to lean against the doorpost he would not let me within arm reach of him, but edged away.

"Come in, man." I was appalled. "Come in. You — are you hurt?" I thought I saw blood on his soutane, that was in flinders.

He shook his head. Like a man whose minutes are numbered, he looked at the sun; and, like a man whose minutes are numbered, could not hurry his speech.

"Not I," he said at last. "But there is a poor beast out there," nodding vaguely, "a — a dog, that has been wounded. I — I want some rags to tie up the wound, a blanket to put over him. I cannot leave him in his — his last hour."

"You can't go. I'll put him out of his misery: that will be better than blankets."

"It might," muttered he, "it might, if you could! But I must go."

I said I would go, too. But at that he seemed to lose all control of himself, and snarled out at me.

"Stay at home. I will not have you. Hurry. Get me the things."

His eyes — and, on my soul, I thought death was glazing them — were on the sinking sun when I came out again, and for the first time he did not edge away from me. I should have known without telling that he had been caring for some animal by the smell of his clothes.

"My brother that I have treated brotherly, as you me," he said, "whether I come back this night or not, keep your door shut. Do not come out — *if I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you* — for any calling. And I — I that ask you have loved you well; I have tried to serve you, except" (he had no pause, no awkwardness) "in the matter of that map; but you had burnt the heathen charm, and I had to find a way to keep far off from you. I am — I am a driven man!"

"There will be no calling." I was puzzled and despairing. "There has been none of that loon-crying, or whatever it was, since the night I first met you. If you would treat me as a brother, come back to my house and sleep. I will not hurt your wounded dog," though even then I knew it was no dog.

"I treat you as I know best," he answered passionately. "But if in the morning I do not come" — He seized the blanket, the rags; bounded from me in the last rays of sunlight, dragging his burden in the snow. As he vanished with his swift, incredible lameness, his voice came back high and shrill: "If I do not come in the morning, come out and give — give my dog burial. For the love of" — he was screaming — "for the love I bore you — Christian burial!"

If I had not stayed to shut the door, I should not have lost him. Until dark I called, I beat every inch of cover. All the time I had a feeling that he was near and evading me, and at last I stopped looking for him. For all I knew he might have a camp somewhere; and camp or none, he had said pretty plainly he did

not want me. I went home, angry and baffled.

It was a freezing night. The very moon looked fierce with cold. The shack snapped with frost as I sat down to the supper I could not eat for the thought of the poor soul outside; and as I sat I heard a sound, a soft, imploring call, — the same, only nearer and more insistent, as the cry on the wind the night after I first saw the priest. I was at the door, when something stopped me. I do not exaggerate when I say the mad priest's voice was in my ears: "If there comes one to your door after nightfall, do not let him in. Do not open for any crying. *If I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you.*"

I do not think any pen on earth could put down the entreaty of that miserable voice, but even remembering it I would have disregarded it if, before I could so much as draw breath, that soft calling had not broken into a great ravening howl, bestial, full of malice. For a moment I thought the priest had come back raving mad; I thought silly thoughts of my cellar and my medicine chest; but as I turned for my knitted sash to tie him with, the horrid howl came again, and I knew it was no man, but a beast. Or I think that is a lie. I knew nothing, except that outside was something more horrible than I had ever dreamed of, and that I could not open my door.

I did go to the window; I put a light there for the priest to see, if he came; but I did no more. That very day I had said, "There will be no more calling," and here, in my sober senses, stood and sweated because my words were turned into a lie.

There seemed to be two voices, yet I knew it was but one. First would come the soft wailing, with the strange drawing in it. There was more terror for me in that than in the furious snarl to which it always changed; for while it was imploring it was all I could do not to let in the one who cried out there.

Just as I could withstand no longer, the ravening malice of the second cry would stop me short. It was as if one called and one forbade me. But I knew there were no two things outside.

I may as well set down my shame and be done. I was afraid. I stood holding my frantic dog, and dared not look at the unshuttered window, black and shining like new ice in the lamplight, lest I should see I knew not what inhuman face looking at me through the frail pane. If I had had the heathen charm, I should have fallen to the cowardice of using it.

It may have been ten minutes that I stood with frozen blood. All I am sure of is that I came to my senses with a great start, remembering the defenseless priest outside. I shut up my dog, took my gun, opened my door in a fury, and — did not shoot.

Notten yards from me a wolf crouched in the snow, a dark and lonely thing. My gun was in my shoulder, but as he came at me the sound that broke from his throat loosened my arm. It was human. There is no other word for it. As I stood, sick and stupid, the poor brute stopped his rush with a great slither in the snow that was black with his blood in the moonlight, and ran, — ran terribly, lamely, from my sight, — but not before I had seen a wide white bandage bound round his gray-black back and breast.

"The priest's dog!" I said. I thought a hundred things, and dared not meddle with what I did not understand.

I searched as best I might for what I knew I should not find, — searched till the dawn broke in a lurid sky; and under that crimson light I found the man I had called brother on the crimson snow. And as I hope to die in a house and in my bed, my rags I gave for the dying beast were round his breast, my blanket huddled at his hand. But his face, as I looked on him, I should not have known, for it was young. I put down my loaded

gun, that I was glad was loaded still, and I carried the dead home. I saw no wounded wolf nor the trace of one, except the long track from my door to the priest's body, and *that* was marked by neither teeth nor claws, but, under my rags, with bullets.

Well, he had his Christian burial! — though Father Moore, good, smooth man, would not hear my tale.

The dead priest had been outcast by his own will, not the Church's; had roamed the country for a thousand miles, a thing afraid and a thing of fear. And now some one had killed him, perhaps by mistake.

"Who knows?" finished Father Moore softly. "Who knows? But I will have no hue and cry made about it. He was once, at least, a servant of God, and these," — he glanced at the queer-

looking bullets that had fallen from the dead man's side as I made him ready for burial, — "I will encourage no senseless superstition in my people by trying to trace these. Especially" — But he did not finish.

So we dug the priest's grave, taking turn by turn, for we are not young; and his brother in God buried him. What either of us thought about the whole matter he did not say.

But the very day after, while the frozen mound of consecrated earth was raw in the sunshine, Andrew walked in at my door.

"We come back," he announced. "All good here now! Lame wolf dead. Shoot him after dark, silver bullet. *Wē-gūlādīmōoch. Bochtūsūnī.*"¹

He said never a word about the new grave. And neither did I.

S. Carleton.

MAETERLINCK AND MUSIC.

ONE is always meeting with curious literary and artistic affinities where one least expects them. The human mind, of course, is really homogeneous throughout. We have all to build up our inner and outer universe out of very much the same kind of brain and sense organs: so that it is hardly surprising if here and there one feels that the work of this or that musician or artist is the counterpart of the work of this or that poet or prose writer, or *vice versa*. One sees, for example, a good deal of Weber and the German Romanticists in the stories of Hoffmann; of Lessing and Diderot in the work of Gluck; of Tourgeniev and Dostoevsky in the music of Tschai-kovsky; of Berlioz's music — as Heine suggested — in the pictures of Martin. This phenomenon is so frequent as to excite little wonder. What is rather more curious is to find, here and there,

that one of the main spiritual principles of a certain artist is implicit in the æsthetic system of another artist who works in an entirely different medium, and whose whole work, at first sight, seems to be of a diametrically opposite order. Between Wagner and Maeterlinck, for instance, who would say that there is a fundamental sympathy of soul and a community of artistic outlook, — between the musician of stupendous passion and restless activity and the quiet mystic who seems to be serenely poised far above all activity and all passion, placing, in his lofty philosophizing, so little store by all the things that appeared so vital, so real, to the musician? Nevertheless, there is, as I shall try to show, a curious similarity between the æsthetic systems of the two men. They share something of the

¹ Evil spirit, wolf. *Wēgūlādīmōoch* is a word no Indian cares to say.

same excellencies ; they break down or find their limitations almost at the same point. Let us examine the two systems cursorily.

I.

If we did not possess Maeterlinck's own dramas, we might be able to judge from his essays what his position toward the drama and fiction would be. Here we have revealed to us a manner of feeling life and of looking out upon the world that could find expression only in some such dramatic form as Maeterlinck's. The dramatist himself, however, has given us, in his exquisite chapter on *The Tragical in Daily Life*, a statement, at once explicit and impassioned, of his creed. He expounds the theory that the ordinary tragedy of startling incident is, or ought to be, a thing of the past, a concept of barbaric ages, when men could lay hold of the secret underforces of life only by reaching after them through crude and violent action. In a more refined and subtle age, we should be able to trace the hand of destiny even when it does not work through media so coarse and palpable. It is not the primitive sensation of seeing one man act the murder of another that is the essence of tragedy. It is the sense of spiritual enlightenment that comes to us ; the feeling that, somehow or other, the murder itself, the passion and events that led up to it, the consequences that flow from it, are all subtly interwoven threads of the great indwelling laws of things. Most of the action, indeed, that is associated with our current notion of tragedy is, from a higher point of view, both superfluous in itself and an evidence of our degradation. We should be capable of being moved to pity, of feeling the most refined tragic sorrow, by a play that eliminates the coarser facts, and relies on gentler and more intimate suggestions of universal truth. Our present age, he thinks, is capable, or is becoming capable, of this. "In former days," he says in his essay on *The*

Awakening of the Soul, "if there was question, for a moment, of a presentiment, of the strange impression produced by a chance meeting or a look, of a decision that the unknown side of human reason had governed, of an intervention or a force, inexplicable and yet understood, of the secret laws of sympathy and antipathy, of elective and instinctive affinities, of the overwhelming influence of the thing that had not been spoken, — in former days these problems would have been carelessly passed by ; and, besides, it was but seldom that they obtruded themselves upon the serenity of the thinker. They seemed to come about by the merest chance. That they are ever pressing upon life, unceasingly and with prodigious force, — this was unsuspected of all ; and the philosopher hastened back to familiar studies of passion, and of incident that floated on the surface."

This is clearly part of a philosophy of life and art in which the cruder nervous strands are put aside, as useless for that spiritual illumination which the thinker desires. They are too thick to be sensitive to the finer currents that pass through them ; only the more delicate nerve tracts, alive to every wave of feeling, can be stimulated to philosophic light and heat. The essence of all Maeterlinck's work, of course, is this supersensitiveness. He is endowed with other senses than ours, other modes of apprehending the universe. His finer nerves catch vibrations in men, in life, in the very air around him, that fall dead upon our coarser fibres. Most of his thinking and writing is too subtle, too tense, too rarefied, for ordinary men, even for ordinary artists. And he, for his part, seems always hampered by having to express supersensuous, superintellectual things in a language that was made, in the first place, to express the usual sensuous and intellectual life. He is beset by intuitions that can never find adequate expression in words. "How strangely,"

he says, "do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words!" Speech hardly seems necessary to him as a means of carrying on his thoughts, which, as they lie in deeper, more obscure places than language — the invention of the majority — has ever visited, must seek a more immediate way of passage from his own brain to that of another. "A time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses. . . . A spiritual epoch is perhaps upon us." Thus the favorite means of communication between the souls of the spiritual elect is, not speech, but silence, — silence, which is far more eloquent, far more illuminative of the profoundest depths of being, than language can ever be. "It is idle," he writes, "to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another. . . . It is only when life is sluggish within us that we speak." As the mystic despises words as instruments of communication, so he looks down upon facts as guides to knowledge. As the inner life is too subtle to be expressed in ordinary language, so its interests are too refined to be spent upon crude facts. These are "nothing but the laggards, the spies and camp followers, of the great forces we cannot see."

II.

Here, then, is a philosophy of life which, in the hands of the artist, aims at creating a new type of "static" drama, in which speech shall give way, as far as possible, to suggestion, incident and action to the immediate revelation of soul states. Though the drama is to deal with real life in a way that Maeterlinck would regard as most rigorously real, there is to be a progressive withdrawal from most of the points that the average man regards as the essence of reality. In the first place, naked facts and violent actions are to be passed over, as not necessary to the true dramatic spirit; in

the second place, mere words are no longer to be looked upon as indispensable intermediaries between the thought and the expression. Now all this, in its main features, finds a very close parallel in the work and the arguments of Wagner. Let us look for a moment at his theories as they figure in actual practice, taken out of the wordy metaphysic in which he delighted to obscure them. The drama and the novel, as we now have them, represent an attempt to fill the reader with a certain emotion that is in the brain of the writer. The tragedy of King Lear, for example, aims at inspiring in us a sentiment of pity for an old man who is shattered by filial ingratitude. Othello aims at enlisting our sympathies for an affectionate man and wife whose happiness is broken to pieces partly by misunderstanding, partly by diabolical machinations. There are innumerable other points in the plays, but these are the great central forces. These are what moved Shakespeare to the composition of the dramas. These are the ideas from which he started; and these are the ideas that remain with us when we have seen or read the plays. But, owing to the clumsy, intractable nature of the material in which he works, the dramatist can project this central idea or feeling into us only by a most round-about process. He cannot plunge at once into his subject. He must commence at a point far distant from that to which he wishes to lead us, and then work up to it gradually. He cannot communicate an emotion without unfolding before our eyes the long and complex scenes or set of circumstances that give rise to this emotion. He cannot confine himself to the characters and the events that make up the real drama; he has to illustrate these, — to draw sparks from them, as it were, by the impact of minor incidents and persons. In a word, he has to fill us with a multiplicity of superfluous feelings before he can communicate to us the one feeling that is really essential.

In music all this is altered. There being no distinction between the feeling and the expression, no bar between the emotion and the speech, the musician can plunge at once into the very heart of his subject. Further, he need never leave it; he can devote all his energies to elucidating the really necessary things; he has no need to waste half his time in showing, from the description of extraneous things, how such and such a situation has come about, or how a man comes to feel in such and such a way. It takes an hour's reading of the Tristan legend, or any poem on the subject, before we feel the atmosphere of tragedy closing round us, or know precisely why it should come. In Wagner's opera, not only is the fact that there *is* a tragedy suggested in the first bars of the music, but the very tint and spiritual quality of the tragedy are painted for us at once. All through the work, again, we are concerned with nothing but precisely that territory of emotion, of love, grief, and pity, to which the legend and the poets have to guide us by devious and frequently uncolored paths. We see Tristan and Isolde in the first bar and in the last; we never leave them for a moment. Thus not only does the musician draw us at once to the point he wishes us to reach, but his independence of all the scaffolding necessary to the poet gives him more freedom of development. He can wring from the souls of his characters the last bitter juices of their emotions. Wagner himself was fond of pointing out his gradual growth in these respects. In the Flying Dutchman he tried "to keep the plot to its simplest features; to exclude all useless detail, such as the intrigues one borrows from common life." The plot of Tannhäuser will be found "far more markedly evolving from its inner motives;" while "the whole interest of Lohengrin consists in an inner working within the heart of Elsa, involving every secret of the soul." Wagner's aim was to shake

himself clear of the wearisome mass of detail that, in the poetical drama, is necessary to show the "whence and wherefore" of each feeling. "I too, as I have told you," he writes, "felt driven to this 'whence and wherefore;' and for long it banned me from the magic of my art. But my time of penance taught me to overcome the question. All doubt at last was taken from me, when I gave myself up to the Tristan. Here, in perfect trustfulness, I plunged into the inner depth of soul events, and from out this inmost centre of the world I fearlessly built up its outer form. A glance at the volumen of this poem will show you at once that the exhaustive detail work which an historical poet is obliged to devote to clearing up the outward bearing of his plot, to the detriment of a lucid exposition of its inner motives, I now trusted myself to apply to these latter alone. Life and death, the whole import and existence of the outer world, here hang on nothing but the inner movements of the soul. The whole affecting Action comes about for the reason only that the inmost soul demands it, and steps to light with the very shape foretold in the inner shrine."

Here the analogy with Maeterlinck's theory becomes evident. Both men despise the cruder, external, historical, active facts on which the drama has felt itself till now compelled to rely; both aim at a subtle form of drama in which the soul states shall be the first and last thing. There is more in life, they say, than conscious reason; it is the innermost processes of the soul that we desire to have laid bare to us in drama. This reflection led Wagner to the choice of the myth as the best material on which to work. "I therefore believed," he writes, "I must term the 'mythos' the poet's ideal Stuff, — that native, nameless poem of the Folk, which throughout the ages we ever meet new handled by the great poets of periods of consummate culture; for in it *there almost vanishes*

the conventional form of man's relations, merely explicable to abstract reason, to show instead the eternally intelligible, the purely human." To Maeterlinck, also, the "purely human" — the whole man, the essential man — lies deeper than what is "merely explicable to abstract reason." "A new, indescribable power," he says, in speaking of Ibsen's Master Builder, "dominates this somnambulistic drama. All that is said therein at once hides and reveals the sources of an unknown life. And if we are bewildered at times, let us not forget that our soul often appears, to our feeble eyes, to be but the maddest of forces, and that there are in man many regions more fertile, more profound, and more interesting than those of his reason or his intelligence."

For these obscure regions of the soul words alone are plainly an inadequate mode of expression. Hence both Wagner and Maeterlinck feel that some more direct kind of utterance is required, some more immediate means of communication between the feeling of the artist and the feeling of the auditor. Wagner finds this in music, which substitutes a direct appeal for the indirect appeal of the ordinary poet. The dramatic poem must be draughted "in such a fashion that it may penetrate the finest fibres of the musical tissue, and the spoken *thought* entirely dissolve into the *feeling*." Not that there is to be any surrender of that grip upon the inner life that is the essence of thoughtful drama. On the contrary, Wagner maintains, after the manner of Maeterlinck, it is only when the soul is set free from the disturbing accidents of the temporary life that it can see clearly into the movements of the universal life. Wagner holds that in the Beethoven symphony, for example, a world view is presented, quite as philosophical, quite as logically connected, as any that can be put together in words. "In this symphony, instruments speak a language whereof the world at no previous time

had any knowledge; for here, with a hitherto unknown persistence, the purely musical expression enchains the hearer in an inconceivably varied mesh of nuances; rouses his inmost being, to a degree unreachable by any other art; and in all its changefulness reveals an ordering principle so free and bold that we can deem it more forcible than any logic, yet without the laws of logic entering into it in the slightest; nay, rather, the reasoning march of thought, with its track of causes and effects, here finds no sort of foothold. So that this symphony must positively appear to us a revelation from another world; and in truth it opens out a scheme of the world's phenomena quite different from the ordinary logical scheme, and whereof one foremost thing is undeniable: that it thrusts home with the most overwhelming conviction, and guides our feeling with such a sureness that the logic-mongering reason is completely routed and disarmed thereby."

Now set beside this view of the relations of the musical drama to the poetical drama Maeterlinck's comparison of his own dramatic ideals with those of the "active" poet. The latter passes unthinkingly over many of the feelings that give significance to a tragic event. Why should not these feelings, the essential core of the drama, be given fuller play, and the mere incidents be looked upon as either superfluous or purely ancillary? The whole of Maeterlinck's magnificent passage must here be quoted: "The mysterious chant of the Infinite, the ominous silence of the soul and of God, the murmur of Eternity on the horizon, the destiny or fatality that we are conscious of within us, though by what tokens none can tell, — do not all these underlie King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet? And would it not be possible, by some interchanging of the rôles, to bring them nearer to us, and send the actor farther off? Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element,

normal, deep-rooted, and universal, — that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? . . . When we think of it, is it not the tranquillity that is terrible, the tranquillity watched by the stars? And is it in tumult or in silence that the spirit of life quickens within us? Is it not when we are told, at the end of the story, 'They were happy,' that the great disquiet should intrude itself? What is taking place while they are happy? Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time, — ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still, — is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul flower only on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture."

He places the spiritual purposes of painting and music on a higher plane; "for these," he says, "have learned to select and reproduce those obscurer phases of daily life that are not the less deep-rooted and amazing. They know that all that life has lost, as regards mere superficial ornament, has been more than

counterbalanced by the depth, the intimate meaning, and the spiritual gravity it has acquired. The true artist no longer chooses Marius triumphing over the Cimbrians, or the assassination of the Duke of Guise, as a fit subject for his art; for he is well aware that the psychology of victory or murder is but elementary and exceptional, and that the solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so timidly and hesitatingly, cannot be heard amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And therefore will he place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, an open door at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest, and by these simple images will add to our consciousness of life, which is a possession that it is no longer possible to lose."

III.

The excellence and the wisdom of these thoughts need no pointing out. What is the defect in them, — or, rather, wherein are they incomplete?

This may be seen, in the first place, by playing off Maeterlinck's theory against that of Wagner. It is quite true, as Wagner says, that his kind of music-drama has one great advantage over the poetical drama: that by surrendering certain outlying interests it can expend all its power on the central interest, — giving full play, as Wagner would express it, to the inner motives of the dramatic action. But, on the other hand, music must, from its very nature, fail to touch a score of ideas and passions that are within us, and for whose expression we are compelled to go to poetry unhampered by music. Thus there are certain mental states with which music can have absolutely no communion. The girl can sing, as Ruskin has told us, of her lost love, but the miser cannot sing of his lost money bags. For a study of the miser, then, and of all the shades of character that resemble his, we must look, not to music, but to poetry. Again,

any one who has seen Verdi's Othello on the stage must have been struck with the feebleness of the character-drawing of Iago. A monster of this kind, of cunning and deception, is a concept almost entirely foreign to the art of music, which does indeed give a heightened value to the primary emotions, but, on the other hand, cannot get beyond these. One has frequently the utmost difficulty in believing that Wagner's Mime is a hateful character, owing to the inability of music to express the mean and despicable. It can render, mainly by physical means, the horrible and the terrible, but the contemptible is beyond its sphere.

Nor, again, even in the field where music and poetry meet, does music so far cover the ground, as Wagner would contend, as to make non-musical poetry superfluous, a mere echo. For the sheer emotional beauty of pity, for exquisite tenderness and complete consolation, nothing, in any art, could surpass certain portions of Parsifal. But it is essentially an inward emotion here; it achieves its miracle by casting its own lovely atmosphere round the crude, hard facts of the world. If we want an expression of pity that shall bear more closely on our real life, give us the emotional balm at the same time that it puts our severer thought to rest, we must go to poetry. Look at the colloquy of the poets in the *Rubáiyát*, in which Omar pours out the vials of his compassion upon the marred and broken beings of this world:—

“Said one among them — ‘Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.’

“Then said a Second — ‘Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
in joy:

And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.’

“After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
‘They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?’”

There is not here the sensuous anodyne of Wagner's music, but there is something equally precious; the thought is farther flung; it brings more elements of reality back with it to be bathed and softened in emotion; it stirs the more vital philosophic depths. So, again, with the line Maeterlinck himself places in the mouth of old Arkel, after one of the most terrible scenes in *Pelleas and Melisanda*: “If I were God, how I should pity the heart of men!” Music, in its grave speech after a dire catastrophe, may almost compass some such wealth of tragical significance as this; but there is in Maeterlinck's line a peculiar, ultimate divination that can be conveyed to us only in words. Numberless other instances might be cited, all proving this existence of a philosophic sphere to which even the greatest music can never have access. Matthew Arnold may have been a prejudiced witness, being a poet himself; yet one feels that he has the right with him in that passage, in his *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön*, in which he points out how the painter and the musician excel respectively in expressing “the aspect of the moment” and “the feeling of the moment,” but that the poet deals more philosophically with the total life and interlacement of things:—

“He must life's *movement* tell!

The thread which binds it all in one,
And not its separate parts alone.
The *movement* he must tell of life,
Its pain and pleasure, rest and strife;
His eye must travel down, at full,
The long, unpausing spectacle;
With faithful unrelaxing force
Attend it from its primal source,
From change to change and year to year,
Attend it of its mid career,
Attend it to the last repose,
And solemn silence of its close.”

Arnold's expression might have been a little more artistic, but there is no controverting the general truth he voices: that poetry looks before and after in a way that music cannot possibly do; is wider in its sweep than music, clearer in its vision, making up for its diminished

idealism by its sympathetic evocation of a hundred notes that are denied to music.

IV.

And just as we pass from music to poetry to reach certain emotions that are not to be found in the more general art, so we pass from Maeterlinck's æsthetic world to that of the cruder realist, in the search for certain further artistic satisfactions. Mysticism has this in common with music: that it gives voice to the broader, more generalized feelings of mankind, and hesitates to come into contact with the less ecstatic faculties that are exercised upon the harder facts of life. Maeterlinck, like Wagner, tries to lay hold upon the universal in art; but he does so simply because, again like Wagner, he is comparatively insensitive to other stimuli. And as Wagner's æsthetic holds good only of a musical drama like his own, so Maeterlinck's theory of drama is completely valid only for those who share his general attitude toward life and knowledge. If in the semi-swoon of the faculties before the abyss of the universal we come closest to the real roots of things, then is there nothing to be added to or taken from Maeterlinck's statement of the essence of drama. If, on the other hand, the evolution of the more acutely specialized perceptions in us points to our need of a mental system that shall embrace ever more and more of the phenomena of the world, then must we have an art that shall shape these perceptions into a beauty of their own. Did we all apprehend the universe as Maeterlinck does, — through a kind of sixth sense that is an instantaneous blend of the ordinary five; could we all arrive at his serenely philosophical outlook, and be content with so much understanding of the world as came to us in immediate intuitions, — we should then see in his art a mode of expression coextensive with all that we could know or feel. But since we do not all look at life with the semi-Oriental fatalism of

Maeterlinck, in whose soul the passive elements seem to outweigh the active, we have to turn to other modes of dramatic art for the satisfaction of our cravings. "The poet," he says in one place, "adds to ordinary life something, — I know not what, — which is the poet's secret: and there comes to us a sudden revelation of life in its stupendous grandeur, in its submissiveness to the unknown powers, in its endless affinities, in its awe-inspiring misery." Well, for a great many of us there are moments when "submissiveness to the unknown powers" does not express the be-all and the end-all of life, — more vivid moments of revolt, of struggle with uncertainties, of passionate assertions of personality, far removed from the gray resignation of the mystic. If life is ugly and bitter, there is an art that can interest us deeply in this bitterness and ugliness, because it ministers to that deep-seated need of ours to leave no corner of life and nature unexplored. This art of the mercilessly real may not be so "philosophical" as Maeterlinck's; it may not speak to us so clearly of the "mysterious chant of the Infinite, the ominous silence of the soul and of God, the murmur of Eternity on the horizon," for these voices can make themselves heard only in a wider, less troubled space than ours. But just as the poet relinquishes some of the formal perfection of the musician, finding his compensation in his power to touch a wider range of things, so the realist finds in the bracing, ever interesting contact with the cruder facts of life something that compensates him for missing the broader peace of the mystic, — a sense of personality, of struggle with and dominion over inimical forces, that the languor of mysticism cannot provide. No human reason, says Maeterlinck, in our actions; "no human reason; nothing but destiny." Well, thought and action, to the mystic, may be only the children of illusion; but may there not be as much illusion in passivity, in the ecstatic

collapse of the intellect under the pressure of an incomprehensible world? In the Maeterlinck drama, beautiful as it is, we cannot all of us find complete satisfaction. To quote the words that he himself has used in another context: "Here we are no longer in the well-known valleys of human and psychic life. We find ourselves at the door of the third inclosure, — that of the divine life of the mystics. We have to grope timidly, and make sure of every footstep, as we cross the threshold." And when we have crossed the threshold, we find ourselves hungering and thirsting for the more troubled, but at any rate broader life we have left behind us; just as the Wagnerian drama, mighty as it is, brings home to us the fact that there are needs of our nature that music cannot satisfy. Formal perfection, absolute homogeneity, are obtainable in an art only when we abstract it from outer incident and long reflection. Music comes before poetry in this respect, poetry before the drama, the drama before fiction. Take, from a master of reticence, an example of apparent dissipation of artistic force that Wagner would have held to prove his theories. It is the scene in *Madame Bovary* where Léon, expecting to see Emma, is detained at dinner by Homais. "At two o'clock they were still at table, opposite each other. The large room was emptying; the stovepipe, in the shape of a palm tree, spread its gilt leaves over

the white ceiling, and near them, outside the window, in the bright sunshine, a little fountain gurgled in a white basin, where, in the midst of watercress and asparagus, three torpid lobsters stretched across to some quails that lay heaped up in a pile on their sides." "Three torpid lobsters"! Wagner would have said: "What have these to do with art? Music's manner of describing the impatience of two separated lovers is that of the mad prelude to the duet in *Tristan*. Here we have all the essential soul states, without the admixture of crude external realities." But there is something in Léon's impatience that music cannot express, — the dreary boredom of his companion, the helpless wandering of the mind over the insignificant uglinesses of his surroundings. This also is part of human psychology, and a part that can find expression only in words. In consideration of the wider sweep of the artistic net, we gladly abate our demands for perfection of quality in the yield; for the phenomena of the extensive and the intensive are intended to be compensatory, the one taking the burden upon itself where the strength of the other fails. Wagner erred in thinking that the union of all the arts in music-drama could render each separate art superfluous; Maeterlinck errs in thinking that the mystic, in his withdrawal to the centre of consciousness, can tell us all we desire to know of the outer circle.

Ernest Newman.

LORD MANSFIELD.

IN the days before the coming of the Coquecigrues, a phenomenon was apparent in the land which students of society knew as the "grand manner." It was primarily an affectation of the *beau monde*, and he who adopted it considered himself bound to attain distinction

in many paths. A man is above his profession, it was held, especially if he be a gentleman, and it is his duty to do much, but to do it with ease and the grand air. He must bear no traces of the struggle; he must be ready at any hour to play a quite different part: if he is a states-

man, he must be also a scholar ; if a poet, a man of fashion ; if a wit, a man of affairs. He should come fresh from port and the classics to the bench or the council board, and do his work as to the manner born ; but, granted the presumption of competence, he must wear his honors lightly, and excel in other things. And so a great and full-blooded race of men arose, men like the Elizabethans, who were soldiers and poets : a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was philosopher, physicist, and bravo in one, or the Carterets and Foxes of the eighteenth century, who were statesmen by trade, and wits and scholars at their leisure. The manner, to be sure, found its critics, chiefly from the ranks of the incompetent. "It is with genius as with a fine fashion," wrote Pope : "all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it." Learned serjeants "shook their heads at Murray as a wit," and excellent persons looked askance at Fox. But for the connoisseur, who ranges history for what pleases him, there is much to attract in the florid personages who refuse to be classified by their professions ; for when their solid achievement is deducted, much fascinating human stuff remains to delight the biographer.

The great Lord Mansfield (such is the title on his statue in the Abbey) is a notable example of the race. In many ways he is the most imposing figure in the history of the English bench. He had a profound effect upon the development of law ; he held one or other of the great law offices for almost half a century ; and he dominated his colleagues as no other chief justice has ever done. But it is possible to disregard this technical side, and still find a wonderful figure of a man, a statesman, and a scholar. Lord Campbell devotes an unwilling chapter to the consideration of his decisions ; for, he says, to write of Mansfield and take no note of them would be like writing of Bacon with no hint of his philosophy, or of Marlborough without mention of his

wars. But there is much in Bacon besides philosophy, and the duke was more than a strategist, and the great lord chief justice may be profitably studied apart from his profession.

Mansfield has been notoriously unfortunate in his biographers. The only professed Life is by the egregious Mr. Holliday, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, which is by universal consent one of the most dull and inaccurate in the language. Lord Brougham has written a short sketch, and Lord Campbell has dealt with him, as with all the chief justices, in a spirit of warm and uncritical appreciation. But the materials for history are everywhere. No memoir-writer of the time neglects him, every anecdotist gives him his share, and his public life is written large in law reports and parliamentary journals. He was as bitterly hated as he was extravagantly admired, and Horace Walpole and Junius are careful to preserve this odium. He was the friend of Pope, and one of the few objects of Dr. Johnson's respect. His long life extended from the days of Jacobitism to the French Revolution and the rise of Fox. He was Scots by birth and descent, and English by education, so the interest of two very different peoples has centred upon his career. In such an embarrassment of riches it is hard to pick and choose, and the proper biographer, when he arises, will have a complicated task to his hand.

The most notable figures at the eighteenth-century bar came from two classes : a Hardwicke and an Eldon from the English bourgeoisie ; a Mansfield, a Loughborough, and an Erskine from Scotch younger sons. In many ways the latter had the smaller chance of success. As a rule they were extremely poor, and they were without exception absurdly proud. In the end their perfervid genius and their northern wits carried them into power, but they had a hard path to travel. Of them all Mansfield had the easiest life. His was a nature born to success,

free from the little roughnesses which impede; a soul self-contained, clear-sighted, dispassionate, and patient. He was given a fair chance, for he had the best education which his time could afford, and he had a certain ready-made circle of friends. But, when all has been said, his achievement is remarkable. He was famous when little more than a youth; he conquered his profession while living as a friend of wits and poets and a gentleman of the town. And when he had reached his desire, then came those many years of serene and dignified work, where there is no sign of effort, the fine flower of an industrious youth.

He was the eleventh child of the fifth Lord Stormont, descended from the Murrays of Tullibardine, and connected with the houses of Buccleugh and Montrose. The family fortune was not great, and in the tumble-down castle of Scone, where he was born, the bringing-up of the fourteen children must have been Spartan. For some reason or other, a story has got about that he was taken to London as a child, which is as accurate as the other legend, that he was born at Bath and educated at Lichfield. Dr. Johnson believed it, and used to say that "much may be made of a Scotsman if he be caught young;" but there is little doubt that the young Murray was first sent to the grammar school of Perth, and abode there till his fourteenth year. Scots grammar schools of that time may have been deficient in many things, but they could teach Latinity; and Mansfield used to declare that it was there, also, he first learned the genius and structure of his mother tongue. At first he lived at home, riding to school on a pony, and running about barefoot with the small boys of the place. Long afterwards Grub Street pamphleteers made merry with this early training. "Learning was very cheap in his country," wrote one scribbler; "and it is very common to see there a boy of *quality* lug along his books to school, and a scrap of oatmeal

for his dinner, with a pair of brogues on his feet, posteriors exposed, and nothing on his legs." But the family soon removed, for cheapness' sake, to Comlongan, in Dumfriesshire, and Mr. William was boarded with a master at Perth. There exists an account of moneys expended on the boy, whereby it appears that a pair of boots for Mr. William cost £3 12s. Scots, and the cutting of his hair six shillings.

At fourteen arose the difficult question of his profession. It was proposed to send him to St. Andrews; again, the Scots bar was thought of; but the advice of his elder brother prevailed, and he was put upon the foundation of Westminster School. This James Murray was in every way a remarkable man. Originally a Scots lawyer, he had entered the House of Commons as member for the Elgin burghs, and immediately joined the High Tory party of Atterbury and Bolingbroke. At Queen Anne's death he openly went over to the Stuarts, and lived for the rest of his long life as an outlaw, abroad. His master made him Earl of Dunbar, and he seems never to have wavered in his loyalty to the forlorn cause. He is said to have been at least as able as his younger brother, but in the petty intrigues of St. Germain and Avignon he found no field for his talents. His advice, so fortunate in its issue, had probably a purpose, for Westminster under Atterbury could be no bad training ground for a possible Jacobite recruit. At any rate, the boy gladly fell in with his plan. He did not take either of the orthodox routes to the south, by a smack from Leith or the weekly coach from the Black Bull in the Canongate to St. Martin's le Grand, but set out for Perth on horseback, on the 15th of March, 1718. At Queensferry the horse fell lame, and he had to walk into Edinburgh, where he bought his outfit. He visited his parents at Comlongan, and then, like Gil Blas, set off on his country-bred pony for the new

world. It was a strange experience for the Perthshire boy, whose horizon had been bounded by the Edinburgh High Street and Mr. Martine's Academy. The Bridge of Esk was his last sight of Scotland, for the lonely child who stared at the fortifications of Carlisle, and fancied London to be a compound of Rome and the New Jerusalem, was to make the strange country his own, and in a little time to control its destinies.

A certain John Wemyss, an old retainer of the Murrays, and now a flourishing apothecary, received the traveler, sold his mount, bought him a sword, two wigs, and proper clothes, entered him with the head master of Westminster, and settled him at a dame's in Dean Yard. Little is told of his schooldays. By dint of hot blood and a hard fist he fought his way to some standing among his schoolfellows. But he was always the industrious apprentice, working hard at his books, and excelling, we are told, in his declamations. Dr. Nicholl was his teacher, and Samuel Wesley, a brother of the great John, was an usher in the place. Atterbury, Bishop Smalridge, and Bentley used to examine the school at elections, and seem to have been taken with the young Murray. At any rate, in May, 1723, his name appears first on the list of King's scholars who were recommended for the foundation at Christ Church. Of his holidays we know little, save that his kinswoman, Lady Kinnoull, used to invite him to her house, and doubtless there were other Scots families who showed kindness to the handsome boy.

From Westminster he went to Oxford, the Oxford of the eighteenth century, a curious backwater of learning, where Robert Boyle was held a fine scholar and Bentley a charlatan, and the real business of life was port and prejudice in the common rooms, and, for undergraduates, high politics in the taverns. It would welcome gladly a young man of good Jacobite stock, the protégé of Atterbury and the brother of Dunbar. But it is to

Murray's credit that he was wise enough to keep the place at arm's length, for eighteenth-century Oxford was not a promising school for a strenuous man. He had the advantage of a clear aim, for about this time he finally chose the bar for his profession. Once he had thought of the Church; but when he heard Talbot and Yorke in Westminster Hall, he felt, in the quaint Scots phrase, "called" to the vocation. So, with the aid of the rich Lord Foley, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and began to keep his terms while still at Christ Church. For the rest, he lived like any other young man of quality, — a little more studious, considerably poorer, but no recluse, and certainly no pedant. He professed liberal sentiments, like Lord Magnus Charters in Pendennis, and patronized the Dissenters in the most approved fashion of the High Tory, who hated parochial Whiggery. His chief studies, we are told, were Aristotle and oratory, and the labors he went through to learn the theory of his future art fill a slack modern with despair. Not Demosthenes with his mouthful of pebbles was more painstaking than this boy, who translated Cicero into English, and back again into Latin, that he might get at the heart of his cadences. He wrote Latin prose with great ease and elegance, though his excursions in hexameters are as bad as may be. He won the prize for a poem on the death of George I., that calls the Muse to refuse no tribute to the wondrous worth, and Minerva and Phœbus to strew olive and laurel on the bier, of the cultured monarch whose simple creed was, "I hate all boets and bainters." Pitt was his disappointed rival, and it is only fair to say that Pitt was, if possible, more absurd. Indeed, the only merit of the productions is that they have given occasion for some of Macaulay's neatest sentences. "The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses. Cæsar, who would not read a line of Pope, and who

loved nothing but punch and fat women!"

When he came to London, he took up his abode in a set of rooms in the Gatehouse Court of Lincoln's Inn, which is now called Old Square. For three years he studied the law in his upper chamber, lighting his own fire of a morning; but keeping his evenings for his friends and the other side of life. It was the age of great taverns, where busy men went for good talk and a good dinner: Button's, where Addison dined, and sat late over his punch; the Mitre, where Boswell met Johnson; not to speak of Will's and the Grecian, the Covent Garden chop houses, the ordinaries in the city, and the superior clubs of St. James's. The Temple was then the intellectual centre of London; not, as now, a bare place, too far east for convenience, and hedged round and about with commerce. Great men had their rooms in the little streets off the Strand; Lincoln's Inn Fields was a superb and fashionable square, containing Betterton's theatre and the Duke of Newcastle's town house; and, if the Embankment was a vile place, the Surrey shore was still unspoiled. The young Oxford scholar found himself in the thick of a very fascinating life. He had his severe hours of study, for he had the sense to revere his profession. There were no short cuts to legal knowledge, no textbooks or pupil rooms, and the common law was still imprisoned in a desert of black-letter learning. Murray planned out an elaborate course for himself in Roman law, international law, Scots law, real property; but at the same time he was diligently at work on other things, as is shown by the extraordinary scheme of historical studies which he drew up for the young Duke of Portland. He took a short trip to the Continent, but he had no money to make the grand tour with which certain biographers have credited him. He could not afford to dispense with his industrious mornings, but must seek his

pleasure in quieter paths. Through his kinsmen and friends, the Kinnoulls and Marchmonts, he made his entry into polite society. Well-mannered, well-born, with some Oxford reputation, and, as we are told, a very handsome and modest presence, he was welcomed by the little lords and great ladies who made up the fashion of the day. "Lord Mansfield," Dr. Johnson once declared, "was no mere lawyer. Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the university; when he first came to town, he drank champagne with the wits; he was the friend of Pope."

Pope, indeed, he had known at Westminster, and between the two a warm friendship sprang up. To Pope, the young Scot, with his good looks and "silver voice," his talents and his frank hero worship, came as a relief from the oppressive smartness of the coffee houses. It was no one-sided attachment: if Murray went to Twickenham, Pope came to Lincoln's Inn, and, as the story goes, used to coach his friend in the gestures of oratory. When Murray was called to the bar, in 1730, he took chambers at No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and there Pope was a constant visitor. The young barrister was no better off than others before and since. For two years he did nothing; then he began to acquire some practice in Scots appeals, but his name was "known and honored in the House of Lords" when he was as little seen in the Chancery and King's Bench as, say, a minor parliamentary junior of today. The ordinary myth is told of him as of every great lawyer, — no practice, a chance brief, absence of his leader, a great opportunity, and then a boundless income; and he is reported to have said, in his old age, that he "never knew the difference between poverty and £3000 a year." The record of his practice, however, shows a slow and gradual advance; there is no sudden dazzling leap, like Erskine's, into fame; and in three years, if he had a fair business, it was very re-

stricted in kind. But those early years were full of varied activity. He worked hard at his profession; he read widely; he saw much society. He had the common Scots admiration for French writers, notably Voltaire, and to the end of his life he kept up a considerable scholarship in the sister literature. And in all his busyness there is a pleasing affection for his kinsfolk and his own land. His first earnings went to buy a tea service of silver and china for his sister-in-law, Lady Stormont, who had been in the habit of sending him Scotch marmalade; and in his speech against the disfranchisement of Edinburgh, after the Porteous Riots, there is a ring of something more than vicarious forensic earnestness.

Sometime in those years he committed the indiscretion of falling in love. Some have identified the lady with Lord Winchelsea's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Finch, whom he afterwards married, and supposed that her family insisted only upon the postponement of the wedding till his fee book grew larger. I find it difficult to accept this view. Rather it seems to have been the one grand passion which Murray's equable nature ever entertained, and it ended disastrously with the lady's marriage to "lands in Kent and messuages in York," and, for a time, the lover's utter prostration. One summer was lost to him, and he retired to a small cottage on the river, near Twickenham, to brood over the foppery of the world. It was not till the next Michaelmas term that he forgot his disappointment in his profession. One would give much to learn Chloe's name, for no common charms could have overthrown so cold and placid a heart. Pope acted the part of the philosophic comforter, and, in imitation of Horace's "Intermissa, Venus, diu," implores the goddess to send her doves to No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and bids the "smiling loves and young desires" haunt the suburban cottage. Murray is

"equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress or to fix the friend."

I do not suppose that the mythological consolation went far, for the object had notably failed to charm one mistress; but in an imitation of the famous "Nil admirari" Epistle there are some manly and comforting lines on his friend's case. The poet discourses on the vanity of human wishes:—

"If not so pleased, at council board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late or not at all.

But wherefore all this labour, all this strife
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom native learning, birth conspired

To form not to admire but be admired,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth!"

It is the old consolation of philosophy, and the patient in time recovered. Still, we should like to know the truth of Murray's one romance, and the name of the girl who conquered his austere heart. Did she become one of the hooped and powdered ladies of fashion, or was she learned like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or did she sink into a country shrew like Mrs. Hardcastle? "Discord" and "a noble wife," as in Addison's case, were too often synonyms, and certainly there was no discord with the amiable Lady Elizabeth.

His profession drove love out of his head, for he found himself in many notable cases, from some of which the scandal has scarcely yet departed. Such was the Cibber case, where a fashionable actress, wife of Colley Cibber's son, and sister of Dr. Arne, the musician, paid the price of her gallantries. He was counsel for the English merchants in the famous affair of Captain Jenkins's case, and he may have suggested to that perjured mariner the phrase which set England aflame, "I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country." He declined silk, when Lord

Hardwicke, at the Duke of Newcastle's instance, made him the offer, and so he won the distinction of going direct from the junior bar to office. In all he had a full and pleasing life: Chancery in the morning, the House of Lords in the afternoon; and then running from the courts to routs and supper parties, and returning late to find some client like the Duchess Sarah sitting in his arm-chair, "swearing so dreadfully," said his clerk, "that she must be a lady of quality." On the 20th of November, 1738, he married his Lady Elizabeth, gaining the double benefit of an exemplary wife and a father-in-law in the Cabinet. They took a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that fashionable neighborhood, and began to entertain. And with it all the busy counsel had leisure for common human courtesies. He would write long and kind epistles to his friends in Scotland, Grant of Prestongrange and Lord Milton, and there is a very admirable letter of consolation to one Mr. Booth, an unsuccessful conveyancer.

In 1742, after resisting all unofficial invitations to politics, he was made solicitor-general, and soon afterward entered Parliament for Boroughbridge. At the same time, at a meeting of the council of Lincoln's Inn, it was ordered that "the Hon. William Murray Esquire, His Majesty's Solicitor-General, be invited to the Bench of this Society." He was now thirty-seven years of age, his character formed, his future assured. It is safe to say that the Mansfield we know was the Murray who became Mr. Solicitor. In a sense he came to perfection early; for, if his fame rests on the work of his mature years, the conditions of fame had already been prepared to the full. So we may leave an awkward chronological narrative for a study of the man, the finished product, in his many aspects. But we may note, in passing, that the years of his elevation saw the last of that brilliant figure who had been the friend of his youth.

Pope died in 1744, having appointed Murray his executor, and leaving him as remembrances two marble heads and a picture for his own trust. A few days before his death he had been carried, at his own request, from Twickenham to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Bolingbroke and Warburton had been of the company. A curious dinner party indeed, — a young lawyer with his life before him, a pragmatic doctor, a genius who had proved too clever for the world, and a worn-out poet!

The attorney-generalship was reached in 1754, and two years later came the chief-justiceship of the King's Bench and a peerage. He might have had the wool-sack several times for the asking, and on at least one occasion a word would have made him Prime Minister. But he had the wisdom to gauge his powers well; he knew himself born for a good judge, but as signally unfit for a great minister. Not that he did not take his full share of politics. Few lawyers have been so prominent as statesmen; as solicitor, he virtually led the House of Commons for twelve years, he sat in many Cabinets, and he was pitted against Chatham in the Lords as the most formidable of the Tories. But he was never the professional statesman; merely a great judge with a talent for statecraft, who came for relaxation from the bench to the senate house. We do not propose to attempt to do justice to his judicial work, in these pages. Sufficient that he introduced a new spirit into English law, and broke, once and for all, the old black-letter chain which Coke had riveted. It became the fashion among his successors, as it was certainly the fashion among his weaker rivals, to declare that, like necessity, he knew no law, and that he introduced an evil experimental habit into the profession; and the great name of Lord Eldon has lent itself to the charge. We do not deny the habit. His advice to a colonial governor — "Give no reason for your decisions, for

they are sure to be right, while your reasons are sure to be wrong" — was an index to a consistent habit of mind. He strove to the best of his power to do away with the forms which hampered justice, and it is small wonder if the mild black beetles of the courts hated him, when they found their occupation gone. We are told that he would lie back in his chair yawning, or write letters, or read the newspaper, when some confused serjeant prosed before him. On occasions, to be sure, when policy or humanity demanded it, he could be formal and technical enough, as in his judgment in the Wilkes case, or in his curious direction to the jury in the case of a priest accused of celebrating mass. But generally he strove after simplicity and common sense, interpreting the letter of the law with a freedom and fairness uncommon among his contemporaries. A list of his decisions would be meaningless, but we are told that he so impressed his colleagues that there was rarely a dissenting voice. Two branches of his work deserve special mention. He took the principal part in the disposing of Scotch appeals in the Lords, and in the *Duntreath* case he "struck off the fetters of half the entailed estates in Scotland." In commercial cases, again, he found a field awaiting the hand of the reformer, and by his judgments in the Guildhall sittings he created English commercial law, and conferred an incalculable benefit on English trade. And all his work — such is the report of his contemporaries — he did with that masterful ease which is the industrious lawyer's chief reward. To have a branch of knowledge which in no way fills the whole of life or infringes upon pleasure, yet at the same time grows daily in bulk, till the law is no formless bludgeon, but a keen sword in a ready hand, is the final triumph of the profession. Of this Mansfield is a conspicuous instance, and what has been said of Weir of Hermiston may be

written of him: "He tasted deeply of recondite pleasures. To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, suffice to itself without reaction, and find continual rewards without excitement."

On the legal side we have the materials for judgment, but on his wit and scholarship we must take our opinions from others. Nothing is so tantalizing, and yet so permanent, as a reputation for *esprit*. Every one believes Charles Townshend a wit of the first order, and yet we have scarcely a saying of his on record. We do not suppose Mansfield to have been a classical scholar of the stamp of Carteret, but he had the respectable stock in trade of an industrious Oxford man; and we are told that once, in his extreme old age, he defended the use of a Greek word in Burke by quoting offhand a long passage from Demosthenes. In history, on the other hand, and especially in the history of law, few of his contemporaries approached him. Burke had the same synoptic view, the same catholic breadth of knowledge, but Mansfield had the more exact and critical scholarship. Had the law treatises, memoirs, and essays, which perished in the Gordon Riots, survived till our own day, he might have shared with Bacon the fame of a great lawyer who was also a great writer. "But ages yet to come shall mourn the burning of his own,"

Cowper sang; and we desire to mourn with the ages. He was not a patron in the eighteenth-century sense, and his name adorns the dedicatory pages of no minor poet, but he has the supreme merit of discovering Blackstone. It was at his advice that Blackstone settled in Oxford, and the Vinerian Professorship, and indirectly the Commentaries, were the result. So much for learning. But there is also a tradition of extraordinary wit and vivacity in conversation, a social tact which

made him the finest of hosts and the most engaging companion. It is possible that the tradition has been overdone. Seward, who has a scent like Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's for any sort of *mot*, has only a few flimsy jokes to record, and Horace Walpole, who was ever tender to a hint of brilliance, will have none of Mansfield's. In contrasting him with Fox and Pitt, Walpole declares that they had wit in their speeches, though not in conversation, but Murray neither in one nor the other. We find a few sayings in court quoted, wonderfully few, and by no means good, of which the best is the advice to a counsel: "No case, abuse plaintiff's attorney." Perhaps he was too fluent and copious for the parsimony of language which is the basis of wit. But the word has many meanings, and if grace of manner and an extraordinary knowledge of men be a form of it, then Mansfield had it in abundance. His courtesy and ready kindness delighted the world, and contemporary memoirs (except Horace Walpole's) abound in praises of the lord chief justice in society. He had the freshness of spirit which men of his balanced and capable type carry often far into old age, and his favorite toast of "Young Friends and Old Books" is an epitome of his art of life.

From Lincoln's Inn Fields the family moved to a great house in Bloomsbury Square, of which more hereafter. About the same time they seem to have bought the charming little estate of Caen Wood, on the slopes of Highgate, and there, after his retirement from the King's Bench, Mansfield spent his days. Only in these mellow autumn years have we any picture of the man at home. Before that he is a brilliant figure, much hated and widely feared, but in the purple and splendor of his public appearances we lose sight of one aspect, and that the most pleasing. He was very clannish, like all his countrymen, and when the little Murrays, Lord Henderland's children, came to Westminster School, he would have

them out to Highgate on holidays, and tell them old stories of his boyhood, — how he had seen a man who had been at the execution of Charles I., and how at school he had boiled a plum pudding in his nightcap. He took immense pains to have his peerage given the proper remainder, for he had a Scots pride in founding a great family. But if he had a warm heart for his family, he had also a long memory for his friends. Lord Foley had been kind to him at Oxford, and so, when a rising junior and a young man much sought after in society, he used continually to isolate himself, from Saturday to Monday, in the company of the old nobleman, who had become very fussy and exacting. Once he was asked the reason of it all. "It is enough," he replied, "if I contribute by my visits to the entertainment of my fast friends." At Caen Wood he had often parties of King's Bench lawyers down for the day, who would tell him the gossip of the courts and Lord Kenyon's latest misquotation, while he would recite passages from Pope, or take their advice on landscape gardening, or repeat to them, under his beech trees, —

"O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

He had always looked forward to this old age of leisure; for we are told that when in the thick of his work he used to talk of the *dolce far niente*, and quote, "Liber esse mihi non videtur, qui non aliquando nihil agit." His dinners became famous in the town. Abstemious himself, — his only love was claret, and Heaven knows how many hogsheads of priceless claret perished in the Bloomsbury fire! — he yet, like many temperate men, loved hilarity. His eulogists dilate on the charm of his conversation. "He was ever as ready to hear as to deliver an opinion," says one. "I cannot recollect the time," says another, "when, sitting at table with Lord Mansfield, I ever failed to remark that happy and engaging art which he possessed of

putting the company in a good humor with themselves. I am convinced that they liked him the more for his seeming to like them so well." And then they conclude, one and all, with that quaint eighteenth-century phrase which means so much, "He was a sincere Christian, without bigotry or hypocrisy."

Much of this, to be sure, was due to endowments which are not necessarily Christian, — his voice and his superb presence. From the Vanloo, painted when he was twenty-eight, to the great Reynolds, which represents him in the robes of the chief justice, we see through his numerous portraits a wonderful majesty of face. As Reynolds saw him, in his regal old age, the bench can have witnessed no nobler figure of a man. If race means anything, it is here in its perfection. The arch of the brows, the keen, invincible eyes, the leonine cast of the head, and, above all, the mouth, tart, humorous, infinitely wise, make the figure a kind of archetype, *the* Lord Chief Justice for all time. And his voice matched with his presence. By all accounts, it was singularly clear and sweet and penetrating, with the liquid, silvery tone found in some women's voices. He spoke with great slowness and distinctness, giving each syllable its full quality, but it is pleasant to learn that to the last he pronounced some words broadly, *more Boreali*. It was right that Westminster and Oxford should not wholly drive out the old idiom of the Perth grammar school. He said "brid" for "bread," we are told, and "reg'ment" for "regiment," and he would always call upon "Mr. Soleester." This was displeasing to a purist like Chief Justice Willes, whose attack upon Mansfield's voice is curious in its isolation. "He was cursed," he wrote, "with a loud, clamorous monotony, and a disagreeable discordance in his accents, as struck so harsh upon the ear that he seemed rather to scream than to plead; and from thence was called 'Orator Strix' or the 'Caledonian

Screecher.'" But Dr. Johnson, who did not love a Scots accent, having many odd pronunciations of his own, was captivated by his "sweetness," and the testimony of the world gave him the epithet of "silver-tongued," as it afterwards gave it to Erskine.

But the real man behind all this external charm is the true object of interest. His character and intellect were so fully revealed during his long career that there is small divergence in men's judgments. Certain broad qualities are universally granted, certain obvious faults censured. But the common portrait does not hang together, and dogma is easily answered by an appeal to fact. The truth is that he is a more puzzling figure than the world will readily admit. Men love a garish, high-colored sketch, and history, generally speaking, is intolerant of niceties. We are told that Mansfield subordinated all things to personal ambition; that he lost in heart what he gained in intellect; that he had no moral courage; that he was the polished, capable man of the world, a high product of a bloodless age. Such a criticism deserves a word; for though it has truth it needs much explanation, and taken baldly it leads to an estimate which is radically unjust. "The condemnation which a great man lays upon the world," Hegel has written, "is to force it to explain him;" and the saying is true of others than the philosopher.

The common accusation is that he was without moral courage, a sun worshiper who frankly loved the easy path and the sweet things of life. It is impossible wholly to deny the charge; but the cowardice was an intricate quality, curiously bound up with his virtues. Certain antagonisms were so hateful to him that he shrank from open conflict. The Junius affair is a case in point. The master of invective who used the bludgeon was an opponent difficult to meet for one whose weapon was the rapier. In the libel actions he maintained

honestly a real point of view, but he was obviously ill at ease, and in the altercation with Lord Camden which followed he seems to have deserved Horace Walpole's abuse. Unpopularity, so long as it was confined to paper and spoken words, seems to have given him acute uneasiness, and he was apt to make an unworthy peace with his adversary. Camden, who was far from his intellectual equal, won several victories in debate from this curious sensitive complaisance of his rival. Sometimes it would seem that he felt himself standing on a razor edge, his early Jacobitism, his Scots birth, his professional hauteur, raising a host against him; and then he was apt to agree with his enemy quickly, to the delight of the baser sort. On the other hand, he could on occasions show himself independent enough. On the bench he might often have won an easy popularity, but he remained true to his own ideals of equity and toleration. He was for religious equality, when it was the most forlorn of causes; and if he was a loyal Tory, he could speak against his party and his interest. In 1766 he attacked the Prerogative on the question of the Order in Council which laid an embargo on corn, though his primary motive may have been his lawyer's constitutionalism; but in 1770 he was the chief agent in carrying George Grenville's Controverted Elections Bill, which from the High Tory point of view was a piece of unleavened radicalism. The truth is that he paid the penalty of the affection of his friends. A hatred of the unpleasant, a love for easy ways, grew upon him till it became second nature, and the cause must be urgent indeed before it could wake his conscience.

But of one side of courage he had more than his share. By universal consent he was perfectly cool and fearless in the presence of physical danger. In the deplorable affair of the Gordon Riots, his is one of the few characters which emerge with any credit. He had shown

himself an unflinching foe of the intolerable rant which sometimes calls itself Protestant, and when he arrived in Parliament Street, on that fateful day, he was recognized and attacked by the mob. His coachman managed to force his way to the door of the house, but the carriage windows were shattered, and Mansfield's gown and wig were almost pulled to pieces. Thurlow was ill, and Mansfield took his place on the woolsack, "with calm dignity," says Lord Campbell; "quivering like an aspen," the Duke of Gloucester told Horace Walpole. It would have been difficult for an old man who had just escaped murder to show an untroubled face, however stout his heart might be. The scene must have been the most curious which a Speaker of the House of Lords ever beheld: Lord Hillborough and Lord Stormont with black eyes, the Archbishop of York with his lawn sleeves gone, the Duke of Newcastle in rags, and most of the others with mud-bespattered faces and wigs awry, and all crying out twenty different words of advice; and then the sudden entry of Lord Mountfort, with a face like a ghost, and the report that Lord Boston was even then being torn in pieces. Mansfield did his best to restore order and proceed with the business of the day; but when the Duke of Richmond proposed a sortie he was ready to go first, carrying the mace. At the end of the sitting he was left alone, and we are told that, after drinking tea in his private room, he drove quietly home in a momentary lull of the riot.

On Tuesday, the 6th of June, 1780, the mob attacked the house in Bloomsbury Square. He had received warning, but in a spirit of commendable tolerance he refused to have soldiers keeping guard round his door, lest the passions of the crowd should be more seriously inflamed. He trusted to the reverence traditionally shown to the English justices; but he had underrated Protestant zeal. When the rioters battered at his door, he

escaped with his wife by a back passage. Then, for a little, anarchy was triumphant. Books, pictures, and furniture were burned in a bonfire on the pavement; the cellars were pillaged, and the miscreants grew drunk on the chief justice's claret; soon the flames reached the house, and in the morning nothing remained but a blackened shell. It is impossible to overestimate the gravity of the misfortune to a man of Mansfield's nature. He had taken much pride in his career, and he had filled his house with remembrances. But now his own diaries, the books in which Pope and Bolingbroke had written their names, his pictures, busts, and prints, his rare and curious furniture, all had perished utterly. He had founded a family, but the heirlooms were gone which he had hoped to hand down to posterity. To one so tenderly attached to his past, it must have seemed as if he stood again bare and isolated in the world, beggared of the fruits of his life's work. The town sympathized with his misfortune, and for once there is no word spoken on his conduct but the highest praise. When he took his seat on the bench, he was received, we are told, "with a reverential silence more affecting than the most eloquent address." He rejected with dignity all proposals of compensation, and when he presided at the trial of Lord George Gordon he showed not a trace of prejudice or resentment. Once only he referred indirectly to his loss. He defended the strong measures taken by the government in quelling the riots. "I will give you my reasons within as short a compass as possible. I have not consulted books; indeed, I have no books to consult."

His intellect was so many-sided and masterful that his contemporaries, in trying to describe it, fell into a conventional grandiloquence. Indeed, it is no case for superlatives. He had no talent in a colossal degree; but he had all, or nearly all, in some proportion, and the whole

was harmoniously compounded. His mind was clear and penetrating; all faculties at his command for use, and none blunted by years or routine. He attained to that perfect consciousness of power and ready facility which is the highest pleasure in life. For all his industry and his learning, there is never a hint of stress about him. After a long day in the courts, he turns to Horace or De Thou or the salons of St. James's with an unfailing alacrity of spirit. Nimble, keen, subtle, unwearied, — if these be not characteristic of supreme genius, they at least denote a perfect talent. It is the perfection of the legal talent, a lawyer being rather an interpreter than a leader; mediocrity, if you like, but of the *aurea mediocritas* stamp. His principles and opinions illustrate the curious equipoise of his character. He had an inherited Tory strain, which appeared in the generous Jacobitism of his youth, and was matured into the constitutionalism which detested the vagaries of Chatham, and saw in the French Revolution the last word of anarchy. But he had a kind of political rationalism, which led him sometimes to the most pronounced liberal views, and made him the foe of religious disabilities and the advocate of free trade. A little of the Bute type of High Tory, a little of the French *intellectuel*, and something of the enlightened critical man of affairs made up his political character. As a biographer neatly puts it, Precedent and Principle were always at war within him. He had much kinship with one side of the Whigs, and no real affinity with the reactionary and corrupt elements in his own party. But for the demagogues who followed Wilkes he had all the scorn of a scholar and an aristocrat. To him the voice of the people was an unintelligible patois, and not to be identified with the voice of God. It is not hard to explain the various antipathies which he created. Walpole hated him as a clever alien who had no part in the Whig family circle.

Chatham found him a formalist too able to despise and too logical to refute. But to men so different as Montesquieu and Burke he seemed wholly admirable, — the founder of scientific jurisprudence, a scholar among pedants. On one subject all our authorities agree, — his extraordinary eloquence. Horace Walpole is frankly eulogistic. He compares him with Chatham and the elder Fox, and calls him "the brightest genius of the three," whose figure was "engaging, from a decent openness." His own criticism is that he "refined too much, and could wrangle too little, for a popular assembly." It is hard to realize the proper effect of eighteenth-century oratory. We have lost the atmosphere of pageant and ceremony, of scholarship and abundant leisure. In reading Mansfield's great speeches, we find neither the fire and passion and broken lights of imagination which we have in Chatham, nor the cosmic philosophy of Burke, nor the exquisite terseness and epigram of Disraeli. His style is bland and placid, like the man; but the matter is always impressive, and there is much to admire in the lithe vigor and ease of the diction. We can readily understand how, spoken by one of his voice and presence, it seemed the height of eloquence to an older school which thought Chatham a play actor and Burke an Irish madman.

And so his character stands as something polished and complete, the "four square man" that Simonides spoke of. But this perfection, if it has few flaws, has its limitations, as his enemies were ready to perceive. The chief charge is the expected one of a radical coldness of heart. Here, again, while admitting truth in the accusation, we must protest against the ordinary acceptance of the word. He could be very kind, and he could form the warmest friendships; and if any one doubts this, let him read his correspondence in 1782 with the Bishop of Bristol, when the two old men, friends

from youth, console each other for the loneliness of age. He was as well beloved by young men, as his relations with Erskine bear witness. The great instance cited against him is his conduct on that memorable day when Chatham fell dying on the floor of the House of Lords. The incident is told in a letter of Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton: "Many crowding about the earl to observe his countenance, all affected, most part really concerned; and even those who might have felt a secret pleasure at the accident yet put on the appearance of distress, excepting the Earl of M., who sat still, almost as much unmoved as the senseless body itself." Now who was this "Earl of M."? It has been generally held to refer to Mansfield, but Lord Brougham insisted that it was Lord Marchmont. Marchmont was the only other Earl of M. present; he belonged to the strictest sect of the "King's friends," and he had always been in opposition to Chatham. It is impossible to decide the question, but on the most favorable interpretation there is a lack of generosity in Mansfield's conduct; for when the question of the annuity to the Chatham title came before the Lords, he listened to the virulent attacks of the court party in silence, and uttered no word in praise of his dead rival.

This antagonism of the two was a conflict of permanent types, and the most significant commentary on Mansfield's limitations. The one, with all his high-heeled strutting and histrionic stuff, had just that generous warmth of feeling and that sudden lightning fire of genius which were foreign, and indeed incomprehensible, to the bland and capable intelligence of the other. Mansfield was the safer captain for ordinary weather, but Chatham the pilot for the storm. The one was a great and brilliant man of affairs, while the other was the fiery spirit fighting its way in crudeness and hysteria and splendor to a kind of immortality. He discovered the "great people"

behind the fanatics and the placemen, and he worked for his clientele. But Mansfield was essentially the creation of a social sect, a highly accomplished product of a highly civilized world, one with "no strife nor no sedition in his powers," and secure and happy in this tranquillity.

He is, indeed, the most un-northern of all great Scots; for, compared to him, Hume was perfervid, and Dundas an enthusiast. He suffered, in fact, for his birthplace; for he was attacked by the press as a "termagant Scot," who had "emerged from his native wealds, rocky caverns, and mountainous heights pretty early in life, to veneer over a Scotch education with a little English erudition." The critic talks of his nature as "rugged and full of pauper pride and native insolence," which Heaven knows it never was. Lovat had foreseen this danger ahead of "his cousin Murray." "Mr. Solicitor," he said at the trial, "is a great man, and he will meet with high promotion if he is not too far north." But Mr. Solicitor was not to be seriously retarded by his origin, for, compared with Lovat, he was a southron of the southrons. Except for a suspicion of an accent, he might never have ventured beyond the world of St. James's. The trial of Lovat has, indeed, a curious interest; for if Chatham was Mansfield's extreme opposite in temperament, Lovat was his counterpart in racial character. Shaggy, barbarous, steeped in vices, and yet with a wild subtlety and poetry in his

extraordinary brain, he was the type of the back world of Scotland, — that old, cruel, foolish world of mists and blood, of crazy beliefs and impossible loyalties. The splendid chief justice knew nothing of it, and in this ignorance he gained success, but lost an indefinable something which his birth should have given him; for we must confess that he was a little insensible to the warmth of common humanity. From the day when he rode his sheltly over the Bridge of Esk he never returned to his own country. He never saw his parents again; he never seemed to care to revisit the home of his boyhood. Lord Campbell, in a passage which makes one respect the honest soul, dwells on the pathos and joys of such a home-coming, and quotes Captain Morris's lines: —

"There 's many a lad I loved now dead,
And many a lass grown old."

But to Mansfield all this was a sealed book. Somewhere in the race for honors he had lost this old sentiment, though he retained his family pride and a lingering affection for his race. It is scarcely a defect, but it is part of his great limitation, which we may call a lack of soul. Heartless he was not, for he was kind above the average, but in his very freedom from the prejudices of the crowd he fell short of the prejudice which is also wisdom. It is the old complaint against the entirely rational and clear-sighted man that, in his unbroken march, he misses the wayside virtues which fall to the blind and feeble.

John Buchan.

AUDREY.¹XXIII.²

A DUEL.

JUBA, setting candles upon a table in Haward's bedroom, chanced to spill melted wax upon his master's hand, outstretched on the board. "Damn you!" cried Haward, moved by sudden and uncontrollable irritation. "Look what you are doing, sirrah!"

The negro gave a start of genuine surprise. Haward could punish, — Juba had more than once felt the weight of his master's cane, — but justice had always been meted out with an equable voice and a fine impassivity of countenance. "Don't stand there staring at me!" now ordered the master as irritably as before. "Go stir the fire, draw the curtains, shut out the light! Ha, Angus, is that you?"

MacLean crossed the room to the fire upon the hearth, and stood with his eyes upon the crackling logs. "You kindle too soon your winter fire," he said. "These forests, flaming red and yellow, should warm the land."

"Winter is at hand. The air strikes cold to-night," answered Haward, and rising began to pace the room, while MacLean watched him with compressed lips and gloomy eyes. Finally he came to a stand before a card table, set full in the ruddy light of the fire, and taking up the cards ran them slowly through his fingers. "When the lotus was all plucked and Lethe drained, then cards were born into the world," he said sententiously. "Come, my friend, let us forget awhile."

They sat down, and Haward dealt.

"I came to the house landing before sunset," began the storekeeper slowly. "I found you gone."

"Ay," said Haward, gathering up his cards. "'T is yours to play."

"Juba told me that you had called for Mirza, and had ridden away to the glebe house."

"True," answered the other. "And what then?"

There was a note of warning in his voice, but MacLean did not choose to heed. "I rowed on down the river, past the mouth of the creek," he continued, with deliberation. "There was a mound of grass and a mass of colored vines" —

"And a blood-red oak," finished Haward coldly. "Shall we pay closer regard to what we are doing? I play the king."

"You were there!" exclaimed the Highlander. "You — not Jean Hugon — searched for and found the poor maid's hiding place." The red came into his tanned cheek. "Now, by St. Andrew!" he began; then checked himself.

Haward tapped with his finger the bit of painted pasteboard before him. "I play the king," he repeated, in an even voice; then struck a bell, and when Juba appeared ordered the negro to bring wine and to stir the fire. The flames, leaping up, lent strange animation to the face of the lady above the mantelshelf, and a pristine brightness to the swords crossed beneath the painting. The slave moved about the room, drawing the curtains more closely, arranging all for the night. While he was present the players gave their attention to the game, but with the sound of the closing door MacLean laid down his cards.

"I must speak," he said abruptly. "The girl's face haunts me. You do wrong. It is not the act of a gentleman."

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² A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the thirteenth advertising page.

The silence that followed was broken by Haward, who spoke in the smooth, slightly drawing tones which with him spelled irritation and sudden, hardly controlled anger. "It is my home-coming," he said. "I am tired, and wish to-night to eat only of the lotus. Will you take up your cards again?"

A less impetuous man than MacLean, noting the signs of weakness, fatigue, and impatience, would have waited, and on the morrow have been listened to with equanimity. But the Highlander, fired by his cause, thought not of delay. "To forget!" he exclaimed. "That is the coward's part! I would have you remember: remember yourself, who are by nature a gentleman and generous; remember how alone and helpless is the girl; remember to cease from this pursuit!"

"We will leave the cards, and say good-night," said Haward, with a strong effort for self-control.

"Good-night with all my heart!" cried the other hotly. "When you have promised to lay no further snare for that maid at your gates, whose name you have blasted, whose heart you have wrung, whose nature you have darkened and distorted" —

"Have you done?" demanded Haward. "Once more, 't were wise to say good-night at once."

"Not yet!" exclaimed the storekeeper, stretching out an eager hand. "That girl hath so haunting a face. Haward, see her not again! God wot, I think you have crushed the soul within her, and her name is bandied from mouth to mouth. 'T were kind to leave her to forget and be forgotten. Go to Westover: wed the lady there of whom you raved in your fever. You are her declared suitor; 't is said that she loves you" —

Haward drew his breath sharply and turned in his chair. Then, spent with fatigue, irritable from recent illness, sore with the memory of the meeting by the

river, determined upon his course and yet deeply perplexed, he narrowed his eyes and began to give poisoned arrow for poisoned arrow.

"Was it in the service of the Pretender that you became a squire of dames?" he asked. "'Gad, for a Jacobite you are particular!"

MacLean started as if struck, and drew himself up. "Have a care, sir! A MacLean sits not to hear his king or his chief defamed. In future, pray remember it."

"For my part," said the other, "I would have Mr. MacLean remember" —

The intonation carried his meaning. MacLean, flushing deeply, rose from the table. "That is unworthy of you," he said. "But since before to-night servants have rebuked masters, I spare not to tell you that you do most wrongly. 'T is sad for the girl she died not in that wilderness where you found her."

"Ads my life!" cried Haward. "Leave my affairs alone!"

Both men were upon their feet. "I took you for a gentleman," said the Highlander, breathing hard. "I said to myself: 'Duart is overseas where I cannot serve him. I will take this other for my chief'" —

"That is for a Highland cateran and traitor," interrupted Haward, pleased to find another dart, but scarcely aware of how deadly an insult he was dealing.

In a flash the blow was struck. Juba, in the next room, hearing the noise of the overturned table, appeared at the door. "Set the table to rights and light the candles again," said his master calmly. "No, let the cards lie. Now begone to the quarters! 'T was I that stumbled and overset the table."

Following the slave to the door he locked it upon him; then turned again to the room, and to MacLean standing waiting in the centre of it. "Under the circumstances, we may, I think, dispense with preliminaries. You will give me satisfaction here and now?"

"Do you take it at my hands?" asked the other proudly. "Just now you reminded me that I was your servant. But find me a sword" —

Haward went to a carved chest; drew from it two rapiers, measured the blades, and laid one upon the table. MacLean took it up, and slowly passed the gleaming steel between his fingers. Presently he began to speak, in a low, controlled, monotonous voice: "Why did you not leave me as I was? Six months ago I was alone, quiet, dead. A star had set for me; as the lights fall behind Ben More, it was lost and gone. You, long hated, long looked for, came, and the star arose again. You touched my scars, and suddenly I esteemed them honorable. You called me friend, and I turned from my enmity and clasped your hand. Now my soul goes back to its realm of solitude and hate; now you are my foe again." He broke off to bend the steel within his hands almost to the meeting of hilt and point. "A hated master," he ended, with bitter mirth, "yet one that I must thank for grace extended. Forty stripes is, I believe, the proper penalty."

Haward, who had seated himself at his escritoire and was writing, turned his head. "For my reference to your imprisonment in Virginia I apologize. I demand the reparation due from one gentleman to another for the indignity of a blow. Pardon me for another moment, when I shall be at your service."

He threw sand upon a sheet of gilt-edged paper, folded and superscribed it; then took from his breast a thicker document. "The Solebay, man-of-war, lying off Jamestown, sails at sunrise. The captain — Captain Meade — is my friend. Who knows the fortunes of war? If by chance I should fall to-night, take a boat at the landing, hasten upstream, and hail the Solebay. When you are aboard give Meade — who has reason to oblige me — this letter. He will carry you down the coast to Charleston, where,

if you change your name and lurk for a while, you may pass for a buccaneer and be safe enough. For this other paper" — He hesitated, then spoke on with some constraint: "It is your release from servitude in Virginia, — in effect, your pardon. I have interest both here and at home — it hath been many years since Preston — the paper was not hard to obtain. I had meant to give it to you before we parted to-night. I regret that, should you prove the better swordsman, it may be of little service to you."

He laid the papers on the table, and began to divest himself of his coat, waistcoat, and long, curled periwig. MacLean took up the pardon and held it to a candle. It caught, but before the flame could reach the writing Haward had dashed down the other's hand and beaten out the blaze. "'Slife, Angus, what would you do!" he cried, and, taken unawares, there was angry concern in his voice. "Why, man, 't is liberty!"

"I may not accept it," said MacLean, with dry lips. "That letter, also, is useless to me. I would you were all villain."

"Your scruple is fantastic!" retorted the other, and as he spoke he put both papers upon the escritoire, weighting them with the sandbox. "You shall take them hence when our score is settled, — ay, and use them as best you may! Now, sir, are you ready?"

"You are weak from illness," said MacLean hoarsely. "Let the quarrel rest until you have recovered strength."

Haward, rapier in hand, smiled slightly. "I was not strong yesterday," he said. "But Mr. Everard is pinked in the side, and Mr. Travis, who would fight with pistols, hath a ball through his shoulder."

The storekeeper started. "I have heard of those gentlemen! You fought them both upon the day when you left your sickroom?"

"Assuredly," answered the other, with

a slight lift of his brows. "Will you be so good as to move the table to one side? So. On guard, sir!"

The man who had been ill unto death and the man who for many years had worn no sword acquitted themselves well. Had the room been a field behind Montagu House, had there been present seconds, a physician, gaping chairmen, the interest would have been breathless. As it was, the lady upon the wall smiled on, with her eyes forever upon the blossoms in her hand, and the river without, when it could be heard through the clashing of steel, made but a listless and dreamy sound. Each swordsman knew that he had provoked a friend to whom his debt was great, but each, according to his godless creed, must strive as though that friend were his dearest foe. The Englishman fought coolly, the Gael with fervor. The latter had an unguarded moment. Haward's blade leaped to meet it, and on the other's shirt appeared a bright red stain.

In the moment that he was touched the Highlander let fall his sword. Haward, not understanding, lowered his point, and with a gesture bade his antagonist recover the weapon. But the storekeeper folded his arms. "Where blood has been drawn there is satisfaction," he said. "I have given it to you, and now, by the bones of Gillean-na-Tuaidhe, I will not fight you longer!"

For a minute or more Haward stood with his eyes upon the ground and his hand yet closely clasping the rapier hilt; then, drawing a long breath, he took up the velvet scabbard and slowly sheathed his blade. "I am content," he said. "Your wound, I hope, is not dangerous?"

MacLean thrust a handkerchief into his bosom to stanch the bleeding. "A pin prick," he said indifferently.

His late antagonist held out his hand. "It is well over. Come! We are not young hotheads, but men who have suffered, and should know the vanity and

the pity of such strife. Let us forget this hour, call each other friend again" —

"Tell me first," demanded MacLean, his arm rigid at his side, — "tell me first why you fought Mr. Everard and Mr. Travis."

Gray eyes and dark blue met. "I fought them," said Haward, "because, on a time, they offered insult to the woman whom I intend to make my wife."

So quiet was it in the room when he had spoken that the wash of the river, the tapping of walnut branches outside the window, the dropping of coals upon the hearth, became loud and insistent sounds. Then, "Darden's Audrey?" said MacLean, in a whisper.

"Not Darden's Audrey, but mine," answered Haward, — "the only woman I ever have loved or shall love."

He walked to the window and looked out into the darkness. "To-night there is no light," he said to himself, beneath his breath. "By and by we shall stand here together, listening to the river, marking the wind in the trees." As upon paper heat of fire may cause to appear characters before invisible, so, when he turned, the flame of a great passion had brought all that was highest in this gentleman's nature into his countenance, softening and ennobling it. "Whatever my thoughts before," he said simply, "I have never, since that night at the Palace, meant other than this." Coming back to MacLean he laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Who made us knows we all do need forgiveness! Am I no more to you, Angus, than Ewin Mor Mackinnon?"

An hour later, those who were to be lifetime friends went together down the echoing stair and through the empty house to the outer door. When it was opened, they saw that upon the stone step without, in the square of light thrown by the candles behind them, lay an Indian arrow. MacLean picked it up. "Twas placed athwart the door," he said doubtfully. "Is it in the nature of a challenge?"

Haward took the dart, and examined it curiously. "The trader grows troublesome," he remarked. "He must back to the woods and to the foes of his own class." As he spoke he broke the arrow in two, and flung the pieces from him.

It was a wonderful night, with many stars and a keen wind. Moved each in his degree by its beauty, Haward and MacLean stood regarding it before they should go, the one back to his solitary chamber, the other to the store which was to be his charge no longer than the morrow. "I feel the air that blows from the hills," said the Highlander. "It comes over the heather; it hath swept the lochs, and I hear it in the sound of torrents." He lifted his face to the wind. "The breath of freedom! I shall have dreams to-night."

When he was gone, Haward, left alone, looked for a while upon the heights of stars. "I too shall dream to-night," he breathed to himself. "To-morrow all will be well." His gaze falling from the splendor of the skies to the swaying trees, gaunt, bare, and murmuring of their loss to the hurrying river, sadness and vague fear took sudden possession of his soul. He spoke her name over and over; he left the house and went into the garden. It was the garden of the dying year, and the change that in the morning he had smiled to see now appalled him. He would have had it June again. Now, when on the morrow he and Audrey should pass through the garden, it must be down dank and leaf-strewn paths, past yellow and broken stalks, with here and there wan ghosts of flowers.

He came to the dial, and, bending, pressed his lips against the carven words that, so often as they had stood there together, she had traced with her finger. "Love! thou mighty alchemist!" he breathed. "Life! that may now be gold, now iron, but never again dull lead! Death" — He paused; then, "There

shall be no death," he said, and left the withered garden for the lonely, echoing house.

XXIV

AUDREY COMES TO WESTOVER.

It was ten of the clock upon this same night when Hugon left the glebe house. Audrey, crouching in the dark beside her window, heard him bid the minister, as drunk as himself, good-night, and watched him go unsteadily down the path that led to the road. Once he paused, and made as if to return; then went on to his lair at the crossroads ordinary. Again Audrey waited, — this time by the door. Darden stumbled upstairs to bed. Mistress Deborah's voice was raised in shrill reproach, and the drunken minister answered her with oaths. The small house rang with their quarrel, but Audrey listened with indifference; not trembling and stopping her ears, as once she would have done. It was over at last, and the place sunk in silence; but still the girl waited and listened, standing close to the door. At last, as it was drawing toward midnight, she put her hand upon the latch, and, raising it very softly, slipped outside. Heavy breathing came from the room where slept her guardians; it went evenly on while she crept downstairs and unbarred the outer door. Sure and silent and light of touch, she passed like a spirit from the house that had given her shelter, nor once looked back upon it.

The boat, hidden in the reeds, was her destination; she loosed it, and taking the oars rowed down the creek. When she came to the garden wall, she bent her head and shut her eyes; but when she had left the creek for the great dim river, she looked at Fair View house as she rowed past it on her way to the mountains. No light to-night; the hour was late, and he was asleep, and that was well.

It was cold upon the river, and sere leaves, loosening their hold upon that which had given them life, drifted down upon her as she rowed beneath arching trees. When she left the dark bank for the unshadowed stream, the wind struck her brow and the glittering stars perplexed her. There were so many of them. When one shot, she knew that a soul had left the earth. Another fell, and another, — it must be a good night for dying. She ceased to row, and, leaning over, dipped her hand and arm into the black water. The movement brought the gunwale of the boat even with the flood. . . . Say that one leaned over a little further . . . there would fall another star. God gathered the stars in his hand, but he would surely be angry with one that came before it was called, and the star would sink past him into a night forever dreadful. . . . The water was cold and deep and black. Great fish thrrove in it, and below was a bed of ooze and mud.

The girl awoke from her dream of self-murder with a cry of terror. Not the river, good Lord, not the river! Not death, but life! With a second shuddering cry she lifted hand and arm from the water, and with frantic haste dried them upon the skirt of her dress. There had been none to hear her. Upon the midnight river, between the dim forests that ever spoke, but never listened, she was utterly alone. She took the oars again, and went on her way up the river, rowing swiftly, for the mountains were far away, and she might be pursued.

When she drew near to Jamestown she shot far out into the river, because men might be astir in the boats about the town landing. Anchored in mid-stream was a great ship, — a man-of-war, bristling with guns. Her boat touched its shadow, and the lookout called to her. She bent her head, put forth her strength, and left the black hull behind her. There was another ship to pass, a slaver that had come in the evening

before, and would land its cargo at sunrise. The stench that arose from it was intolerable, and, as the girl passed, a corpse, heavily weighted, was thrown into the water. Audrey went swiftly by, and the river lay clean before her. The stars paled and the dawn came, but she could not see the shores for the thick white mist. A spectral boat, with a sail like a gray moth's wing, slipped past her. The shadow at the helm was whistling for the wind, and the sound came strange and shrill through the filmy, ashen morning. The mist began to lift. A few moments now, and the river would lie dazzlingly bare between the red and yellow forests. She turned her boat shorewards, and presently forced it beneath the bronze-leaved, drooping boughs of a sycamore. Here she left the boat, tying it to the tree, and hoping that it was well hidden. The great fear at her heart was that, when she was missed, Hugon would undertake to follow and to find her. He had the skill to do so. Perhaps, after many days, when she was in sight of the mountains, she might turn her head and, in that lonely land, see him coming toward her.

The sun was shining, and the woods were gay above her head and gay beneath her feet. When the wind blew, the colored leaves went before it like flights of birds. She was hungry, and as she walked she ate a piece of bread taken from the glebe-house larder. It was her plan to go rapidly through the settled country, keeping as far as possible to the great spaces of woodland which the axe had left untouched; sleeping in such dark and hidden hollows as she could find; begging food only when she must, and then from poor folk who would not stay her or be overcurious about her business. As she went on, the houses, she knew, would be farther and farther apart; the time would soon arrive when she might walk half a day and see never a clearing in the deep woods. Then the hills would rise about

her, and far, far off she might see the mountains, fixed, cloudlike, serene, and still, beyond the miles of rustling forest. There would be no more great houses, built for ladies and gentlemen, but here and there, at far distances, rude cabins, dwelt in by kind and simple folk. At such a home, when the mountains had taken on a deeper blue, when the streams were narrow and the level land only a memory, she would pause, would ask if she might stay. What work was wanted she would do. Perhaps there would be children, or a young girl like Molly, or a kind woman like Mistress Stagg; and perhaps, after a long, long while, it would grow to seem to her like that other cabin.

These were her rose-colored visions. At other times a terror took her by the shoulders, holding her until her face whitened and her eyes grew wide and dark. The way was long and the leaves were falling fast, and she thought that it might be true that in this world into which she had awakened there was for her no home. The cold would come, and she might have no bread, and for all her wandering find none to take her in. In those forests of the west the wolves ran in packs, and the Indians burned and wasted. Some bitter night-time she would die. . . . Watching the sky from Fair View windows, perhaps he might idly mark a falling star.

All that day she walked, keeping as far as was possible to the woods, but forced now and again to traverse open fields and long stretches of sunny road. If she saw any one coming, she hid in the roadside bushes, or, if that could not be done, walked steadily onward, with her head bent and her heart beating fast. It must have been a day for minding one's own business, for none stayed or questioned her. Her dinner she begged from some children whom she found in a wood gathering nuts. Supper she had none. When night fell, she was glad to lay herself down upon a bed of leaves that she had raked together; but she slept

little, for the wind moaned in the half-clad branches, and she could not cease from counting the stars that shot. In the morning, numbed and cold, she went slowly on until she came to a wayside house. Quaker folk lived there; and they asked her no question, but with kind words gave her of what they had, and let her rest and grow warm in the sunshine upon their doorstep. She thanked them with shy grace, but presently, when they were not looking, rose and went her way. Upon the second day she kept to the road. It was loss of time wandering in the woods, skirting thicket and marsh, forced ever and again to return to the beaten track. She thought, also, that she must be safe, so far was she now from Fair View. How could they guess that she was gone to the mountains?

About midday, two men on horseback looked at her in passing. One spoke to the other, and turning their horses they put after and overtook her. He who had spoken touched her with the butt of his whip. "Ecod!" he exclaimed. "It's the lass we saw run for a guinea last May Day at Jamestown! Why so far from home, light o' heels?"

A wild leap of her heart, a singing in her ears, and Audrey clutched at safety.

"I be Joan, the smith's daughter," she said stolidly. "I niver ran for a guinea. I niver saw a guinea. I be going an errand for feyther."

"Ecod, then!" said the other man. "You're on a wrong scent. 'T was no dolt that ran that day!"

The man who had touched her laughed. "Facks, you are right, Tom! But I'd ha' sworn 't was that brown girl. Go your ways on your errand for 'feyther'!" As he spoke, being of an amorous turn, he stooped from his saddle and kissed her. Audrey, since she was at that time not Audrey at all, but Joan, the smith's daughter, took the salute as stolidly as she had spoken. The two men rode away, and the second said to the first: "A Williamsburgh man told

me that the girl who won the guinea could speak and look like a born lady. Didn't ye hear the story of how she went to the Governor's ball, all tricked out, dancing, and making people think she was some fine dame from Maryland, maybe? And the next day she was scored in church before all the town. I don't know as they put a white sheet on her, but they say 't was no more than her deserts."

Audrey, left standing in the sunny road, retook her own countenance, rubbed her cheek where the man's lips had touched it, and trembled like a leaf. She was frightened, both at the encounter and because she could make herself so like Joan, — Joan who lived near the crossroads ordinary, and who had been whipped at the Court House.

Late that afternoon she came upon two or three rude dwellings clustered about a mill. A knot of men, the miller in the midst, stood and gazed at the mill stream. They wore an angry look, and Audrey passed them hastily by. At the farthest house she paused to beg a piece of bread; but the woman who came to the door frowned and roughly bade her begone, and a child threw a stone at her. "One witch is enough to take the bread out of poor folks' mouths!" cried the woman. "Be off, or I'll set the dogs on ye!" The children ran after her as she hastened from the inhospitable neighborhood. "'T is a young witch," they cried, "going to help the old one swim to-night!" and a stone struck her, bruising her shoulder.

She began to run, and, fleet of foot as she was, soon distanced her tormentors. When she slackened pace it was sunset, and she was faint with hunger and desperately weary. From the road a bypath led to a small clearing in a wood, with a slender spiral of smoke showing between the trees. Audrey went that way, and came upon a crazy cabin whose door and window were fast closed. In the unkempt garden rose an apple tree,

with the red apples shriveling upon its boughs, and from the broken gate a line of cedars, black and ragged, ran down to a piece of water, here ghastly pale, there streaked like the sky above with angry crimson. The place was very still, and the air felt cold. When no answer came to her first knocking, Audrey beat upon the door; for she was suddenly afraid of the road behind her, and of the doleful woods and the coming night.

The window shutter creaked ever so slightly, and some one looked out; then the door opened, and a very old and wrinkled woman, with lines of cunning about her mouth, laid her hand upon the girl's arm. "Who be ye?" she whispered. "Did ye bring warning? I don't say, mind ye, that I can't make a stream go dry, — maybe I can and maybe I can't, — but I didn't put a word on the one yonder." She threw up her arms with a wailing cry. "But they won't believe what a poor old soul says! Are they in an evil temper, honey?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Audrey. "I have come a long way, and I am hungry and tired. Give me a piece of bread, and let me stay with you to-night."

The old woman moved aside, and the girl, entering a room that was mean and poor enough, sat down upon a stool beside the fire. "If ye came by the mill," demanded her hostess, with a suspicious eye, "why did ye not stop there for bite and sup?"

"The men were all talking together," answered Audrey wearily. "They looked so angry that I was afraid of them. I did stop at one house; but the woman bade me begone, and the children threw stones at me and called me a witch."

The crone stooped and stirred the fire; then from a cupboard brought forth bread and a little red wine, and set them before the girl. "They called you a witch, did they?" she mumbled as she went to and fro. "And the men were talking and planning together?"

Audrey ate the bread and drank the wine; then, because she was so tired, leaned her head against the table and fell half asleep. When she roused herself, it was to find her withered hostess standing over her with a sly and toothless smile. "I've been thinking," she whispered, "that since you're here to mind the house, I'll just step out to a neighbor's about some business I have in hand. You can stay by the fire, honey, and be warm and comfortable. Maybe I'll not come back to-night."

Going to the window, she dropped a heavy bar across the shutter. "Ye'll put the chain across the door when I'm out," she commanded. "There be evil-disposed folk may want to win in." Coming back to the girl, she laid a skinny hand upon her arm. Whether with palsy or with fright the hand shook like a leaf, but Audrey, half asleep again, noticed little beyond the fact that the fire warmed her, and that here at last was rest. "If there should come a knocking and a calling, honey," whispered the witch, "don't ye answer to it or unbar the door. Ye'll save time for me that way. But if they win in, tell them I went to the northward."

Audrey looked at her with glazed, uncomprehending eyes, while the gnome-like figure appeared to grow smaller, to melt out of the doorway. It was a minute or more before the wayfarer thus left alone in the hut could remember that she had been told to bar the door. Then her instinct of obedience sent her to the threshold. Dusk was falling, and the waters of the pool lay pale and still beyond the ebony cedars. Through the twilight landscape moved the crone who had housed her for the night; but she went not to the north, but southwards toward the river. Presently the dusk swallowed her up, and Audrey was left with the ragged garden and the broken fence and the tiny firelit hut. Reëntering the room, she fastened the door, as she had been told to do, and then went

back to the hearth. The fire blazed and the shadows danced; it was far better than last night, out in the cold, lying upon dead leaves, watching the falling stars. Here it was warm, warm as June in a walled garden; the fire was red like the roses . . . the roses that had thorns to bring heart's blood.

Audrey fell fast asleep; and while she was asleep and the night was yet young, the miller whose mill stream had run dry, the keeper of a tippling house whose custom had dwindled, the ferryman whose child had peaked and pined and died, came with a score of men to reckon with the witch who had done the mischief. Finding door and window fast shut, they knocked, softly at first, then loudly and with threats. One watched the chimney, to see that the witch did not ride forth that way; and the father of the child wished to gather brush, pile it against the entrance, and set all afire. The miller, who was a man of strength, ended the matter by breaking in the door. They knew that the witch was there, because they had heard her moving about, and, when the door gave, a cry of affright. When, however, they had laid hands upon her, and dragged her out under the stars, into the light of the torches they carried, they found that the witch, who, as was well known, could slip her shape as a snake slips its skin, was no longer old and bowed, but straight and young.

"Let me go!" cried Audrey. "How dare you hold me! I never harmed one of you. I am a poor girl come from a long way off" —

"Ay, a long way!" exclaimed the ferryman. "More leagues, I'll warrant, than there are miles in Virginia! We'll see if ye can swim home, ye witch!"

"I'm no witch!" cried the girl again. "I never harmed you. Let me alone!"

One of the torchbearers gave ground a little. "She do look mortal young. But where be the witch, then?"

Audrey strove to shake herself free.

"The old woman left me alone in the house. She went to—to the northward."

"She lies!" cried the ferryman, addressing himself to the angry throng. The torches, flaming in the night wind, gave forth a streaming, uncertain, and bewildering light; to the excited imaginations of the rustic avengers, the form in the midst of them was not always that of a young girl, but now and again wavered toward the semblance of the hag who had wrought them evil. "Before the child died he talked forever of somebody young and fair that came and stood by him when he slept. We thought 't was his dead mother, but now—now I see who 't was!" Seizing the girl by the wrists, he burst with her through the crowd. "Let the water touch her, she 'll turn witch again!"

The excited throng, blinded by its own imagination, took up the cry. The girl's voice was drowned; she set her lips, and strove dumbly with her captors; but they swept her out of the weed-grown garden and broken gate, past the cedars that were so ragged and black, down to the cold and deep water. She thought of the night upon the river and of the falling stars, and with a sudden, piercing cry struggled fiercely to escape. The bank was steep; hands pushed her forward; she felt the ghastly embrace of the water, and saw, ere the flood closed over her upturned face, the cold and quiet stars.

So loud was the ringing in her ears that she heard no access of voices upon the bank, and knew not that a fresh commotion had arisen. She was sinking for the second time, and her mind had begun to wander in the Fair View garden, when an arm caught and held her up. She was borne to the shore: there were men on horseback; some one with a clear, authoritative voice was now berating, now good-humoredly arguing with, her late judges.

The man who had sprung to save her

held her up to arms that reached down from the bank above; another moment and she felt the earth again beneath her feet, but could only think that, with half the dying past, these strangers had been cruel to bring her back. Her rescuer shook himself like a great dog. "I've saved the witch alive," he panted. "May God forgive and your Honor reward me!"

"Nay, worthy constable, you must look to Sathanas for reward!" cried the gentleman who had been haranguing the miller and his company. These gentry, hardly convinced, but not prepared to debate the matter with a justice of the peace and great man of those parts, began to slip away. The torchbearers, probably averse to holding a light to their own countenances, had flung the torches into the water, and now, heavily shadowed by the cedars, the place was in deep darkness. Presently there were left to berate only the miller and the ferryman, and at last these also went sullenly away without having troubled to mention the witch's late transformation from age to youth.

"Where is the rescued fair one?" continued the gentleman who, for his own pleasure, had led the conservers of law and order. "Produce the sibyl, honest Dogberry! Faith, if the lady be not an ingrate, you've henceforth a friend at court!"

"My name is Saunders,—Dick Saunders, your Honor," quoth the constable. "For the witch, she lies quiet on the ground beneath the cedar yonder."

"She won't speak!" cried another. "She just lies there trembling, with her face in her hands."

"But she said, 'O Christ!' when we took her from the water," put in a third.

"She was nigh drowned," ended the constable. "And I'm a-tremble myself, the water was that cold. Wauns! I wish I were in the chimney corner at the Court House ordinary!"

The master of Westover flung his riding cloak to one of the constable's men. "Wrap it around the shivering iniquity on the ground yonder; and you, Tom Hope, that brought warning of what your neighbors would do, mount and take the witch behind you. Master Constable, you will lodge Hecate in the gaol to-night, and in the morning bring her up to the great house. We would inquire why a lady so accomplished that she can dry a mill stream to plague a miller cannot drain a pool to save herself from drowning!"

At a crossing of the ways, shortly before Court House, gaol, and ordinary were reached, the adventurous Colonel gave a good-night to the constable and his company, and, with a negro servant at his heels, rode gayly on beneath the stars to his house at Westover. Hardy, alert, in love with living, he was well amused by the night's proceedings. The incident should figure in his next letter to Orrery or to his cousin Taylor.

It figured largely in the table talk next morning, when the sprightly gentleman sat at breakfast with his daughter and his second wife, a fair and youthful kinswoman of Martha and Teresa Blount. The gentleman, launched upon the subject of witchcraft, handled it with equal wit and learning. The ladies thought that the water must have been very cold, and trusted that the old dame was properly grateful, and would, after such a lesson, leave her evil practices. As they were rising from table, word was brought to the master that constable and witch were outside.

The Colonel kissed his wife, promised his daughter to be merciful, and, humming a song, went through the hall to the open house door and the broad, three-sided steps of stone. The constable was awaiting him.

"Here be mysteries, your Honor! As I serve the King, 't were n't Goody Price for whom I ruined my new frieze, but a slip of a girl!" He waved his hand.

"Will your Honor please to take a look at her?"

Audrey sat in the sunshine upon the stone steps; her head was bowed upon her arms. The morning that was so bright was not bright for her; she thought that life had used her but unkindly. A great tree, growing close to the house, sent leaves of dull gold adrift, and they lay at her feet and upon the skirt of her dress. The constable spoke to her: "Now, mistress, here's a gentleman as stands for the King and the law. Look up!"

A white hand was laid upon the Colonel's arm. "I came to make sure that you were not harsh with the poor creature," said Evelyn's pitying voice. "There is so much misery. Where is she? Ah!"

To gain at last his prisoner's attention, the constable struck her lightly across the shoulders with his cane. "Get up!" he cried impatiently. "Get up and make your curtsy! Ecod, I wish I'd left you in Hunter's Pond!"

Audrey rose, and turned her face, not to the justice of the peace and arbiter of the fate of witches, but to Evelyn, standing above her, — Evelyn, slighter, paler, than she had been at Williamsburgh, but beautiful in her colored, fragrant silks and the air that was hers of sweet and mournful distinction. Now she cried out sharply, while "That girl again!" swore the Colonel, beneath his breath.

Audrey did as she had been told, and made her curtsy. Then, while father and daughter stared at her, the gentleman very red and biting his lip, the lady marble in her loveliness, she tried to speak, to ask them to let her go, but found no words. The face of Evelyn, at whom alone she looked, wavered into distance, gazing at her coldly and mournfully from miles away. She made with her hand a faint gesture of weariness and despair; then sank down at Evelyn's feet, and lay there in a swoon.

XXV.

TWO WOMEN.

Evelyn, hearing footsteps across the floor of the attic room above her own bedchamber, arose and set wide the door; then went back to her chair by the window that looked out upon green grass and party-colored trees and long reaches of the shining river. "Come here, if you please," she called to Audrey, as the latter slowly descended the stair from the room where, half asleep, half awake, she had lain since the morning.

Audrey entered the pleasant chamber, furnished with what luxury the age afforded, and stood before the sometime princess of her dreams. "Will you not sit down?" asked Evelyn, in a low voice, and pointed to a chair.

"I had rather stand," answered Audrey. "Why did you call me? I was on my way" —

The other's clear eyes dwelt upon her. "Whither were you going?"

"Out of your house," said Audrey simply, "and out of your life."

Evelyn folded her hands in her silk-lap, and looked out upon river and sky and ceaseless drift of colored leaves. "You can never go out of my life," she said. "Why the power to vex and ruin was given you I do not know, but you have used it. Why did you run away from Fair View?"

"That I might never see Mr. Haward again," answered Audrey. She held her head up, but she felt the stab. It had not occurred to her that hers was the power to vex and ruin; apparently that belonged elsewhere.

Evelyn turned from the window, and the two women, the princess and the herdgirl, regarded each other. "Oh, my God!" cried Evelyn. "I did not know that you loved him so!"

But Audrey shook her head, and spoke

with calmness: "Once I loved and knew it not, and once I loved and knew it. It was all in a dream, and now I have waked up." She passed her hand across her brow and eyes, and pushed back her heavy hair. It was a gesture that was common to her. To Evelyn it brought a sudden stinging memory of the ball-room at the Palace; of how this girl had looked in her splendid dress, with the roses in her hair; of Haward's words at the coach door. She had not seen him since that night. "I am going a long way," continued Audrey. "It will be as though I died. I never meant to harm you."

The other gazed at her with wide, dry eyes, and with an unwonted color in her cheeks. "She is beautiful," thought Audrey; then wondered how long she must stay in this room and this house. Without the window the trees beckoned, the light was fair upon the river; in the south hung a cloud, silver-hued, and shaped like two mighty wings. Audrey, with her eyes upon the cloud, thought, "If the wings were mine, I would reach the mountains to-night."

"Do you remember last May Day?" asked Evelyn, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "He and I, sitting side by side, watched your running, and I praised you to him. Then we went away, and while we gathered flowers on the road to Williamsburgh he asked me to be his wife. I said no, for he loved me not as I wished to be loved. Afterward, in Williamsburgh, he would have spoken again; but I would not let him, although in my heart I believed that it was all coming right, — oh, God, that it was all coming right! I said, 'When you come to Westover;' and he kissed my hand, and vowed that the next week should find him here." She turned once more to the window, and, with her chin in her hand, looked out upon the beauty of the autumn. "Day by day, and day by day," she said, in the same hushed voice, "I sat at this window and watched for him to

come. The weeks went by, and he came not. I began to hear talk of you. Oh, I deny not that it was bitter!"

"Oh me! oh me!" cried Audrey. "I was so happy, and I thought no harm."

"He came at last," continued Evelyn. "For a month he stayed here, paying me court. I was too proud to speak of what I had heard. After a while I thought it must have been an idle rumor." Her voice changed, and with a sudden gesture of passion and despair she lifted her arms above her head, then clasped and wrung her hands. "Oh, for a month he forgot you! In all the years to come I shall have that comfort: for one little month, in the company of the woman whom, because she was of his own rank, because she had wealth, because others found her fair and honored her with heart as well as lip, he wished to make his wife, — for that short month he forgot you! The days were sweet to me, sweet, sweet! Oh, I dreamed my dreams! . . . And then we were called to Williamsburgh to greet the new Governor, and he went with us. . . . There was between us no betrothal. I had delayed to say yes to his asking, for I wished to make sure, — to make sure that he loved me. No man can say he broke troth with me. For that my pride gives thanks!"

"What must I do?" said Audrey to herself. "Pain is hard to bear."

"That night at the ball," continued Evelyn, "when, coming down the stair, I saw you standing beside him . . . and after that, the music, and the lights, and you dancing with him, in your dark beauty, with the flowers in your hair . . . and after that, you and I in my coach and his face at the window! . . . Oh, I can tell you what he said! He said: 'Good-by, sweetheart. . . . The violets are for you; but the great white blossoms, and the boughs of rosy mist, and all the trees that wave in the wind are for Audrey.'"

"For me," cried Audrey, "for me an hour in Bruton church next morning!"

A silence followed her words. Evelyn, sitting in the great chair, rested her cheek upon her hand and gazed steadfastly at her guest of a day. The sunshine had stolen from the room, but dwelt upon and caressed the world without the window. Faint, tinkling notes of a harpsichord floated up from the parlor below, followed by young Madam Byrd's voice singing to the perturbed Colonel: —

"O Love! they wrong thee much,
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss" —

The song came to an end, but after a pause the harpsichord sounded again, and the singer's voice rang out: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me" —

Audrey gave an involuntary cry; then, with her lip between her teeth, strove for courage, failed, and with another strangled cry sank upon her knees before a chair and buried her face in its cushions.

When a little time had passed, Evelyn arose and went to her. "Fate has played with us both," she said, in a voice that strove for calmness. "If there was great bitterness in my heart toward you then, I hope it is not so now; if, on that night, I spoke harshly, unkindly, ungenerously, I — I am sorry. I thought what others thought. I — I cared not to touch you. . . . But now I am told that 't was not you that did unworthily. Mr. Haward has written to me; days ago I had this letter." It was in her hand, and she held it out to the kneeling girl. "Yes, yes, you must read; it concerns you." Her voice, low and broken, was yet imperious. Audrey raised her head, took and read the letter. There were but a few unsteady lines, written from Marot's ordinary at Williamsburgh. The writer was too weak as yet for many

words; few words were best, perhaps. His was all the blame for the occurrence at the Palace, for all besides. That which, upon his recovery, he must strive to teach his acquaintance at large he prayed Evelyn to believe at once and forever. She whom, against her will and in the madness of his fever, he had taken to the Governor's house was most innocent, — guiltless of all save a childlike affection for the writer, a misplaced confidence, born of old days, and now shattered by his own hand. Before that night she had never guessed his passion, never known the use that had been made of her name. This upon the honor of a gentleman. For the rest, as soon as his strength was regained, he purposed traveling to Westover. There, if Mistress Evelyn Byrd would receive him for an hour, he might in some measure explain, excuse. For much, he knew, there was no excuse, — only pardon to be asked.

The letter ended abruptly, as though the writer's strength were exhausted. Audrey read it through, then with indifference gave it back to Evelyn. "It is so, — what he says?" whispered the latter, crumpling the paper in her hand.

Audrey gazed up at her with wide, tearless eyes. "Yes, it is so. There was no need for you to use those words to me in the coach, that night, — though even then I did not understand. There is no reason why you should fear to touch me."

Her head sank upon her arm. In the parlor below the singing came to an end, but the harpsichord, lightly fingered, gave forth a haunting melody. It was suited to the afternoon: to the golden light, the drifting leaves, the murmurs of wind and wave, without the window; to the shadows, the stillness, and the sorrow, within the room. Evelyn, turning slowly toward the kneeling figure, of a sudden saw it through a mist of tears. Her clasped hands parted; she bent and touched the bowed head. Au-

drey looked up, and her dark eyes made appeal. Evelyn stooped lower yet; her tears fell upon Audrey's hair; a moment, and the two, cast by life in the selfsame tragedy, were in each other's arms.

"You know that I came from the mountains," whispered Audrey. "I am going back. You must tell no one; in a little while I shall be forgotten."

"To the mountains!" cried Evelyn. "No one lives there. You would die of cold and hunger. No, no. We are alike unhappy: you shall stay with me here at Westover."

She rose from her knees, and Audrey rose with her. They no longer clasped each other, — that impulse was past, — but their eyes met in sorrowful amity. Audrey shook her head. "That may not be," she said simply. "I must go away that we may not both be unhappy." She lifted her face to the cloud in the south. "I almost died last night. When you drown, there is at first fear and struggling, but at last it is like dreaming, and there is a lightness. . . . When that came I thought, 'It is the air of the mountains, — I am drawing near them.' . . . Will you let me go now? I will slip from the house through the fields into the woods, and none will know" —

But Evelyn caught her by the wrist. "You are beside yourself! I would rouse the plantation; in an hour you would be found. Stay with me" —

A knock at the door, and the Colonel's secretary, a pale and grave young man, bowing on the threshold. He was just come from the attic room, where he had failed to find the young woman who had been lodged there that morning. The Colonel, supposing that by now she was recovered from her swoon and her fright of the night before, and having certain questions to put to her, desired her to descend to the parlor. Hearing voices in Mistress Evelyn's room —

"Very well, Mr. Drew," said the lady. "You need not wait. I will myself seek my father with — with our guest."

In the parlor Madam Byrd was yet at the harpsichord, but ceased to touch the keys when her stepdaughter, followed by Darden's Audrey, entered the room. The master of Westover, seated beside his young wife, looked quickly up, arched his brows and turned somewhat red, as his daughter, with her gliding step, crossed the room to greet him. Audrey, obeying a motion of her companion's hand, waited beside a window, in the shadow of its heavy curtains. "Evelyn," quoth the Colonel, rising from his chair and taking his daughter's hand, "this is scarce befitting" —

Evelyn stayed his further speech by an appealing gesture. "Let me speak with you, sir. No, no, madam, do not go! There is naught the world might not hear."

Audrey waited in the shadow by the window, and her mind was busy, for she had her plans to lay. Sometimes Evelyn's low voice, sometimes the Colonel's deeper tones, pierced her understanding; when this was so she moved restlessly, wishing that it were night and she away. Presently she began to observe the room, which was richly furnished. There were garlands upon the ceiling; a table near her was set with many curious ornaments; upon a tall cabinet stood a bowl of yellow flowers; the lady at the harpsichord wore a dress to match the flowers, while Evelyn's dress was white; beyond them was a pier glass finer than the one at Fair View.

This glass reflected the doorway, and thus she was the first to see the man from whom she had fled. "Mr. Marmaduke Haward, massa!" announced the servant who had ushered him through the hall.

Haward, hat in hand, entered the room. The three beside the harpsichord arose; the one at the window slipped deeper into the shadow of the curtains, and so escaped the visitor's observation. The latter bowed to the master of Westover, who ceremoniously returned the

salute, and to the two ladies, who curtied to him, but opened not their lips.

"This, sir," said Colonel Byrd, holding himself very erect, "is an unexpected honor."

"Rather, sir, an unwished-for intrusion," answered the other. "I beg you to believe that I will trouble you for no longer time than matters require."

The Colonel bit his lip. "There was a time when Mr. Haward was most welcome to my house. If 't is no longer thus" —

Haward made a gesture of assent. "I know that the time is past. I am sorry that 't is so. I had thought, sir, to find you alone. Am I to speak before these ladies?"

The Colonel hesitated, but Evelyn, leaving Madam Byrd beside the harpsichord, came to her father's side. That gentleman glanced at her keenly. There was no agitation to mar the pensive loveliness of her face; her eyes were steadfast, the lips faintly smiling. "If what you have to say concerns my daughter," said the Colonel, "she will listen to you here and now."

For a few moments dead silence; then Haward spoke, slowly, weighing his words: "I am on my way, Colonel Byrd, to the country beyond the falls. I have entered upon a search, and I know not when it will be ended or when I shall return. Westover lay in my path, and there was that which needed to be said to you, sir, and to your daughter. When it has been said I will take my leave." He paused; then, with a quickened breath, again took up his task: "Some months ago, sir, I sought and obtained your permission to make my suit to your daughter for her hand. The lady, worthy of a better mate, hath done well in saying no to my importunity. I accept her decision, withdraw my suit, wish her all happiness." He bowed again, formally; then stood with lowered eyes, his hand gripping the edge of the table.

"I am aware that my daughter has

declined to entertain your proposals," said the Colonel coldly, "and I approve her determination. Is this all, sir?"

"It should, perhaps, be all," answered Haward. "And yet" — He turned to Evelyn, snow-white, calm, with that faint smile upon her face. "May I speak to you?" he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

She looked at him, with parting lips.

"Here and now," the Colonel answered for her. "Be brief, sir."

The master of Fair View found it hard to speak. "Evelyn" — he began, and paused, biting his lip. It was very quiet in the familiar parlor, quiet and dim, and drawing toward eventide. The lady at the harpsichord chanced to let fall her hand upon the keys. They gave forth a deep and melancholy sound that vibrated through the room. The chord was like an odor in its subtle power to bring crowding memories. To Haward, and perhaps to Evelyn, scenes long shifted, long faded, took on fresh colors, glowed anew, replaced the canvas of the present. For years the two had been friends; later months had seen him her avowed suitor. In this very room he had bent over her at the harpsichord when the song was finished; had sat beside her in the deep window seat while the stars brightened, before the candles were brought in.

Now, for a moment, he stood with his hand over his eyes; then, letting it fall, he spoke with firmness. "Evelyn," he said, "if I have wronged you, forgive me. Our friendship that has been I lay at your feet: forget it and forget me. You are noble, generous, high of mind: I pray you to let no remembrance of me trouble your life. May it be happy, — may all good attend you. . . . Evelyn, good-by!"

He kneeled and kissed the hem of her dress. As he rose, and bowing low would have taken formal leave of the two beside her, she put out her hand, staying him by the gesture and the look upon her

colorless face. "You spoke of a search," she said. "What search?"

Haward raised his eyes to hers that were quiet, almost smiling, though darkly shadowed by past pain. "I will tell you, Evelyn. Why should not I tell you this, also? . . . Four days ago, upon my return to Fair View, I sought and found the woman that I love, — the woman that, by all that is best within me, I love worthily! She shrank from me; she listened not; she shut eye and ear, and fled. And I, — confident fool! — I thought, 'To-morrow I will make her heed,' and so let her go. When the morrow came she was gone indeed." He halted, made an involuntary gesture of distress, then went on, rapidly and with agitation: "There was a boat missing; she was seen to pass Jamestown, rowing steadily up the river. But for this I should have thought — I should have feared — God knows what I should not have feared! As it is I have searchers out, both on this side and on the southern shore. An Indian and myself have come up river in his canoe. We have not found her yet. If it be so that she has passed unseen through the settled country, I will seek her toward the mountains."

"And when you have found her, what then, sir?" cried the Colonel, tapping his snuffbox.

"Then, sir," answered Haward, with hauteur, "she will become my wife."

He turned again to Evelyn, but when he spoke it was less to her than to himself. "It grows late," he said. "Night is coming on, and at the fall of the leaf the nights are cold. One sleeping in the forest would suffer . . . if she sleeps. I have not slept since she was missed. I must begone" —

"It grows late indeed," replied Evelyn, with lifted face and a voice low, clear, and sweet as a silver bell, — "so late that there is a rose flush in the sky beyond the river. Look! you may see it through yonder window."

She touched his hand and made him look to the far window. "Who is it that stands in the shadow, hiding her face in her hands?" he asked at last, beneath his breath.

"'T is Audrey," answered Evelyn, in the same clear, sweet, and passionless tones. She took her hand from his and addressed herself to her father. "Dear sir," she said, "to my mind no quarrel exists between us and this gentleman.

There is no reason" — she drew herself up — "no reason why we should not extend to Mr. Marmaduke Haward the hospitality of Westover." She smiled and leaned against her father's arm. "And now let us three, — you and Maria, whom I protest you keep too long at the harpsichord, and I, who love this hour of the evening, — let us go walk in the garden and see what flowers the frost has spared."

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HEART OF MARY.

MOTHER of Sorrows, I —
But my Babe is on my breast:
He resteth quiet there
Who bringeth the weary rest;
He lieth calm and still
Who bringeth the troubled peace,
Who openeth prison doors
And giveth the sad release;
For there reacheth Him yet no sound,
No echo of cry or moan.
To-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
But His head is on my breast.
I know that the morrows come,
With dread and fear oppressed,
When He who feedeth the birds,
Who heareth the ravens' cry,
Who giveth the sparrows nests
And marks them when they die,
Shall wander, weary and sad,
With no place to lay His head;
But to-day, little Son, little Son,
To-day my heart's Thy bed.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
For I know in the days to come
He shall stand, a Paschal Lamb,
Before His shearers dumb:

Despised and rejected of men,
 Acquainted with sorrow and grief,
 Stricken, smitten of God,
 And bruised for the world's relief;
 With visage marred and worn,
 He shall tread the winepress alone;
 But to-day, little Son, little Son,
 To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I —
 And the sword shall pierce my heart;
 But to-day I hold Him close
 From the cruel world apart.
 It waits with smiting and gibes,
 With scourging and hatred and scorn,
 With hyssop and wormwood and gall,
 The cross and the crown of thorn;
 The nations shall watch Him die,
 Lifted up on the tree;
 But to-day, little Son, little Son,
 To-day Thou art safe with me.

Annie Johnson Flint.

ITHACAN DAYS.

I.

PHORKYS' HAVEN AND THE NAIADS' GROT.

THE day-star had not yet risen, and Ithaca lay pitch-dark, save for stray lights twinkling here and there along the water's edge, when the trim little Pylaros steamed into port. But on looking about us in the gray dawn we needed no Athene to tell us where we were. Had we been floating without chart or compass on unknown seas, we could hardly have mistaken the spot.

"There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorkys, the ancient of the sea, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff, which slope to the sea on the haven's side; and when the strong winds blow, they are a shelter from the great wave without, but within the

decked ships ride unmoored when once they have attained to that landing place. Now, at the harbor's head is an olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shady, sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads."

I let Homer speak and call the sun to witness his fidelity to fact. In Ithaca, at least, the old poet's topography is true; few blind men have ever seen so straight. There are the twin headlands guarding the narrow ingress; the deep, sheltered harbor, where to this day "large ships moor in perfect safety close to their masters' doors;" and the hill across the harbor head is one stretch of olive woods. The sole feature not now in the visible foreground is the Naiads' grotto, "with great looms of stone whereon the nymphs weave garments of purple stain, a marvel to behold;" but fifteen minutes' walk up the glen will bring you

to a spacious chamber in the hillside (one hundred and sixty feet above the sea), with its side entrance for mortals, and its vertical one for immortals, while wonderful stalactites depending from roof and walls readily suggest the Naiads' looms, as well as the mixing bowls and jars of stone wherein the bees store honey. Any one who has visited the great stalactite grotto on Mount Pentelicus will realize how simple and spontaneous is the poetic suggestion. If the grotto is less conveniently placed than we could wish for stowing away Odysseus' goods, Homer is not to be denied the poet's license; and the poet who shifts the hot and cold springs of the Skamander from Mount Ida to the plain of Troy could readily think away the quarter of an hour between the grotto and the harbor head.

In this solitude — where the modern town of Vathy, or Deephaven, now stands — Odysseus, after his wondrous voyage and unconscious landing, wakes, and rubs his eyes; for, wrapt in Athene's mist as he was, "all things showed strange to the lord of the land, — the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom." So, moaning and upbraiding the authors of his fancied miscarriage, he proceeds (the ruling passion ever strong in him) to reckon up his goods that lay in a heap under the long-leaved olive tree; and lo! of the fair tripods and the caldrons and the gold and goodly woven raiment, — thanks to Phæacian honesty, — naught is lacking. Yet, homesick for his own country, he paces the shore of this gently murmuring bay, — for in the shelter of the twin headlands the poet's own *πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης* appears purely conventional, — and makes sore lament, till the solitude is broken by a spruce young shepherd's appearance on the scene to comfort the castaway, whose eyes are still holden, with this word picture of a familiar landscape: "Not so nameless the land but full many a man doth know

it. . . . Verily it is rough, and not fit for driving horses; yet is it not a very stinging soil, albeit no wide expanse. For it bears store of corn untold, and wine as well, and ever the rain doth visit it, and quickening dew. And it hath good graze for goats and kine, all manner of trees, and springs that never fail. And so, *stranger, Ithaca's* name hath reached even unto *Troy*, which they say is far from this Achaian land."

That dramatic climax, coupling Ithaca and Troy, must have fetched any other hero on the Homeric roll; but patient, goodly Odysseus, glad as he was, could not forget his guile or forbear a Cretan yarn. And so we have that exquisite play of wits, that loving tilt between the subtlest of gods and the subtlest of Greeks, until the Phæacian goods are safely stored, the Ithacan situation laid bare, the plot of vengeance hatched, and the lord of the isle, now all rags and wrinkles at the touch of Athene's wand, "fares forth from the haven by the rough track up the wooded country and over the heights" to visit his old henchman and set the ball a-rolling.

II.

AT THE SWINEHERD'S STEADING.

Staying only to establish ourselves at the Odysseus Inn, and to pick up a rickety trap and a pair of sorry nags, we follow suit. At first the road gives us a lift, and a good hour, mainly through a stretch of olive woods and vineyards, brings us to a saddle in the ridge, where we leave our carriage. Thence we scramble, by a track that no man could trace without help from above, — a winding, breakneck track quite true to the Homeric epithets, — up and down, and up and down again, until, turning a great shoulder of cliff, we find ourselves at the head of a deep glen and facing Raven Rock. It is a sheer precipice, one hun-

dred and ten feet high; and in a tomblike cutting at its middle base the Arethousa spring wells up, — black water, indeed, as you look down into the dark depths, but crystal-clear in the light as it overflows in a brook that tumbles down the wild glen to the sea. Here we made our nooning; and out of the tanglewood below our guides fetched us a load of the most brilliant and delicious arbutus, — far and away beyond any I had ever met with on the Marathon or Dekeleia road; yet the bright clusters had not half the charm of the one fat acorn I picked up on the spot where Eumæus used to water his mast-fed swine.

If the scramble hither had been trying, the climb to the upper plateau was terrific. We saw to our left, across the gorge, what looked like the course of a recent avalanche, — a slippery red loam toboggan slide, scarcely less perpendicular than Raven Rock. But our guide maintained that it was the only way up to Eumæus' pastures; and so we scaled it, often on all fours, finding it in fact a stiffer climb than it looked. Yet it proved worth while. We had reached beyond any decent doubt the royal swineherd's steading, if ever it was, — a commanding plateau, covered with ancient olives as fine as Attica's best, and rude stone sheepfolds which may have served Eumæus for sties. There was not much life astir, — but a few peasants digging, a fair girl (who shied at Powell's camera) gathering olives, one young heifer to remind us of kine-grazing Ithaca, and more than enough dogs. The flocks were afield at this hour, — on our way to Arethousa we had seen black goats wide ranging down by the sea, — though the litter of the folds attested their abundance. Swine there were none, and in fact we found but one poor black shoat on the island, as if to witness the thoroughgoing work of the suitor crew.

If ever it was, I say, this should have been Eumæus' steading. It answers

point by point to Homer's picture: a place of wide outlook all around, on a mighty rock, remote from the town, at the south end of the island, and on the only road that leads or ever could have led from the little Bay of St. Andreas — the first landing a ship from Pylos could make, and where Telemachus, at Athene's bidding, disembarked — to the city, whether that was on Aëtos or at the *polis*. Present names prove nothing, — Raven Rock and Arethousa are but recent restorations of the learned; but if Ithaca be Ithaca, and "the singer of the Odyssey was absolutely familiar with its local features" (as Reisch maintains), then this is the spot hallowed forever by the dearest scenes in the whole literature of country life.

In Odysseus' twenty years of war and wandering the little realm of Ithaca has not stood still; at least the devoted swineherd has improved his holding. On his own account, without a word to his mistress or old Laertes, he had builded him a stone cabin, such as we see amid the olives now, and inclosed it with a wall of these rough rocks, coped with this thorny wild pear, and further guarded without by a palisade of thick-set oaken stakes. Such Eumæus' strong keep, with twelve sties (in lieu of towers) to shelter twelve times fifty brood swine (instead of men at arms); "but the boars lay without, and their tale was three hundred and threescore, and by them always watched four dogs as fierce as wild beasts, which the swineherd had bred, a master of men."

At the moment the swine are abroad with three of the hinds, there at the foot of Raven Rock, by the spring of Arethousa, crunching acorns to their hearts' content, and drinking the dark water, — things that lay on swine the blooming fat, — while the fourth hind is driving the pick of the boars to garnish the suitors' daily feed at the palace. Thus, at a still hour, we catch our first glimpse of Eumæus sitting in his humble door-

way, not idly. He is cutting a good brown oxhide, and fitting sandals to his feet, when all at once the stillness is broken. For, trudging along the rough track, up the wooded country and over the heights, the long-lost master draws nigh. And the dogs, quick to divine the goddess herself whatever form she take, but not to pierce the sorry transformation she has wrought in the lord of the land, give tongue and would tear him to pieces, save that Odysseus, in his wariness, sits down and drops his staff, while Eumæus scatters the pack with a volley of stones.

Only one can tell that story. But we can see and hear it all: the beggar's welcome by his own slave, — a king's son born; the brace of sucking pigs promptly roasted on the hearth to break the poor tramp's fast, and the ivy-wood bowl of honey-sweet wine to wash them down withal, while the swineherd's loving heart runs over with reminiscence of his gentle lord and hopeless longing for his return; the long afternoon confab, as the wily stranger reels off his second Cretan yarn, and gives his word that Odysseus shall presently come home, — else "set thy thralls on me and hurl me from this high rock." We see the herds driven up the steep at eventide, and penned, grunting, in their sties. That is, all but one fat boar, which is solemnly sacrificed and roasted for the stranger's cheer, whereupon "the good swineherd stands up to carve, for well he knew what was fair," — cardinal virtue in a carver; and we may be sure that not one of the seven portions lacked aught of a square meal, certainly not the portion devoutly set apart for the nymphs and Hermes who had blessed him in his hut and in his herds, nor yet the whole chine reserved for the vagrant guest.

Such the scene whereon the swift night falls foul in the dark of the moon; and all night long Zeus rains and showery Zephyr blows strong, — so like our Ithacan nights that we yet feel the chill

in our bones. How perfectly motived the after-supper tale of bivouac under Troy walls, when night came on foul with frost, and snow fell bitter cold, and ice set thick about the shields, and of the ruse that won a warm cloak then and there, as the recital of it assures such comfort as the bleak cabin can afford here and now! For Eumæus takes the hint, and prepares the wanderer a shakedown of sheep and goat skins by the fireside, and over him throws a great thick mantle, kept by him for a change against a cold snap. And then, leaving him and the young men to take the boon of sleep, the good swineherd — who has no mind to lie here in a bed away from the boars — dons a wind-proof cloak and shaggy goatskin, and, armed with sword and spear to defend him against dog or man, proceeds to make his own bed with the white-tusked boars under a hollow rock in shelter from the north wind.

But even on the spot we may not linger on these Ithacan nights of Homer, — nights longer than immortal tongue can tell, affording not only time to sleep, but time to listen and be glad, — as Eumæus relates how he was kidnapped out of his royal cradle in the isle of Syrië, and limns withal a living picture of those old Phœnician trinket-hawkers and man-stealers with whom commerce took its rise. Nor can we stay for the dawn, which brings Telemachus — fresh from Helen's radiant palace — to this rude lodge as the two old men are busy getting their simple breakfast, and the churls are already afield with the swine, though the dogs are here to give the young master welcome. We can feel the glad wagging of their tails to this day, even as we feel the emotion of the old servant when he drops the wine bowl and falls upon his young lord's neck, — kissing his head and both his beautiful eyes and both his hands, and hailing him "Sweet light of my life," to be fondly greeted in turn as "Daddy." All this while the real daddy in the background

bides his time, humbly making way for the son whose eyes are holden, but who — true prince that he is — bids the beggar keep his seat, and contents himself with the green brushwood and a fleece thereon, which Eumæus shakes down for him. Flaxman has strangely overlooked these touching scenes of the steading, but Genelli has limned nothing in all the Homeric story more genial and gracious than this welcome of Telemachus. And this, after all, but ushers in a day of genial and gracious scenes, — Eumæus' errand to Penelope, Athene's coming to restore Odysseus to his prime, the son's recognition of the sire and the plot of doom, the swineherd's return with good news, — rounded to a close again by the equal feast and the boon of sleep.

Then the dawn once more lays rosy fingers on Raven Rock and these pale gray olives, and Telemachus is off for the town, leaving Odysseus (again in rags and wrinkles) to follow in the warm of the day, and take up his rôle of public beggar in his own palace. As Eumæus leads him on his way, after providing a stout staff for him to lean upon, because the path is parlous, we may follow; for with the dear old gossips our poet quits the lodge.

It is a still hour, unbroken by the delving hinds or the fair girl gathering black olives, as we trudge away in the wake of the immortals over the stony track; resting our eyes now on far-off Taygetos, now on an old Hellenic wall by the wayside, all bright with arbute and cyclamen.

III.

NERITOS AND THE POLIS.

We too are bound for the city, but break our journey to dine on a roast lamb — short commons for five of us, considering the old Ithacan breakfast ration of a brace of pigs — and sleep at the Odysseus Inn. It is a Homeric night, with

no moon, and rain to spare; but the sky clears a bit by half past eight, and we are off again with the same sorry nags and the same rickety trap.

If old Ithaca had no speedways to encourage horse breeding or driving, present Ithaca — thanks to English occupation and example — is largely a land of good roads. From Vathý across the island to Pissaëto the civilizing English set an object lesson in roadmaking, which the Ithacans have bravely followed up; and thanks to both, the new polis is joined to the old by a highway, — not wide, indeed, but as enduring as the rock out of which it is hewn. Its first stage alongshore and over the saddle between the two havens (Vathý and Dexia), and then around the head of the Gulf of Molo, is one of the most agreeable drives in the world. The wide gulf cuts five miles deep into the island, leaving but a very narrow neck to hold the two mountain masses together: this neck is Mount Aëtos, at whose eastern base the gulf curves in a delicious pebbly beach, while from the water's edge up the slope extends a noble growth of olive, orange, lemon, fig, almond, pear, cactus, cypress, and roses, with one spreading pine.

Thus far Ithaca is distinctly carriageable, and the drive enchanting; but it is when the road winds in triple loop up to the narrow saddle overlooking both seas, and then runs for miles under the very comb of Neritos, with the channel of Ithaca lying hundreds of feet sheer below, that the excursion becomes an adventure. The rocks are radiant with cyclamen, and now and then the blue iris mediates between the azure of the sea and the azure of the sky, — an iris that pales, by contrast both of type and tone, any of its kind in other lands. But these rocks yield more than bloom and fragrance. Out of every crevice grows the prickly shrub laden with acorns such as nourished the blooming fat of Eumæus' swine, and would do so still if swine there were in Ithaca to fatten on

them. To-day the steeps of Neritos show no life but a bunch of goats tended by a boy and girl, — happier pair, we may hope, than Melanthios and Melantho. We must discount Gell's "thick forest of arbutus and prickly-leaved oak," which he represents as extending nearly to the mountain top; still, Schliemann's keen eyes served him ill, or he could never have said that the oak had vanished from Ithaca.

We drive on through the charming village of Levké, and at a quarter before twelve reach Stavros, a petty hamlet, with olive woods and cedars stretching from sea to sea. It lies between two harbors, — an inlet of the Ionian Sea to the northeast, and a sheltered bay opening southward into the strait. The latter is the only safe harbor on this side of Ithaca, and almost due west of it lies the sole islet in the channel. These two tokens alone would lead us to look for the Homeric city in this quarter; and in fact traces of ancient occupation are not wanting. Twenty minutes' walk to the north rises a sheer rock, draped with fern and topped with olives, with a fine spring welling up at its base to feed a rivulet which creeps eastward through the orchards to the sea. This Blackwater is a softened copy of Arethousa and Raven Rock, more frequented, and for that reason less tidy, but still a spot Theocritus' swains might have chosen for a nooning. Here we fall in with the village schoolmaster and a troop of his boys, who pilot us up an ancient rock-hewn stairway to the "School of Homer." It is a narrow plateau, occupied on the very verge by an ancient structure, which measures on the ground some eighteen by thirty feet, and whose massive walls still stand eight or ten feet high, though these are partly built over by a modern church. The spot is nota-

ble for a fine clump of oaks and a wide-branching cedar of Lebanon, — enough to recall the shady grove of far-darting Apollo whither, on the wooers' doomsday, the long-haired Achæians conveniently gather with their hecatomb. It is a fit temple site, if temple there was in Homer's Ithaca; and hard by we find a rock-hewn tomb and an ancient subterranean wellhouse. By these and other remains all the way down to Stavros the archaeologist traces a considerable city, dating back as far as the seventh century B. C., and existing down to the latest Roman Empire, as its memory seems to have lived on in the name "polis" to this day. Still, this does not carry us back to Homer, — Homer's School being of good square masonry, and the name probably struck out in a genial moment by the then high priest of Ithaca for Sir William Gell's benefit. That his reverence was quite up to it we can hardly doubt when we find him confiding to Gell the fact that "Homer visited this spot in order to wash in the source called Melainudros, which restored his sight." Fitly enough, this Blackwater is still on terms with the Muses; being part of the estate of Kyr Mavrokephalas (*anglice* Mr. Blackhead), who is not only a member of the Greek Parliament, but a translator of Dante.

To a yet older polis, a real Mycenæan castle, Dr. Dörpfeld confidently assigns a construction on the northern headland of the bay: it is a "terrace wall of great rough-hewn blocks, preserved for a length of thirty paces." There, next season, he is to put in the spade, and (let us hope) to lay bare the castle of Odysseus, as he has already let in the light on Tiryns and Troy.¹ Until that be done, the old story can hardly possess the imagination here as it does at the swineherd's lodge, where land-

¹ Alas that his spade has for once failed to back up his faith! But the negative result of one brief campaign can hardly justify the sweeping conclusion that Ithaca is not Ithaca

at all, together with the summary shifting of Odysseus' home across three leagues of sea to Leucadia.

scape and atmosphere are all we seek. Field huts and pigsties may pass away and leave the idyl in its perfect setting; but for the Comedy of the Wooing and the Tragedy of the Doom we want the castle and the palace, — not the mighty walls of Mycenæ nor the radiant halls of Helen; for Odysseus is but a petty potentate, with “many other kings in seagirt Ithaca” to share his sway, and the whole island realm sends but a dozen ships to Troy. Homer lets him describe his own “fair mansions,” at a moment when home, be it ever so homely, would appeal to one above all things else; yet it is but a glimpse of “chamber after chamber, with a battlemented court and well-wrought folding doors,” — apparently a simple house that grows as new tenants come with new tastes. And in fact we know just how the Royal Bedchamber was added on by Odysseus himself when he thriftily turned to account a rooted olive tree as a bedpost. Of such a mansion, if ever it was, we can hardly look for very imposing remains, after a thousand years of historical occupation of the ground in later antiquity. Yet the mere certitude of its site would be a great boon.

Even the School of Homer commands a landscape not unworthy of its ancient fame. Far above rises to a height of fifteen hundred feet Mount Neion (now Exoge), somewhat as the mountains rise behind Mycenæ or the ridge of Akontion behind Orchomenos, — certainly a nobler background for an Achaian castle than Tiryns or Knossos can boast. The present village of Exoge, perched less than halfway up the steep, with its cottages set in green gardens, makes as fair a picture as heart could wish. Restore Odysseus' castle with its dependencies even on the lower slopes, backed by Neion's windy headlands and fronted by the loftier range of Neritos, and you have a prospect quite in keeping with the heroic age: with constant Penelope as she waits and weaves and watches her pet geese; with young Telemachus as

Athene all at once makes him man enough to assert himself in the house and in the first town meeting since Odysseus' day; with the suitor crew at their revels, and the blind minstrel singing the Achaians' pitiful return; with the twenty maids drawing water from the fountain (where we have just nooned) and toting it up the castle hill; with poor old Argos on the dunghheap, loyal to the last wag of his devoted tail, which is the long-lost master's only welcome home, as he arrives this moment from the steading with dear old Eumæus, to usher in the day of doom.

Our survey and daydream done, we follow the schoolmaster down the myrtle-fringed brook, — which is indeed the chief river of Ithaca, — not knowing whither, till we turn into the big road, and come to the most inviting of the detached houses which now occupy the site of Odysseus' lower town. Shy as the good man had been about sharing our basket dinner, he cannot let us go without some entertainment under his own roof; and in the big upper chamber — a place of wide prospect, with three sea views — the good wife serves coffee, while the schoolmaster talks on of the Ithaca that now is. He is proud of his native eyrie on Neritos, — Anoge, Upland, — which also claims Homer's birth. Still, he himself makes no pretension to being a Homerid, — in this more modest than another Ithacan, Constantine Koliades, once professor in the Ionian University, who deduced his lineage from Eumæus, and wrote a book to prove that Odysseus was his own Homer, or *vice versa*, and the veritable author of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. This autobiographical theory of the *Odyssey* must now divide the honors with that which endows Nausikaa with the authorship. But the schoolmaster betrayed no knowledge of Koliades, who had been long forgotten, nor any prevision of Nausikaa's sponsor, who has not yet been heard from in these parts; and he would

have scouted the old heresy that Homer was no Ithacan, but merely a chance sojourner, overtaken on his travels here by a distemper of the eyes, and entertained by Mentor, who thus wins his place in the *Odyssey*!

A house could hardly be cleaner or emptier than this of my Ithacan colleague. The furnishing was simplicity itself, and if there were books they were out of sight. But bright faces and good cheer made the place right homely: the good wife beamed on us, as Greek wives in out-of-the-way places often do, with no language but a smile, and the youngsters were clean and civil. Eustathios Surmes himself, like my schoolmaster host at Spata, is no rolling stone. For thirty-two years running he has taught the boys' school at Levké, and for that service he now receives fifteen dollars a month. Happy man to hold a post no spoilsman can covet, under a system which at every change of ministry — and that averages once every ten months — may bid even the schoolmaster move on!

The chance acquaintance whets our curiosity to revisit Levké, which had delighted our eyes as we drove through. On our return, the good priest and most of his parish were waiting to receive us, with wine and oranges and orange blossoms from their own gardens. It is the Eden of Ithaca, — this picturesque village swung up on the terraced slopes of Neritos. With its wealth of bloom and greenery, — orange trees in fruit and flower at once, grand old olives, almonds, cherries, cedars, and carobs, — it recalls the well-wooded Ithaca of olden times: no wonder its sylvan charm drew down a good part of Anoge from their bleak hilltop, some sixty years ago. Producing much of the good wine and most of the delicious honey of the island, — with its notable schoolmaster and its genial old priest, who seemed to have infected the little community of eight hundred souls (fishermen, farmers, and potters) with their own simple kindness

and good cheer, — Levke comes near being a poem itself, and one can hardly fault Sir William Gell for recognizing in it the Garden of Laertes.

IV.

EAGLE'S CLIFF.

We had kept for our third day's goal what the Ithacan pilgrim usually seeks at once, — the steep, strong-walled hill of Aëtos, popularly accredited as Odysseus' castle. It is an hour's drive from Vathý, and affords further glimpses of the Bay of Dexia, which disputes with Vathý the fame of being Odysseus' landing place. Vathý certainly has its claims as a deep haven and for its twin headlands; but it is only here, on this gradually sloping sand beach, that the Phæacian bark could have run half her length ashore. Thus far it is the same fine English road we traveled yesterday, and a bright sun and stiff wind give a new atmospheric quality to the few bits of life by the way, — among them an old peasant (who might have been Laertes) sowing barley on a patch of rocks at the water's edge. Thence rising over the pass, between Hagios Stephanos and this Eagle Rock which holds the two mountain masses of Ithaca together, the road leads on down to Pissaëto, the little ferry port for Kephallenia. But we stop short at the road-house where the ascent begins.

A glance is enough to show that we have above us one of the strongest hill forts of prehistoric Greece. Strong enough by nature, — for it rises some six hundred and fifty feet at an angle of thirty-five degrees, or (as Schliemann observed) seven degrees more steeply than the upper cone of Vesuvius, — some Titan hand has led two mighty walls converging up these slopes, one of them almost intact to-day, with a third still traceable to form the broad base of an approximately triangular circumvallation,

while the summit is surrounded by yet stronger walls, which still stand twenty to twenty-five feet high, and show single blocks that would square from twenty-five to thirty feet. But impregnable as it looks from below, it is only by climbing that one comes to feel how secure and how uncomfortable a seat it was. I shall never forget that scramble over sheer rock tumbled in jagged masses, nor the blessed relief of finding a bit of level to stand on at the top. Certainly Penelope's suitors were no milk-sops, if they scaled this eagle's nest day after day to press their suit, to say nothing of getting down again when fuddled, as they mostly were before the revel ended. Nor can one readily fancy them "putting the stone" and casting the spear in this contracted space, where any sport ascribed to them beyond a quiet game of checkers would be impossible. A student of mine, indeed, once established the Olympic games on Mount Olympus; but Aëtos is a church steeple in comparison with that many-glenned mountain of the gods. Gell and Schliemann have between them mapped Odysseus' lower city on the steeps between the two converging walls up which we had crept on all fours, where the former reports "terraces . . . without doubt once occupied by the houses and streets of the town," while the latter actually counts there "about one hundred and ninety Cyclopean houses;" but they have carefully refrained from giving measurements of the narrow plateau within the upper walls which they identify as the castle. Measured by our eyes, there is scant room for a megaron to entertain a hundred suitors and more, together with a royal family that kept fifty maids, not to mention the "assembly place before the spacious town;" nor could any creature but an eagle or Athene herself come *down* to this eyrie, as visitors are always coming down to the palace of the Odyssey. At the moment of our visit we had fain put away our unbelief, for

two eagles were poised in the blue above us, recalling the pair "Zeus of the far-borne voice sent forth in flight from on high, from the mountain crest," as a sign to Telemachus. The prospect, too, was one to allure a potentate of that foretime when it was convenient for him literally to keep an eye on his realm, — a fact which may throw light on Pindar's use of the word "watchman" for "king." Whatever this high place lacked as a dwelling it made good as a watch tower: it quite commands the royal domain. Across the channel, in this transparent atmosphere, stand out Kephallenia's "bare mountains covered with walls like a vine leaf with veins" (to quote my young friend Tucker's apt figure), and among them we clearly distinguish the ruins of Samê, whence came four-and-twenty of the suitors, including that bad marksman, Ktesippos. In the dim eastern distance looms snow-clad Parnassus. So Odysseus from his castle, had this been his castle, had always in view his mother's native hills. Who that ever thumbed his Homer lovingly can forget how "old Autolykos, coming to Ithaca's fat land, found a boy new born to his daughter, and when he had finished his supper Eurykleia set the child upon his knee," and all that tender tale of How They Named the Baby, and the thrilling tale that follows of How They Hunted the Wild Boar!

Of castle and city, stony steeps and strong walls, the lord paramount at the moment is a goatherd named Euripides, with a very small boy to help him tend a dozen black goats. Their pasture is the little grassy plateau about the deep rock-hewn cisterns and foundations which certainly indicate a prehistoric dwelling of some kind. Here is the spot where Dr. Schliemann began his marvelous career with the spade; it would seem from his own words in the naive hope of finding the roots of Odysseus' olive-tree bedpost! But after his conquests at Mycenæ and Tiryns and Troy, who shall smile at

that simple faith? Even Cicero might have shared it; for he may well have had in his mind's eye this hill fort, as seen on his voyage to Athens, when he praises Odysseus for his patriotism in "preferring even to immortality that Ithaca which is fixed like a bird's nest on the most rugged rocks."

Apart from the physical infelicity of the site, we have Dr. Dörpfeld's word for it that the walls and all the pottery found here are post-Mycenæan. Still there can be no doubt that we have here, as Dr. Reisch puts it, "a fortress of great age and strength, which in times of danger served as a refuge to the dwellers round about, and was of the utmost importance for the defense of the whole island; for it commanded not only the landing places to the southeast and northwest of Mount Aëtos, but protected the only means of communication between the north and south ports of the island."

We found the descent of Aëtos rather more nerve-shattering than the ascent, and vowed to offer in thanksgiving for deliverance the pick of the flock of fat turkeys we had seen strutting about the lonely farmhouse by the chapel of St. George at the foot of the mountain. But the price was prohibitory, — possibly because these new-fangled fowl have succeeded to the privileged estate of Penelope's geese; yet we hardly envied the greedy, gorging suitors as we reclined on the sunny side of the roadhouse, and stretched forth our hands to the viands from the Odysseus Inn, and then strolled down the Pissaëto road for the pure pleasure of gazing at the dimpling sea, and listening to the tinkle of sheep bells under the olives which fill the glen quite to the water's edge.

V.

A DAY ABOUT TOWN.

Even with the Odysseus Inn and the Penelope Club the present Ithacan cap-
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ital is hardly a gay or stirring town. It boasts, to be sure, a bigger fleet than the one Odysseus led to Troy, and the Ithacans are bold sailors, pushing their ventures, on occasion, even to Burmah and Boston. Then there is a steam oil press to-day where Odysseus' long-leaved olive may have stood; and our young host makes a hundred barrels of good red wine from his own vineyards, near Eumæus' pastures, — proof enough that, if Ithaca no longer yields corn past telling, it is still true to its Homeric fame for wine as well as for the rain that is on it evermore.

Meantime the little isle has seen worse days. The opening of the sixteenth century found it practically depopulated, and so the Venetian Senate offered lands in fee simple and tax-free for five years to any who would take and till them. Many Kephallenians and mainland Greeks responded, and pitched their town upon the mountain to the southwest of Vathý, where the ruins of Palaiochori still show on either side of the road to Eumæus' pastures. The two principal families among the founders dwelt apart patriarchally, giving each its own name to its quarter; and when (about 1730) the site was abandoned to found Vathý, the clan lines were still drawn, and to this day the clans divide the town, — the Karabias giving to the eastern quarter the name of Karabata, the Petalas to the western that of Petalata, while a younger clan (Mazarata) mediates between them. This is a rare institutional survival.

From the comfortless Penelope Club, where the present head of the clan Karabias had opened to us these new chapters of Ithacan history, we betake us to the Hellenic School, which occupies three mean rooms over a barber shop, just across from the old Parnassus Inn. We catch Dr. Theodysseus — whom I had known in his university days at Athens — drilling his boys furiously in old Greek synonyms of new Greek words, laying

foundations for a classical diction that should be the joy of all Hellenists who shall hereafter visit Ithaca; while the head master, in his deacon's robe, is hammering away at Xenophon's *Hellenica* in the good old Attic. A keener lot of boys than the twenty of his first form, including one full-bearded *opsimathes*, I have never seen in any school. The school enrolls eighty-two boys under three masters.

From the Hellenic School, piloted by its head boy (a Greek Russell Lowell in the making), we proceed to the *Parthenagogeion*, which is short for girls' school. It is a brand-new schoolhouse, built by Odysseus Karabias, on the higher ground above the harbor, with free space about it and fine outlook. In its two rooms, both on the ground floor, two mistresses are at work. The first, a graduate of the *Arsakeion*, and a beauty, is in charge of the two lower classes, one of which reads an entertaining lesson on *Town and Country*; the other mistress, dignified, but plain, teaches the two upper classes, one of which makes a most effective recitation on Solonian history. Nor is the headwork all. The hands, too, are in training to turn out beautiful things and useful, after the fashion of *Penelope*. The school enrolls one hundred and twenty girls, though there are two private schools for girls in the place, besides; and the teachers would certainly take good rank in an American city twenty times as populous as Ithaca.

The *Demotic School* of two hundred boys we did not see; but there are ten schools of this grade in the island, with three hundred pupils.

The *Ithacans* (says *Meliarakes*) are distinguished for their love of learning; and the Earl of Guilford was bent on establishing his *Ionian University* here, "amid mountains and rocks hallowed by a thousand memories, and in groves and gardens which Plato would have preferred to his *Academe*." The president of that university (which was, in fact,

founded in Corfu), Sir George Bowen, wrote of Ithaca fifty years ago, "There are very few peasants who do not possess at least the rudiments of a good education," whereas Schliemann declares (1868) that scarcely one man in fifty can read! Doubtless the Englishman was better authority, after a three years' residence, than the German, whose stay was not as many weeks.

VI.

AT HOME WITH HOMER.

We had *Rainy Zeus*, or (as Otto Gilbert might say) his double of the *Heavenly Wet*, to thank for one more *Ithacan day*. Our company were bent on crossing the channel to see old *Samê*, and there meet the *Pylaros* on her return from *Leucadia*; but the dismal daybreak cooled even the youngest ardor, and gave me what I coveted, — an almost unbroken day at home with *Homer*. Over the best fire mine host could provide — alas! it was no ten-foot-through Homeric hearth piled high with blazing logs, but only a battered tin bathtub filled with hot ashes and embers — I bent me to the delightful task of reading all the *Ithacan story* on *Ithacan soil*. The task was done when, at five o'clock, the masters of the *Hellenic School* dropped in to afternoon coffee. Over the cups we discussed the *South African War* to please them, and to please us they took turns at rhapsodizing snatches of their own poet.

The day's reading had rounded to its proper close my *Ithacan pilgrimage*; I had lived over the whole great story from *Athene-Mentes'* first appearance to the final brush with the suitors' friends. I had followed *Odysseus'* every step, from his landing here, fast asleep, until the gray-eyed goddess stayed his red right hand; and, taking due note of dawns and sunsets, I found the poet had given him just five days for the whole business, ere

he need fare forth again, where landlubbers should mistake his oar for a winnowing fan. We too had done Ithaca in five days, — and brief December days

at that, — and were content to board the prompt little Pylaros as the sun went down, and launch out again on the wet ways.

J. Irving Manatt.

THE DEFEAT OF THE METHOD.

THE lane stretched north and south, and the red dust quivered in the August heat. On one side, a thicket of hazel bushes, sweet fern, and blossoming clematis screened a neglected orchard. On the other side, the low sun struck in dazzling glints through a cornfield. Far off a line of hills lay couchant, covered with fold on fold of dark blue gauze.

The man who walked slowly along the road was footsore. He wore a gray suit, earth-stained, without waistcoat, a flannel shirt many shades cleaner, and a large, soft-brimmed hat. The stone he presently seated himself upon felt cold to him, although it had been in full sunshine half an hour before. Glancing around to see if he were observed, he drew off his shoes, and let his feet sink into the rank grass. Sitting so, with his knees hugged to him and his head dropped forward, he seemed himself a stock or a stone.

A passing wagon roused him tardily. He sprang up, and pattered after it in the dust.

"Sir! Say, there!" he called. "Do you want to hire any help?"

"Not your sort," answered the farmer, looking around over his shoulder a moment. He drove on.

The tramp returned to the spot where he had left his shoes. He pulled them on, and resumed his march. Some blackberries caught his eye, amid the tangled wayside growth. He picked them into his hand, and ate them greedily. Soon the road, turning a sharp corner, mounted straight up a steep little hill. He stopped and regarded it, panting.

"What's the good?" he muttered.

Then he set his teeth and began to climb.

Ten minutes later he came out on a ridge which commanded a surprising view of a fertile valley, twinkling here and there with house roofs half hidden among trees. A small lake in the foreground shone with a hard silver lustre. Before him stood a solitary house of square, old-fashioned type, with a more modern veranda. The lawn was overgrown. Some jars of flowers flanked the steps. No other signs of occupation appeared about the place. On the west side the blinds were all closed. The house seemed to be taking a siesta in the afternoon sunshine.

While the tramp hesitated, a speck in the road far ahead of him resolved itself into a horse and light buggy, driven at a smart pace by a lady. She sat erect; she was young. She wore an immaculate white shirt waist, with a crisp mull tie, and a white straw walking hat with a band of black velvet around the brim. She managed the reins with masterly lightness. The hoofbeats on the road sounded as rhythmical as music. The tramp watched her in admiration, and as she turned into the driveway he came to some decision, and crossed the road. She pulled up just inside the gate. He touched his hat.

"Could you give me something to do about your place in exchange for my supper?" he asked.

There was a short pause.

"Is this hard times with you?" asked

the young lady. Her voice had a resolute, vibrant ring.

Something got into the man's throat, and he dropped his eyes. A large collie ran out into the drive and sniffed at his legs. He laid his hand on the dog's head.

"Very hard times," he answered.

"Not drink, I hope?" asked the young lady gravely.

"No, ma'am, I'm a sober man, but I'm not in my own part of the country, and though I've had some odd jobs, I can't get steady work; the places round here are all full."

"Let me see your hands."

Surprised, he held them toward her, palms upward.

"Yes, you have worked," she said, with satisfaction. "What can you do?"

"I'd be glad to cut the grass for you, or work in the garden. I know something about gardening."

"Do you think you could unharness my horse? She is nervous."

"I think so." He patted the mare's neck. The young lady tightened her hold on the reins apprehensively, but Molly did not mind.

"I'll try you," said Miss Gilray. "This way, please."

He followed her up the drive to the barn. She sprang to the ground, and stood aside to oversee the business. He went at it awkwardly, but with good will. There was a blur before his eyes, and his pulse hammered in his ears.

"Where shall I put the harness?" he asked.

"On that nail."

He hung it in place, and taking up the shafts of the buggy was about to drag it into the barn, when Miss Gilray stopped him, and motioned to him to sit down on the inside stairs. Her face was red, but determined.

"I wish to feel your pulse."

He extended his wrist. She took out her watch.

"People generally learn to give me straight answers," she said, after a min-

ute. "You have some sickness about you. What is it?"

"I took cold a few nights ago," he answered, looking up squarely; "I've had cramps ever since, and I'm afraid of getting dysentery on me."

"Slept out of doors, perhaps?"

"Yes, — yes, ma'am."

"What have you had to eat to-day?"

"I had a piece of bread this morning; some blackberries from a hedge this afternoon."

"And yesterday?"

"Nothing."

Miss Gilray looked out of the door, considering. A fine vertical line appeared between her brows.

"Wait here," she ordered. Returning presently, she bade him follow her through the garden to a small tool shed at the end. The door stood open. An old sofa was against one wall.

"I am going to give you shelter for the night," she said. "You will be warm and dry here, and you shall have food and medicine; but you must promise not to smoke, and burn me out of house and home. Have you any tobacco about you?"

"A little. You can see if you like."

He turned out the contents of his pockets: a cent, a postage stamp, a pencil stub and several crumpled pieces from a writing pad, a little tobacco done up in a twist of newspaper, and a common brier-wood pipe.

"Had n't you better let me keep that for you? Then you will not be tempted to use it."

"Certainly." He held the handle toward her. She took it daintily, and went back to the house. He looked after her with a queer smile.

"Bless your heart, lady, I would n't smoke on your premises," he drawled humorously to himself.

The sofa invited him irresistibly. He lay down, and drew up his knees. In his comparative relief his surroundings faded away from him, until a hot-water

bag was pushed gently into his hands, and the imperious voice said, "Open your mouth."

He obeyed, and swallowed the medicine.

"Yes. Now this is boiled milk. It will do you good."

He struggled into a sitting position, but his hand shook so that Miss Gilray was obliged to hold the glass. There was about her a womanly supremacy not to be disputed. He felt very wretched and very grateful.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"What is your name, please?"

"Heinrich."

"Oh, he is German. He has no accent," she thought. "Poor fellow, to have dropped below the use of a surname!"

"Very well, Heinrich, I will come out to see to you again before long, and I hope you will feel better in the morning."

Next morning, however, Heinrich was worse; and when Miss Gilray paid him an early visit, she found him too weak to sit up.

"I am sorry," he said apologetically.

"If you would be good enough to let me stay here to-day, I would not make any trouble. I walked nearly twenty miles yesterday. I'm not shamming."

"I can see that for myself," said Miss Gilray. "Your forehead is quite damp. Lie down; I will feed you. People are not under condemnation because they are sick."

"Not if they've got money," replied the unfortunate on the sofa.

"Not even when they have none," said Miss Gilray, in a softer tone than he had heard her use. "I should be sorry to think you an Anarchist, Heinrich."

"An Anarchist? I an Anarchist?" stammered Heinrich. "But I am not. I am a man who wants to earn his living, — that is all."

"That is better. It is better to build up than to destroy."

"Depends on what you build up and

what you destroy," finished Heinrich; but he did not say it aloud.

All day Heinrich lay on the sofa in the tool shed, with the door open upon the garden. The long alley which faced him was lined with hollyhocks and tall rudbeckias; pinks, larkspurs, poppies, filled sunny spaces beyond; a red admiral's nervous flight brought him past the doorway; a scent of mignonette and ripening fruit stole in on the hot air. But for his weakness he would have been very happy. There had once been a time — it seemed very far off now — when it would not have occurred to him as a subject of congratulation that he had food and shelter assured him for another twenty-four hours. He turned these things over in his mind, and dozed, and woke again.

It was dark. Some one had come down and shut the door while he slept. He perceived that by sound, not by sight. The rain pattered dully on the leaves outside. It shut him in in a luxury of loneliness for a time; then he began to feel stiff, and to wonder how long it was to morning.

All at once the latch lifted, and a light appeared on the threshold. It came from a lantern swinging at Miss Gilray's wrist. Both her hands were full. The collie followed her in up to the sofa, and shook himself.

"The corner, Peter. You're wet," observed his mistress.

Peter retreated to the corner and sat upright, surveying the scene genially. Miss Gilray deposited her tray upon a chair, and held the lantern up to see her patient better.

"How do you feel now? Any easier? Less pain? That is good. I have brought you an extra covering. The wind has changed."

"I have been asleep some time, I think. Can you tell me what time it is?"

"It is a little past midnight."

She administered hot milk to him, spoonful by spoonful. As she spread a

comforter over the sofa and tucked it in around his feet, Heinrich turned away his head and put his fingers up to his eyes.

He thought she had gone, but it was only to set down part of her load on the steps outside. Now she returned, and holding the lantern high asked, "What is the trouble?"

He looked around, and saw her face glowing out of the darkness, young and strangely tired, with that faint vertical line dividing her dark brows. She fixed his gaze like a star.

"You — you're so kind to me!"

"Well, aren't you worth it?" asked the girl, regarding him steadily.

"I hope I am," he answered humbly.

"Of course you are!" she flashed out.

"You act like a man whose self-respect has been hurt."

"It has."

"Get it back again, then! Every human being has a place of his own in this world. You have yours, and it is your business to fill it. If you have failed in the past, you must try harder in future. That is all. Now go to sleep. I bid you good-night."

"I shall be carrying lilies of the valley to prisons next, if this sort of thing keeps on," she soliloquized, as she went back to the house, with Peter, through the midnight rain. "This is the queerest specimen of the working tramp that I have ever met with."

Late as it was when she had locked the doors and windows below, she drew from her desk a small blank book labeled Sociological Notes. It was half full of entries. They were arranged under numbers. She turned over the pages to number 17, and wrote: —

"This morning Heinrich asked me if he might have some warm water to wash his face and hands with; he said he felt dirty. I washed them for him, and he thanked me almost as a gentleman might. If it were not for his ugly stubble of a beard, he would not be ill-looking for a workman. His frontal de-

velopment is good, and his ears are remarkably well set. I do not believe, myself, in these generalizations drawn from the study of one feature alone. It is singular that a man whose physical characteristics indicate natural capacity should sink to a level where he has to beg for work. There must be some strain of weakness, possibly inherited; but he says he doesn't drink, and he certainly shows no signs of dissipation."

One morning, several days later, Heinrich awoke and stretched himself without pain. A delicious sense of returning health possessed him. The natural man, impatient of the trammels of bodily weakness, asserted itself. He was free, — free to go where he would. He wondered why those last twenty miles had seemed to him a self-inflicted torture. He felt capable of yet other twenty miles. Nothing like having the keys of the fields.

A stream of cool air flowed in. He heard Molly thrashing nervously in the barn; then he heard her whinny. Twisting his head back to peep behind the row of rakes which stood against the window, he caught a glimpse of Miss Gilray running back to the house. Evidently she had no man, or she would not have asked him to unharness for her. Suddenly a new thought made his heart beat fast. Could it be that she was all alone on the premises?

He recalled the air of enchantment about the house with its closed blinds, the neglected lawn. During all the days he had lain there he had heard no conversation, no sounds of coming and going; only Peter's occasional bark and the quick footstep he had learned to know by heart. Had she been coming out at all hours on her errand of mercy, herself unprotected?

Beneath his rough exterior Heinrich was as romantic and impressionable as a girl. The very suggestion that his chatelaine had been relying upon herself alone, as fearlessly as any Alruna-

maiden of old, flooded his being with chivalrous intent. He got off the sofa slowly. The cracked pitcher on a chair held fresh water. He dragged the wheelbarrow in front of the door, and took a bath. He shook his coat violently ere he put it on again. "I'm so dirty!" he grumbled.

When he had moved the wheelbarrow back, he was chagrined to find that he was still weak. His visions of other twenty-mile tramps faded out, and he sat down on the doorstep, with his head in his hand, discouraged.

Thus Helen Gilray discovered him, as she appeared at the farther end of the alley with a tray. His eyes brightened at sight of her.

"Good-morning," she said, pleased that he rose to his feet. "You were asleep when I came down awhile ago. How are you this morning?"

"Better, — much better." He felt surprisingly better again.

"I have brought your breakfast. I will come back for the things by and by."

"Do not take the trouble. I will bring the tray to the house — shall I?"

"Very well."

Heinrich made short work of his breakfast, and found his way around to the back porch. It was as he had imagined. His Alruna-maid was alone in the kitchen, stirring custards at the stove, and too busy to answer him. Her blue-striped cuffs were pushed up; a white apron with bretelles covered her gown. Some loaves of newly baked bread and a plate heaped high with sugar cookies stood on a table. It was a homely scene, that tugged somewhere at the roots of him.

"Now what did you ask me?" said Helen, turning toward the door when the custards were finished. Her flushed face bore such deepening signs of fatigue that Heinrich wanted to fall down before her and entreat her pardon for having given her trouble for a day. Instead he stood awkwardly in the doorway.

"Could you give me something to do?"

"There is much that needs to be done outside, Heinrich," said Helen, with approval. Clearly this young man was not lazy. "It distresses me to see the garden so overgrown. The weeds are very high in the beds by the fence."

"Between the calendulas and the tritoma? Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, there. You know something of botany, Heinrich?"

"Why, a little." Heinrich colored. "Gardeners like to fire Latin names at you: the longer they are, the more they enjoy the sound of them."

Miss Gilray laughed gently, but checked herself. It would not do to give this interesting tramp too much headway; to make a study of his characteristics was another thing.

"Why not let me do those for you?" asked Heinrich, indicating a pan of potatoes and beets with the earth still clinging to them.

"I wish you would, Heinrich," said Helen, in evident relief. "Sit there on the steps; but you must have an apron."

"My clothes are n't worth much," said Heinrich, submissively allowing her to tie the apron around his neck.

"That is very foolish," said Miss Gilray severely. "You don't know how long it may be before you can afford to buy another suit."

"Men have such elaborate ways of doing things," she wrote in her notebook. "A woman rushes in and gets it done somehow, while they are thinking out a system; and then, by the hundredth time, the man has found a short cut, if there is one, while the woman is plodding along in her old rut. Heinrich prepared the vegetables and arranged them in rows, most beautiful to behold (I could have done it myself in half the time); then he informed me that the knife was hideously dull, and said he would be glad to sharpen it for me. He really seemed to enjoy the business. His figure is athletic, and he says 'calendula.' Cleggett talked about 'cal-

endulies,' and 'gladiolas,' and 'hyderangeas.' I do not feel sure that I understand Heinrich very well yet. For a man who has knocked about so much in the world, there seems to be a good deal of diffidence about him at times."

While Heinrich was weeding, that afternoon, Miss Gilray called him to her, and bade him help her to spread some rugs on the grass.

"Now please bring out the steamer chair from the veranda," she added.

"She is not alone," thought Heinrich.

He arranged chair and cushions, and set the tea table in place. He cut the flowers she asked for. The sleepy house took on an air of mild festivity. Presently Miss Gilray reappeared. She was freshly dressed in white. Behind her sauntered a tall youth, whose morning coat hung loosely on his figure, and whose blue eyeglasses gave him a strained look.

"This is jolly, Helen," he remarked, with a sort of weary cheerfulness, sinking into the steamer chair. "It seems good to get outside of four walls. Grass looks rather ragged, though. I suppose you told Cleggett not to cut it on account of my confounded head."

Helen shook her head. "No. Cleggett is gone, Bert. That hot night when you were worse, and I sent him to town for Dr. Carr, he came home drunk, and made such a scene that I dismissed him on the spot. Of course his wife went with him."

"So you were holding the fort alone, all the while I was laid up in bed? That explains a host of things. I wish I had known it sooner."

"I don't," said Helen.

He stretched his hand out toward her. She suddenly slipped down to the grass beside him, and laid her head against his knee.

"Poor Helen! — poor girl!"

Heinrich, screened by the calendulas, watched them both.

Heinrich had agreed to stay a few days

longer, until they could find another man. Miss Gilray offered to pay him the same wages she had given the last gardener. Absorbed in his morning task, he was not aware of her proximity until she came out of the barn, leading the horse and buggy. In a moment he was at her side.

"Why did n't you ask me to harness for you, Miss Gilray?"

"You were weeding. You weed better than you harness."

"I am very sorry," began Heinrich deprecatingly. "I was not brought up in a stable."

"Neither was I," thought Helen, smiling slightly, and stepping up to the seat she drove off.

Heinrich went back to his work. For the moment it seemed that it would have been a great advantage to him to have been brought up in a stable.

The door opened, and Bert Gilray strolled out, bareheaded. He walked aimlessly up and down the path, and then wandered over to the corner where Heinrich was grubbing away on his knees.

"How are you getting along?" he inquired. "I am glad you are on hand to help my sister out."

With these people it was a question of help, not merely of dollars and digging, reflected Heinrich.

"I was glad of the job, sir."

"Been down on your luck?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am down on my luck, too. Must n't give in. My sister — Miss Gilray — is always saying that. She'll brace you up."

"She has."

"That's all right." He had a singularly winning and unconventional manner. Heinrich was instantly attracted to him. He would have liked to have him standing there beside him all the morning.

The young fellow lingered about for some time, talking in his odd, jerky way. As he started to go in, he suddenly staggered and put his hand up to his head.

Heinrich sprang to his feet, and, sweeping an arm around him, bore him to the house. He laid him on a couch. Bert Gilray opened his eyes.

"Ice," he said faintly. "The ice bag is upstairs — somewhere" —

Heinrich ran upstairs for the ice bag, and found his way to the refrigerator. Bert lay as he had left him, with hands clenched, and a look of painful self-repression on his boyish face.

"Don't worry my sister," he murmured, at the sound of carriage wheels in the yard.

Heinrich went out. Helen Gilray's face changed at sight of him. She spoke one word: "Worse?"

"A little better now."

She stood still a moment. Her arms dropped helplessly at her sides. The tears came into her eyes. Heinrich led the horse to the barn. There was a lump in his throat.

That evening she came to him. "Thank you for what you did for my brother. You were very kind. I thought he was getting better!" she broke out, too tired to care whether the sympathy she perceived was from an equal or not. "He had a relapse ten days ago. It has been such a hard summer!"

"You were nursing him, then, while you were taking care of me?"

"Yes."

Heinrich turned away, and leaned his head on his hand. "She would put backbone into a jellyfish," he thought. "I have been weak, — contemptibly weak."

"It preys on him so not to be able to use his eyes. He never complains."

"He keeps himself under on your account."

"How do you know? If I thought that — That is what I came out for. He wants you to sit with him. He says" — Miss Gilray's upper lip twitched — "he says he is glad to see a man on the place. He says it makes him feel less cheap. Will you come?"

Heinrich started for the house. Miss

Gilray turned around in the path and faced him.

"I am trusting you a great deal, Heinrich."

"You are doing right, Miss Gilray."

It was not the answer she expected, and it puzzled her not a little, but she leaned on him from that moment.

So it came to pass that this man, who ten days before had slept fasting under the stars, brought help to a stranded household. For the time his problem was, not "How shall I earn my bread?" but "How can I serve?" He chopped wood, he made fires, he ran up and down on errands. He spoke little, but he proved to have a soothing way with his hands. Helen grew more and more perplexed in her sociological study, and owned it frankly in her notes.

"I had an interesting conversation with Heinrich while we were arranging flowers. (It is nonsense to say that taste is necessarily the result of culture; his eye for form and color is as good as mine.) He said he once believed that if a man failed to get work it was something in himself. He had changed his mind, because there were other factors at work besides the man: there was the *other* man. 'He may want the job done, and not want *me*,' he said. 'Feelings have something to do with it. If I were the only man who could do the job, it would be different, but that is n't the case.' Cold comfort if one were starving. I wonder if it is this impersonality, this — how shall I put it? — this loss of teeth and claws, that makes it hard for him to get along? This raises a very interesting question. He admits that he has had some education. Suppose he should be a man of higher position under a cloud? If he were an escaped convict, I would keep him here so long as he did Bert good; but Peter would n't. Dogs often adore weak people, but Peter despises a rascal."

"I should like to have you go to town this morning, Heinrich," she said, a few

days afterward. "You will telephone to Hartford for the cook they promised to send me. Stop at the grocery store, too, please, and get a codfish; pick out a good large one."

"Certainly," answered Heinrich; and then, blushing and hesitating, "Will you be kind enough to advance me a little of my wages, Miss Gilray?"

Helen's face darkened. "Now, Heinrich, I cannot have you spend your hard-earned money on *beer*."

"But I don't want beer!" exclaimed Heinrich. "I want — it is only thirty-five cents that I want. Not unless you are willing, though."

Partly reassured, she gave him the money. Heinrich telephoned to Hartford, and found that the cook was on her way. In the grocery store he picked out a codfish, a good large one. It was so large that the supply of paper in the store seemed to be inadequate, and the clerk tied it up in a roll, with the tail outside.

"There! I guess you can carry it well enough," he said.

Heinrich guessed he could, and started back, after stopping at the drug store for a toothbrush. He whistled as he walked home. He had begun to call it "home." As he drew near the house, a tall girl, pushing her bicycle up the hill he had once climbed, approached him. She scrutinized him a moment, and, walking toward him quickly, extended her hand, exclaiming: "Why, Professor Heinrich! I did not expect to meet you here."

Heinrich hoisted the codfish higher under his arm, and lifted his hat. "And I did not expect to see you, Miss Van Duzen," he said, with perfect truth.

"Are you staying in town? Oh, a walking trip, — I see. Men are so free! Well, call on us at the Birch Trees Inn, if you pass."

"Thank Heaven, she's gone!" thought Heinrich fervently, watching her and her wheel to a safe distance.

He entered the gate, and confronted

a frowning Alruna-maid who had risen from a seat under the trees.

"I overheard what you said. That girl called you 'professor.' Is it true?"

"It is true," answered Heinrich, standing before her, with his hat in one hand and the codfish in the other. "Adolf Heinrich."

"Professor Adolf Heinrich, of Maldon House, who wrote *The Poor in Country Towns*?"

"Rubbish!" said the professor impatiently. "It was rubbish!"

"And you let me think you a tramp, and never explained your real position?"

"Don't be angry, — don't."

"I am — I am — why, I don't know *what* I am!" Helen laughed, and it sent a shiver of delight through her hearer. He began to realize that up to this time he had seen her under a strain; the every-day girl was humorous and gay. "You brought home that codfish?"

"Why not?" asked the professor.

"I would n't let you have your wages" —

"Oh, do not apologize," said Heinrich, with great earnestness. "If all were like you, there would be no labor problem." It is certain that he meant it. "You took me in, a stranger. There are things that sink deep."

He turned his back on her abruptly. She saw his emotion, and, like a woman, ran away from it.

"Sit down, and tell me all about it."

"There is so little to tell," he answered, seating himself beside her. "I wanted to see if I could earn my bread with my hands. Other men have tried it and succeeded; I have failed, — that is the difference. For a time I got on fairly well. I got a job at haying, afterward at cutting tobacco. The farmer was n't satisfied. He said it took brains to cut tobacco. The hired man I roomed with borrowed my toothbrush Sunday evening: that *ried* me! I am nothing but a tenderfoot, anyway. Then I fell

sick. Nothing takes the starch out of a man like sickness. The day I came here, as I stopped to get my breath before climbing the hill, I was ready to toss the whole thing up; but to go back to my men with the consciousness that in the primitive struggle between man and the universe I had been a failure" —

"But what makes you think you have failed?" she asked. "You have shown great persistence. Entire success might have hardened you. You would have said that a man was sufficient unto himself. Now you will know better, and others will gain from it. Our failures are a source of strength and inspiration!"

"Ah, what you say puts new heart into me!" he exclaimed. "It is true I make as many mistakes as most men, in this terrible problem of man's relations to man; but if I was ever an egotist, I shall remember now that I too have lived by the hour; I shall remember that I have asked for shelter and been refused. You advise me to go on, then?"

"Yes, go on — if you feel able."

"I will go."

"I go," he repeated after dinner, when Helen said good-by to him on the veranda, "but I shall sometime come back. I shall come back as Adolf Heinrich," he added firmly, and raising her hand suddenly to his lips he kissed it.

Helen went up the stairs in deep thought.

"Where were my eyes, that I could live in the same house with him day after day and not see that I had a gentleman to deal with? I did know it; I felt he was a gentleman the moment my hand touched his pulse; but I would not trust my instincts. I had to be scientific; I had to reach my conclusions by cold-blooded analysis."

She pushed away her Sociological Notes. As she did so, her eye came within range of a small brown object on the mantel. She laughed out suddenly, and gave it a friendly pat.

"At least, he has left me his pipe," she said.

Margaret L. Knapp.

THE RESOURCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

IN one of Mr. W. E. Henley's hospital poems, a sailor, "set at euchre on his elbow," tells in twenty lines what he saw from the wharf at Charleston when he was there off a blockade runner, near the end of the American Civil War. Professor John C. Schwab, of Yale, after long and patient investigation of many obscure sources, has written a financial and industrial history of the South during the war¹ which exhibits every characteristic of the most painstaking school of economic historians. His paragraphs are so meaty with facts,

his references so abundant, his method so consistently scientific, his work, in a word, is so thoroughly well done, that it is hard to see how industry and intelligence could have gone farther.

Yet it is a question whether The Confederate States of America or Mr. Henley's verses will prove the more serviceable to the ordinary reader, trying to get a notion of what was inside the shell that crackled to pieces before the great armies of Grant and Sherman. Such is the complexity of civilized societies, so many and so artificial are the

¹ *The Confederate States of America*. 1861-1865. A Financial and Industrial History of the South during the Civil War. By JOHN

CHRISTOPHER SCHWAB. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

forms which the ordinary processes of production and distribution, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, come to take, so constantly does the play of human motives disarrange the machinery of industry and government, and so wide a margin of error must the student allow in his observations, that failure in one sense is always predicable of an enterprise like Professor Schwab's. The work will of necessity be incomplete, for to reconstruct a civilization by setting one stone upon another is beyond the industry of a lifetime; and it will not be rounded out by the reader himself, for it is not supplemented by his sympathetic understanding, it does not stimulate his imagination. The difference between Professor Schwab's treatment of the dead Confederacy and what a poet, a novelist, a literary historian, might do with it, is like the difference between an artist's and an anatomist's treatment of a human body. We do not judge the artist's work by the number or even by the truth of its details; its aim is to make us see and understand the whole by virtue of a quality common to us and it. On the anatomist or the anatomist-historian our demand is different. His work is unfinished until the last tissue of the body or the body politic is dissected into its minutest cells. Neither anatomy nor political science can ever attain its object completely, as painting and poetry do sometimes attain theirs. Mr. Henley's sailor man might not more enlighten us if his glimpse from the wharf were widened into a vision of the whole harassed South. Professor Schwab's book will be the more valuable for every correction he may make in his tables of prices and note issues, for every newspaper file he may in a future edition make a footnote to refer us to.

But there is also a sense in which a work like this may be complete, — a sense in which it may very well pass

¹ *The History of the Confederate Treasury.* By ERNEST A. SMITH. In Publications of the

completeness and tend to surfeit: that is to say, if one has regard for the reader's limitations. There is a point beyond which the writer cannot go without disregarding the "reader" altogether, not in the matter of his mere interest and pleasure, but in the matter of his attention and memory, of his ability to carry a mass of facts in his head long enough to connect them with what may follow. Of course, there are readers and readers, but it should be no harder to gauge the average mind in this than in many other of the respects in which one must gauge it in books and in life, and to stop short of the line beyond which, for the average mind, scarcely a single general principle or important relation of cause and effect will stand out through the haze to reward the effort which the reading of such a book requires.

Of course, too, it is not the "reader" but the student that books like this are meant for, yet the reader also has some claims. There are questions which every intelligent person would like to ask about the Confederacy, and here are the answers; but one may miss them altogether if the results of the investigation are set forth too abstrusely, or too cautiously, or too minutely. Professor Schwab and another scientist, Professor E. A. Smith, of Allegheny College, — who limits himself, however, to a study of the Confederate treasury,¹ — come forward from their dissection of a defunct state, and we wish to know of them, not what discoveries or confirmations they have to report to their brother scientists, but what was the strength that sustained the Southern Confederacy while it lived and what disease or wound or weakness it died of. Perhaps it may be practicable to extract from their reports, restrained as they are, and resolutely void of gossip and conjecture, some satisfaction of our unenlightened curiosity.

Southern History Association, 1901, vols. i.-iv. Washington, D. C.

Our question is not meant to cover the military struggle. With the main features of that, educated Americans — and many Englishmen as well, now that they have books like Colonel Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* — are reasonably well acquainted. But it seems nowadays to be generally conceded that while the armies on both sides were composed almost entirely of volunteers, and so small that the North's superiority in wealth and numbers had not begun to tell, the South's advantages of fighting on interior lines and of possessing more good riders and good shots did tell heavily. It would perhaps be conceded also that the South had men enough, if she could have kept them in the field well armed and well clothed and well fed, to withstand even the vast numbers which the North did put in the field and liberally equip and sustain. We all understand, too, that after the first few months the blockade forced the Confederates to rely on their own resources far more nearly altogether than the Southern leaders in secession had apprehended. Were the available resources inadequate, or were they neglected or wasted? Why were the Southern armies always ill armed, ill clad, ill fed, ill paid? How far was the outcome, inevitable though it may have been, immediately attributable to faults and errors?

If we disregard the already accomplished effects of slavery on Southern industry, it was probably of advantage to the Confederates that the laborers in their fields were of a class less easily demoralized by war than a free white peasantry would have been. There is nothing to indicate that, until the country was overrun by Union troops, the blacks on the farms and plantations were less efficient than in peace. They made no move to rise. It was not found necessary to exempt from military service more than one owner or overseer for every twenty slaves, and the exemption did not keep more than five or six thousand men out

of the army. Here was an agricultural labor system, defective, no doubt, but which did not need to be adapted to the emergency, and which, when it was diverted from cotton-growing, — partly by the loss of the market for cotton, and partly by concerted purpose, — was capable of producing a food supply adequate to all wants, save that certain foods in common use, but not absolutely indispensable, could not be produced in the South at all. For some of these, like tea and coffee, passable substitutes were contrived; the insufficiency of salt and of various medicines was the difficulty most nearly insuperable. There was, besides, a good part of the four and a half million bales of cotton of the crop of 1860, the entire four million of the crop of 1861, the million or more of 1862, the half million each of 1863 and 1864. The South had sufficient food, and it had in abundance a principal raw material of clothing. Tobacco was plentiful, — no mean item in war, as veterans both of the Civil War and of the Spanish War will testify. Tanneries were commoner than any other sort of manufactories, and the supply of leather, though scant, could be eked out with various substitutes. There were vast resources of timber, and all the raw material for making iron; contrary to the general notion, the great deposits of iron ore in northern Alabama were known before the war, and tentative attempts to exploit them had been made.

But it was simply impossible to build the furnaces and mills and railroads which were necessary to an effective use of these resources. The fact that the manufactories and railroads were not brought up to the requisite development is the best of reasons for believing that they could not have been, with the labor and the capital that were available; for such manufactories as were set up, such railroads as were already built, — some of them were extended with government aid, — were extremely profitable. The motives of self-interest and patriotism,

combined with the pressure of want and of military necessity, were not enough. A beginning was made on many lines, and in consequence there appeared for the first time in the cotton states a strong sentiment for protection, and one heard it said that the blockade, like the old embargo and the second war with Great Britain, was going to prove a blessing. But four years of the most favorable conditions under peace would not have brought these industries near maturity. The machinery and the skilled labor could not be found under the actual conditions of a blockaded coast and an invaded border. The government itself, finding it impracticable to get all the small arms and ammunition it needed from abroad, made a headway which was on the whole remarkable toward supplying its wants at home; but the factories it established could not turn out small arms fast enough. The greater number came from United States arsenals seized at the outset, from captures in battle, and from abroad. In heavy ordnance, mainly through the work of the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, the domestic output was more considerable. President Davis, who had been in the old army, and Secretary of War in Pierce's Cabinet, could bring a valuable training and experience to the particular problem of arms and equipment, and his account of what was done with the means at hand shows that it was done intelligently and vigorously. We must admit the impossibility of so transforming the whole industrial system of the South as to meet the sudden demand for commodities which had never been produced there, and limit ourselves to the question whether the best use was made of what the Confederates could produce or could buy or borrow.

There was, first, the hope of aid from foreign countries, and of that cotton was naturally the basis. The situation was tantalizing. The price of cotton in England rose from the moment of separa-

tion, and continued to rise until, when the blockade became effective, it reached a figure which would have enriched every planter in the Confederacy if he could have marketed his product. Firms and individuals who took the risks of running cotton through the blockade grew rich, notwithstanding heavy losses. Foreign concerns adventured in it. The government went into it extensively through agencies like John Frazer & Co., of Charleston, by sharing the risks and profits of private enterprise, and by establishing a bureau and putting four steamers of its own in commission. At the end of 1863, Bullock, head of the secret service abroad, reported that thirty-one thousand bales had been shipped by the government from the two ports of Charleston and Wilmington to Liverpool. A separate bureau was established in Texas, and there was a lively trade in cotton and small arms across the Mexican line; but with the fall of Vicksburg the Federal mastery of the line of the Mississippi greatly diminished the practical value of government assets in that quarter. The suggestion that the government might at the very outset have got possession of all the cotton in the country, shipped it abroad, made it a basis of credit with foreign governments and financiers, and grown rich with its rise in value, has often been made, but is readily dismissed. The government had not the means either to buy the cotton or to transport it.

After England, it is probable that the United States, of all "foreign countries," contributed the most, through trade, of the things which the Confederates were in pressing need of. Always forbidden, at first sincerely opposed, then winked at, and finally shared in, by the Confederate government, trade through the lines was constantly proving the strength of the commercial impulse on both sides. Cotton and tobacco slipped out; salt, bacon, and other commodities came in. President Lincoln had and exercised the

authority to license individuals to trade with the enemy. The government at Richmond actually speculated in the notes of the United States.

But one foreign loan was attempted, and of that also cotton was the basis. By a contract signed at Richmond in January, 1863, Erlanger & Cie., of Paris, underwrote at seventy - seven per cent of their face value Confederate bonds to the amount of three million pounds sterling. The interest was payable in specie, but the bonds were exchangeable at their face value for New Orleans middling cotton at sixpence a pound. That was little more than one fourth the price of cotton abroad, and the Erlangers made a pretty penny by their venture; but the government, what with the agents' profits and commissions, repurchases to affect the market, and interest paid, got little more than half the face value of the loan according to Professor Smith's calculation, less than half according to the more careful calculation of Professor Schwab. However, its receipts were in specie, and far larger in proportion than it realized on any but the earliest of its domestic loans. The single foreign loan was clumsily managed, and it seems clear that a larger one should have been tried. Possibly the hope of recognition restrained the government in the matter, but it is reasonable to suppose that the enlisting of great financial interests in England and France would have been of more help toward that end than the object lesson of a few securities held up to prices in the European market which compared favorably with the quotations of United States bonds. However, barring some good fortune which might have raised up for the Confederacy a European ally to play a part comparable to France's in the American Revolution, the shrewdest diplomacy and financiering would not have relieved it of the necessity to demand the heaviest sacrifices of its devoted people. It could not have drawn from without, either by trade or by bor-

rowing, more than a small part of what it needed to keep its armies in the field.

The devotion of the Southerners was in fact immeasurable; the economic agree with the military historians that their sacrifices were far greater than any the Revolutionary patriots made. The first revenues of the Confederate government were from voluntary loans of states and free gifts of individuals. The first requisition on the treasury was met with the personal credit of the Secretary. In the day of extreme need, women offered the hair of their heads to be sold abroad for arms.

A state of war enabled the government to get revenue by other extraordinary means than gifts and the loans of states. The United States customs receipts at Southern ports and the bullion in the New Orleans mint were taken before war was declared. A circular issued in March, 1861, directed that all dues to the United States government be paid into the Confederate treasury. A law of Congress passed in May provided that all debts due to citizens of the United States should likewise be paid into the treasury, and certificates given in exchange. The Washington government retaliated with a confiscation act, and in August a Confederate act sequestrated the property of all alien enemies, Confederate and state bonds exempted, and set apart the proceeds to reimburse citizens whose property had been taken by the United States. Pettigru, the foremost lawyer of South Carolina, attacked the law as unconstitutional; but Judge Magrath, of the Confederate District Court, held that the power to pass it was a necessary attribute of such sovereignty as the Confederate government possessed, — a position very like that which the United States Supreme Court came to in its last legal-tender decision. Late in 1864, the property of renegades and *émigrés* was confiscated. But the revenue from confiscations could not have been much above six millions, unless we include

what the states got by like measures. It has been suggested that the entire debt of the South to the North at the beginning of the war, which is variously estimated, — Professor Schwab does not pretend to do more than conjecture that it was about forty millions, — should be counted a Confederate asset, and the same sort of reasoning would make the stoppage of interest payments to Northerners on the bonds of Southern states and corporations an addition to the Southern resources. The list of extraordinary revenues should certainly include the specie of the New Orleans banks which was sent inward when the city fell, and taken by the government, nominally as a deposit. Nearly five millions were obtained that way.

There remained the two ordinary sources of revenue, — taxation and domestic loans. But the first was curtailed by the blockade to such a degree that the Confederate customs receipts may best be grouped with the receipts from gifts and confiscations, so trifling was the amount. One of the first laws of the provisional Congress at Montgomery imposed a duty of one half of one cent a pound on all exports of cotton, payable in specie or in the coupons of the first issue of bonds, the interest on which was guaranteed by the tax. A month later the first tariff law was passed, with a long free list and a rate of fifteen per cent on a few imports: it was thought advisable to put a premium on immediate importations. A small tonnage duty was for the sole purpose of maintaining light-houses. The permanent tariff passed in May was of necessity a purely revenue measure, for the provisional Constitution, like the permanent one which followed, expressly forbade protection, although both instruments omitted the prohibition of export duties in the United States Constitution, — a matter of surprise to any one who recalls that the nullifiers held the "tariff of abominations" to be virtually a tax on exports. The law fol-

lowed the Walker principle of 1846, aiming to fix the minimum rates which would yield the maximum returns, made the rates *ad valorem* wherever practicable, — the highest twenty-five per cent, and the lowest five per cent, — and left the free list still long. For the first fiscal year, the receipts from import and export duties, seizures, and confiscations, all together, were less than two and a half millions in specie.

So taxation, to be effective, must take its most direct and inquisitorial form, harassing to the taxpayers and laborious to the collectors. That the government should have been loath to adopt so unpopular a policy is not surprising; but that any government so driven upon it as that was should delay so long, and then resort to it so timidly and tentatively, is explicable only on a low estimate of the Confederate lawmakers and of the Southern public opinion which their practice of secret sessions does not seem to have emboldened them to disregard. But the weakness of the government was more culpable than the outcry of the people. Years of prosperity and peace under the Union had wonted them to light burdens of taxation, and they were imbued with hostility to the whole theory of a strong central authority. They did, in fact, more nearly keep pace with their government in recognizing the necessity of heavy taxation than taxpayers often do. At one time, a considerable body of public opinion actually urged Congress on to its duty, and the clamor against the laws when they were passed was in large part due to the inequalities they contained.

In July, 1861, Secretary Memminger estimated at forty-six hundred million dollars the assessable values in real estate, slaves, and personal property, and Congress, aiming to raise twenty-five millions, passed in August a direct war tax of one half of one per cent on all property but government bonds and money on hand, making the usual ex-

emptions. The assessment, however, fell below the Secretary's estimate by nearly four hundred millions, and as a matter of fact less than one tenth of the tax was ever collected from the taxpayers. It was not apportioned among the states, for the provisional Constitution made no such requirement; but each state was a tax division, and could obtain a rebate of ten per cent for its citizens by paying the whole of their quota, less the rebate, before the date fixed for collections. The result was that all but one or two states borrowed the money. The total receipts from the "tax," some of them not covered in for a year or more, were less than twenty millions in a currency already much depreciated. The rate was too low, and the law ill framed. The taxes which the Confederacy imposed during the first two years of the war were absurdly light in comparison with those ordinarily imposed by civilized states in time of peace.

The serious resort to taxation came at the beginning of the third year, and it was all the more unwelcome because it was belated. In April, 1863, the Congress passed a property tax of eight per cent, license taxes on various occupations, a graded income tax, a tax of ten per cent on the profits from sales of food-stuffs and a few other commodities, and a tax in kind, or tithe, on the products of agriculture. By this time, the area under control of the government was much diminished, and assessable values were shrunken by many millions. The currency was depreciating so fast that it put a great premium on delay in payments. No collections were made until the end of the year, and by April, 1864, but sixty millions in currency, valued roughly at one twentieth of that sum in specie, had been covered into the treasury. The next six months brought forty-two millions in currency, or two millions in specie. The receipts from the tax in kind cannot be given in terms of money. Officially, the proceeds in

1863 were estimated at five millions in currency. The next year, there was gathered the equivalent of thirty million rations. Professor Smith estimates the total returns from the tithe at one hundred and forty-five millions in currency. The trouble and expense of collection were great, and so was the waste. In February, 1864, the tax law of 1863 was reenacted with higher rates on property, credits, and profits; the Secretary's estimate of assessable values at that time was three billions. In June, the rates were raised horizontally, and at the very end, in March, 1865, extreme rates were imposed.

The law was unconstitutional, for the permanent Constitution required all direct taxes to be apportioned among the states according to their representation in Congress. Certain states held it an infringement of their rights more particularly because it taxed property they had exempted and banks in which they had an interest. The tithe was the feature most bitterly resented, as inquisitorial, as imposing a special burden on agriculture, already depressed by the loss of its markets, and because the farmers could not profit by delay in payments, as everybody else could, but would lose by it instead. There were other inequalities. But the law, onerous as it was, did not bring the tax receipts up to a high place in the schedule of government revenues. The last full statement available, of October 1, 1864, for the six months preceding, shows that less than twelve per cent of the total receipts was from that source. The failure to tax promptly, to tax skillfully and equally, and to tax heavily, was a damning fault and weakness of the government. The rival government at Washington fell into the same error, but recovered from it in time.

The error is not to be measured by the inadequate tax receipts alone, but by the extent to which it impaired and vitiated the final device of borrowing. Had the government adhered to the

sound policy it began with when it laid the tax on exports, payable in specie, to guarantee the interest on its first loan, it might have avoided — at least so long as by hook or by crook, at whatever cost, specie could be obtained — its unenviable preëminence among all modern governments as an exponent of forced loans and redundant note issues. Southern civilization, with sins enough to answer for already, might have escaped the crowning indictment that after centuries of money exchanges it brought Anglo-Saxon Americans back to plain barter in their market places.

The first loan, of fifteen millions, was negotiated on a specie basis, and it was successful. The Southern banks, holding perhaps twenty-five millions of specie, agreed to redeem in specie such of their notes as should be paid for the bonds, and for a year or two the interest, guaranteed by the export tax, was paid in specie. The second issue, in May, of fifty millions, was accompanied with no such guarantee of interest payments. Moreover, treasury notes to the amount of twenty millions were authorized by the same act, to be issued in lieu of bonds, and to be interchangeable with them. The loan was increased to one hundred millions in August, and in December to one hundred and fifty millions. The bonds were offered for specie, for military stores, and for the proceeds of the sale of raw produce or manufactured articles, so that the issue became largely a produce loan; four hundred thousand bales of cotton, and tobacco and other farm products in proportion, were subscribed. The relief of the planters was an avowed object. Through this policy, the government came to number four hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton, scattered over the country, among its assets. The receipts in money from sales of bonds during the first year were stated to be thirty-one millions, or twenty-two per cent of the total receipts.

The second year saw a great increase

in the number of bonds authorized to be issued, but no corresponding increase in the sales. Of one hundred and sixty-five millions authorized in April, three and one half millions were placed. In September, the Secretary was empowered to sell bonds without limit to meet appropriations. But only nine per cent of the total receipts of the year came from that source. The third year, the receipts from bonds rose to twenty-two per cent of the total, and of the twelve hundred and twenty-one millions of debt accumulated by January 1, 1864, omitting the foreign loan, two hundred and ninety-eight millions were bonded. But the figures are misleading, for practically all the bond sales of the year, except those handled by the Erlangers, were in the nature of a half-compulsory funding. Similarly, the bond sales of the last year were nearly all accomplished through a compulsory funding act of February, 1864, which amounted to a repudiation of all treasury notes which should not be funded by certain dates. By the same act, six per cent bonds to the amount of five hundred millions were authorized for current expenses, and the last full statement of October 1, 1864, shows that but little over fourteen millions of these had been sold. The debt was then thirteen hundred and seventy-one millions, and three hundred and sixty-two millions of it were funded, but less than half of the funded debt could be called voluntary loans. More than half the bonds had been sold by compulsion.

Of the enormous forced loan remaining, one hundred and seventy-eight millions were in interest-bearing notes and certificates, and eight hundred and thirty-one millions in notes bearing no interest. Beginning in March, 1861, with an issue of one million of treasury notes bearing interest, following that up in May with twenty millions of notes bearing no interest, the government had from the start paid the great bulk of its expenses with notes of the one class or the

other. By the end of the first year, one hundred and five and one half millions had been issued; at the end of the second, the debt was five hundred and sixty-seven and one half millions, and eighty-two per cent of it was in notes. In 1863, new issues more than made up the reduction accomplished by funding, and even the repudiation act of February, 1864, only temporarily diminished the rate of increase. That law required the holders of old notes, some of them fundable in eight per cent bonds, either to fund them in four per cent bonds or exchange them for new notes at the rate of three for two; otherwise, they were to be taxed out of existence. Perhaps three hundred millions were either funded or exchanged, but the remainder, though repudiated, continued to circulate. After October, 1864, current expenses were met mainly with treasury warrants and certificates of indebtedness, so that an immense floating debt was piled up, but the expiring utterance of the Confederate Congress was another issue of notes; the bill passed over the veto of President Davis.

We may admit that the government could not have avoided forced loans and an inflated currency, even if it had made the wisest use of all other means of getting revenue. Ordinary standards of public finance cannot justly be applied to it. But it is hard to see how it could have chosen a worse policy than it did. To issue notes in quantities vastly beyond the demands of business, to repudiate them, and then go on issuing more, must be near the height of bad finance. To show the effects of the policy completely, it would be necessary to examine every department of industry and trade, — a study of great interest to economists. Here, it is sufficient to point out that the redundant paper currency was the main cause of the government's failure to get the most possible out of the material resources and productive industries of the South.

It was intended that the notes should take the place of the old United States currency. The banks, the state governments, and the people readily coöperated with the government, and the New Orleans banks, which had been so well managed that they continued specie payments until September, 1861, suspended in order to accept the notes. But long before the end of the second year the circulation of these exceeded by far the circulation of United States money in the South in 1860, and they rapidly depreciated. Acts to make them a legal tender were several times proposed, but none was passed. Funding acts were passed, but failed to attain their object. No scheme like Chase's system of national banks would have been practicable with the Confederate bonds as a basis, even if the particularistic public sentiment could have been overcome to the extent of getting the necessary law through the Congress. There was no way to regulate the currency so long as the notes were issued to pay current expenses. There was no check on the states, which began to issue notes before the government. Cities, banks, corporations, business firms, individuals, swelled the circulation with their promises to pay; counterfeiters flourished. The currency was redundant, unregulated, various, fluctuating; and all the time, as always when there is too much money, the mass of the people were clamoring for more and more, because prices were rising higher and higher.

By the end of 1861, a gold dollar was worth a dollar and twenty cents in currency; by the end of 1862, it was worth three; a year later, twenty; and before the final collapse sixty-one dollars in paper was paid for one dollar in gold. Prices in general, with a few notable exceptions, as of cotton and tobacco, rose faster and higher than the price of gold. "Before the war," says a wag in Eggleston's *Recollections*, "I went to market with the money in my pocket, and

brought back my purchases in a basket ; now I take the money in the basket, and bring the things home in my pocket." Of course, the waning of the hope of victory would have depreciated any sort of Confederate obligations, but victory itself would not have made that unsoundness sound.

The incitement to speculation was irresistible. The general and correct opinion was that it was better to hold any other sort of property than money. It was because notes, whether they bore interest or not, could be used in ordinary transactions, and for speculation, that they were preferred to bonds. Long-time contracts on a money basis were sure to prove inequitable. Salaries and wages were constantly shrinking. The disposition to economize and be frugal in which the people entered upon their time of trial was followed by a reckless extravagance of the lessening little they had. Business was deranged, industry strangled. Simple-minded patriots laid the blame on the speculators, and there arose once more the growl against the Jews, old as history, heard whenever Gentiles get into trouble over money.

The government saw production curtailed, and found the producers less and less minded to sell. It was driven to impressment and arbitrary fixation of prices. In March, 1863, it set up boards of assessment, and from that time continued to force men to sell, at prices below those of the open market, for money sure to depreciate, commodities which they did not wish to sell at all. One result was to discourage industry still further. Another was waste ; for produce seized wherever found and in whatever condition often rotted or was stolen or lost before it reached the armies. A third was discontent among the people and dangerous conflicts with states. A Virginia state court granted an injunction to restrain a Confederate official from impressing flour. Governor Brown, of Georgia, protested violently against the

law, and the Georgia Supreme Court pronounced it unconstitutional. The feeling against it was particularly strong in North Carolina. Everywhere, there was friction in enforcing it.

In general, every strong measure of the government provoked resistance. North Carolina and Georgia were the principal centres of opposition, and their governors, Vance and Brown, the most persistent champions of the extreme state-rights view. Robert Toombs, who had been in the Cabinet, and Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President, spoke freely on that side. The acts empowering the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the various conscription acts, as they extended the age limits and narrowed the exemptions, with the impressment law, were the measures most stoutly resisted. Brown flatly refused to let a conscription act be enforced in Georgia. North Carolina courts discharged conscripts who had furnished substitutes, and issued writs of *habeas corpus*, in a region where martial law had been declared. Other measures resisted were the calling out of the state militia,—a bone of contention under the old government as far back as the War of 1812 ; attempts at regulating interstate commerce ; the appointment of non-residents to federal offices in various states ; the setting up of government distilleries contrary to state laws ; the taxation of state bonds ; and the effort of the government to share itself, and to prevent the states from sharing, in the profits of blockade-running. Before the end, the opponents of the government were uniting in a party, strongest in North Carolina, which avowed its desire for peace, and asserted the right, though it did not advocate the policy, of secession from the Confederacy.

For these troubles of the government the Confederate Constitution must be held in part responsible. No government in such straits could have refrained from arbitrary measures, and the Confederate

government could not be arbitrary, it could not always be trenchant and effective, without being unconstitutional. Most of the difficulties, however, would have been encountered if the Constitution had been a word-for-word copy, as it was in most of its paragraphs, of the United States Constitution. The variations from that model were not all of a nature to weaken the central authority. The executive was strengthened. The President's term was lengthened to six years. He could remove the principal officers of the departments, and all officials of the diplomatic service, at his pleasure. He could veto specific items of an appropriation bill; and to this power the Congress, without warrant from the Constitution, added the power to transfer appropriations from one department to another. The power of the legislature was limited by requiring a two-thirds majority in both houses for appropriations not based on department estimates and recommended by the President, by prohibiting extra compensation to public servants, and by prohibiting protection. The sovereignty of the states was expressly affirmed, and slavery guarded from all interference, but public opinion would have made good these provisions if they had been left out. The Supreme Court, though provided for, was never constituted, and no doubt the government was the weaker for want of it; but that, too, was the fault of public opinion.

The assertion that the Confederacy could not have held together in peace is insufficiently sustained if it rest on the differences between the Confederate and the United States Constitution. Stronger and more centralized governments would have been better for the emergency on both sides, but the form which the Confederate government took was the only form it could have taken, and the only form it could have retained in peace. What was in effect a protest against the tendency of the old Union to become a true nation could not have bodied itself

forth in a compact and hardy nationality. Unimportant as students know the merits of a written instrument of government to be when they do not accord with material conditions and the character of the civilization to be expressed, the faults of the written instrument are equally unimportant in so far as they are merely departures from a standard which the people cannot or will not live up to.

To follow the inner workings of the Confederacy as we are now enabled to do will supply political scientists and public men with striking instances of the effects of defying economic laws and disobeying the rules of sound finance. It will reveal more clearly than ever the industrial backwardness of the South, and emphasize that as the most serious of its disadvantages in the struggle. It will credit President Davis and his advisers, and many other civil servants of the Confederacy, with the utmost zeal and much intelligence, but none of them with great practical and constructive statesmanship. It will show the Congress at Richmond to have been a weak and undistinguished legislature. It will confirm completely our feeling that the armies of the South were finer far than anything they defended, — that the wonderful gray shell was of greater worth than all it held. To our main inquiry the answer is that the failure of the Southerners to win their independence, clearly as it should have been foreseen, *was*, in quite definite ways, immediately attributable to faults and errors.

But to dwell on these faults and errors, to make our study wholly common-sense and scientific, may easily mislead us. It may lead us to neglect the strength, while we search out the weakness, of the South. It may lead us away from the moving spectacle of a resolute and devoted people, hard beset by a stronger adversary, and struggling with the defects of its own civilization, which will survive when the economic and political lessons

to be got from the rise and fall of the Confederacy shall have lost their value.

That was what Mr. Henley's sailor saw from the Charleston wharf: —

“In and out among the cotton,
Mud, and chains, and stores, and anchors,
Tramped a crew of battered scare-crows,
Poor old Dixie's bottom dollars.

“Some had shoes, but all had bayonets,
Them that was n't bald was beardless,
And the drum was rolling *Dixie*,
And they stepped to it like men, sir.

“Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
On they swung, the drum a-rolling,
Mum and sour. It looked like fighting,
And they meant it too, by thunder!”

William Garrott Brown.

IN HER DOTAGE.

NEAR a group of tall modern buildings that stole each other's light and air, and covered every inch of ground allotted to them, stood in the midst of a garden a dignified old house of years ago. A high stone wall surrounded it, to insure that privacy which once upon a time was the most refined distinction of the well-born. Spring waved her first banner in that garden, and all the town knew she had arrived when the magnolia dutifully opened its white blossoms to herald the season, and later, to confirm it, the lilacs hung their flowering branches over the wall, whilst the twisted boughs of the decrepit Judas tree turned the deep pink of blood.

On these warm days the mistress of the house trotted up and down, with a quick, shaky step, the well-raked gravel walk. She was a little old lady of eighty-five, whose wrinkled face still preserved something of the pink-and-white coloring of her younger days. The blue eyes had grown dim, and the faded eyebrows gave the delicate face an expression of weakness, though weak she had never really been; indeed, in the trifling romance of her life firmness had played an important part.

She had plenty of leisure now to think over the past, and look back on the episode of sentiment that had become the rudder of her subsequent life. Nothing nowadays seemed half as real and bright

as the mere memory of those joys and that one regret. When she was tired walking she dozed on a bench, with a shawl thrown over her knees and a cushion beneath her feet. After she was well rested, she sat placidly, with her hands folded in her lap, and dreamed wide-awake dreams. She dreamt that she wore again a white muslin gown and danced at a ball. It was unlike all other balls, and ranked now as a ceremony, taking its place in the line of baptism, confirmation, and marriage; for it was there she had met him the first time.

He was almost a stranger in his home, having just returned after many years of absence and travel. His life of adventure and movement had trained him to quick decision and a rapid, clear insight into character: so he had made up his mind promptly that the demure girl with the sweet, frank face was the best thing his eyes had ever rested on, and he danced with her so often that her mother anxiously sought out their hostess, and, with the old-fashioned care of a daughter, inquired much about this new partner. When he begged Mrs. Armstrong's permission to show her daughter a flower in the conservatory, she gave her consent, but returned immediately to her hostess's side with more eager questions. In the conservatory, after the acquaintance of a few hours, he asked Miss Armstrong to be his wife. She could still feel

how she had drawn herself up haughtily, resenting with girlish pride the thought that she should be so easily won. Yet he was very handsome and agreeable; she liked him better than any one she had ever met before: so there had been a flutter and strange uneasiness in her heart as she answered: "It is impossible, Mr. Ashley. It is even absurd." She would not give him the slightest hope, for this delightful stranger, with his startling, unpremeditated proposal, filled her with distrust; and when, a short time later, she sailed for Europe, it was quite light-heartedly, with no more than a tepid thought, half tender, half scornful, for the too hasty admirer whom she left behind, and it was not until three long years after that she met him again. He had been very reserved then; she smiled to herself as she remembered the diplomacy with which he held aloof and the fright it caused her, until she detected the cautious advance of a suit that in another six months he brought to a successful issue when she became Mrs. Ashley.

Never had there been a moment when either regretted the step they had taken. In the damaged sheepfold of a gay social life, no outsider's name ever came between them. Interests and pleasures were shared in common until age quietly removed the more energetic occupations from their path; then they took short walks in the sunshine together, and longer drives when the roads were good and the winds soft. They scarcely realized they had grown old. Why should they? For love is youth, and kind hearts have Indian summers in their old age. Then the day came when he died, and to her surprise she lived on. Sorrows seem deadly as poison at first; perhaps it requires all the trifling ones in a life to make the overdose of grief harmless when it comes at last. She thought often of that first lonely day when she put on her years with her mourning, and remembered that she was seventy and childless.

How things had changed since then!

The winters had grown longer and colder; even spring, seen through her eyeglasses, had turned dreary, though no other shadows fell around Mrs. Ashley, as she sat in her peaceful garden, than those cast by the blossoming trees and the tall iris in the flower beds. Of an afternoon the garden was stirred by a wilder current of spring than that of the roses and the lilacs. The old lady's nieces and nephews, with their children, invaded the quiet precincts; the dogs that had lain asleep all morning roused themselves to rush madly after each other and the flying legs of little girls; the old carriage horse in the grass-grown stable-yard hung his toothless head over the railing and tried to neigh. The breeze, as it scattered the petals of the peach blossom and blew into clinging folds the soft drapery of gowns, lifted, as it passed, the gray curls around Mrs. Ashley's face, till a smile broke over it, and she too was young again, and wore a white muslin, as those others were doing now, and stood in a conservatory before a flower.

Thinking of those days, she became lost to her surroundings, and tears trickled down her cheeks. At first the young people had moved reverently away.

"Auntie is crying," they said; "we had better leave her alone."

She cried oftener as years went on, muttering as she cried. In time her relatives' discretion wore out, and they carried on unchecked their animated conversations around her; merely remarking, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "She is crying about *it* again."

Age is too weak to guard secrets, and Mrs. Ashley's nieces had discovered the regret, source of their aunt's tears, that they designated as *it*.

"She is crying about *it*," they said, and chatted gayly on.

As she grew older she focused her thoughts more intently on the past, until it appeared quite near, almost amongst the yesterdays. These enlarged yesterdays belong to the second childhood as

the magnified to-morrows belong to the first, and they often perplexed her companions very much.

"I must give my ball," she said one day, quite casually.

"What do you mean, aunt?" asked her niece Amelia.

"The ball I usually give in the spring, my dear."

"You have n't had one for years and years!" exclaimed Amelia.

Mrs. Ashley paused, confused.

"It is true I have let it slip of late, but that is no reason for not giving it now. Would not the girls like to have a dance?"

The girls were in doubt as they recalled their aunt's visiting list, but her next words relieved their fears.

"You can have all your own friends; we can have both yours and mine," she said cheerfully. Yet this was only a mirage of the mind, as was clearly proved when the invitations had been written and answered, and she inquired who all these people were, and what had become of their parents.

When the evening of the entertainment arrived, it did not seem at all like her "usual ball." The solemnity of the old house was startlingly broken in upon. New lights pierced its dim recesses; stacks of hired chairs filled the hall; music crept through the passages where no sound but the noiseless footfall of the mistress or the shuffling gait of a servant had been heard for years; palms and ferns formed cosy nooks where old respectability was wont to sit on stiff arm-chairs, in dignified state.

In the big gilt drawing-room Mrs. Ashley stood to receive. A brocade gown weighed heavily on her frail form, a string of pearls hung down to her waist, and over her gray hair an arrangement of lace was fastened by diamond pins. She carried her jewels with the air of one long accustomed to wear them, and her faded face turned with the true hostess's smile toward her arriving guests. They

crowded in, shook hands with her, and passed on, exclaiming to each other: "What a wonderful old lady! What a lovely room!" Her nieces, who stood on either side of her, felt proud of this specimen of their past generations. Yet she was eighty-five, and the nieces were a little anxious; they fluttered their fans about her, and inquired constantly if she were tired, or hot, or thirsty.

"It would have been better if she had not thought of receiving. When she gets tired she makes mistakes," said one, in a slightly lowered voice.

"Well, it could not be helped. She was quite indignant when I suggested her going to bed."

"If the evening only passes without her crying about *it*, I shall be thankful," answered Amelia. Then she bent down to whisper some names in her aunt's ear, and there was a little discussion as to whether she knew them or not. She wanted to chat with the people as they came in, and inquire after their relatives whom she had known in the past; but the guests passed rapidly by, and as the noise and lights confused her she asked questions over again, until poor Amelia grew quite nervous, and during the course of one mistake interrupted her: "No, aunt, no; that was somebody else. Don't talk to them; just shake hands, and let them go on."

Mrs. Ashley flushed, and, drawing herself up very erect, answered: "I am quite capable of entertaining my guests, Amelia. I only need your help to receive your daughters' friends, whom I cannot be expected to know."

She trembled with indignation. To think of it, — she, the celebrated hostess of forty years ago, receiving instruction from a woman so much younger than herself! She tugged at her fan: it was stiff, but she would not allow Amelia to open it for her; Amelia seemed to think her very old. After a little while she forgot her indignation, for she had grown weary and wanted to escape.

"I will go and sit in the green room," she said. "The ball is well started, and I am really not needed any more."

She passed through the crowd that made way for her, and entered the morning room: there, in her every-day surroundings, she was more self-possessed. It was the world of the young that moved outside, and she belonged to the world of the past. She could not take a step into the present, for she had reached that moment when the present is nothing more than the moving hands of the clock, and all that is life lies forever unattainably behind. In the last thirty years the room had seen no renovation: the furniture and hangings were somewhat worn, as beautiful things fade and wear, preserving the loveliness of the thought that shaped them, as the body preserves the soul to the last; over their dim colors the heavily shaded lamps threw a subdued pink glow.

Mrs. Ashley sat down by the fireplace that was filled with flowers, — an idea of Amelia's; she wished there had been a few burning logs instead, for, though the evening was warm, she felt cold, and rubbed her blue-veined, transparent hands together, absent-mindedly holding them out toward the red lilies that stood between the andirons. When she leaned back in the chair, the cushions folded around her dwindled figure, she looked but a heap of silk, laces, and jewels, with two blue eyes that gazed into the fireplace and wondered whether that flower in the conservatory years ago was perhaps not a red lily.

Off in the ballroom a laughing couple stopped in front of one of their hostesses, and the woman, a married one recently divorced, laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"Mabel, I want to see your great-aunt; they tell me she is quite wonderful. Can't you take me to where she is? Come along," she said, addressing her partner. "You who are an artist ought to wish to see a splendid old beauty like Mrs. Ashley."

Mabel led the way, and her sister Jennie joined them on the road. They found Mrs. Ashley leaning forward, her face buried in her hands. When Mabel roused her, she looked up with tears streaming down her face, and shook her head sadly. The girls glanced at each other, aghast.

"Do come away," Mabel said to her married friend. "Auntie is worried about something; we had better leave her alone."

"But should you not find out the cause of it, Mabel? We can't leave her like that."

"I know the trouble; it is of no consequence," Mabel answered, with embarrassment.

"You might as well tell," giggled Jennie. "It is so funny."

"Don't laugh," remonstrated her sister.

"But you must tell me," insisted the divorcee. "It sounds so mysterious and interesting. Why is she crying?"

Mabel moved toward the door, when Mrs. Ashley suddenly raised her head and repeated mournfully: "Three years! three years!"

"What on earth does she mean?" whispered the friend.

"I'll tell you," said Jennie, with a shrug of her shoulders in the direction of her sister, who was making a faint protest. "She is crying because she kept her husband waiting three years before she accepted him."

"How awfully funny!" exclaimed the divorced woman, laughing, and as she took her partner's arm she murmured: "Poor old thing! poor old thing! She is in her dotage, is n't she?"

"The sweetest dotage I have ever seen," he answered.

Jennie and Mabel darted off in search of their mother.

"Auntie is crying about *it* again, mamma," they said.

"Dear me, then it is time for her to go to bed. Call her maid, Mabel, and I will have her taken upstairs at once."

Susan Lawrance.

THE LOST LAMB.

My heart, you happy wandered
 Along the sunny hill,
 All day a-singing, singing,
 As the happy shepherd will.

The friendly blue of heaven
 Looked on you from above;
 'T was joyance all for the shepherd
 And the little lambs of love.

Oh, when the shadows gathered,
 And the damp upon the rock,
 Heart, heart, poor silly shepherd,
 Why did you count the flock?

John Vance Cheney.

THE PLAGUE OF STATISTICS.

THERE was nothing equivocal about the plagues of Egypt, and this was assuredly the good fortune of the Egyptians. Their calamities were grievous enough to be definite. Such obtrusive matters are the easiest remedied, for one knows what they are. In this our present day an affliction must be subtle indeed to escape notice. With professional diagnosticians rioting in the pulpit, the legislature, and the press, our blights multiply. We scent danger from afar, cry it from the public places, appoint a commission forthwith, and read its report with amazing complacency. State and national bureaus insatiably lay about them, that salaries may be earned and investigations pursued. If witch-finding is no longer a recognized profession, plague-finding has taken its place most satisfactorily. Circumstanced as was Egypt in her distressful days, we should turn the various afflictions over to boards and bureaus; let the entomological gentlemen memorialize the grievances of

locusts and lice along with the gypsy moth and the Hessian fly; give to the health boards the matter of boils and blains, and create such other commissions as the plagues demand, to the end that laborious reports should be made, and great quantities of folios proceed from the public printer.

Is it not possible that this whole matter of compiling statistics, and relying on them when compiled, is itself a modern plague? This reduction of all subjects to the state of the statistic, — is it not an evil in itself, an evil leading to and encouraging other evils? More than anything else this has led to a reverence for that shameful thing, the quantitative life.

Captive imagination is fast becoming confined in the web of Arabic notation and statistics. To express the shame of it phrasally, itself a dangerous and difficult matter, it may be said that if the English are a nation of shopkeepers, Americans are a nation of expert ac-

countants. There is something of the Zerah Colburn in every successful American, and it is just that something we have in common with this still famous mathematical prodigy that makes both for our successes and our shortcomings. If ambitious imitation be the gauge of what constitutes opinion, it may safely be said that the Zerah Colburn in us, plus the A. T. Stewart we wish to have, is the pedestaled abstract of the American ideal. But success has nothing to do with the quantitative life which seems so desirable. Our reverence for numbers does not mean success; the Zerah Colburn is stronger than the A. T. Stewart.

What then is involved in the problem? Why and to what extent are statistics an evil? The first part of the question is the more easily answered; briefly it can be stated in this way: We have come so to rely upon numerical expression that numbers stand both as end and means; no longer dare we appeal to the emotions, no longer do men sway men with truth of words. Facts, and the exact expression of them, are what we seem to desire. Fast are we drawing the chilling robes about us; fast have our finer instincts, our higher powers, become drugged with sums total. Judging from the means taken to convince and excite us, as a race we are becoming incapable of any reason not expressed by one of the great divisions of mathematics. Pythagoras would be delighted indeed to see our reverence for numbers; for we bow lower than did he, and for less reason.

But what actually is the extent of the evil? We can hardly measure the effects aright without knowing the extent; how greatly are we afflicted by it? The children of the imagination were long in bondage to science. Now they wander, let us hope not a full forty years, in the wilderness of purely scientific expression, the arid, sterile waste of statistics. What function of public life has not been unduly brought under this dread

domain? Understanding quantity by instinct and quality not at all, the appeal is made at once to arithmetic. Would we convince the average American? Experience has taught that it can best be done by figures. The Zerah Colburn in him is most alert. Do not the newspapers rely upon this trait continually? Latterly, our editorial pages are digests of tables prepared by various commissions. Does the pulpit scorn this means of arousing interest? How do we raise funds for starving India? The chief instrument for rousing compassion is famine statistics; the bulk of the misfortune readily appeals. We group disaster as our merchants corner markets. Do we plead the cause of temperance? Here statistics revel, and they may be had patiently plotted out even to the number of drunkards to the square rod in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, or the arrests for inebriety in Kokomo, Indiana, for 1900. What seems to be the crux in literature? How appraise the success of a book save by the number of copies sold in a given time? How ascertain the merit of a play save by the number of nights it "ran" in the dramatic centres? Thus is our American mark set on what is what. We go about reforming and purifying the world, with a committee report at elbow and a statistical compilation in each hand.

We have lost the power of reasoning without a mathematical crutch. Americans are indeed a calculating people. The premise of those who wish to inflame, convince, excite, or move us is that this must be done in no other way than in digits and systems of digits. Of the cowardice of proverbs as a retort Robert Louis Stevenson has feelingly told us; yet proverbs are brave compared to statistics. Once upon a time (it was almost as long ago as that), logic, expressed with a fine garnishing of words, swayed multitudes; proselyted with Paul, aroused the crusades, wrought the Reformation, accomplished American independence.

The time for this seems to have passed. We read to-day the speeches that once thrilled England or kept men breathless in our American halls, and, somewhat dazed, ask vaguely, "What are the figures?" Argument was once a passage at arms of wit; to-day, deductive rapiers and assertive broadswords alike would stand small show pitted against the bludgeons of statistical exactness we so unhappily applaud. What inspiration we may have is but the faculty of coördinating figures raised to the n th power.

It might be too daring to say that the only vent for the pure emotion of the American public mind is in acts of mob violence. If emotion still actuates, if principles and feelings, prejudices and passion, still hold sway in America, surely it would be manifest in the great business of a people choosing from its number a ruler. Let us see how the matter was recently gone about. Party conventions were called and men were nominated. What caused the choice? The mathematical availability of certain men. What principles did they represent? Those thought by the party managers to appeal respectively to the greatest number of people. The matter was a pure mathematical deduction; the man supposed to have the greatest numerical following was chosen. Thus the campaign was launched. The victory would be to the closest figurer. Once nominated, statisticians set to work to elect. The appeal was not to party, but to pocket, and two great masses of figures were arrayed against each other. One promised bigger wages and more general employment, the other greater wealth to the commonalty. The Zerah Colburn in the American voter was the object of the contention. His mathematical instinct

struck a balance, and victory crowned one candidate because he had the abler corps of mathematicians. An abstract idea did manage to struggle into the campaign, but the so-called anti-imperialist argument was weak because it relied upon truths that were not expressed in Arabic notation. Thus is history made, and thus are administrations set up.

Our government is one of numbers, by numbers, and for numbers. Representation is figured out in a movable ratio. The House of Representatives is the epitome of the quantitative life. Desiring auto-analysis, we ordain a multitude of governmental inquisitions; increase boards of compilation that we may have the last set of figures on strikes, cinch bugs, forestry, tuberculosis, and sewage disposal. States take up and multiply the national lust, and municipalities rush to supply any missing links. In an age to come it may be said that Carroll D. Wright was the greatest American of his time.

Thus does the apotheosis of arithmetic mark our growing habit. We forget that statistics are the first resort of the ill-informed. They may be of use in the concrete, but there is little beauty in them, and, with due respect to the public, the World Almanac is not the highest achievement in American literature. As a race we need more Harold Skimpoles. It was delightful unmathematical, unstatistical blood which did most worth doing of that which has been done. The Greeks attained to passable prominence without the trail of Arabic notation smeared across their national life or sullying conversation in Academe. The Elizabethans did much without referring to the decimal system. And Genesis was written before Numbers.

Eugene Richard White.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

THERE have been coming to us piecemeal, during the past year, two very notable tales: *The Right of Way*,¹ by the accomplished author of *The Seats of the Mighty* and *The Battle of the Strong*, and Rudyard Kipling's *exhilarating* story of *Kim*.² The former takes precedence as the more complete and symmetrical drama no less than by its remarkable moral earnestness. It is a tale of manly action, and yet it is curiously grave and provocative of sombre questioning, — a searching, unflinching, although ever compassionate study of human frailty. It is marked by deep reverence for the Christian faith in its oldest and most humane form, and yet it embodies the essence of all heresy in that it is a story of regeneration and redemption through the atoning sacrifice of the sinner himself.

But even those who consider the lesson of Charley Steele's career least edifying will be fascinated by his history, in which events of the strangest follow one another in a smooth, simple, and apparently necessary sequence. The hero of *The Right of Way* is, to all intents and purposes, a new figure upon a stage where we are sometimes tempted to think that every possible part has been acted over and over again, to the very satiety of the idle playgoer. A brilliant but dissipated young lawyer, of good social position, having easily at his feet the *beau monde* of that animated "little city" of the north which we soon recognize for Montreal, is believed to have been killed in a drunken brawl, at an obscure suburban tavern. He is thrust out of his old world, at all events, as completely as if he had so perished; and coming back to life and memory in a remote French-Canadian hamlet, after some days of cataleptic

trance and many months of almost complete oblivion, he elects to stay there among the country folk, working for his daily bread; working out his own salvation, also, literally — so it proved in the end — "as by fire." He had had a wife in his former existence, who thanked God for her unexpected release from him, and promptly accepted and espoused an earlier suitor. It is for her sake primarily that he takes the resolve to remain hidden, since her marriage had taken place before he recovered consciousness, and his resurrection would have meant yet more of shame and anguish to her than to himself. It was inevitable, however, that such a man should come eventually to love another woman, in the clean and simple new life; and where in fiction, early or late, shall we find the peer of Rosalie Evanturel, with her fine grain, her ineffable sweetness, her fibre heroic as that of Steele himself, her ample and adorable womanhood? She never dreamed how tragically her "right of way" to homely happiness was barred; and here, at last, we have the true significance of the not altogether felicitous title of the book. Would this exquisitely tempered and disciplined Rosalie — *need* she, even for art's un pitying sake — have become the mistress of Steele? Above all, being what she was, could she ever, under any stress of circumstance or howso unwittingly, have offered her generous lover the temptation to which his "honor rooted in dishonor" almost compelled him to yield? Might not the sad coil of the story have unwound itself just as effectually, and even more fairly, without this last and direst complication? Readers of *The Right of Way* will ask themselves these questions, feeling all

¹ *The Right of Way*. By GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1901.

² *Kim*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday & Page. 1901.

the while that they are both impertinent and futile. The irresistible catastrophe moves on and is consummated with a terrible suitability; but the sympathetic reader is left with an obstinate heartache. No balm of confession and absolution, no imaginary harvest of future profit to the humble folk of Chaudière parish, can console *him*. It seems ungrateful to find fault with what is, after its fashion, so noble; but the simple truth is that *The Right of Way* is too harrowing and fatalistic for a parable. It misses its mark by confusing those very moral perceptions which it assumes to quicken, and crushes the spirit of the reader as effectually as the blackest specimen of the Russian romance: as Dostoevsky's *Crime et Châtiment*, for example, or *A Lear of the Steppe*, or Anna Karenine. Such an argument as Mr. Parker's may be bracing to a spiritual athlete, though I have my doubts; but assuredly it is not entirely wholesome for the small, average human sinner. It sends one back, at all events, to the homely advice of brave old Sydney Smith to "a friend suffering from low spirits:" "Avoid poetry, dramatic representations except comedy, music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything tending to excite emotion not ending in active benevolence."

There is a fine antidote to all manner of morbidness in the brilliant pages of *Kim*. Mr. Kipling's last work is, to my mind, his best, and not easily comparable with the work of any other man; for it is of its own kind and of a novel kind, and fairly amazes one by the proof it affords of the author's magnificent versatility. "Not much of a story" may perhaps be the verdict of the ruthless boy reader who revels in the *Jungle Book* and *Captains Courageous*, and derives an unholy gratification from *Stalky & Co.* *Kim* is, in fact and upon the surface, but an insignificant fragment of human history; a bit out of the biography of a little vagabond of Irish parent-

age, orphaned when a baby, and left to shift for himself in infinite India. But the subtlety of the East and the "faculty" of the West are blended in this *terrac filius*, this tricky foundling of earth's oldest earth. His adventures are many and enthralling. He joins himself, as scout and general provider,— incidentally, also, as *chela*, or disciple, — to a saintly old lama from Thibet, "bound to the Wheel of Things," and roaming India in search of the Stream of Immortality. The pious people of the country are permitted to "acquire merit" by feeding and lodging these two, between whom there grows up an odd but very beautiful affection. *Kim* is presently recognized upon his travels, reclaimed and adopted by the Irish regiment of which his father had been color sergeant, and given a genteel sufficiency of education in a Catholic college. He endures the thralldom of St. Xavier's, however, only upon condition of being allowed still to tramp the continent in the long vacation with his beloved old Buddhist priest. Before he is done with school his remarkable fitness for employment in the secret Indian service of the English government is discovered by our old friend Colonel Creighton, and he is placed under the tuition of sundry wonderful native proficients to learn the first principles of the Great Game. The result is that he distinguishes himself, while yet a stripling, by capturing in the high Himalayas the credentials and dispatches of a formidable Russian spy, and — this is all. We have to part from *Kim* in the flush of his first victory, when the down is barely sprouted upon his shapely lip, and the women, one and all, who soften to his beauty, are summarily dismissed from his consciousness as those who "eternally pester" him! We long to know more, but feel that it would be greedy to ask it; for, bald as this outline of a plot may seem, the little book, like the country where the scene of it passes, is infinite. It contains the whole

of India, — incalculably rich, unspeakably poor: with its teeming cities, barbaric, *uralt*; its forgotten temples crumbling to decay in the dusk of "caverns measureless to man;" its ravenous holy rivers and heart-breaking stretches of burning plain, and the overpowering grandeur of that mountain barrier upon the north, which dwarfs all the other highlands of the globe into practicable hills. It contains the human soul, also, of that Orient which we have all now become bound to study, — a cunning, piercing, elusive soul, patient and proud; stayed in supernatural quiet on the sanctions of a secular faith. All this vast vision of things material and immaterial, may be discerned between two thin book covers by those who read aright, as the crystal-gazer sees past and future events in the lucid globe he can hold in the hollow of his hand. Only in the one case, as in the other, — or so the faithful say, — the eye must have been anointed beforehand and the heart prepared. He who has been thus predestined will salute in *Kim* a work of positive genius, as radiant all over with intellectual light as the sky of a frosty night with stars; the most truly *spirituel* production, in the proper sense of the term, of this or many seasons. He will find something upon every page which he desires to quote, but will stay his hand, as I do, by the reflection that illustration is wasted on those who cannot see. A word may be said, however, for the actual and very original pictorial illustrations in basso-relievo, which are by Mr. Kipling's father, and for the brilliant captions which the fitful poetic Muse of the author has bidden him put to a few of his chapters, and of which both the wittiest and the naughtiest is the reactionary explosion of the Prodigal Son: —

"Here I am, with my own again!
Fed, forgiven and known again,
Claimed by bone of my bone again
And sib to flesh of my flesh!
The fatted calf has been dressed for me,
But the husks have greater zest for me,

I think my pigs will be best for me,
So I'm off to the sties afresh!"

It may seem a little tame to turn from such a feast as this to the autumn exhibit of home products in fiction, but we need no more to reanimate us than the announcement of a new book by Mr. Cable, bearing the suggestive title of *The Cavalier*.¹ The regular machine-made novel of our time, whether dealing with contemporary or (supposed) ancestral manners, is often very admirable in its way, — learnedly designed, accurately studied, and sometimes beautifully finished. But the stories of Mr. Cable are of a different order, — not made, but born. They are living organisms, which take on the image of their creator as they grow. We have had but one supreme master of imaginative romance among us, as yet; but I know of no one fitter to stand — *quocumque intervallo* — in the place next Hawthorne's than the author of *Posson Jone'* and *The Grandissimes*. The latter is indeed one of the very few American stories which can be read more than once or twice, and seem fuller and finer at each repetition. The obscurities of the narrative become clear, the crowding characters fall into natural and noble groups; the various Creole dialects, which give the page, at first sight, so discouraging an aspect, become things of pure delight when we realize with what marvelous ingenuity the oddest vocables have been employed to express a singularly dulcet and caressing variety of human speech; finally, the incomparable climax of the main love story — "Mock me no more, Aurore Nancanou!" — lingers upon the ear as one of the most deliciously combined and entirely satisfactory of concluding chords.

That the new novel is quite equal to *The Grandissimes* one cannot pretend; but it has more of the witchery of that favorite story than anything

¹ *The Cavalier*. By G. W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

which Mr. Cable has written for a long time. There is a fire, a dash, and a general exaltation of feeling about these memoirs of the Southern Confederacy in its brief hour of highest hope which continually suggest youth in the annalist, and incline one to fancy that the book may have been written some time ago, and wisely, if not compulsorily, withheld from publication while the passions born of civil strife were still running high. Yet the tale is not flagrantly partisan. The types upon either hand are rather highly idealized, — the superb Yankee captain hardly less than the patrician stripling, Master Richard Thorn-dyke Smith, who is the titular hero of the book, and the all-daring, all-beguiling Confederate spy, who is its chief heroine. An acid critic might describe *The Cavalier* as a "jingo" book, in that it extols, without distinction of caste or cause, the fine old military virtues, — pluck, resource, gayety in hardship and pain, simple and unquestioning self-surrender. No doubt the writer's inveterate faults are here in plenty. His plot is excessively intricate, his narrative hurried and elliptical; he has a tendency to weaken by oversentimentalizing the sadder scenes of his drama. Nevertheless, *The Cavalier* is good reading for a dull, materialistic day. It quickens the slack pulses like an episode out of Froissart, or the nerve-twanging notes of one "singing of death, and of honor that cannot die." It makes its gallant appeal, moreover, to a reconciled and united nation, with a common tradition of chivalrous deeds; and whenever the tale may have been written, it appears fitly now, when the heart of the whole country is melted by a common sorrow; when, too, so much has been reclaimed by the vanquished, and restored by the victors, of what was thought, for a time, to have been lost and won in the great fight of forty years ago.

¹ *The Morgesons. Two Men. Temple House.*
By ELIZABETH STODDARD. New Uniform

The moment seems opportune, also, for inviting the suffrages of a new generation on the truly remarkable, though never very widely read novels of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard.¹ How much favor they will find with readers who have been fed fat upon a stodgy realism remains to be seen; but there can be no question whatever that those three strange and powerful books, *The Morgesons*, *Temple House*, and *Two Men*, have an historic as well as an intrinsic value. In this case, the art of the author was obviously and confessedly learned at Nathaniel Hawthorne's feet; and, in her degree, she apprehended the more morbid and mysterious aspects of the grave New England world before the war flood, exactly as did the author of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*. Mrs. Stoddard's first work was contemporary with Hawthorne's last, and she quotes with a thrill of natural pride, in the very interesting preface to this new edition, his opinion, written to herself, of *The Morgesons*, the only one of the three novels which he lived to read: "It seemed to me as genuine and lifelike as anything that pen and ink can do." "Genuine" and "lifelike" may strike the Philistine critic as terms almost ludicrously inapplicable to these high-wrought and rather lurid sketches; but given the transcendental point of view, "the consecration and the poet's dream," and they are all right. The same sort of concession must be made to the Brontë sisters and their work; to *Villette*, the most mature and temperate, as well as to *Wuthering Heights*, the maddest and the greatest production that came out of Haworth parsonage. It seems to me that Mrs. Stoddard's books, along with Hawthorne's own masterpieces, Judd's *Margaret* and Richard Edney, and it may be some few others, of which the names are already forgotten, should properly be regarded as constituting the outcome in Edition. Philadelphia: H. W. Coates & Co. 1901.

fiction of the grand revolt against Calvinism, and the so-called philosophic revival in Concord. I believe that Mr. Barrett Wendell, in his *Literary History of America*, propounds a similar view, and that he even dignifies the strictly local movement in question with the high-sounding name of a Renaissance. It took a strong head, certainly, to stand quite unshaken that large and sudden "draught of intellectual day:" wherefore, order, temperance, and probability are the last things to be looked for in the productions of the Concord school. But sincerity is in them, and a genuine if sombre poetry, an honest scorn of the more vulgar literary conventions, and a spirit of abounding tolerance, not to say deference, toward those blameless animal instincts and natural passions of our kind which had been too summarily and unmercifully repressed under the Puritan régime. There is also a deep-seated loyalty to the soil, and all its quaint, indigenous types, and a love, not far short of passion, for the bleak northern landscape, with its rare interludes, in either half season, of almost more than earthly beauty.

Of Mrs. Stoddard's three books, *The Morgesons*, which Hawthorne admired, is at once the most affluent and the most faulty. The other two show a decided gain in constructive power; and this is especially the case with *Two Men*, which is very strong in parts, and rounds, after a sufficiently erratic course, to a serene and satisfactory conclusion. One has no choice but to consider the trio collectively, for the books are all written in the same key, and composed, quite frankly, out of almost identical material. In each we have a decaying seaport, an old wooden mansion standing apart from the tangle of mean streets in a kind of sullen dignity, and the evolution within its colorless walls of a homely patrician legend, and a domestic life too exclusive and concentrated for true health, whether of mind or body. Marriage among such folk, of

overaccentuated family traits and overstrained family affection, is ever a mine of tragedy; and it is one which Mrs. Stoddard knows how to work in a most impressive manner. These gnarled old family trees, dwarfed and distorted by inclement gales, do certainly bear blossoms of ethereal beauty sometimes, like *Véronica Morgeson* and *Virginia Brande*; but occasionally, also, they produce monsters like *Brande père*, and oftener than either, especially where there has been much intermarriage, wistful, unhappy, and apparently soulless freaks, like *Angus* and *Tempe*. Whoever is familiar with the old coast towns of New England knows well that such beings exist, or, at least, that they once existed; and equally faithful is the delineation in these books of that wonderful suite of cynical and shrewd-spoken dependents, who defiantly dogged the footsteps of the "Squire" and his offspring, — the *Elsa Bowens*, *Mat Sutcliffes*, and *Temperance Tinkhams*, — ready for the uttermost abandonment of self-denying service, and almost equally so to commit murder on whoever should dare call them servants. An awesome generation they were, indeed, — master and mistress, son and daughter, maid and man: sincere in their piety, and yet profoundly pagan; virtuous as a rule, but occasionally surpassing in crime; liable amid their habitual austerities to sudden earthquakes of elemental passion and fierce reactions of sensual desire. Their names may be read upon the leaning slabs — corroded by salt spray and streaked with yellow lichen — of many a wind-swept graveyard; and the record of their more picturesque *emportements* would so ill befit the decorum of conventional history that we seek and find it gratefully in the untrammelled pages of the thoroughgoing romanticist. Very similar moral and social anomalies, it will be remembered, have been observed by Thomas Hardy among the rustic folk of immemorial Dorsetshire and portrayed with his own inimitable power. Mrs.

Stoddard's is a more primitive instrument than his, but she too plays upon her few strings with astonishing variety; and it may be noted, as a mark of her strong dramatic instinct and confidence in the vitality of her own characters, that her conversations are usually thrown into the baldest dialogue form, and burdened with no descriptive adverbial clauses or clumsy mechanism of "said he" and "she replied." She does not always resist the temptation of making her people talk too cleverly, but one seldom doubts who is speaking. Her descriptive passages are rare, but curiously faithful, and often very striking, like this:—

"As for him, there was something in the atmosphere that made his spirits rise; something more with every mile that made them equable, fair, and full. The vast white clouds that moved in the

blue sky, and let fall darting shadows over the still and solitary landscape; the mild sea wind rustling the faded corn leaves on their dry stalks; the grasshoppers singing their last songs in the warm turf; the purple and yellow flowers and red grasses in the ditch; the low, level fields dipping to the shore, beyond which he caught glimpses of the sea; the tranquil twilight of an old pine wood whose needles filled up the sandy ruts, whose tops of vital green covered a gray, skeleton army of trunks; the maples whose leaves are the couriers of the frost; the flickering birches dropping pale yellow leaves; the tri-edged shining grass of the salt marshes; the whirl of the brown birds; the amber-colored brooks with their borders of cool sand,—one and all belonged to the pleasant condition of his mind."

A PLEA FOR CRABBE.

It would be a pleasure to suppose that the new edition of Crabbe in a single volume¹ would at last bring to him that popularity which his lover, FitzGerald, labored so insistently to create, but any such hope is bound to be frustrate. Here is, in fact, one of the curiosities of literature: that a poet who has been admired so extravagantly by the wisest of England's readers should fail, I do not say of popularity, but even of recognition among critics and historians. For certainly no one would call Crabbe popular, and to realize the neglect of the critics we need only turn to the most sympathetic study of the poet in recent years and read Mr. Woodberry's opening words: "We have done with Crabbe." Yet to Byron this was "the first of living poets;" and Byron's epigram, "Nature's

sternest painter, yet the best,"—commonly misquoted, by the way,—is on the lips of a host of readers who have never so much as opened a volume of Crabbe's works. Nor was Byron alone among the great men of that period to reverence what we have elected to forget. On his deathbed Fox called for Crabbe's poems, and in the sorrows of Phœbe Dawson found consolation while his life was ebbing away. And of Scott we are told that these same poems were at all times more frequently in his hands than any other work except Shakespeare, and that during his last days at Abbotsford the only books he asked to be read aloud to him were his Bible and his Crabbe. But the true worshiper of our poet's genius was that gentle cynic and recluse, Edward FitzGerald. There is

¹ *The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe.* By his SON. A New and Complete

Edition. London: John Murray. 1901. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

something really pathetic in FitzGerald's constant lamentation that no one reads his "eternal Crabbe." Our English Omar at least is popular, and it looks as if the Suffolk poet were to attain a kind of spurious fame from the way his name is imbedded in the letters of the "Suffolk dreamer."

Now it is superfluous to say that a writer who has been so lauded by the greatest poet, the most ardent orator, the most honored novelist, and the most refined letter-writer of England in a century must himself have possessed extraordinary qualities. Yet it remains true that Crabbe is not read, is not even likely to be much read for many years to come; and the reason of this is perfectly simple: his excellencies lie in a direction apart from the trend of modern thought and sentiment, while his faults are such as most strongly repel modern taste.

As for the faults of Crabbe, it is enough to say that he is an avowed imitator of Pope in all formal matters, and that the antithetic style of the master too often descends in him to a grotesque flaccidity. It would not be impossible to quote a dozen lines almost as absurd as the parody in *Rejected Addresses*:—

"Regained the felt, and felt what he regained."

But even where his style is wrought with nervous energy, it fails to attract an audience who have tasted the rapturous liberties of Shelley and Keats, and who love to take their sentiment copiously in unrestrained draughts. They do not see that the despised heroic couplet permits the narrative poet to condense into a pair of verses the insignificant joinings of a tale which in any other form would occupy a paragraph; nor does it interest them that in the hands of a moral poet the couplet is like a keen two-edged sword to strike this way and that. They are only offended by what seems to them the monotonous seesaw of the rhythm; and a style which constantly opposes an effort of the judicial under-

standing at every pause in the flow of sentiment repels those who think wit (in the old sense of the word) a poor substitute for celestial inspiration. It is partly a matter of psychology, partly a matter of inscrutable taste, that a generation of readers who are attracted by the slipshod rhythms of *Epipsychidion* or *Endymion* should find the close-knit periods of Crabbe unendurable.

To me personally there is no tedium, but only endless delight, in these mated rhymes which seem to pervade and harmonize the whole rhythm. And withal they help to create the artistic illusion, that wonderful atmosphere, I may call it, which envelops Crabbe's world. No one, not even the most skeptical of Crabbe's genius, can deny that he has succeeded in giving to his work a tone or atmosphere peculiarly and consistently his own. It would be curious to study this question of atmosphere in literature; and determine the elements that go to compose it. Why are the works of Dickens or Smollett or Spenser, to choose almost at random, so marked by a distinctive atmosphere, while in a greater writer, in Shakespeare for example, it may be less observable? Something of bulk is necessary to its existence, for it can hardly be created by a single book or a single poem. A certain consistency of tone is needed, and a unity of effect. It cannot exist without perfect sincerity in the writer; and, above all, there is required some idiosyncrasy of genius, some peculiar emotional or intellectual process in the author's mind, which imposes itself on us so powerfully that when we arise from his works the life of the world no longer seems quite the same to us; for we have learned to see the quiet fields of nature and the thronging activities of mankind through a new medium.

All these qualities, and more particularly this individuality of vision, pervade Crabbe's descriptive passages and his portraits of men. They color all his painting of inanimate things, but they

are most evident, perhaps, in his pictures of the sea, whose varied aspects, whether sublime or intimate, seem to have become a part of his sensitive faculties through early associations. He has caught the real life of the sea, its calm and tempest or sudden change, as few poets in English have done. Especially he loves the quiet scenes, the beach when the tide retires; when all is calm at sea and on land, and the wonders of the shore lie glittering in the sunlight or the softer light of the moon. Even more characteristic are his pictures of the muddy, oozing shallows, as in that passage where the dull terrors of such a waste are employed to heighten the most tragic of his Tales:—

“When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping mussels, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he ’d lie down and trace
How sidelong crabs had scrawled their crooked race,
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom:
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
And loved to stop beside the opening sluice;
Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd’ning sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppressed the soul with misery, grief, and fear.”

There, if anywhere in English, is the artist’s vision, the power to concentrate the mind upon a single scene until every detail in its composition is corroded on the memory, and the skill, no less important, to select and arrange these details to a clearly conceived end.

These lines may serve to exemplify another trait of Crabbe’s genius, the rare union of scientific detail with pervading human interest. He was, in fact, all his life a curious and exact student of botany and geology. Even in his old age he kept up these scientific pursuits, and his son, in the excellent biography, tells how the old man on his visits would leave the house every morning, rain or shine, and go alone to the quarries to search for fossils and to pick up rare herbs on the wayside. “The dirty fossils,” says the dutiful son, “were placed in our best bedroom, to the great diversion of the female part of my family; the herbs stuck in the borders, among my choice flowers, that he might see them when he came again. I never displaced one of them,”—a pretty picture of busy eld. Of this inanimate lore of plants and rocks Crabbe is most prodigal in his verse, but, by some true gift of the Muses, it never for a moment obscures the human interest of the narrative. After all, it was man, and the moral springs in man, that really concerned him. As he himself says, the best description of sea or river is incomplete.

“But when a happier theme succeeds, and when

Men are our subjects and the deeds of men;
Then may we find the Muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.”

Even when he submits his art to minute descriptions, as for instance to a study of the growth of lichens, there still lurks this human ethical instinct behind the scientific eye. Read in their proper place, the following lines are but a little lesson to set forth the associations of mortal antiquity:—

“Seeds, to our eyes invisible, will find
On the rude rock the bed that fits their kind;
There, in the rugged soil, they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
And spread the enduring foliage;—then we trace

The freckled flower upon the flinty base;
These all increase, till in unnoticed years
The stony tower as gray with age appears;

With coats of vegetation, thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead :
These then dissolve to dust, and make a way
For bolder foliage, nursed by their decay ;
The long-enduring Ferns in time will all
Die and depose their dust upon the wall ;
Where the winged seed may rest, till many a
flower
Show Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower."

I choose these lines for citation because they form, perhaps, the most purely descriptive passage in Crabbe ; and even here it is really the associations of generations of mankind with an ancient house of worship that stir the poet's feelings. For pieces of greater scope one should go to such pictures as the ocean tempest in *The Borough*, which I would not spoil by quoting incomplete. In his study of the Roman decadent poets, M. Nisard has instituted a careful comparison of the storm scenes in the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, and the *Pharsalia*, showing the regular increase from Homer down of descriptive matter added for merely picturesque effect, apart from its connection with the human action involved. It would not be easy to find a better example of extended description completely fused with human interest than this tempest in *The Borough*. Every detail of that animated picture is interpreted through human activity and emotion. This does not mean that Crabbe's attitude toward nature is that of an emotional pantheism which uses the outer world as a mere symbol of the soul. Very far from that : the human emotions are in this passage the direct outcome of a sharply defined natural occurrence. In another scene, one that has achieved a kind of fame among critics, he tells the story, in his quiet, satirical manner, of a lover who goes a journey to meet his beloved. The lover's way leads him over a barren heath and a sandy road, but, in his state of exalted expectation, everything that meets his eye is charged with loveliness. At last he arrives only to find his mistress has gone away, — gone, as he thinks, to see a

rival. He follows her, and now his way takes him

" by a river's side,
Inland and winding, smooth, and full, and wide,
That rolled majestic on, in one soft-flowing
tide ;

The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks,
Tall willows waving in their broken ranks ;
The road, now near, now distant, winding led
By lovely meadows which the waters fed."

But all is hideous to his jealous eye.
"I hate these scenes !" he cries : —

"I hate these long green lanes ; there's nothing seen
In this vile country but eternal green."

All this is the furthest possible remove from vague reverie ; it is a bit of amusing psychology, tending to distinguish more sharply between man and nature rather than to blend them in any haze of symbolism.

It may be imagined from Crabbe's power over details that he should excel in another sort of description, in scenes of still life, which come even closer to the affairs of humanity ; and, indeed, there are scattered through his poems little genre pictures that for minuteness and accuracy can be likened only to the masterpieces of Dutch art in that kind. The *locus classicus* (if such a term may be used of so unfamiliar a poet) of this genre writing is the section of *The Borough* that describes the dwellings of the poor. I cannot refrain from quoting a few of the introductory lines to show how skillfully he prepares the mind for the picture that is to succeed : —

"There, fed by food they love, to rankest
size,

Around the dwellings docks and wormwood
rise ;

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly
fruit ;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And penciled flower of sickly scent is seen."

And this is the poet who has been censured for lack of descriptive powers ! Of the scene that follows, — the "long boarded building," with one vast room, where the degraded families of the out-

cast are huddled together, — no selection can convey anything but the most inadequate impression ; it must be read intact, and once read it will cling to the memory forever. Here, at least, is a bit that is as vivid as a picture by Van Ostade or Teniers : —

“ On swinging shelf are things incongruous
stored, —

Scraps of their food, — the cards and cribbage-
board, —

With pipes and pouches ; while on peg below,
Hang a lost member's fiddle and its bow ;
That still reminds them how he'd dance and
play,

Ere sent untimely to the Convicts' Bay.”

It must be clear even from these imperfect selections that Crabbe was able to envelop his inanimate world with an atmosphere peculiar to his own genius. As for the human beings that move through his scenes, if one were given to comparisons, he would probably liken them to the people of Dickens. The comparison is apt both for its accuracy and its limitations. The world of Crabbe is on the surface much like that of Dickens, but examined more closely it is seen to be less pervaded with humor, and more with wit ; its pathos, too, is less pungent and firmer, and its moral tone is quite diverse. Save in his later *Tales of the Hall*, — which, after all, are scarcely an exception to the rule, — the characters in Crabbe's poems are taken from the ranks of the humble and poor ; they are in external appearance the London folk of Dickens transferred to the country. But they rarely ever descend, like Dickens's portraits, into caricature, for the reason that their divergencies grow more from some inner guiding moral trait, and are less the mere outward distinctions of trick and manner. They are, too, more directly the outcome of divergent individual will ; they are, for this reason, more perfectly rounded out in their personality, and they bear with them more complete a sense of moral responsibility for their associations.

We are carried to the green lanes and

sandy shores of England, but it is not the land of old poetic illusions. Here are no scenes of idyllic peace, no Corydons murmuring liquid love to Phyllis or Neæra in the shade. I do not mean to imply that the orthodox pastoral dreams are without justification, for that would be to condemn the central theme of *Paradise Lost*, not to mention a host of minor poems justly beloved. But certainly these dreams lie perilously near to mawkishness and insincerity, and if for no other reason we could admire Crabbe for his manly resistance to their easy allurements. It seems that he set himself deliberately to ridicule and rebuke the common vapidity of that facile school. In those introductory lines to *The Village*, notable chiefly because they were tampered with by Dr. Johnson, he directly satirizes the poets — and his master, Pope, was in youth one of the worst sinners in this respect — who imitate Virgil rather than nature. He too had sought the sweet peace and smiling resignation of rural life, but instead he had found only the cry of universal labor and contention : —

“ Here, wandering long, amid these frowning
fields,

I sought the simple life that Nature yields ;
Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurped her
place,

And a bold, artful, surly, savage race.”

An atmosphere of gloom is, indeed, over Crabbe's human world ; not moroseness or morbid sentimentality, but a note of stern judicial pity for the frailties and vices of the men he knew and portrayed. His own early life in a miserable fishing hamlet on the Suffolk coast, under a hard father, his hard years of literary apprenticeship in London, and then for a time the salt bread of dependency as private chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, gave him a knowledge of many sorrows which years of comparative prosperity could not entirely obliterate. He is at bottom a true Calvinist, showing that peculiar form of fatalism which still finds

it possible to magnify the free will, and to avoid the limp surrender of determinism. Mankind as a body lies under a fatal burden of suffering and toil, because as a body men are depraved and turn from righteousness; but to the individual man there always remains open a path up from darkness into light, a way out of condemnation into serene peace. And it is with this mixture of judicial aloofness and hungering sympathy that Crabbe dwells on the sadness of long and hopeless waiting, the grief of broken love, the remorse of wasted opportunities, the burden of poverty, the solitude of failure, which run like dark threads through most of his Tales. And in one poem, at least, he has attained the full tragic style with an intensity and singleness of effect that rank him among the few master poets of human passion. The story of Peter Grimes — his abuse of his old father, his ill treatment of the workhouse lads bought from London, and his final madness and death — is the most powerful tragedy of remorse in the English language. I have already quoted the picture of the desolate shallows and “the lazy tide in its hot slimy channel” where the wretch sought to hide his guilt; but not less perfect in its art is Peter’s own story of the three lonely reaches in the river where the images of his victims used to rise up and haunt his vision: —

“There were three places, where they ever
rose,—
The whole long river has not such as those,—
Places accursed, where, if a man remain,
He ’ll see the things which strike him to the
brain;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours; accursèd
scene!”

Then madness struck into his soul: —

“In one fierce summer-day, when my poor
brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood:
There was more mischief in their eyes, more
glee
In their pale faces, when they glared at me:

Still they did force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppressed,
He with his hand, the old man, scooped the flood,
And there came flame about him mixed with
blood;

He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face;
Burning it blazed, and then I roared for pain,
I thought the demons would have turned my
brain.”

But if the atmosphere of these poems is sombre, that does not mean they are without brighter glimpses of joy. As he himself expresses it, they are relieved by “gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose.” In fact, Crabbe has contrived to include a vast number of human interests and passions in these simple Tales. There are pages of literary satire on the Gothic romances of the day, more neatly executed even than *Northanger Abbey*. There are poems, like the second letter of *The Borough*, overflowing with tender sentiment; tales such as *Phœbe Dawson*, where the pathos is almost too painful to be easily supported. There are stories of quaint playfulness, like *The Frank Courtship*. Humor, too, is not wanting, and now and then comes a stroke of memorable wit. Jealousy, ambition, pride, vanity, despair, and all the petty tyrannies of conceit are set off with marvelous acuteness. Even abounding joy is not absent. I do not know but the sense of charm, of homely intimate life, of tranquil resignation, is, for all their dark colors, the final impression of these Tales. And everywhere they show the delightful gift of the story-teller. Each separate poem is a miniature novel wrought out with unflagging zest and almost impeccable art. The story of the younger brother in *Tales of the Hall* glows again with “the sober certainty of waking bliss;” and the older brother’s history begins with a rapturous tide of romantic dreaming that fairly sings and pulses with beauty. The whole of this second story is, in fact, a literary masterpiece, for its scenes of joy, followed by despondency and heroic forbearance,

controlled throughout by the unerring psychological instinct of the poet.

But this unerring instinct is not confined to any one tale ; it guides the poet in the creation of all his multitudinous characters. At first, perhaps, as we see the ethical motives that underlie a character so clearly defined, it seems the poet is dealing merely with a moral type ; but suddenly some little limitation is thrown in, some modification of motive, which changes the character from a cold abstraction to a living and unmistakable personality. Crabbe has been called a realist ; and in one sense the term is appropriate, but in the meaning commonly given to the word it is singularly inept. The inner moral springs of character are what first interested him, and his keen perception of manners and environment only serves to save him from the coldness of eighteenth-century abstractions.

I have dwelt at length on these phases of Crabbe's work which would strike even a casual reader, for the sufficient reason that the casual reader in his case scarcely exists. The real problem, as I have already intimated, is to explain why a poet of such great, almost supreme powers should fail to preserve a place in the memory of critics, not to mention his lack of a popular audience. His failure is due in part, no doubt, to the use of a metrical form which we choose to condemn, but chiefly it is due to the fact that he is at once of us and not of us. His presentation of the world is in spirit essentially modern, so that we do not grant him the indulgence unconsciously allowed to poets who describe a different form of society, and whose appeal to us is impersonal and general ; while at the same time he ignores or even derides what has become the primary emotion we desire in our literary favorites. Since the advent of Shelley and Wordsworth and the other great contemporaries of Crabbe our attitude toward nature has altered profoundly. We demand of the poet a minute, almost a scientific ac-

quaintance with the obscurer beasts and flowers ; but still more we demand, if the poet is to receive our deeper admiration, a certain note of mysticism, a feeling of some vast and indefinable presence beyond the finite forms described, a lurking sense of pantheism by which the personality of the observer seems to melt into what he observes or is swallowed up in a vague reverie. When we think of the great nature passages of the century, we are apt to recall the solemn mysteries of Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey or Shelley's Ode to the West Wind. Even in poets who are not frankly of the romantic school, and who are imbued with the classical spirit, the same undercurrent of reverie is heard. Matthew Arnold's verse is full of these subtle echoes. It may be caused by a tide of reminiscence which dulls the sharpness of present impressions, as in so simple a line as this : —

"Lone Daulis and the high Cephissian vale ;"
or it may be present because the words are overfreighted with reflection, as in the closing lines of *The Future* : —

"As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea ;"

but everywhere this note of reverie runs through the greater modern poets. Now of science Crabbe owned more than a necessary share, but for reverie, for symbolism, for mystic longings toward the infinite, he had no sense whatever. It is quite true, as Goethe declared, that a "sense of infinitude" is the mark of high poetry, and I firmly believe that the absence of this sense is the one thing that shuts Crabbe out of the company of the few divinely inspired singers, — the few who bring to us gleanings from their "commerce with the skies," to use old Ovid's phrase. But it is also true that this sense of infinitude as it speaks in Homer and Shakespeare is something

far more sober and rational than the musings of the modern spirit, — something radically different from the brooding rhapsodies of Shelley's Prometheus Unbound; and Crabbe's very limitations lend to his verse a brave manliness, a clean good sense, that tone up the mind of the reader like a strong cordial.

And there is the same difference in Crabbe's treatment of humanity. Wordsworth, feeling this difference, was led to speak slightly of Crabbe's "unpoetical mode of considering human nature and society." His repulsion may be attributed in part to Crabbe's constant use of a form of analysis which checks the unconstrained flow of the emotions; but the chasm between the two is deeper than that. Wordsworth was ready to ridicule the sham idyllic poetry as freely as Crabbe or any other; but, at bottom, are not Michael and the leech-gatherer, and a host of others that move through Wordsworth's scenes, the true successors of the Corydons and Damons that dance under the trees on the old idyllic swards? In place of pastoral dreams of peace we hear now "the still, sad music of humanity." Yet it is the same humanity considered as a whole; humanity betrayed by circumstances and corrupted by luxury,

but needing only the freedom of the hills and lakes to develop its native virtues; humanity caught up in some tremulous vision of harmony with the universal world; it is, in short, the vague aspiration of what we have called humanitarianism, and have endowed with the solemnities of a religion. If this is necessary to poetry, Crabbe is undoubtedly "unpoetical." In him there is no thought of a perfect race made corrupt by luxury, no vision of idyllic peace, no musing on humanity as an abstraction, but always a sturdy understanding of the individual man reaping the fruits of his own evil doing or righteousness; his interest is in the individual will, never in the problem of classes. His sharply defined sense of man's personal responsibility coincides with his lack of reverent enthusiasm toward nature as an abstract idea, and goes to create that unusual atmosphere about his works which repels the modern sentimentalist. So it happens, we think, that he can appeal strongly to only a few readers of peculiar culture; for it is just the province of culture or right education — is it not? — that it shall train the mind to breathe easily an atmosphere foreign to its native habit.

Paul Elmer More.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been reading in Dr. van Dyke's latest book the Writer's Request of his Master, and it led me to reflect that this Prayer of the Literary Man is comparatively a new fashion. There is Dr. Johnson's Prayer on Beginning the Rambler, to be sure, but where else in the practical history of English authorship can you find a literary prayer which dates farther back than Kipling's Envoy to Life's Handicap? Fancy Sir Walter Scott finding

*The Prayer
of the Liter-
ary Man.*

time to pray as he rushed through Guy Mannering in six weeks, to help out the Ballantynes. Or Thackeray, plagued to death by the troublesome punctuality of the "monthly number," or taking out a cheerful contract with himself to beat Dickens next time. Or Shakespeare, — surely, if ever a man was touched by his own work, it was Shakespeare; yet I imagine it would have been considered sacrilege in his day to refer a matter of literary composition to the Deity. Men

invoked the Muses who had nothing to do but to look after such things ; or Patrons who might possibly defray the expenses of publication.

No, the Prayer is a very recent fashion. It came in with the new Gospel of Style, when the duties of the Writer began to assume solemn proportions. When an author felt called upon to spend nine hundred hours on a story of thirty pages, as was the case with Flaubert, it was time to pray. Indeed, when one reads the biographies of Flaubert and the De Goncourts, the modern literary labor without piety strikes one as a dreadful thing. Here was Flaubert, so distressed over the euphony of a certain phrase in Madame Bovary, "*d'une couronne de fleurs d'oranges*," that "he strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as a setting to the others, the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que, de, faire, avoir, être*." And we hear of him pacing his chamber madly, and shouting his sentences at the top of his voice in order to test the rhythm ; nor could his mother assuage his frenzy, or tempt him forth to a little walk in the garden. Then there was Jules de Goncourt, whose brother assures us that he "died of work, and, above all, of the desire to elaborate the artistic form, the chiseled phrase, the workmanship of style." Jules too pursued his calling "with almost *angry zeal*, changing here an epithet, there a rhythm in a phrase, remodeling a turn of speech, tiring and wearing out his brain in the pursuit of a perfection often difficult of attainment." Nor could he be "for an instant diverted from literature by a pleasure, an occupation, a passion of any sort ; nor by love either for a woman or for children."

Surely, as we read the preceding accounts, we begin to feel that it is well to approach an art, so difficult and so long, in a humble spirit, prepared for reverses, cheerfully resigned to our inevitable limitations. Dr. van Dyke's prayer

seems to me especially calculated to soothe the excited nerves of authorship. "Help me," he says, remembering the Gospel of French Prose, "to deal honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed," — a petition that Shakespeare very evidently neglected to make. But he concludes with a gentle humor which seems to me the soul of piety : "Steady me to do my full stent of work *as well as I can* ; and when that is done stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen." A quiet heart ! What one of us, who drives the pen nowadays with difficulty and with ambition, would not desire to be graced with "a quiet heart" ! The death of Jules de Goncourt is a sad warning.

IN reading the Contributors' Club in the August Atlantic, I was much interested by an article discussing the question whether or not certain nude statues should be allowed to remain in the public exhibition rooms of the museums where they are preserved. The objection to the statues seems to be that "those who are concerned about the morals of the public maintain that grave harm is done by such exhibitions," since, in their public exposure, the figures may be seen "by children from the schools as well as by scholars from the universities." On the other hand, there are those who maintain that no evil can be found in an objective work of art except by those who bear the evil suggestion in their own mind. The writer of the article in question seems, in his own personal opinion, to agree with the latter party. Indeed, his words show plainly that his genial soul is too open to be guilty of that peculiar kind of modesty or morality which has so keen and sniffing a nose for covert indecencies. Nevertheless, in endeavor-

Of the Despisers of the Body.

ing to hold a middle position in the controversy, and to offer a practical settlement, not of the argument, but of the practical difficulty, he seems to be hampered by an overnice sense of tolerance toward the Philistines. He suggests that, since any citizen who, as taxpayer, helps to support the museum has a right to demand the removal of any nude statue which he considers guilty of malicious intent against the budding moral conscience of the children who visit the place, the offending statues be shut in some more private room, and shown only to those whose mature age is supposed to render them immune.

Now, even though the right to protest and the power to exclude be with the fearful citizen, I do not think that our writer's suggestion is at all practical, nor am I one of those who would agree with his last words: "In the meantime, let us wait. There is no hurry. Do not let us oppose our canon of taste, however cultivated, to a canon of morals held by a considerable number of sincere persons, however mistaken." On the contrary, I believe that there is much to be said here and now. We cannot wait. It is high time that more voices should be raised to cry beauty to this land, — simple sensuous beauty, beauty of form, beauty of body.

Our experiment of allowing aggregates, averages, and majorities to rule our land may in time lead to the ideal government; the experiment, at any rate, is unique and worth trying. But in art such rule leads only to mediocrity. We lack plainly the desire and taste for the beautiful. Our public acts nearly all tend to utility or convenience, to save or gain time. In only a few instances have municipalities made any attempt to supply the public need of some show of beauty of form in public places merely for the sake of beauty, or rather, for the good that invariably springs from beautiful things. With all strictest observance of the canons of the latest mo-

ality, human nature may be ugly and repellent if it exclude beauty. Nothing is more harmful than ugliness, or even a colorless lack of beauty.

Many things, indeed, are called by the name of beauty. Moralists, scientists, physicians, as well as artists, use it as the last word of praise or wonder; but there is only one beauty which is beauty, and nothing else, — beauty of form, whether the form be wrought of words, or stone, or sound, or paint, or flesh. Before the Christian era, the most highly civilized people of the world, the Greeks, had deified bodily beauty. Even in their training of the mind, they had aimed at attaining a symmetry, somewhat analogous to the proportions of a statue, by means of music, poetics, and geometry. Every corner of public places was utilized in the service of beauty. The mind, constantly filled with the images of beautiful things, had perforce to assume an analogous shape. No immorality was fancied to exist in a thing which could not possibly be either moral or immoral. Herodotus states as a curious fact that "among certain barbarous peoples it is considered disgraceful to appear naked." Whence, then, this fear of contamination from the artistic representation of the undraped human body?

Not the smallest of our needs to-day is our need for beauty, not merely in private, but by means of a municipal and national encouragement. There are many ready to take example, in their individual lives, from William Morris, and seek to bring beauty into common life and the decoration of common things. The signs are good, the omens are propitious. Therefore, when there is question of removing beautiful statues from public places, it is no time to remain silent. The desirableness of beauty cannot be rationally disputed, and there are few who will deny that the human body at its best, in nature or in art, is beautiful. Clothes and drapery are more sub-

ject to arbitrary changes of fashion than is conventional morality itself. Look at the photographs of reigning belles of three or four years ago, and, in spite of beauty of feature, the already obsolete toggery has in almost every case destroyed all artistic suggestion or value. Of course there are exceptions, and drapery has its uses; but the Venus of Medici remains beautiful, harmlessly, nakedly beautiful, regardless of the fluctuations of fashion or moral conscience. How can such a statue be either moral or immoral in any eyes, especially those of children? Only natural depravity could find harm here, — such depravity as would find the same harm in a shoe, a garter, or a glove.

After all, there is no such thing as naked beauty in art. All beauty in art is veiled by the poetic conception of the artist with a cast of ideality which removes the object at once from the world of the actual, and makes it a creature of the more radiant world of symbols. Art can cast its glamour over even the ugly, the commonplace, and the vulgar. It is the hiding away and concealing of a thing that makes it shameful and piques an evil curiosity. Hence the keeping of nude statues in a private room would merely give them a false and dangerous suggestiveness. And this vicious sense of suggestiveness sprang into life at the first gesture of the pointing finger of "fearful innocence." We do not need fewer nude statues, nor ought we to hide away those we have; but, for our moral healthiness as well as for the satisfaction of our higher desires, we need less morality of the sin-sniffing sort, and more real innocence and unshamed beauty.

STEVENSON once wrote an Apology for Idlers, and a graceful and potent one it is; but I am inclined to think his rhetoric was thrown away. In these days almost every one respects idlers, or pretends to, and he would much better have defended the dun-colored virtues which all admire,

but which, alas, are seldom dear. His Midas touch might have gilded respectability, and made even industry look debonair; instead, he has chosen merely to cast an added glamour over the graceful irresponsible, which we were ready enough to love before. For with such idlers in mind as Whitman and Thoreau, or such notorious ones as Villon and Goldsmith and Burns, idleness has come to assume for us a hazy identity with poetic insight, and we set down such a strenuous old Puritan as Milton for a poet by sheer exception and the grace of God. Even if we do not confound idleness with genius, it is itself so alluring and gracious, so tolerant and sweet-mannered, in contrast with its businesslike and not too pleasant-spoken opposite, that it is loved where the other must endure respect. Or not so much grace is done it, for it is more often gibed at. Anything is that takes itself seriously, from Theosophy to the cult for Omar Khayyám; and it is small satisfaction to feel that Hooker or Johnson would have commended you, if you must be bantered by Gelett Burgess or Andrew Lang.

It is not that the sober-sided virtues are altogether misprized, but these choicer spirits have a way of possessing them with due modesty, and do not thrust them in our faces. Most of us regard our own admirable qualities as something too high and hardly won to be considered without veneration, and so strut a little consciously under their weight; like the parvenu who lets none forget his wealth, or the pedant who will still be marveling at his own learning. But to live on formal terms with your own good points is too like living stiffly up to your new house-fittings; there is breeding in the carriage of a virtue as in the wear of a coat, and that is to take either as a matter of course, and act as if you had plenty more.

I have it in my heart to feel very sympathetic toward the plodder, undignified and sorry figure though he is, for

An Apology
for Plodders.

I must own that we have much in common: he would dearly love to be frivolous, and can't; and so would I. To be sure, I feel no affinity for enclitics, and am nothing of a grubber; indeed, I flatter myself that when it comes to tastes, mine will stand the severest tests of modernity: I delight in Whistler and dote on Bernard Shaw; I can read Maeterlinck and love nonsense books; I like Velasquez better than Murillo, and *The Ring* and the Book better than the *Faërie Queene*. But all this is of no avail, and I must know myself for half a plodder still; for (and well I know this is the unpardonable sin against the modern spirit) I must own to having a well-regulated conscience. Now a conscience is not modern at all: it has no sense of humor, and always takes itself seriously; and if you, its reputed possessor and master, do not take it so, why, the worse for you! I inherited mine, and though I am properly ashamed of it as a child of the present light-minded age, still Puritan ancestry is stronger than I, and it continues to stick by me in spite of frequent hard usage. If I might only be reasonably proud of it, as I fancy most persons are of theirs, and rigidly obey its behests while thanking the Lord I am not as others are, it would be well enough. But alas! I cannot escape so far from my own time, and, while in bondage to my New England conscience, sigh in vain for the fleshpots of emancipated Bohemia. I am condemned forever to see the better and follow the worse, my impeccable modern tastes weighted down with the antiquated conscience of a sampler-working great-grandmother.

I must needs work, forsooth, else I cannot enjoy leisure; nay, I will fill up my day with a lumber of small unnecessary things that I may have the useless labor of clearing it away again, and so win to a factitious enjoyment of that Philistine satisfaction, a well-earned repose. There is but one thing I ever do with my ill-

gotten leisure hours, and that is read; but even that I must have a conscience about. Introductions always stare at me sternly, until I am obliged to read them through; I always feel an inward call to look up all the editor's notes; and if happy enough to blunder on an edition not annotated, I have an uneasy feeling that I ought to hunt out one that is. If I am reveling in *Wuthering Heights* or a re-reading of *Trilby*, the world's great books frown a reproof at me from their shelves, and, with a rebellious recollection of how improving they are, I gravitate straightway toward Hallam's *Middle Ages* or the *Essays on Astronomy*.

The worst trick my conscience plays me is its didactic and academic way of insisting that I like the things I ought. Almost everybody nowadays is emancipated from this old-fashioned serfdom to the classics, and the more heretical the judgment with which they lightly "wrong the ancients," the more arrogance with which it is enunciated. The serene indifference of Elizabeth as to what she ought to like fills me with admiration and despair. Fancy being able to own up to having "outgrown" Carlyle, and then go on as if nothing had happened! No matter how much I might dislike him, that Puritan grandmother in me would make me sit down in anguish before his thirty-four volumes, and bid me read them all, — just as *her* grandmother probably met her childish whimperings with a smart box on the ear, "to give her something to cry about."

Mr. Walter Bagehot says that there are very few of us who can bear the theory of our amusements. This is the attitude of the true and complacent plodder, who does not know that he is one, and would not care if he did. With him this apology has naught to do, being indeed framed chiefly to meet my own case, who am but half a plodder, as I have said. My other half, the regenerate modern half, recognizes the application of this saying to my vile Calvinistic

conscience, and writhes. My conscience cannot bear the theory of its amusements; no, not it! As Stevenson says, it "is scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some occupation," and I may waste my breath in reminding it that this is not the way to win sweetness and light. It is not open to this argument, but perhaps I may still get around it with a quotation from a modern author, who says, "There is an education in leisure," — for, though it see little use in sweetness or light, it has a congenital interest in education. "Is there, indeed?" it will ask, greatly pleased, in its base, utilitarian way, at finding an unexpected avenue of instruction. "Then, madam, you must try it right away." But I do not murmur at its edict, and, leaving it to hunt out what education it can, I for once in my life will retire undisturbed with an armful of novels, and e'en enjoy the leisure!

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? The question has an air of finality about it which would suggest that there is no reason in the world, but it is odd what pretexts we offer for an indulgence in this deadly sin. For some reason, we are usually proudest of those virtues which we do not possess, and next of those for which we are in no wise responsible: a man will boast of his nationality or his pedigree, but be silent about his prowess in battle; or a woman may be vain of her beauty, but blush when you mention her charities. We are all proud of the town we were born in; if we are Westerners, we are proud of that, and if Easterners, then prouder still of that. But most fantastic of all, we are proud of the century we happen to live in. This last truly false pride is fed and bolstered by Mr. Kipling, who celebrates with most enthusiasm these our involuntary glories, and has brought us fairly to plume ourselves on having chosen to be born into the Anglo-Saxon race and to grow up in the nineteenth century;

while, by voicing for us the lyrics of whirring wheels, he has even flattered us into believing ours a romantic age.

So it has become the fashion to deride the "good old times," and to label crabbed and ill-tempered, or else sentimental, the carping critic who harks back to them with plaintive note, and longs for simplicity and leisure and escape from a too rapid civilization. It is all very well, he is reminded, to play at being primitive, like Marie Antoinette tasting the joys of milkmaid life out in the side yard of her own palace; but how, pray, would he like to be leisurely and simple in a draughty house, without hot and cold water, in a world innocent of telegraphs and ocean liners?

And certainly, if he would be comfortable, I admit he would best stay snug in the year 1901 and enjoy good plumbing and Pullman cars; but if it be romance, and not comfort, to which he is casting backward looks, then, notwithstanding Mr. Kipling, I must range myself on the critic's side. No doubt there is poetry in a machine age, and "all unseen romance brings up the nine fifteen;" but to the plain person romance seems to lie farther afield, and to live always in the place that is not here, and the time that is not now. So to a machine age machinery is not romantic; and though it will probably have a fine glamour in perspective a hundred years hence, and the railway will then look as romantic as does the sedan chair now, still, to most of us, who must regretfully disclaim the poet's insight, the convenient is not now heroic, and modern improvements would be a dreadful impertinence in the Forest of Arden. Should I be alone in the confession that I blench at the thought of George Washington or Joan of Arc astride a bicycle? Or would it please even Mr. Kipling to picture the Lady of the Lake shooting across Loch Lomond with an electric motor in her shallop, or the Last Minstrel chanting his Lay to the faultily faultless pianola?

"Romance,
Fare-
well!"

We are often told that American life is matter of fact and prosaic, and in the intervals of denying it try to account for it by saying that America is very young. But perhaps it is also because America has too many modern improvements. There is something wrong with a nation whose tourist pilgrims quarrel with a palace on the Grand Canal because it does not have electric light and porcelain bathtubs. We could scarcely be depended upon to make the gallant choice of the single year of Europe, if we were sure that Cathay was well ventilated and comfortable; we burn incense to the modern God from the Machine, and he runs not only our factories, but our households.

I have in mind a lovely country place, green and flowery with pretty airs of rusticity, but which is a machine-run Arcady after all, where you would have far to seek to prove those pleasures once praised in vain by the passionate shepherd. The cot whither he beckoned his love was never so convenient — nor so noisy. There is the water pump, whose powerful engine puffs all day long with a busy, jolty little puff, putting to shame the distant windmill, — so picturesque and incompetent with its drooping sails, — and far more efficient than the old oaken water bucket, though not so likely to have a poem written about it; there are the gas machine (for the improved Eden does not get on with candles), the electric fan, and the telephone; the ice-cream freezer sends up its grinding bass, a typewriter clicks and clangs, and a clavier contributes its regular drip-drip, like a systematized rainstorm; while the sailboat and the horse — last survivals from a more heroic age! — are abandoned for the gasoline launch with its popping engine and the scent in its wake, and the automobile which clatters through the country landscape, an anachronism and a blot. Admirably reliable and labor-saving, all these; but they make life seem somewhat diagrammatic, and the

last piquant element of uncertainty is removed by an almanac so accurate as to suggest the discouraging idea that even the weather is run on scheduled time.

And now I ask humbly, How can one idle and know that it is August, in such an atmosphere of briskness, punctuality, and time-tables? Is it well to run even our holidays and pleasure places by machinery, and are romance and atmosphere possible to a people whose very country life is drilled into regularity and speed, with never a lazy spot to dream in? Though we ourselves would prefer to stay in the present, and should be very much bored at having to be a lady in a ballad, still daily life was surely more poetic when Elaine sat at her frame in her chamber up a tower to the east, and ladies could sit lang, lang with their fans until their hands, and have nothing else to do. There is something bigoted in our aggressive loyalty to our own time; for one age differeth from another in glory, and we cannot have the glory of both past and present. And if the glory of the increasing past be romance, and the king is never to be seen to-day, then they need not be chidden that go a-seeking him in the times and places that are "far from this our war."

AMONG my recollections of college is **A Realist's Washington**, that of an instructor, somewhat testy in temper, who found unfeigned delight in exposing the pious frauds of history. On one occasion when dealing with William Pitt, after repeating to us the alleged last words of the great man, "My country, O my country!" he added, with some glee, "But, young gentlemen, the nurse of the dead statesman, when she was examined, testified that what the dying man did say was, 'Gruel, — more gruel!'" It is in some such mood of unsanctified enjoyment of reality that Mr. Hapgood seems to have approached the life of Washington.¹

¹ *George Washington*. By NORMAN HAPGOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

The mood is by no means unprofitable, for there are, it appears, still some trailing wisps of myth wrapping about the figure of the Father of his Country, in spite of the excellent service Mr. Lodge, Mr. Ford, and other writers have done. Though the earlier and cruder myths of the cherry tree and the hatchet and the lips that knew no oath have long since disappeared, yet, as Mr. Lodge pointed out some years ago in the Introduction to his *Life of Washington*, the more intangible effects of the myth-making spirit remain and are difficult to dispel. They were perpetuated, in fact, by the earlier portraits and biographies, in which Washington appeared in various guises more or less legendary: there was the semi-mythical figure, portentous, cloud-encircled, mounted on a dim white horse bearing down upon us like a figure out of Revelation; then the idealized hero, in stature a little less than a demigod, and a veritable embodiment of the virtues; and then the benevolent statesman, his brow forever uncreased, and his countenance, on which was set an eternal smile, aglow with conscious rectitude.

It is against such and minor products of admiration untempered by judgment that Mr. Hapgood tilts with a delight not always well concealed, and at times with the additional zeal of iconoclasm. He has, one imagines, a quiet smile as he retells the story of Washington's profanity at the battle of Monmouth, taking it from the mouth of an officer: "Yes, sir, he swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before, or since. Sir, on that ever memorable day he swore like an angel from heaven." But Mr. Hapgood's portrait possesses other merits than vivacity, and compels one's approval. Though he has given us no oil painting, but a pen-and-ink sketch, his work has the virtues of its sort; it is sharp in outline, definite and bold in detail, and shows the hero

unsparingly, "wart and all." If Mr. Hapgood's pen brings a blemish into too high relief, as where he makes it plain that his hero was so far capable of guile that he could, after agreeing with Burgoyne to furnish the British soldiers with supplies at the same price as that paid by the Americans, allow the British to pay in gold, while the Americans paid in paper money worth about one third as much, why, it is the disregard by other biographers of the imperfection that has furnished one of the occasions for the being of Mr. Hapgood's book, and the truth may as well be grasped first as last that the wart is as inevitable as the hero.

If Mr. Hapgood's anecdotal and somewhat informal Life strengthens the impression that Washington was as politic as he was brave, as canny as he was generous, as astute as he was benevolent, it need cause us neither surprise nor dismay. Washington's fame is not of the gilded sort, that is easily tarnished or worn through, and we should by now have reached a mood of security in his character and renown that will let us enjoy every genuine touch of nature in him.

I FIRST encountered him in the streets of a Montana "cow-town," where he was affording amusement to a crowd of men and boys, while a tipsy musician was attempting the Boulanger March on an antique piano. To save him from further abuse I bought him, and ever afterwards he was known to his little world as "General Boulanger."

We grew to look upon the General as an interesting scientific phenomenon. His was a soul saturated with hate for all men. Any amiable qualities he may have possessed in early youth had been killed by abuse. He knew but distrust and fear. We determined to reclaim him, and in our lonely camp the General became the object of such flattering attention that only his unconquerable misanthropy kept him from becoming an

The Alienation of the General.

arrant snob. For a long time our efforts were unavailing, but as the weeks went by I thought I noticed a little less shrinking, fewer growls, and a faint gleam of recognition in the glassy eyes when I approached. I felt the thrill of conquest, and redoubled my efforts. The heart of stone was at last touched, and my theory in regard to "yaller dogs" was correct.

We returned to the outskirts of civilization, and one day, driving once more to the town, so filled with painful memories for the General, I was surprised to behold him again in the street, slinking about with others of his kind. The slight results of our patient labors were in peril. It would never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in the bud by further town life, so with infinite pains I secured him and tied him to the back of my wagon. I remonstrated with him gently, as he lay cowering in the dust, for his base desertion of the only friends he had ever known.

The painful journey homeward began. The General betrayed a distinct unwillingness to ride, so he was allowed to follow at the end of a long rope behind. With his usual acumen, he fancied the strength of two half-broken broncos to be as naught compared to his fiery determination to remain in town. So he sat down. With an expression of pained surprise on his countenance he traversed a few hundred yards of the dusty road in this position, and then tried his back. It was quite in keeping with the eccentricities of the General's mental processes that a simpler method did not occur to him, until, striking a deep rut, he was hurled high into the air, and by some happy chance alighted on the extremities nature had provided for purposes of locomotion. Then, with bowed head, he trotted contentedly along. I turned to look at him occasionally, and flattered myself that I saw in his demeanor evidences of regret at his folly, and a de-

termination to do better in the future. I spoke encouragingly to him, but he was too absorbed in meditation to look up.

A hot afternoon's ride brought us to an irrigating ditch. After rattling over the few loose planks which served as a bridge, I stopped to repair a break in the harness. The General, hot and dusty, at once dashed into the little stream to drink and bathe. With my back to the tired horses I watched him.

As I looked he performed his colossal act of folly, the final episode in his witless career. After refreshing himself on one side of the tiny bridge, quite unmindful of his connection with my rear axle, he laboriously splashed under the bridge and came out the other side. Cooled by his bath, he came to the side of the wagon and looked sweetly up at me. Immensely impressed by his sagacity, I was on the point of alighting to free him from his dangerous predicament, when the hand of fate, ever turned against him, struck the last blow.

A fly stung my off bronco, and with a squeal he and his startled mate rushed madly down the road. I was hurled to the bottom of the wagon, but not before I saw the General turn a perfect back somersault and shoot toward the stream. In a cloud of dust he disappeared into the water, and then followed a symphony of howls as he traversed the dark and damp nether side of the bridge, to be shot up into daylight once more by the united strength of two frightened broncos. In a shower of spray he struck the road twenty feet from the bridge, and did not gain his feet until I had brought the horses to a standstill. Once more I turned to the General. He was a pitiable sight. Covered with mud and half strangled, he quivered with cold and rage.

As we traversed the short distance to camp I tried to fancy what his reflections were. Knowing him as well as I did, I felt sure that he looked upon the past weeks of kindness as part of an

elaborate scheme to win his confidence enough to practice this last insult upon him. I dreaded the consequences of the episode, and planned new blandishments to reinstate myself in his favor.

Arriving in camp, my first thought was to release him from the wagon. But the water and mud made it difficult to unfasten the knot at his collar. Feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, I untied the rope from the axle and threw it on the ground.

The General watched me sulkily, and when the end of that hated rope fell free he bounded to his feet. With one final snarl of utter hate and disgust he was off like a shot; not in a wild, purposeless circle, but straight as the flight of an arrow across the prairie. Away he went, with the lariat dragging behind him.

With eyes raised to the solitary snow peak a hundred miles away he flew from us, with a heart full of hate and a grim determination to put half a continent, if need be, between himself and tyrant man. As I watched the little cloud of dust, raised by his hurrying feet, disappear on the horizon, I realized the futility of battling against fate.

Then our packer broke the silence: "There goes the ornriest cur in the world with the best lariat in Montana."

Now and then we confess we have grown impatient at the cloying sweetness of the reviews in American journals, and in our annoyance at their monotonously encomiastic flavor have caught ourselves wishing for a dash of acid in the dish. Once, at least, we have found ourselves ready to welcome even a taste of the traditional Saturday Reviewer's wormwood and gall. In this treatment of Mr. Kipling's *Kim*, from a recent number of the Review, we have it. Here is acidity undiluted:—

"The reading of a long story by Mr.

Kipling inspires the reflection that his proper sphere is the short story, just as the reading of his short stories often provokes a desire that he would refrain from writing altogether. This book is not altogether without merits, for the author has evidently tried very hard to feel in sympathy with the spirit of the Orient. His lama inspires our sympathy, almost our affection, and his account of the tribulations which befell two Russian spies in the Hills is graphic and exhilarating. But the book is terribly spun out, and the general effect is one of intense weariness. Even the most industrious reader must nod from time to time as he plods laboriously through the pages. Nor is the hero so savory a character as Mr. Kipling evidently believes. Left an orphan in the gutters of India at a very early age, Kimball O'Hara picks up a living as a pander with all the precocity of a young Oriental, and when he begins to grow up he is easily turned into one of the shrewdest spies of the Indian government. This profession Mr. Kipling contrives to idealize by dwelling upon the courage, the adventure, and the ingenuity required. We appreciate the boy's grateful devotion to the lama, but a less grudging admiration would have been inspired by a cleaner hero. At the end of the book we find the young man firmly established in his career as a spy, and fear takes possession of us lest the author should be so ill advised as to publish a sequel. The illustrations are original, but scarcely convincing, and we must protest against the author's irritating habit of prefacing each chapter with a piece of his own doggerel, nearly always pointless and perplexing."

We fear we overestimated our appetite for the savor of bitterness. If this be the acerbity we lack, we are fain to be content without it. Our own less pungent reviewing will suit our palates better.

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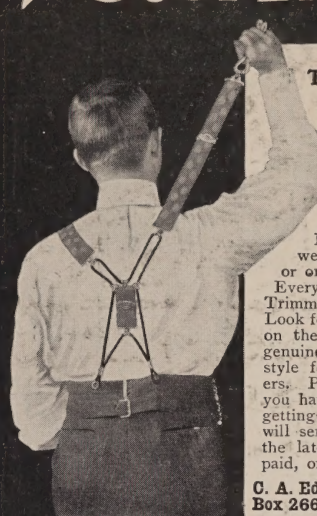
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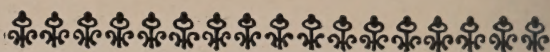
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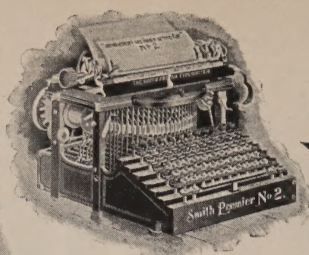
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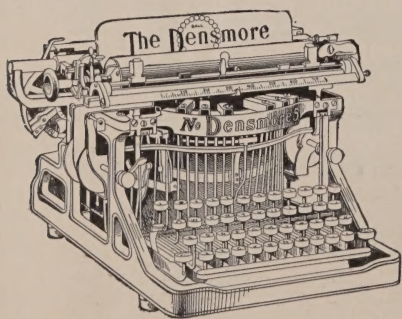
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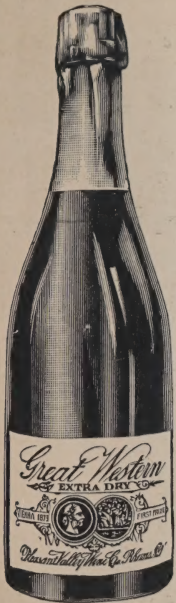


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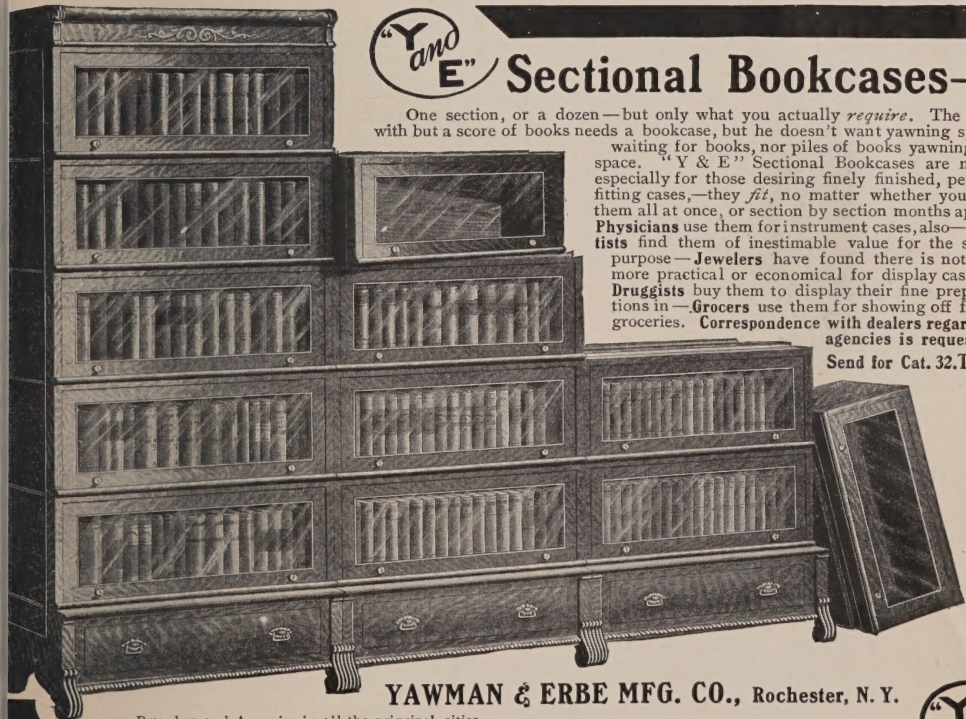
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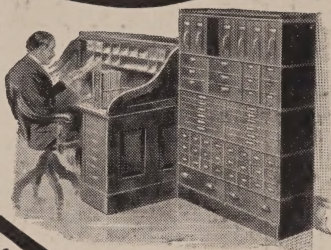
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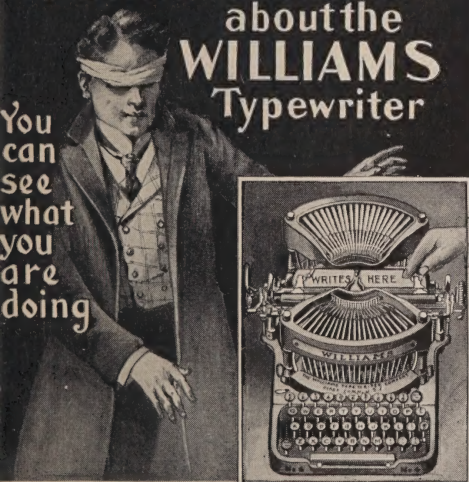
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